

The Bookman



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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN ST PAUL'S HOUSE WARWICK SQUARE LONDON E.C.4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

All poems (written on one side of the paper only and bearing names and addresses of senders) must reach us not later than by the first post on the 7th March next and should be addressed—

The Editor

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News Notes.

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Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for April next

Competitors should keep copies of their verses as the Editor cannot undertake to return them

The many admirers of William De Morgan will be glad to hear that at the time of his death he had almost finished a new and characteristically De Morganish novel entitled 'The Old Mad House'. From the ample notes he had made for it Mrs De Morgan has been able to complete the story by writing the last two or three chapters and the book will be published by Mr Heinemann with as little delay as may be

'Front Lines' a new collection of war stories by Boyd Cable is to be published shortly by Mr Murray

Mr Paul Creswick whose new novel *Our Little Kingdom* we review in this Number has been writing ever since his schooldays. He has published several capital books for boys and girls and some good novels of which the best was *Honesty's Garden* but in his latest he has surpassed all his previous work. One guesses that *Our Little Kingdom* is largely autobiographical. Mr Creswick says that the idea of writing it has been in his mind for years past—It is an attempt to express something of that wonderful family affection which makes Home all that it means to us and has meant for past generations. His pages are steeped in the atmosphere of the later Victorian period. He interests you in each member of the family he pictures and unfolds their stories with a humour and pathos that are the more effective because they are never exaggerated. Being beyond military age Mr Creswick nowadays divides his time between literature, his desk in a Life Assurance office and Red Cross work for the Kent V.A.D. His son has seen his share of fighting and come home wounded but has happily recovered and is at present on garrison duty in England.

story of the Australasian Forces in the great war. It will contain an excellent miscellany of articles, stories, poems and drawings by Australian and other artists and have for frontispiece a portrait in colours of General Birdwood.

Messrs Williams and Norgate have added three

mirable cheap edition of the writings of Dr L. P. Jacks—*The Country Air*, *All Men are Ghosts* and *Among the Idolmakers*.

The shrewd, witty, suggestive and provocative articles by Mr Bernard Shaw on *How to Settle the Irish Question* have been published by Messrs Constable as a sixpenny pamphlet.

Mr Douglas L. Durkin whose book of war poems *The Fighting Men of Canada* Mr Frskine Macdonald is about to publish is Lecturer in English at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. He was

born in Grand Valley, Ontario in 1884 but his parents went into Western Canada when he was a small boy and homesteaded it in the then unsettled Swan River Valley of Manitoba. Until he went to Wesley College, Winnipeg in 1902 he lived a pioneer life on the prairies. After six years of study he had some stirring experiences in the Great West as a member of a railway construction gang. Then changing his manner of life he became first a Y.M.C.A. Secretary and later a missionary or 'sky pilot' in the British Columbia mining country. After a sojourn in Oregon he took up the teaching profession spending four years on the staff of Brandon College. He has for some years past been contributing prose and verse to various Canadian periodicals, most of his prose appearing in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, one of the leading newspapers in Canada. He offered himself for enlistment and was rejected on medical grounds but that he is heart and soul with the Empire in the great war is evident from the verses in his book—they are filled with the spirit of the young, idealistic



Phot. by Elliott & Fry

Mr Paul Creswick

The 1917 Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to Dr K. Gjellerup the distinguished Danish author. Two of his best known works '*The Pilgrim Kamanita*' and *Minna* are published by Mr Heinemann.

The third volume of '*The Cambridge Mediæval History*' will be published by the Cambridge Press early this year. It was almost ready for press when the war began but has been delayed by among other causes the necessity of removing and replacing certain chapters written by German and Austrian authors.

An interesting volume that is to be issued from Egyptian House, Piccadilly is *Fighting Australasia*, a souvenir record of the imperishable

Canada that has spent its blood on the fields of France and Flanders

Mr Draycot M Dell has in his novel *Chosts* made a very skilful and interesting adaptation of Ibsen's famous play of the same name and the book is published by Messrs Jarrold

Nobody yet has succeeded in piercing the identity of the author of *The Book of Artemas* which is now in its seventy fifth edition His friend



Photo by R. H. Mr C Lewis Hind

whose new book *The Invisible Gold* (Hodgkiny) was reviewed in *The Bookman*

Mr Harry Tighe the Australian novelist says It is perhaps not so much modesty as an innate love of mystifying that leads him to conceal himself perhaps also he gains some little amusement from the candid criticisms of his work which

his anonymity permits him to hear He wrote the whimsical verses for a wildly impossible very amusing book for children *The Story of the Stubby Dub* which was published by Messrs Westall last month and has finished a *Second Book of Artemas* which will make its appearance this spring

WAR BOOKS

'A Diplomatic Diary By Hugh Gibson 7s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton) This unstudied day to day Diary of the Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels is one of the most valuable and interesting of the many books of the war. It gives as only a diary could a wonderfully vivid and intimate account of how the war came to the Belgian capital of how the triumphant Germans took possession of it and of the life of its people during the first few months of German rule The most impressive phase comes in the later pages which tell in fullest detail the story of Edith Cavell's



Mrs Edith Nepean

whose new book *The Girl in the White Dress* (St. 1y) is now published by Chatto & Windus

mock trial and murder the desperate efforts made by Mr Gibson and others to save her and the callous trickery with which the German officials kept them in the dark as to what was happening and secretly carried through their brutal designs against her Nothing is more permanently damning to Germany's reputation than this faithful and graphic record and that part of the narrative which



Photo by S. J. Murr

Miss Helen Dircks

who has written a very charming book of London poems *Finding*, which Messrs Chatto & Windus are publishing Miss Dircks's father is well known in the literary and publishing worlds

testifies to the wanton barbarities committed in the broken towns and villages of Belgium. The volume is well illustrated.

Wilhelm the Ruthless. A Verbal and Pictorial Satire. Illustrated in colour and black and white by David Wilson (Drawing Ltd). Fresh from that uncompromising record of Mr Gibson's you recognise more readily the scathing truthfulness of Mr David Wilson's satirical or grimly humorous drawings in this book. There is a good deal of cleverness in the prologue and five part drama in which the author shows how the Germans came by their gospel of ruthlessness and what has come of it and the end to which it will bring them but the drawings tell the same story more trenchantly in the skill and effectiveness of their draughtsmanship as well as in imaginative power and subtle study of character they are comparable with the best in pictorial satire that the war has given us.

Democracy After the War. By J. A. Hobson 1s 6d net (Allen & Unwin). A masterly exposition of the after war problems that will have to be overcome before political and industrial democracy can be achieved.

The Old Front Line. By John Masefield. Illustrated 2s 6d net (Hainemann). In his *Callipoli* Mr Masefield had an epic story to tell and described those Titanic battles with a power and imaginative realism that were worthy of his theme. Here he has set himself a quieter and more difficult task of describing the towns, villages, roads and landscapes along our old front line in



Mr Douglas Durkin

wh i f w j m Th P k l a M f C i
M E k M d l d j b l l g

France as they were before the Battle of the Somme began. It is difficult because it is not action but scenery that he describes and in some hands the lack of variety would tend to become monotonous. But Mr Masefield has a charm of style that of itself gives interest to whatever he touches and he has put all his art into this brilliant succession of word pictures.

Jack Cornwell. By the author of *Where's Master* 1s 3d net (Hodder & Stoughton). This vivid life story of Jack Cornwell, the boy hero of the Jutland fight, begins with a brief account of his parentage, of his joining the Navy and his experiences at a training school, then narrates how he went to sea on *HMS Chester* and in his first big naval battle mortally wounded but unflinching remained at his post by the forward gun when all the gunners lay dead or wounded on the deck beside him. It is a great story simply and poignantly told and should be read by all boys in these days as an example and an inspiration.

Letters to His Wife. By R. F. Vernède 6s net (Collins). If you have read Mr R. E. Vernède's *War Poems* you will know the spirit in which these letters are written. He was under no illusions, he was not out for glory but took up arms solely from a sense of duty. To him war was



The Author of
'The Book of Arcturion'

a loathsome and barbarous business—nothing but the stern necessity of defending his country from the unprovoked attack of an enemy could have drawn him into it. It is the very unaffected simplicity with which he sketches his daily life in camp and billet in the trenches under fire and in action that brings the whole thing before you with the most graphic effectiveness. He tells of hardships and ghastly horrors of incidents that are amusing or grimly tragic of the sayings and doings of himself and his comrades—all without exaggerations or reservations but with the one desire of being exactly truthful. Withal he touches in something of his own philosophy of life especially of the life he was living as a soldier. The last letter written only the day before he fell in action is as full of courage and cheerfulness as any with just a note of longing in the last three lines that brings tears to the eyes. He wrote several books but these letters and his poems are the best of them all.

Umpteen Yarns By George Goodchild. 1s 3d net (Jarrold). A capital collection of two hundred or more tales and anecdotes of camp and trench life all touching on the lighter side of the war. A little book full of laughter. Many of the jests and dialogues are as irresponsibly funny as Bainsfather's famous drawings.



Photo by Marshall Warren & Co

Mr Thomas Bennet

whose novel *I John Bale* (Alex Gardner) recently reviewed in the *BOOKMAN* has met with a very favourable reception from Press and public



Photo by Marshall Warren & Co

Mr F Britten Austin

whose novel *I John Bale* (Alex Gardner) recently reviewed in the *BOOKMAN* has met with a very favourable reception from Press and public

Mud of France By Harold Pughouse. 8d net (Cowards & Gray). A delightfully idyllic one-act patriotic play telling of how an English and a French soldier on leave are resting against the Joan of Arc monument in a French town when at midnight the Mud comes down from her pedestal and rebukes her countryman for fraternising with his and her ancient enemy till the Frenchman justifies himself and wins her approval. The thing is so deftly done that you may take it either as dream or reality. It is a charming fancy and the humour and pathos of it are natural and effective.

The Call of the Sword By John H. Clarke. M.D. 1s net (*Financial News*). Mr Clarke deals with the religious significance of the war with our virtues and vices as a nation and the good that may come out of the evil of these days if we are true to ourselves and the high cause for which the sword was put into our hands. He says some suggestive and provocative things among them that the pacifist and the militarist are alike the servants of materialistic Mammon. You may not always agree with his views but he interests you in them.

Germany At Bay By Haldane Macfall. With portraits maps and diagrams. 6s net (Cassell).

A lucid and masterly study of the strategy of the war and especially of the Peace strategy which Germany is subtly developing with a view to securing by diplomacy the victory she cannot win in the field. Major Macfall has seen long service as a soldier and as Lord French writes in an Introduction he

brings a calm and trained mind to the determination of the strategical issues. It is essentially a book for the Man in the Street for it gives clearly the facts that are often obscured from him by the technical jargon of the expert. Here the expert speaks in the language of reasonable men. The average man whose vote will determine the sort of peace we shall have when the last gun is fired should as Lord French says master the contents of this book so that he may fully understand before the day for his decision arrives not only the causes and origin of the war but what may and what should be its outcome.

From the Fire Step By Arthur Cuy Empey 5s net (Putnam's) Mr Empey is an American who in the early days of the war finding his own country bent upon remaining neutral came over here and enlisted as a private in the English Army. In these pages he has related his experiences from the hour when the sinking of the *Tusitama* brought him to a decision and he set sail to get into khaki as quickly as possible to the time when after much hard campaigning and a good share of fighting he was wounded badly enough to be invalided home to Blighty. He was keenly alive to the darker side of war owns with an admirable frankness that under shell fire and on perilous duties or on the verge of going over the top he was quaking with fear but he was the sort of man who had a right hold of himself and in spite of that went through with whatever he had to do. It strikes you as about the most honest and certainly one of the liveliest personal narratives of the war that anybody has yet written. Mr Empey has a quaint irresistible sense of humour he laughs at himself and laughs at his misfortunes and at his comrades though it is easy to see that he held them in the warmest regard and it is easy to believe that they had the same regard for him and rejoiced in his company. It is a book to read both because it gives you an intimate and detailed idea of what war is like and what our soldiers are like and for the sheer pleasure of reading. It is full of the best of good fun and yet is better history than many a more serious book.

Soldiers of Labour By Bart Kennedy 1s net (Hodder & Stoughton) In his own very

characteristic fashion Mr Bart Kennedy has written a series of striking chapters on the men and women who are doing their part in the great war by working in the factories the fields on the ships and docks and wherever there is work to be done to further the doings of the fighting men. There are admirable chapters on the labourer and his lot and on labour psychology. The ten drawings by Joseph Simpson are fine examples of his work full of strength and character.

The Muse In Arms Edited with an Introduction by E. B. Osborn 6s net (John Murray) A well compiled and arranged anthology of the poems that have been written by men who have fallen or are still fighting in the war. It is an excellent and thoroughly representative collection of war time verse by men on active service the world over on land at sea and in the air.

The Day and Other Poems By Henry Chippell With Introduction by Sir Herbert Warren K.C.V.O. D.C.L. 2s 6d net (John Lane) With the stirring poem that gives its title to this volume many of us first met its acquaintance much as Sir Herbert Warren did. I saw it he says in the early weeks of the war pasted up inside the window of a leading stationer's shop in Oxford. I thought this unusual and began to read it through the glass. The moment I had taken in the first line my surprise ceased. I was caught and carried to the end by its swing and grip. I went in and bought a dozen copies. All they could tell me about it was what was printed on it that it was the work of Mr Henry Chippell a railway porter at Bath and that it had appeared in the *Daily Express* and was selling spare. The newspapers reprinted it all over America Canada South Africa and Australasia and at length it is given pride of place in this collection of its author's verse. A few charming lyrics are untouched by the trouble of these days but most of the poems in the book are inspired by the war. There is earnestness and vigour in the fierce denunciations of the Hun and his works a deep sense of the tragedy of things in the lines on such themes as the shooting of Nurse Cavell and the sorrow that every battle means for many a full hearted glorying in the heroism of our own men of the Anzacs the Canadians and always a confident looking to the peace that shall be our guerdon at the end. Sir Herbert Warren says rightly. These verses will find their way to the heart because they come from it.

THE READER.

JOHN KEATS •

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I VIVIDLY remember the deep impression made on me many years ago by the letters of Keats when they appeared in a delightful volume edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. I still think them the most wonderful revelation of a poet's mind and nature in our literature full of pregnant and illuminating things not only on his art but on life as extraordinary in so young a man as the poems themselves. It is these letters of intimate and generous self-disclosure that yield such rich material for a biography which so far as external incidents are concerned is very briefly told. Now after giving us Keats in *English Men of Letters* followed by years of enthusiastic research it is again Sir Sidney Colvin who gives us the result of his long studies in a volume full of fascinating detail one of the finest biographies in the language. If there is not very much that is actually new to students of Keats the fairly numerous discoveries published here and there in recent years are all incorporated. We have a human portrait finely touched and on the literary side the treatment is remarkably full. Some may feel that the book is a little overweighted on this side but I do not feel it myself.

With those who are not students of the poet with the general reader it is probable that the legend of Keats persists more than one is apt to assume.

Back to your gallipots is a phrase that has stuck and the notion of Keats (who had the training of a surgeon and performed operations at Guy's) as an underbred apothecary's assistant still has currency. Byron's contemptuous phrase about his being snuffed out by an article

crystallises too the belief that Keats died of morbid fretting over the assaults of the reviewers and that belief for which Shelley

Adonais is still more responsible is not extinct. What manner of person was the real Keats? Barry Cornwall's description is typical of the impression he made on all who knew him.

I found him very pleasant and free from all affectation in manner and opinion. Indeed it would be difficult to discover a man with a more bright and open countenance.

It has been said that his poetry was directed and dominated. I can only say that I never encountered a more manly and simple young man. In person he was short and had eyes large and wonderfully luminous and a resolute bearing, not defiant but well sustained. As a boy he cared for fighting more than anything else; his pugnacity was a byword. Indeed the most astonishing thing about the poet who at twenty-five could rival with the greatest is that he was far from precocious and wrote no verse till he was near eighteen. But the manly independent combative spirit which was essentially his was twined with a nervous sensibility so extreme that two natures were continually at strife within him. Sir Sidney Colvin suggests that he may have inherited his strength and sanity of character from his father and the feverish morbidly sensitive and passionate strain from his mother who certainly bequeathed to him the predisposition to consumption

which destroyed him. In health he was the most affectionately devoted of brothers the most generous of friends, clear-sighted and of sound judgment in his relation with men. But once his health was sapped his other nature with its painful pugnacity of feeling asserted itself more and more. And to all health were added misfortunes. Underlying all was lack of money. At first his prospects seemed promising indeed. Few are the young poets who in their early twenties without any vintage ground to start from are admitted on equal terms to such society as Keats enjoyed that of men like Lamb and Wordsworth and Hazlitt Shelley Leigh Hunt and Haydon. Still fewer perhaps are those whose poetry at twenty-five is acclaimed in such lofty terms of praise by critics of authority as was given to the *Lamia* volume of 1820. There was no fashionable popular boom such as Scott and Byron and



Keats

From the charcoal drawing by Seaton in the South Kensington Museum.

* John Keats: His Life and Poetry, his Friends, Critics and After-Fame. By Sidney Colvin. 78s net. (Macmillan)

Moore enjoyed but the deliberate eulogy of the critics does not in some cases fall short of what has been said since of poems now enshrined and secure from detraction. Tragically the praise came too late. The poet was already stricken. In different circumstances he could soon have afforded to forget the attacks made on

Endymion (as he himself said: "The attempt to crush me in the *Quarterly* has only brought me more into notice") but those attacks did injure his fortunes in the financial sense. Want of means made his future doubtful and postponed indefinitely the prospect of marriage when he fell so feverishly and fatally in love with Fanny Brawne. The loss of his younger brother had been an overwhelming grief. Hope went with health. It was because there was no light on the horizon that he could not support the devastation of passion and disease combined. He was burnt out before the reaction of critical opinion had given him in some far measure the welcome due to his genius. Sir Sidney Colvin's treatment of all this is entirely candid and complete. He does not gloss over any weakness but the scrupulous portraiture only leaves us with heightened sympathy for his hero and admiration for the fundamental nobleness of Keats's character. He gives us too full portraits of Keats's friends so that we see him from all sides in his relation to them and a most vivid interesting group they make.

Of the new point in Sir Sidney's life quite the most interesting is the information on the painting and sculpture (there reproduced) from which Keats drew inspiration. No other of our poets except Rossetti perhaps got so much from pictorial and plastic art. It was not as with Rossetti the direct prompting of a theme but rather a fruitful hint caught from images lodged in the memory. And these are sometimes combined from different sources. The imagery of the

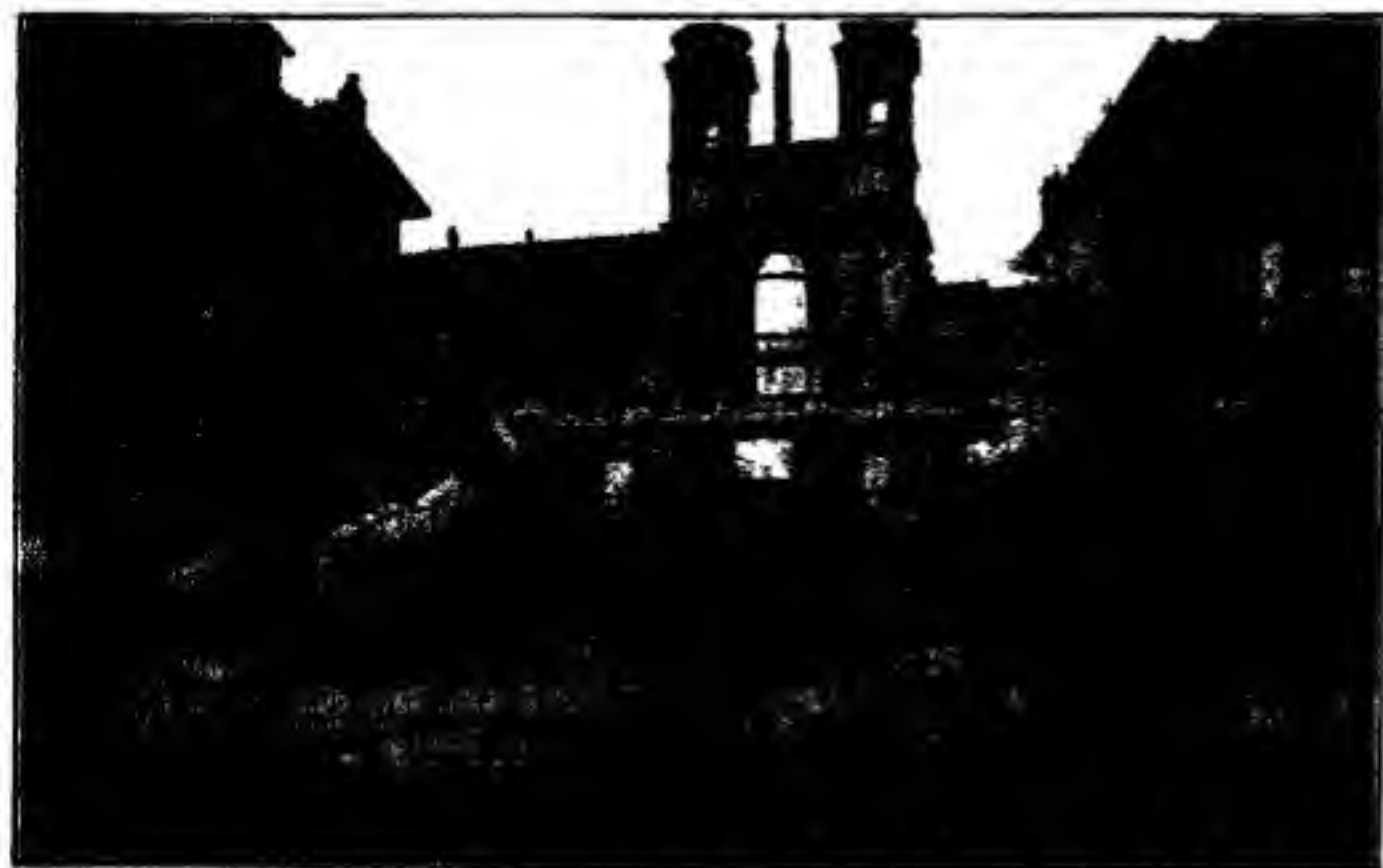
Green Urn comes to Sir Sidney's per reader's partly from a picture by Claude partly from certain vase but not from any particular vase. The triumph of Bacchus in *Endymion* was suggested not so much by Titian's picture a *litharto* appeared as by prints from sarcophagus relief. From a type of antique

vase come the figures in the *Ode to Indolence*. All this as Sir Sidney reminds us needs delicate handling the soil of an imagination like that of Keats is magically sensitive to chance blown seed its flowering is beyond a dry analysis. Sir Sidney points out how Keats with all his seeing gift never stays on the appearance of things he catches the flush of life in their colour the movement of life in their action. And he might have gone on to note his superiority in this respect to some later poets of pictorial genius. Morris for instance paints an effect with definite words of simple colour green and blue and red where Keats colours by association with such images as "ripe October's faded marigold" or "the tiger moth's deep damasked wings." Tennyson again places exquisitely observed detail into a delicately wrought picture but the picture remains outside us whereas Keats makes us feel ourselves part of what he describes as in the marvellous opening of *The Eve of St. Agnes*—we feel the frost with the owl and with the hare limping through the frozen grass no less than with the beadsman in the cold chapel. His design too is larger than Tennyson's. No poet since Milton has been able to call before our eyes figures of such superhuman majesty as the figures of Saturn and Thea in the first book of *Hyperion*.

The pre-Raphaelite painters as every one knows were inspired by Keats above all other poets and how interesting it is to read Keats's enthusiastic comments on *Ussano* prints after the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa the very same print which the young Millais showed to Hunt and Rossetti and which first revealed to the group the beauty of the primitive Italians. Nothing could show more conclusively Keats's singular independence of taste and judgment. In all these matters Sir Sidney Colvin's minute and familiar knowledge of European art gives him an advantage no purely literary critic could enjoy.

Another new point is the discovery—at least Sir Sidney gives very good reasons for establishing it as such that the *Ode to Psyche* was not (as usually supposed) the last composed but the first of the five famous Odes written in the spring of 1819. I do not

quite know on what grounds the *Psyche* has been assumed to be later than the other four. But if it was the earliest composed we may well imagine that Keats was dissatisfied with its rather loose form and sought a firmer outline when he wrote the others. No poet was more sedulously and successfully self-critical. Sir Sidney Colvin discusses at considerable length the lineage of the heroic couplet in England in connection with *Endymion* and the *Epistles* but does not go into the previous history of the *Ode* perhaps because here Keats seems to be independent of all models.



Santa Trinita dei Monti Rome

Keats died in the house on right hand side of steps

Shelley's Hymn to Intellectual Beauty was in form the nearest to the mould in which he cast his finest Odes though more long drawn out and quite different in real character. It seems to me that it was the Italian form of sonnet which was the foundation of Keats's ode stanza. At any rate the effect of the interwoven rhyme of the sestet peculiar to that form was just what he wanted: they make the music continuous and full without too hammered a beat and without too cloving sweetness. And to this sestet the opening quatrain leads up melting into it after the lightest pause and thus making a continuous whole of quite different inner structure from the sonnet where active and sestet in the complement of one another and the sestet is marked off by a fresh beginning. It was one of the most felicitous inventions in our poetry.

Throughout the book there are illustrations from other poets showing how Keats took over an image or a cadence and transformed it which testify to his biographer's wide knowledge of literature and in often extremely interesting. Nothing could be further from the point of the detector of plagiarism. The quality of a poet may be tested by his borrowing. Sir Sidney is illuminative also of sources. It really seems and this is a new suggestion that knowledge of all people may have given Keats the theme of Hypenion. As an instance of a borrowed motif there are the tunic.

In a Dream Nighted December which we now find ought to read as originally written. In Dream Nighted December. The model is a song by Dryden and Sir Sidney reminds us that the time stanza was adopted



The Grave of Keats

in the text of the book

by Swinburne for The Garden of Proserpine. He does not mention that it was also used by Shelley (though with single rhymes) in a fragment which I will quote here as it is not too well known for the interest of comparing it with the familiar poem of Keats and Swinburne.

I have and that moanest
I had
Grief at for song
Will wind when sullen
I had
Keel of the nighting
Set time of tears are
you
I have is with branches
I had
Degrave and hymn
Wol of the world's
wound

How dry is a musty old poet like from the same chord? Shelley and Keats had so little in common that we would not expect either to influence the other. Shelley however as an Sidney point out does seem to have borrowed something in this passage from the description of woodage under the oak in The Idyllion which in

it turn derives from Chaucer's dream in Ship of fools.

There are many other points in the life which it would be tempting to discuss but my space is already run out. The book is crammed with matter but never burdened with it. Throughout we feel the presence of a scrupulous scholar's exact learning and a deep understanding of human relation. Once read this life will be turned to legend. As a sort of epilogue we are given an account of Keats's after fame and it is singular to find how lowly that fame grew with the general public in spite of the profound influence which Keats was exerting not only on English poetry but on English painting.

MR CHESTERTON'S "ENGLAND"

By DR WILLIAM BARRY

MR CHESTERTON'S Flying Inn needs no bush but will not refuse to be adorned with a Maypole round which all young people irrespective of their age are invited to dance. If I seem to praise this last cup of his brewing a little extravagantly the reader must kindly take into account what a strong cordial it holds. The brewer thereof believes in romance in magic in

legends dare I hint sometimes in superstitions? It is clear to him that the romance of history reflects past time more accurately by far than drab desiccated preparations made on a prose formula be it schoolmaster's constitution mongers or party politicians. He would say—perhaps he has said it—that when Scott or Dickens attempted regular work as if historians their angel left them but when they revelled and triumphed in stories of their own invention reality came to life or was given

to the life. That which a nation takes to its heart as its own biography is of infinitely more moment than the teaching—which we may well term a fable agreed upon—fixed as gospel for elementary schools at Whitehall. And so we get now a story book of England without dates or dynastic successions or reports of Parliament or a stiffly ordered narrative but heroic and revolutionary with St George slaying the dragon for a frontispiece. I wonder who the dragon was. Sometimes he bears to me the semblance of Hume then of Hallam passing into Macaulay and often *horresco referens*—I shudder as I speak it—of J. R. Green.

Well let this be named St George's History of England. Read it always under that red minium rubric and you will do it justice. You cannot help reading it once you begin: the author has seen to that. Fun and paradox and sudden strokes of imagination will hold you till you reach the last sad and violent sentence as of a Samson grinding in Gaza at the mill with slaves—and those slaves Englishmen. For in Mr Chesterton's eyes the story is one of disinheritance and its consummation the Servile State. He laughs no doubt nay roars with laughter being English himself instead of cultivating elegies but such merriment touches a deeper chord than elgy. It is akin to despair. If you ask me why despair? we must look for the answer I say in something that I have watched during years when this younger man was at school or earlier yet when I was at school myself and used most mornings to pass by his father's office at Kensington on my way thither. Like Mr Chesterton I was brought up a Liberal and like him I have seen the true Liberal creed sacrificed to party to the Front Bench and the well-nourished caucus. We wanted the people to get back their land again to govern themselves to have capital of their own instead of wages from their employers—in short as the French pamphleteer demanded—to be something not means and instruments but the very end the prime object of the State. They reman however to this day the disinherited. St George tells them by his herald how this came to be. He takes I think and indeed I hope too sombre a view. All the bright lights of heaven are not yet made dark. Nevertheless had no war broken out we were fast settling down into a people of proletarians officered from cradle to grave by masters we did not choose having the name of Liberty as a cloak thrown over servitude and that most minutely docketted prearranged and fixed by statute. I can supply you dear Briton with a simple proof.

Education says this St George of our to Whitehall would doubtless have been a noble gift education in the sense of the central tradition of history with its freedom its family honour its chivalry which is the flower of Christendom. But what would our populace in our epoch have actually learned if they had learned all that our schools and universities had to teach? Not you may take his word and mine for it the central tradition on which in fact England rose and flourished. The key word here is Rome. Civilisation came from Rome to Britain so did Christianity so the fellowship of Europe so the inspiration of the Crusades so the treasures of the Renaissance. What from the Germans? None of these things. But the central tradition was

broken in the sixteenth century and England went into an isolation lasting some four hundred years until the Red Cross Knight rode out once more as champion of Christendom against the Barbarians. It is the aim of this little book to restore the elements long and often designedly slurred over in telling the story from Julius Caesar to Elizabeth. For the great new order of men who plundered and annexed the country by way of a Reformation from 1530 onwards did not care to have these elements largely displayed. They had rifled the Church turned the abbey into family mansions got the fee simple of monastic estates despoiled not only the chuntries where England's dead found remembrance but the guilds which enabled England's living folk to thrive on what their own hands wrought in numberless beautiful ways. Saints and monks and crusaders and yeomen and craftsmen with abundance of fighting but as the author shows a still greater proficiency in the arts of peace all went to make up that English people whose history truly reported confounds the modern peccage but is not very welcome to the philosophic Liberal. I read for instance in J. R. Green that the

New Monarchy which sprang up with Edward IV and died on the scaffold with Charles I. owed its absolute power to the collapse of feudalism the weakening of religious sanctions wielded by the priesthood and the check given to the progress of constitutional freedom. Then he observes: The social organisation from which our political constitution had hitherto sprung had been silently sapped by the progress of industry by the growth of spiritual and intellectual enlightenment and by changes in the art of war. Its ruin was precipitated by the new attitude of men towards the Church by the disfranchisement of the Commons and by the decline of the Baronage. It is manifest that Green while recording the ruin of freedom has got into a strange tangle when he assigns among its causes the progress of industry and spiritual and intellectual enlightenment. His vague Liberalism would be the better if it enjoyed a little more of this double radiance. The plain truth is that old England so long as it held to its faith and its tradition of Law possessed in Church monasteries guilds and common lands a vast national property by which the people could maintain themselves in freedom. The whole of this real *res Publica* has been gradually seized by the Crown the Peers and a peer ridden or capitalist controlled Parliament ever since Sir Thomas More noted and announced the first attacks upon it. But philosophical Liberals have treated the English Revolution which proved so great a misfortune and so lasting a one as somehow due to the progress of industry with which enlightenment for this world and the next was careful to keep in step. Such a theory my indignant author would reckon among the filthy cobwebs of four hundred years. I cannot think otherwise.

Mr Chesterton quotes Cobbett and associates himself with that sturdy Radical. I am glad when I see these names together. Cobbett's grip on the realities of English Life was firm his eyes pierced deep into the shams which masqueraded as Church King Parliament but which were a confederacy of interests holding pretty nearly all that was worth having in these Islands.

Cobbett was the one man who saw the tendency of the

time as a whole and challenged it as a whole says Mr Chesterton consequently he went without support. There is something audacious in preferring the vision of Cobbett to the ripe wisdom of Burke. Yet as again this volume points out Burke who was Whig and Tory in his completeness never could be a democrat neither did he realise that the English people by losing their land had been transformed into wage earners rural or town dwelling and that the change was fundamental. Here is one reason why Mr Chesterton admires and would have the British proletariat follow the example of Ireland. For the Irish always knew that representation at Westminster

was a means to their supreme object the recovery of their land from the landlords. Look at the moral which is staring us in the face. Ireland need not fear submarines. Her people holding the land raise the food they require. The agrarian agitation is justified of its agitators. But England's millions cannot tell barley from oats. And famine might well be our only harvest of lordly parks with their tall ancestral trees their lawns and coverts and stolen commons inside a ring fence.

If then we praise what is rather too superficially known as literature Mr Chesterton will satisfy our supposed æsthetic craving for art by his originality liveliness wit fancy eloquence and passion. He is not a resurrectionist of buried documents. Lord Acton might have relegated him to the period which he calls that of bows and arrows. But on second thoughts Lord Acton would perhaps have wondered if this lightly furnished landsknecht had not penetrated into the secret of history which was hidden from his own universal study of sources. The facts are so simple written over the surface of events like the names of large countries on maps. Therefore the minute historian who corresponds to Berkeley's minute philosopher has not much often not at all regarded them. It does not really matter for example to the people how Darnley came by his death or what were the relations of Elizabeth and Robert Dudley. But it did matter to them and it matters at this moment that when the Church was exploited by the Crown when the monks

were thrown out and lay lords came in when Parliament filched the commons from the villages and introduced Poor Law rating the nation as a living whole suffered robbery and fell several degrees lower in independence even more than it did in comfort. These are the things which set a man like G. K. Chesterton ablaze with indignation until his pen becomes the staff of a prophet and he smite the heads of many who hold the English millions in bonds. He is of the school to which Patrick Geddes belongs and the ideal that made the lips of Henry George eloquent his though the single tax may be no way of escape from proletarian

nations and servile states. I cannot quote even one of the flaming sentences that in this book lay out wisdom on our dulness. All I can do is to say most emphatically Differ if you like but read and read on. Grant that you never thought of English history from this point of view. Then try honestly to look at it now as the tale of a nation's disinheritance. And ask yourself if it is not true.

But I would never end my speculations in politics of so great a compass on a dying fall. Even Luntans and Whigs have not lived in vain though St. George's lance swings dangerously

near their severe or courtly figures. They contrived to make a full end of the New Monarchy they founded America and the Pilgrim Father might have been proud of Franklin did any of their prophets foresee the Philadelphian printer while Edmund Burke who could not endure majorities told by the head left us metaphorically speaking his own brains whereby to withstand equally lawless despotism and tyrant democracy. We still possess in England the resources the machinery the inspiration of freedom able to vindicate to national use and benefit the riches of its soil its rights of way its industry education and religion. I am far from despairing of all this once the people have been led to consider how they lost their inheritance and to resolve that they will get it back. I note signs and portents which announce the coming change and St. George's Short History of England is not the least among them. Therefore my dear Bookman I say once more read it.



Phot. by H.

L. S. Dism. g.

G. K. Chesterton

th. g. d. f. h. b. i. De. af. id.

HEARTS OF CONTROVERSY *

BY WILLIAM CANTON

IN this arresting little volume of essays Mrs. Meynell calls on us to swing our compasses afresh and to revise our estimate of certain great names. That unanimous acclamation which includes mere clamour and reaction—the paltry precipitancy of the multitude have done their best and their worst. To-day the one can take away no more than the other gave yesterday. Meanwhile an inevitable law has been evolving its steady changes in life and outlook and the question on which Mrs. Meynell challenges judgment now is the validity of the claims of these reputations to greatness.

In regard to Tennyson at least her vindication cannot but be largely effective. Her appeal is made to the lovers of poetry, that vigorous little nation within the multitudinous nation of England. However impatient of old restraints these may be with whatever rash eagerness of new convictions, new aspirations, new passion and new methods they look for the coming dawn in which it will be heaven to be young, they can scarcely resist a claim urged with such clear evidence and so frank an admission of blemishes and limitations.

In these pages Tennyson is broadly—the poet with the great welcome style and the little unwelcome manner—and in the next place—the modern poet who withstood France. On this latter plea there is room for a wide difference of opinion. One remembers Mr. Topford Brooke's vivid picture of the insularity of his patriotism. In its extreme he became with a curious reversion to the type of the Englishmen of Nelson's time the natural opponent even the mocker of France and the French character. He had but little sympathy in his poetry with other nations—and in the struggle for liberty Poland in his youth and Montenegro in his age alone moved him to open utterance. He was English when one would have wished him to be so much besides being English. But we shall seek long before we find in a few pages so comprehensive so discriminative so illumined an appreciation of that great style whose magic makes fresh what others have outworn—of that imagination which not only sees but makes us too clairvoyant. There are citations in evidence—what a glamour there is in words when we realise—the solitary morning! The mountain lawn—however which Tennyson seems credited with lifting into the wild is the launde of Piers Plowman—the lawn of Malory and of old Romance. They rode into the forest of adventures till they came to a lawn and thereby they found a cross.

As to the little unwelcome manner—even though Mrs. Meynell grants that there is never a passage of manner but a great passage of style rebukes our dislike—is there not too frequent and over scornful an insistence? Why should the last thought of our poet recall him walking delicately like Agag? Indeed if we take the most congruous renderings of a doubtful text there was no little foppery and nothing of the

warrior with the pounce-box in Agag when that ruthless savage came fawningly or was dragged in chains before Samuel.

The subtle and characteristic revision of the claims of Dickens should persuade many of us to a fresh and closer reading of the great writer who belonged more intimately to his own generation than he could belong to ours. Instead of the public which was as present to him as an actor's audience is to the actor, he has had another and yet another house. That was Time's iniquity. Doubtless we have been too slow to recognise that caricature may be something great in art and too dull to perceive that the people of Dickens were not meant to be looked at in the round. So it has been our fault to judge him not by what he achieved but by what we held that a great novelist must achieve.

You will have barely read the opening pages on Swinburne's Lyrical Ictus before you feel the glare of an almost cruel atmosphere of antagonism.

We predicate of a poet, writes Mrs. Meynell, a great sincerity, a great imagination, a great passion, a great intellect—but here is a poet—and thrice a poet—in whom we are to discern none of these supreme qualities. He is a vivid writer of English, a complete master of the power and enchantment of verse, a lover of beauty, a compeer among the splendid poets of the forest and the sun—and yet—and yet he has perverid fancy rather than imagination, puny passion instead of sincerity, the momentary reaction of an infirm and impulsive soul, an intellect so small and so irresponsible that even his admiration of greatness in others must be denied its generosity. The charge that his words became a habit to himself is not to be gainsaid. Tennyson had good cause to retort that most could raise his flower since all had got the seed, but Swinburne's word magic recoiled on himself to his undoing, many who had been caught up in the first rapture wearied of his music long before the end. But what an inversion is this that his vocabulary was one of the sources of his thoughts and what an illusory contention that he has ravaged the language and spoiled it for the use of contemporaries.

A foolish outburst of wounded vanity—think of what outrage an angry tongue can inflict!—seems inadequate ground for impugning his value for art and letters. But there is a graver charge, one which would reduce his very personality to the simulacrum of a man, to a mere sounding board for the passions and thoughts, the political, sexual, natural, noble, vile, ideal, gross, rebellious, agonising, imperial, republican thoughts and passions of other men. Upon these and their life upon Mazzini, Gautier, Baudelaire, Shelley, he sustained, he fattened, he enriched his poetry, yet withal this poet who was little more intellectually than a too vacant capacity had not room for the Greeks, for Milton, for the English Bible. I find myself in the shadow of the *mohura* tree listening to the denunciation of the *Bandar log* who are outside

* Hearts of Controversy. By Alice Meynell. 5s. net (Burns & Oates.)

the Law of the Jungle. They have no speech of their own but use stolen words they overhear. Their way is not our way. We do not drink where they drink. We do not die where they die. This obloquy is too much. Furness resents it is unproved, fantastic, rash, and beyond the pale of human criticism.

It is a pleasure to turn to the pages on

Charlotte and Emily Brontë. The immediate matter of controversy seems of no great concern but one is alternately charmed and singularly moved by the



The Irish Lady

Mrs. Meynell

picture of these undying sisters.

To whatever extent we agree or disagree with Mrs. Meynell the essay compels a second and even a third reading. When she looks at the face of an asperity which is sometimes less than just her style, it is possession of an eighth sense so true is its distinction, its opulence, its precision, so sure its power to crystallise the chances of thought so often is it tinged with that Celtic charm which by the way Matthew Arnold claimed as English fifty years ago.

LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS

By J. I. COLLINS

THE awkward heritage of an author who has trifled among many publishers is no worse than that of the man who has halved his career between literature and politics. It vexes him in the writing of his memoirs, which in a way in evasion of the literary death duties, it certainly weighs heavily upon the class of executor we call reviewers. In the present quarter our main concern is less with Lord Morley the statesman than with his other self, the biographer, critic, essayist, and one of the most winning of all modern guides to Iarnassus. Nothing would be easier or more congenial than to enlarge upon his enthusiastic portraiture of Gladstone, Chamberlain, Lord Spencer and others, or on the curious absence of tribute to men who have missed their share of final success—men like Dilke and Dufferin. The gentle ironist might find room for a wedge of misgiving between the championship of Liberalism in the ardent chapters of the first volume and certain methods and arguments of administration in the second. He might proceed to ask why political prisoners should be so sacred even in critical times that demand a deterrent and why party defaulters should be so rife after their services have been rewarded? He might fairly question whether the men on the spot can be so fallible during their tenure of office in

Ireland (though not in Ireland it seems) and yet prove so omniscient when they come home and are relegated to the Lords. With the same dispassionate article he might ask why the absenteeism that was the curse of Ireland before the Land Acts should qualify a secretary at Whitehall for absolute rule over Viceroy and their staff, advisory or otherwise. But these are the puzzles that no man outside Westminster will ever understand, and no man inside that charmed circle can ever explain. Therefore while Lord Morley's early chapters are calculated to inspire and shape many a statesman yet unborn, and his service to Ireland is a monument of itself, one may be pardoned for rejoicing that he kept one lobe of his brain for literature and reflection, and it is this better half that comes up for consideration now.

Northern humour and a still more northern gravity were no ill endowment for a man set down in the middle of last century, and whether Lord Morley overrates the Victorian era or not, he certainly breeds envy by the account he gives us of his invigorating derivation. He was born with an iron spoon in his mouth, but it was iron with the true ring in it, and the workaday town of Blackburn in the forties was no bad place for what Lamb calls a kindly engender. It gave him earnestness and diligence according to the pattern of his surroundings, a love of learning from his father, a country

* Recollections. By Lord Morley. In 2 vols. 26s. net (Macmillan.)

doctor and the saving grace of a Lancashire mother wit. He confesses still to a weakness for unction and he must have had his fill of it in thirty years of politics but this is the only relic of the Methodism which was the Clayhanger atmosphere of his boyhood. The stars and destinies that cross the orbit of this book are a fashion of speech for he no more believes in the maze and influence of the planets than he does in Him who made them. Controversialists will search in vain for anything but temperament and period to account for the development of this vision of a rigid nonconformity into a clerk of Oxenforde passing by the idea of orders and thence into that familiar paradox, a learned sceptic. Of spiritual inkling or experience the book is complacently devoid. There was a rising wind of inquiry abroad that is all and a course of Darwin and Huxley and Comte and Mill did the rest. There is but one divinity in this book and his disappearance marks its zenith in a dramatic way. It used to be a charge against Lord Morley that he spelt God with a small g and the feeling arises that he was saving the capital honours for Mr Gladstone. At any rate it is the genius of Gladstone and what he stood for that inspires the best of these pages and when he dies the soul drops out of this book.

Having tried hard to avoid politics we have come perilously near to theology. The task is now to avoid a lapse into history and as a chronicle we know our author's charm of old—his strong sense of realities, the living freshness of his impressions, the temper and maturity of his judgment, the ordered march of his thought, the sureness of his diction, the cool persuasion of his tone. Now and then but only at rare intervals he nods. The introduction is clogged with metaphor uncharacteristically so and there are sentences that could hardly have found their way into either of his books on Burke, the *Compendium*, the *Voltaire*, or the *Life of Gladstone*. Every man has his own touchstone for testing prose and a single page here bristles with instances of a certain construction that makes for anæmia and monotony. Everywhere else you realise that you are in the presence of a writer who attains style by dint of a fine disdain. Style is like the goddess Fortune who flees her pursuers. Possibly that is why Lord Morley's first schoolmaster was well advised when he noted 'many of the elements of a sound prose style in the lad's first attempt at a poem'. That baffled pupil was not the first eminent man who missed his aim successfully but few have profited by happy discomfiture so early and this in the vocation which was to be the highway of his rising and his refuge in old age.

Richelieu said it was better to make history than to write it but for men faced with the dilemma few experiences can be more engaging than to step aside from the forum of public affairs into choice company along the sequestered walks of bookland. These richly varied memoirs make it clear that even in the press of Irish affairs or the jungles of the India Office Lord Morley never lost his grip of literary interests. A lucky encounter—it was on the steps of the Reform Club if memory serves—coaxed the young 'Saturday' reviewer into the current of a great publishing house and gave us among many precious things that worthy

if austere series of monographs the *English Men of Letters*. Its record here like the story of the *Tort* mightily and certain pages about the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives us the relish of editorship in better times before circulation climbed into the saddle. Lord Morley left behind him the tradition that he cared little for the rest of the paper when his leader page was passed and in this he followed the older and serenest school of journalism which looked upon its duties as Acton looked on history when he declined to take his meals in the kitchen. Kitchen in fact might almost stand as a euphemism for the laundries some present day editors haunt but there are compensating virtues in homeliness sometimes and shirt sleeves may be more than coronets when it comes to settling the balance between master and man. Next to periodicals the most congenial influences on our author's development were Mill and Chamberlain and Meredith and the reminiscences of that motley trio are valuable every line. To hear of Mill in his old age invoking the bombs of Orsini on Napoleon the Little gives us a leap at the heart—it comes vitally near our mood to day and we ask ourselves like Lady Macbeth 'Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?' The Chamberlain friendship is another theme that quickens the pulse but the Meredith chapter affords the best reading because there the friendship was true give and take and our author was repaid for his exertions in making the novelist known by a generous transfusion of spirit which must have been doubly stimulating for a tired public man. Here is a thought of true mintage from the man who next to Gladstone comes out greatest in this book. Meredith is writing home in 1861 and recounting his first glimpse of the Alps.

They have the whiteness, the silence, the beauty and mystery of thoughts seldom unveiled within us but which conquer earth wherever they are. In fact they have made my creed tremble. Our great error has been (the error of all religion as I fancy) to raise a spiritual system of antagonism to Nature.

The fallacy in this is to lump all nature into a bolus to be swallowed at a gulp and that kind of prescription is no fairer to nature than it is to literature or science or party or even to a book. Doubtless if Meredith had lived to see this day which he more than half foretold he would have asked how it came about that a man who has so long expounded the bold and liberal thought of France should desert her in this crucial hour of trial. To that query this book contains no kind of answer. To lay it down is like rising with a yawn from a garden seat on an autumn afternoon and then as Duty waylays you at the gate humbly giving thanks for faith in darkling times. No man after reading these volumes can be ungrateful to their author or want to parley with him on the vital question of the day. Whatever secrets or qualms statesmen may bear in their bosom the race is at its best when it elects to carry on and leave the wayside grotto to Diogenes. As for Lord Morley's pet maxim that 'Death is Death' I like to wonder what Diana of the Crossways would have answered. She had a sharp way with platitudes. Probably she would have said 'Oh no it all depends.'

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

JANUARY 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square E C 4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses the Editor cannot undertake to return them*

I—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric. Imitations and paraphrases are inadmissible.

II—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best that can be said for Marguerite in four lines of original verse.

IV—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *three months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER 1917

I—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Margaret K. McEvoy 3 Claremont Road (Cricklewood N.W. 2) and Leticia Cole Doyler House Pontilas Herefordshire for the following.

YOUTH

No longer may I hold those winged feet
Beside me in this shadowing autumn land
Yet for one moment's bitter sweet
Shake back the wind-blown locks of thy retreat
And clasp me by the hand.

How else believe thee mine in days gone by?
Mine—oh the wonder with those locks of gold
Those eyes of visions—feet that fly—
Thou morning lark thou dew-wet flower—
and I
So faded and so old.

Mine yet not mine—alas! those alien eyes
That hurt me with their comrade light withdrawn
Hast thou forgotten all that lies
Behind us in that glamorous paradise
Life's far away sweet morn?

Farewell then! not for thee this autumn shade
Nor unto me unmitigated pain
For in that land God's love has made
Where youth shall never age nor beauty fade
We shall be one again—
Sweet vanished Youth we shall be one again.

MARGARET K. McEVoy

A PRAYER

If I may not mix with the throng
In crowded ways of life
Whence floats a sigh or snatch of song
And sounds of joy and strife—
Where lovers walk and children play
Where Sorrow tears his load
Grant me a window by the way
That I may watch the road.

If I may never tremblingly
Traverse Love's rubicon
Grant me in others' joys to be
A happy looker-on
And if I never knew the pain
Of bitter grief and loss
Grant that I may not try in vain
To lift another's cross.

If fullest life should be my lot
To me remembrance give
In grief or joy that I may not
Forget I longed to live
But if my thoughts and wishes stray
Past my appointed goal
To bear the anguish of each day
Grant me a valiant soul!

LETTIE COLE

We also select for printing

LOVE'S SIGN

Love fluttered down from the heavens and came to us
Came with his wings folded near to his side.



Photo by Sidney Hicks D.M.

Pamela Hinkson and
Giles Aylmer Patrick Hinkson
Lieut. Royal Dublin Fusiliers

Daughter and youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hinkson (Katherine Tynan).
Their eldest son Theobald Henry Lieut. Royal Irish Regiment, is on active service in Palestine.

Came down to whisper his wonderful name to us
Murmur the music that none else could frame to us
Sang that for ever with us he'd abide
Sing and then died

(Godfrey Robbins Rhodes University College Grahamstown South Africa)

SUSPENDID CHORDS

These I ord my gifts to thee!
The frailest filaments of dreams disdained
And on life's little loom of trembling thought
The texture of some troubled truth attained
But this my soul hath vainly wrought—
My garment torn and stained
Is it for naught?
And must I naked be?

My love I fain would urge
Though in my breast my heart with fading beat
As wan and cold as midnight's withered sun
Discovers but the dark dies in deceit
Of shrouds the tangled night hath spun
And e'en this dying heat
From thee I've won
Ere morning vaults the verge

With heart of song I come!
Yet is within a broken shell are drowned
The linked bubbles of bright melody
The crystallised scintillations of sweet sound
And secret singing of the sea
So in my heart are bound
Chords thou must free
Else my poor mouth is dumb

(K. Scott Fryn Red House Crissington Skipton Yorks)

From the unusually large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Alberta Vickridge (Lradford) Evelyn Simms (Brighton) Edwin J. Pratt (Toronto) Ivan Adair (Dublin) Capt A. I. Price (Southport) V. V. Mathews (London W) Hilary Thorpe (Ipswich) Sergeant F. M. Ayre (Salonica) Sapper Harold H. Dimby (B.E.F.) Phyllis Marks (London N.W.) E. R. L. (Durham) Roland Goodchild (Beckenham) Grace A. Cricknall (London W) Madge Mears (North Shields) Arthur Thrush (Salisbury Plain) Corporal Chris W. Kent (Redcar) N. Laland Cassara (Kilburn) W. J. Fawcett (Belfast) V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham) Private H. Baxter (Caister) Bernard Warburton (Highgate) Mervyn Trevor (Jersey) H. Drury (Streatham) Lieut. C. N. Goodman (Birmingham) Norma I. Smith (Halifax N.S.) A. Iatham (Wigan) Violet E. Dismore (Southend) Cyril G. Taylor (Bellaghy) D. Lsme Buley (Sydenham) Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich) J. R. Mallinson (Maidstone) C. E. S. (Glasgow) Roselle St. John (Thornton Heath) R. H. Kipling (Lancaster) John Wayne (Lightton Buzzard) Kate E. Bunce (Birmingham) C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield) B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlsle) H. J. Dawtry (Dundee) P. Allott (Sheppey) R. T. Barton (Plaistow) Sybil Verner (Woolwich) Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), Ada F. Strike (Worthing) Clare C. M. Wayland (Ieytonstone) Ethel F. Mannin (Wimbledon) Private D. W. Ouenby Ashby (Derby) E. Binney (Cambridge) B. E. Stevens (Sandwich Bay) Miss F. Olsen (B.E.F. France) K. (Catford) Anthea (Teignmouth) G. J. Murray (Christchurch N.Z.) Private W. Mottershead (Hull) Hettie Wolf (Hammersmith) Norah Denny (London W) Enid D. Woolbright (Chelsea) Violet Walker (Whitehaven) Sadie C. Clay (Wakefield) R. N. Watson (Southport) Mabel Malet (Hull) Joyce O'Dwyer (Birmingham) George Savill (Brockley) H. M. Dixon (North Shields) Irene Arlington Davies (Crickhowell)

Bernard Spencer (London S.E.) M. H. Asterley (Lichfield) S. M. K. (Hampstead) Eric Antony (Wandsworth) Corporal A. M. Reid (Plymouth) R. A. H. Coodycar (Scarborough) C. A. Scrutton (Newport) Gladys Hazel (Leicester) H. S. Wilson (Troon) J. H. Langlois (Leeds) I. L. Watts (Regent's Park) Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham) Agnes C. M. Baker (Kilburn) Dorothea Jackson (Portsmouth) R. H. McCreia (Chesterfield) Rose F. Sullivan (Horwich) Anna Walker (Sleights) Ivan I. Ulmer (Bournemouth) William C. Pocock (Bristol) D. Stewart Wright (Glasgow)

II—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINIA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss M. K. Ierkins of 4 Chiswick Road Highgate N.6 for the following

AN UNCENSORED DIARY BY L. D. BOLLITT
(Stanley Paul)

It's really quite a well
Hushed up to only one friend

O. W. HOLMES *The Portrait of a Lady*

We also select for printing

A NUMBER OF THINGS BY DIXON SCOTT
(Tough)

Shoes and hips and so long was
Callages—and kings

LEWIS CARROLL *Through the Looking Glass*
(Rev. Edwin C. Linsdown, Harthold Road Ladbourn)

A GIRL WITH MONEY BY FLORENCE WARREN
(Ward Lock)

Her father has locked the door
Her mother feels the key

(A. Eleanor Innington The Blind School St. David Hill Exeter)

A GIRL WITH MONEY BY FLORENCE WARREN
(Ward Lock)

He's not to make her his own

But it did

(Irene Lalonde 14 Forester Road Bath)

THE STORY OF A CRIMINAL SIN

BY MARI CONNOR ITHINGTON

I fly me to my love
And stole a leg of lamb

Old Nursery Rhyme

(May Bell Bishop Seymour Avenue Johannesburg)

GONE TO EARTH BY MARY WEBB

(Constable)

He that's down needs fear no fall

JOHN BUNYAN *Pilgrim's Progress Pt. II*

(Rev. F. Horn Howlands Castle Hants)

III—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines of original verse on the Sugar Card is awarded to Violet E. Dismore of 80 Whitegate Road Southend-on-Sea for the following

The thought of Sugar Cards we find
Distasteful till we see
Economy will help to bring
The sweets of victory

The papers sent in have been very numerous but on the whole rather disappointing. We specially commend the quatrains by Rev. J. Brown Young (Fife) Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool) D. Payne (Southampton) Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield) A. Violet Gandy (Bath)

Mrs Alice Wise (Leicester) W Sutherland (Sunderland) John Boyne (Glasgow) Mrs C A Anderson (Woldingham) Mannington Sayers (Iotnes) M Crick (Fort William) Ena D Reynolds (Newport) D Leedham Fuller (Hindhead)

IV—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to I W Tickner 15 Highcroft Garden Colindale N W 4 for the following

RECOLLECTIONS BY VISCOUNT MORLEY
(Macmillan)

We may well envy the writer this record of his life. Nothing is here but tears and weakness and pain. In this work the greatest exponent of philosophical idealism shows how he carried his principles into the varied spheres of journalism literature politics and government. It is difficult to say which aspect is most attractive though the space devoted to government seems disproportionate. For ourselves we have most enjoyed the story of his friendships for he possessed in a wonderful degree the gift of making and keeping friends. Would that his pen could give us a definitive life of Chamberlain.

We select for printing

A LIBRARY FOR FIVE POUNDS

By CLAUDE CHATEL (Hodder & Stoughton)

Every library which reads *A Library for Five Pounds* will find in it something of interest and charm. There are volumes here in all realms of literature ranging from works of reference to collections of poems. The notes and criticisms among the works of many of the authors included in the list are not only of interest in themselves but they stimulate the reader's own sense of value and his power of criticism. The author's knowledge of editions makes the book a valuable guide.

(Winifred Bates General Boys School Bridport)

THIS IS THE END BY MISS J. BENSON
(Macmillan)

A philosophy that will show the meaning of this apparently illogical world is the desire of all who wish to make life bearable. Jay the woman bus conductor and a Seeker of Truth discovers after living in wonderful dreams that the only lasting truth is reality. Miss Benson takes her readers into a mystic world of joy then leaves them with her bus conductor (Miss Benson does not know what a heroine is) staring at the great impassable wall of real life. This is the End is a book that grips one by its intense originality and its marvellous pathos.

(Miss J. Lundy Main Road Lower Hutt Wellington New Zealand)

HUNGERHILL ANONYMOUS (Methuen)

This moving book is not a novel in the strict sense but the history of a woman's soul from childhood until she at last finds rest in the Roman Catholic Church. In its deep inwardness rich sincerity and true realism it is far above and beyond the ordinary story telling autobiography. A strong personality is revealed generous brilliant in intellectual gifts utterly lovable struggling through the years and making endless mistakes because nothing short of the highest was acceptable. As we close the book our heart goes out to the writer in a manner very rare in these hard-headed days.

(Florence G. Fidler 131 Abbey Road London N W 6)

TWINKLETOES BY THOMAS BURKE
(Grant Richards)

When we see a new story connected with the underworld we are inclined to be rather cynical because usually stories of this sort either touch the subject so lightly as to be unconvincing or go to the other extreme and lay so much stress on it that they border on the sensational. This book is not like that. Each character is sketched with



Dr Douglas Hyde

I. D. G. Hyde, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

a finesse and gentleness of touch that in no way detracts from its intense reality. Twinkletoes is shown in her way to destruction through Chinatown will not soon fade from the minds of those who read this book.

(H. T. Carson 61 Omeath Street Belfast Ireland)

WOMAN GUIDES BY W. SHAW HEATH
(H. Macmillan)

If a person be taken to the coils of the discoverer of that first justice moulding the world of his evil influence? This question is raised in *Woman Guides*. But how can the judge ascertain his own impartiality? There are exceptional cases. Perhaps few would condemn the murderer of the Kaiser and in this novel the reader has little sympathy with the victim. Judge and judged stand out against a background of surely the dullest folk that ever author's art presented to the reader without letting his interest flag. A convincing novel its characters well drawn of plot interest.

(D. Lonsdale 40 Foxley Lane Farnley Surrey)

We select for special commendation the thirty reviews by Edith Harman (Linton) I. K. N. (London S W) Frederick William Ramsey (Chis H. Barker (Clapham) Mrs C. W. I. Webb (Southam) Kathleen W. Cortes (Market Harborough) Gerald McMichael (Birmingham) Charles Plummer (Bilham) Elsie Cellert (Bradford) Geo. M. Buckley (Southport) Helen Coodwin (Uttrover) Flie M. Meredith (Bideford) M. J. Dobie (Chester) I. List (Ilfracombe) V. Huish (Derby) W. M. Griffiths (Woking) Kate M. Tupman (Worthing) Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin) M. B. Isitt (Braunton) H. M. Creswell Layne (Bodmin) Private H. E. Leeds (Salthouse) May Bell (Johannesburg) Edward S. Hodgson (Coventry) Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton) J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool) F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington) Anna C. M. Fraser (London W) Private C. D. Jones (Witley) William Sinclair (Birmingham) A. E. Gowers (Haverhill)

V—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Lily McCullough of 10 Dunluce Avenue Lisburn Road Belfast

New Books.

GOOD FRIDAY*

Restless experimentalist that he is Mr Masefield has chosen a subject beyond all other subjects difficult and insusceptible to the treatment called modern. The Crucifixion is a theme for religious art but for realistic modernness it is the last theme in the world. It is not a free subject—it is heavily laden with the tradition and the faith of many centuries. To innovate is vulgarity to copy is to fail—for what literary artist shall easily match the religious mind of the writers of the gospels? Were there such an artist one with the power of Bunyan added to the power of the evangelists one with the verse of Shelley added to the vision of Bunyan something perfectly new some originating conception might be discovered—and except on these terms the literary artist must needs feel himself defeated at the merest aspiring glance. And does he not moreover enhance his difficulties by attempting dramatic form? Dramatic form when the drama is but printed inevitably shows the scaffold in front of the building the technical directions seeming the more insistent as they are the more obscurely and briefly ciphered—and hence it is impossible not to feel an intolerable jar when for instance Pilate orders that sand shall be cast where the blood lies and is followed with (*Music off*) (could any literary representation of the Crucifixion win success now it could only be (save by a miracle not in contemplation) by the use of simple narrative in which the challenge of the gospels should be frankly accepted).

The most terrible subject in the world has not yielded itself to Mr Masefield's attempt. Thankfully will it be acknowledged that he does not approach the subject in an unworthy mood—regrettably is it seen that he does not approach it at all. He remains at the antipodes. He has plainly done what he can and has done it in a way with which no personal fault is to be found. It is his conception that fails—an imaginative failure. Thinking of this terrible subject he has asked himself—Now what probably happened? How *did* Pilate look at Jesus? What did Pilate's wife think? What could the centurion think? How could Joseph of Arimathea approach Pilate? The sentry at the door—could he be impressed by the passage of Jesus to and from the hall or would he not pay no more attention than to any other offender and pursue his own thoughts just as a man in Flanders would? And how excellent that idea of the punishment of the pseudo King leading to a reconciliation between Pilate and Herod. Who knows the mind of another? All that can be said as it must be said without offence is that *Good Friday* betrays nothing more than such a reasonable conception of familiar facts. There is no hint that an overpowering vision of the Crucifixion came to the author and swallowed up his own powers in its new power.

The play opens with Pilate telling Longinus to release Barabbas at the mob's choice while Jesus is to be scourged and put outside the gate. Pilate's wife enters and Pilate rebukes her for interrupting him in court with her dreams and as they talk the Chief Citizen comes with a message from the Sanhedrim that Jesus has been claiming kingship—had at first merely preached but has been flattered into imaginary sovereignty. A blind Madman enters as Pilate withdraws and cries

Only a penny a penny—
Lives brighter than my

He pleads for Jesus but other citizens enter and talk violently and a voice sings

As I came by the market I heard a woman sing
My love did truly promise to wed me with a ring
But oh my love deceived me and left me here forlorn
With my spirit full of sorrow and my baby to be born

* *Good Friday A Play in Verse* By John Masefield
3s 6d net (Heinemann)

Another voice is heard denying Jesus thrice and then Pilate returns talking to Longinus. I like this Jesus man. Nevertheless sentence is passed and the Jews anticipating brutal opportunities talk vilely and when the prisoner is taken out the Madman remains musing alone in beautiful verse upon

Some green valley of eternal mind
Where truth is daily like the water's song

There are other snatches of alien lyricism and then a recital by the centurion of the scene on Golgotha. A single line will show the note upon which this recital is sustained

The hangman's squad were doing for his clothes
With Herod's visit and the Madman's singing the play ends

Beautiful lilies grow
Wherever the truth so sweet
Has trodden with bloody feet

The play is written mainly in rhymed couplets in a military staccato. Mr Masefield has bent a serious mind upon his task and if I find myself wishing he had refused the task it is for such large and general reasons as I have mentioned. It is a cold play and it comes oddly from the author of those famous narrative poems.

JOHN FRELMAN

THE NEW MEDICINE*

For those who wish to understand at a glance the significance of Dr Jung's theories in the field of modern analytical psychology the following passage will be illuminating

What possible value and meaning can a neurosis have? Is it not a most useless and repulsive pest of humanity? Can being nervous do anyone good? I have known more than one person who attributed all his usefulness and the justification for his existence even to a neurosis that hindered all decisive stupidities of his life compelling him to lead an existence which developed what was valuable in him—material that would have been crushed had not the neurosis with its iron grip forced the man to keep to the place where he really belonged. There are people the meaning of whose life whose real significance—lies in the unconscious—in consciousness lies only all that is vain and delusive. With others the reverse is the case and for them the neurosis has another significance. An extended (psychological) reduction is appropriate to the one but emphatically unavailing to the other.

It is now some years since the Zurich school of Psychological Medicine under the brilliant leadership of Dr Jung parted company with the Viennese school under Dr Freud. The teachings of Dr Jung have found little place so far in English medical schools which show a peculiarly non-progressive spirit in the treatment of the nervous case. Disturbances in the mind and in the emotional life which are so frequent in modern times are scarcely studied seriously in this country from the psychological point of view. The appearance therefore of a second edition of Dr Jung's contributions to analytical psychology is welcome and Dr Long is to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which she has prepared the volume. A new chapter has been added since the first edition dealing with the relation of the psychological ego to the psychological non ego and fresh material has been introduced in other places.

Scientific theories that concern themselves with the human soul have hitherto been criticised on the grounds of narrowness. The theories of Freud merited this criticism. But readers of Dr Jung's works will be unable to bring forward the objection of narrowness. For Dr Jung the neurosis is a broad moral question and the process of

* *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology* By C. G. Jung M.D. (Zurich). Edited by Dr Constance E. Long. Second edition pp 492 (Ballière Tindall & Cox)

curative analysis which aims at finding a way out by studying the unconscious is a moral task. He is a champion of the modern expressionist theories which permeate so much of the literature of to-day but his teachings concerning proper expression in life are the outcome of a deep and mature mind. In this respect he far outstrips Freud who remains diligently obsessed by his sexual theory of the human soul.

There are few volumes which contain so much practical teaching on the nature of sick souls as this collection of papers. The growth of Dr. Jung's views can be traced step by step from his first paper published in 1902 to the last published in 1916 and the series is of extreme interest both to the layman as well as to the physician. For any one who has thought at all about the problems of human life will find in these pages answers to many questions. Dr. Jung is a forerunner and his influence on the future will be great.

Dr. Jung finds a parallel between the neurotic and the present war.

the psychologicalists that accompany the present war the incredible brutality of the Japanese the equal of no other in the annals of human history the destruction of the unexampled loss of humanity and the acceptance of it the ally denials they do not need all it is a part of the anything to face bravely the problem of the future unconscious which should be uncensored beneath the shield of the unconsciousness before the eyes of every thinking individual? The psychology of the individual is a part of the psychology of nations. What nation is a child and does not use and is long with individual as it the nation will do it. But he who thinks himself the the will long strike against the content of the unconscious which contains precisely that which is most needful for the future.

Hitherto we have sought to solve our problems individual and national with reference to what is conscious alone. That which is coming up as a symbol from the unconscious we have ignored.

Dr Jung must be congratulated upon an achievement that is epoch making in the educational as well as in the medical world. No worker in these fields of research can ignore the teachings of the distinguished leader of the Zurich school if he would seek to keep abreast of the times.

MAURICE NICOLL

THE DEEPER SPIRIT*

This book is to be placed on the shelf with Mr. Bulling. It is one of the strangely few novels that point the true spiritual moral of this war. So many essays of fiction in these days have caught at Armageddon as if it were a mere border fight or summer campaign to clear the issues and find for the chief characters of a conventional effort redemption or a thrilling climax that it is refreshing, stimulating, hopeful to find Mr. Watson looking deeper into the effects and realising from them what can sincerely be called a beautiful story. For is not the tragedy of tragedies in this world shaking cataclysm the sudden going of so much that was splendidly youthful? The brightness of many eyes is quenched the warmth of many hearts is turned to an eternal coldness rare spirits have become cousins of the dust that a little while ago were radiant and enjoying a full vitality. Boys who it seemed were babies but the other day have gone out to play the man's game and have played it valiantly. The pathos and the sadness are not for them. They have won such laurels as could not have been gained through the virtuosity of eighty years. It is the mothers and the fathers at home who pay the great price. Like birds in the sunshine their sons sang and exulted and went—

Children of Passage —leaving fond pride and broken hearts behind them

Such as that is the theme of this moving and beautiful novel. Mr. Watson has given to its development powers

* Children of Passage By Frederick Watson 5s net
(Methuen)

of high order and the skill that comes from careful experience. For in old world corner of Scotland comes David Manning, the child of a pushful conquering merchant and a studiously self-indulgent mother. Like so much of the youth that came to the supreme test in August 1914, David enjoys his life of playtime and promises to be charmingly futile. He is in process of becoming a disappointment to his hurrying father when he meets Mary, the daughter of a laird who has managed so to mismanage his inherited property that poverty looks in at the window of Carroch. With his love, an ideal thereupon enters David's life—he is looking towards a nobler future than had hitherto occurred to him when—the war. He goes to his duty. But the people of the Auld Ha' are those who love him and him—and because of them many years must stray at home—What of them? With the art that is founded on feeling and truth Mr. Watson paints his delicate story. The hue of his telling is grey, but it is neither depressing nor morbid. Indeed the effect is strengthening, purifying. It has the evidence of a lingering trumpet call in the heart. It moves the deepest chords of being.

The characters of the story are diverse and well finished. Miss Christina, the old land, and Colonel Cask are particular triumphs, though such as they are surely never to be found south of the Tweed. Iona is properly drawn with a faint brush, though her natural attractiveness to the very in-dern David is culled. Of Dr Dumble we might well have seen more. Mr Watson was probably right in his decision to keep this comedy figure subordinate, but we feel that the spirit of laughter such as he inspires might have been more usefully balanced the prevailing pathos. Among people to whom truth was everything, this preaching, butterfly and passing, quack would have been a useful foil, his artificiality tending to accentuate their truthfulness. The one person who probably did not realise the author's intention is John Lamb, the stay at home indolent minister, who is rescued from his negligence to do his duty and assert the moral of all this sacrifice.

Children of Passage is not a novel of passage. It will be read during many tomorrows because of its uniqueness to all other books written in these days. It points a truth that will be more and more realized in the gray years that are to follow this experience of anger and tears. It is profoundly beautiful.

C. J. LAWRENCE

MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY*

The appearance in book form of Mr. Conrad's record of his experiences as American Ambassador to Germany from November 1914 to February 1917 has been eagerly expected. The work was first printed as a series of articles in the *Daily Telegraph* during the summer of the past year and among other interesting and exciting details was the text of the famous telegram sent by the Kaiser to President Wilson on August 10th 1914. It is here reproduced in facsimile. Mr. Conrad's account of his Ambassadorship is absorbingly interesting from beginning to end. It is on the whole well written and in straight forward fashion with no trace of self laudation in the chronicle account of his own endeavours and achievements. Though it is possible to point out here and there a lapse from literary grace this falling off is so infrequent as to be practically negligible. A perhaps more insistent criticism must be the calling attention to the absence of an index the omission of which is the cause of no little inconvenience to the reader especially to the reviewer. It is greatly to be hoped that this omission will have been made good on the appearance of a second edition which in all likelihood will be called for.

In a particularly interesting and informing chapter we are given a general outline of the political and geographical conditions of the German Empire. The Reichstag of

* My Four Years in Germany By James W Gerard
7s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton)

Imperial Parliament is we are informed nothing but a debating society on account of the preponderating power of the Upper Chamber the Bundesrat. In the usual procedure Bills are prepared and adopted in the Upper Chamber and then sent to the Reichstag for discussion. If they are passed by the latter they return to the Bundesrat by which body they must be finally approved. It is also stated that the members of the Bundesrat have the right to appear and make speeches in the Reichstag. The Chancellor is appointed by the Emperor to whom and not to the Reichstag he is responsible. Mr Gerard speaks favourably of the Minister who was for most of the time of the Ambassador's period of service the Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg whom he believes to be a Liberal at heart. He is further of opinion that the Chancellor was opposed to the adoption of a ruthless submarine war. Of Admiral von Tirpitz he writes as follows:

Like most Germans of the ruling class ambition is his only passion. These Spartans do not care either for money or for the luxury which it brings. Their lives are on very simple lines both in the army and navy in order that the officers should not vie with one another in expenditure and in order that the poorer officers and their wives shall not be subject to the humiliation which would be caused if they had to live in constant contact with brother officers living on a more luxurious footing.

Von Tirpitz's ambition undoubtedly led him to consider himself as a promising candidate for Bethmann Hollweg's shoe. The whole submarine issue therefore became not only a question of military expediency and a question for the Foreign Office to decide in connection with the relations of America to Germany but also a question of internal politics a means of forcing the Chancellor out of office.

At various times the Ambassador endeavoured to obtain from the Chancellor and others a statement of the terms on which Germany was willing to make peace but only on one occasion was he successful. This was during an interview with Bethmann Hollweg a few weeks before Mr Gerard was recalled on the cessation of diplomatic relations of his country with Germany.

I said: What are these peace terms to which you refer continually? Will you allow me to ask a few questions as to the specific terms of peace? First are the Germans willing to withdraw from Belgium?

The Chancellor answered: Yes but with guarantees.

I said: What are these guarantees?

He said: We must possibly have the fort of Liège and Namur we must have other fort and garrisons throughout Belgium. We must have possession of the ports and other means of communication. The Belgians will not be allowed to maintain an army but we must be allowed to retain a large army in Belgium. We must have the commercial control of Belgium.

I said: I do not see that you have left much for the Belgians excepting that King Albert will have the right to reside in Brussels with an honour guard.

And the Chancellor said: We cannot allow Belgium to be an outpost (Vorwerk) of Great Britain and I said: I do not suppose the British on the other hand wish it to become an outpost of Germany especially as Von Tirpitz has said that the coast of Flanders should be retained in order to make war on Great Britain and America.

I continued: How about Northern France?

He said: We are willing to leave Northern France but there must be a rectification of the frontier.

I said: How about the Eastern frontier?

He said: We must have a very substantial rectification of our frontier.

I said: How about Roumania?

He said: We shall leave Bulgaria to deal with Roumania.

I said: How about Serbia?

He said: A very small Serbia may be allowed to exist but that is a question for Austria. Austria must be left to do what she wishes to Italy and we must have indemnities from all countries and all our ships and Colonies back.

Of course rectification of the frontier is a polite term for annexation.

The interest of this citation may perhaps at a first reading cause the reader to overlook the damnable iteration of the 'I said' and the 'he said' but it will probably be otherwise on a reperusal. If such are as given above the war aims of the Central Powers it may well account for their aversion from making such a declaration publicly as they know full well how utterly such a preposterous attitude would be resented by the Allies while at the same time it clearly proves the insincerity of their initial peace offers.

From the foregoing extracts it may be judged how full of interest is Mr Gerard's book. Some tribute of appreciation and admiration on the country's part is due to the ex Ambassador for his unceasing efforts on behalf of our prisoners of war for much of the improvement in their condition is undoubtedly the result of such efforts. Nor were his interests confined to those of our men and those of the Allies for he also accomplished much on behalf of those of Germany. His fearlessness and outspokenness must have been a thorn in the flesh to the authorities of the country to which he was accredited. Nor is he less outspoken in warning his own countrymen of the gravity of the situation and of the tremendous task ahead of them.

S BUTTERWORTH

WILLIAM HAZLITT*

Mr Sampson has avowedly produced something of a schoolmaster's edition of Hazlitt. The volume is in three sections and it is at least significant that the hundred and fifty pages of reprinted essays are followed by a hundred pages of annotations. But the devoted student will not object to this especially as the work is well done. There is a delightful and tantalising allusiveness in Hazlitt's writings which makes the tracking down of his quotations (to say nothing of his misquotations) an exhilarating pursuit. His mind was so stuffed with other people's phrases that consciously or unconsciously he reproduced them and thus enriched his pages but he had a treacherous memory and it takes a patient investigator like Mr Sampson to trace sounding on his way to such widely separated sources as Chaucer and Wordsworth and to explain that when Hazlitt wrote 'ethereal mould sky tinctured' he was combining ideas respectively from the second and fifth books of *Paradise Lost*. The notes are full of interesting and informing revelations like these. But they are only incidental the most important deal with persons and problems or are explanatory of Hazlitt's casual references to books dramas and pictures. Mr Sampson is so thorough and he has found himself supplied with so many suggestive themes that his longer notes are quite fascinating in themselves. His biographies of authors and actors of the time are models of precision and conciseness.

The principal difficulty which confronts a Hazlitt editor is how and what to select from the abundance of excellent material. With some half dozen essays—*The Indian Jugglers* *Going a Journey* *Reading Old Books*

Pleasures of Painting and the like every one is familiar and they cannot be excluded because they represent Hazlitt at his best. Mr Sampson severely restricting himself has been compelled to accept the obvious and since he set out to supply only a baker's dozen his choice must be approved. Yet a Hazlitt devotee cannot but regret that the mass of Hazlitt literature remains unknown to the majority—literature that shows him in many moods and is evidence of his diverse gifts. The magnificent tribute to Horne Tooke the Junius like epistle to Gifford the remorseless criticism of Crabbe the illuminating exposition of Dryden and Pope the finely discriminating essay on Ben Jonson the glorious gusto of the essays on the comic dramatists the quiet humour of the analysis of John Bunce the epic descriptions of Napoleon's battles here to name a few at random are variety and worth and yet how seldom figuring among selections. It would only be bare justice to Hazlitt to let the whole world know that he wrote vastly more than the dozen or so of essays which so monotonously reappear. It seems part of the malignant fortune which has ever pursued this man of genius that even now nearly ninety years after his death his claims to greatness are but imperfectly known.

The last recorded words of ill used slandered deserted William Hazlitt as he lay on his death bed in the little Soho apartment were—'Well I've had a happy life.'

* Hazlitt *Selected Essays* Edited by George Sampson Pp xxxviii 251 3s 6d net (Cambridge University Press)

It is one of the most enigmatical of utterances. Read Mr Sampson's admirable summary of his career and you will find nothing but disappointments and disasters—a melancholy boyhood loveless marriages shattered ideals the abandonment of art to which he was most devoted continual estrangements from those who had been dearest and the total wreck of his hopes for a free and progressive humanity when his idol Napoleon was defeated. Mr Sampson truly remarks that Hazlitt *confundum* not only held views that were unpopular but savoured of treason—he was so dogged that his consistency became a vice—and political fanaticism was fatal to personal friendships. In his last days he stands out a solitary and pathetic figure venomous enemies assailing him with defamation unprecedentedly coarse in terms and the one supreme desire of his life—the downfall of the Bourbons—not fulfilled. Yet he had been happy! What did he mean? Mr Sampson hazards the daring suggestion that the words were the final defiance of a man who had suffered shrewd blows for a lost cause. Is it not more likely that the words expressed a very truth as the dying man saw his whole life reviewed in a final flash? Hazlitt had many secret sources of happiness joy and even exultation. His outer life was the delusion his inner life the reality. He had idealised women and to the last worshipped at the shrine of one whose image had never faded—he had loved art with a love that no sacrifice of reward could diminish—he had revelled in the old books and found good company in the grand old characters—and his solitary Winterslow walks—and then to thinking—had produced deep and satisfying bliss. These made the secret of Hazlitt's happy life. And so we turn once more to the concluding selection in Mr Sampson's choice volume—*On Going a Journey*—and read it for the hundredth time and become Hazlitt's invisible companion and drink in his confidences and find the mystery resolved. For we are on tramp with a visionary a dreamer one who recalls the glamour of youth who conjures up the scenes of love and beauty who thrills with the poetic vision—and we realise that he must have been truly happy though to the world he seemed cold and sad.

J. CUMING WALTERS

INDIA'S PAST *

To the well known textbook by the late Captain Trotter Mr Hutton has added two chapters bringing the History of India up to 1911 besides modifying or altering several parts especially in the earlier chapters of the book in the light of recent research. A geographical and ethnological introduction leads to an account of the first Aryan settlements which displaced those of an older but less civilised race whose descendants under various names still cling to their ancestral mountain fastnesses or lead a nomadic life. The civilisation of Aryan India was probably the highest at one time in the world. The Hindus in the sixth century were taught the turning of the earth on its axis from remote times inoculation for smallpox was known to them their early literature was almost equal to that of ancient Greece but strange to say they produced not one historian.

The history of India is a record of conquest from that of Alexander the Great downwards but let it not be forgotten that Hindu arms were the first to turn back the triumphant progress of Islam irresistible elsewhere and it was not until the beginning of the thirteenth century

* A History of India. By the late Captain L. J. Trotter. Revised by W. H. Hutton. B.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)



Akbar's Entry into Surat

P. MS. II. VII. JAH. I. M.
I. A. H. I. I. I. (S. P. C. I.)

that the Hindu kingdoms of Northern India were brought entirely under its rule. Nearly a century later the Muhammadan conquest of Southern India began.

In the succeeding chapters Captain Trotter is at his best. His clear and vigorous diction is eminently suitable to the history of the great rulers—Babur Akbar Jahangir Shah Jahan and Aurangzeb and to the epic of the East India Company which from an humble origin rose to be Lord Paramount of all India. His treatment of Warren Hastings and of the brilliant Governors General is masterly and he is no less successful in the account of the great Mutiny in the suppression of which he played a part. The story of Lord Dalhousie on the Sikh revolt of 1848 is as characteristic of the stout-hearted Briton of our time as of his. The Sikh nation has called for war and on my word sirs they shall have it with a vengeance.

A little more space devoted to the history and conditions of the common people especially in the earlier periods would have been welcome even in an historical outline such as this book professes to be. In a foot note quoting Raikes we learn that in Rangpur in 1815 not a child can be born not a head religiously shaved not a daughter given in marriage not even one of the tyrannical fraternity dies without an immediate visitation of calamity upon the Rayat in the shape of a fresh tax by the Zamindar. Contrast these conditions with those that obtained during

the prosperity of 1864 when the poorest of Rayats became rich. Every coolie said one who lived among them took to dressing like a Brahman.

The later chapters by Mr. Hutton are all that could be desired and have only one fault—brevity. Perhaps in those days of peace we were all too apt to regard native unrest as sedition but when the glowing pages of the response of India to the call of the Empire are written we shall see that in its true character and perspective.

A POET ON HIS ART*

Mr. Drinkwater's critical prose is both in form and in content just what his poetry would lead one to expect it to be. He works in and writes of his art with an equal combination of care and enthusiasm of which the results are poetry at once distinguished and full of zest and criticism admirable for its sincerity and clarity. He is a serious poet, a serious but not a sententious critic. His art is to him a matter of very urgent importance. Born too late to believe that poets are the legislators of the world, he believes that they ought to be. He believes that they have a mission to benefit mankind not by preaching this or that set of moral values but by liberating men's spirit through contact with what is vital and beautiful. Had men but ears to hear the music of great poetry the world would be a better place and would not be subject to tragedies such as that through which we are now living. The papers in which his creed is set forth are full of wisdom.

Those more particular in their themes vary in value though none are negligible. That on Chaucer is little more than a string of charming and aptly chosen extracts not is much new light shed on the enigma of Coleridge. But the studies of *Cry* and the Brontës and Frederick Tennyson are excellent both for their insight and for their discrimination. Mr. Drinkwater is not content to generalise or to strike an average of praise. He sorts good poetry from bad with diligence and precision. In his appreciation of Watts Dunton he holds the balance justly between the exaggerated veneration of old days and the reactionary contempt which is the prevalent attitude of the moment. The study of Rupert Brooke already privately printed shows that friendship could not cloud his judgment.

There is so much that is convincing in these essays that it is pleasant and stimulating to find points for disagreement. One of these occurs in the paper on Brooke. Criticising perhaps rightly the earlier poems on the ground that their themes are intellectually conceived and not passionately felt, he writes:

The most common note that we find in his first book in dilution of my meaning is the presence of the moment of the knowledge that women grow old and beauty fades. The reflection is true in fact but it is not poetically true and so in its present shape it is false. That is to say we know that although women do grow old the lover in the delight of his mistress does not realise this and that the assertion that he does is not emotional passion of conviction but intellectual deliberation.

Now here are some very questionable assertions. There is a letter of Flaubert's in which he tells the woman he loves—and at the very outset of a long intimacy—that the contemplation of a woman makes him dream of her skeleton. A love letter certainly is not a poem and Flaubert had a passion for truth at any price. But that passion is one of the essentials of art and poetry being as we have been told by a high authority not the immediate fruit (as a love letter usually is) but the recollection of emotion it is inevitable that it should be tinged by reflection. Besides the mood which Mr. Drinkwater considers poetically untrue is surely but the logical sequel if indeed it should be described as a sequel and not rather as a more particular envisaging of that which produced *Vivamus mea Lesbia* and *Mignon allons voir si la rose* and

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may —poems whose legitimacy it is incredible that Mr. Drinkwater should dispute.

The papers on the theatre will be read with the respect due to an author who has both written plays and produced them but here again one comes across a questionable piece of psychology. It may sometimes be true that a man writes drama rather than fiction because the former appeals to a wider audience. But is not the greater economy of the dramatic form a commoner and more potent motive? To one whose main interest is in character as revealed through speech and action the elaboration of setting which is essential to the structure of a novel is irksome. The dramatist relying on the skilful interpretation of his dialogue to create the atmosphere which the novelist must create by description and analysis can dispose of the mere material framework in the terse fashion appropriate to the stage direction. Nor does Mr. Drinkwater's contention that the modern development of the stage direction is a step towards the revival of the chorus seem very sound. The question of the value of the chorus whether its disuse was a loss or a gain to the theatre is well worth discussing. But the detailed and critical directions of Shaw and Harkin are nothing else than symptoms of the dramatist's restored pride in his art, his desire to keep the fate of his play as far as possible in his own hands.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

DR. CROZIER'S VALEDICTORY*

Here are about a dozen papers reprinted from the columns of magazines and newspapers which Dr. Crozier offers as my last will and testament in a nutshell. He has another metaphor for them however. On these

Last Words is the tattered remnant of an old card stripped to their barest bones. I am content in spite of the war to stand or fall. This is courageous at any rate. Dr. Crozier marks the effect of the war on theories of religion and politics and trade for example and reiterates some of his convictions as unaltered. He also ventures to make some predictions.

A book of this kind has the merits of frankness and directness. Some of the articles are minor but the more significant papers speak out upon the supreme issues of religion and civilisation repudiate Socialism and Free Trade and Spiritualism and in general leave the reader quite clear about where Dr. Crozier stands. This is particularly true of the papers on religion. Two or three of them tackle Mr. Wells with an amused interest. Window dressing he calls this new propaganda. On Spiritualism as illustrated by Sir Oliver Lodge he is willing to be convinced but more than sceptical. He notes the modern eruption of this black magic and asserts that at least three religious bodies will never go over to it—the Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians and the Quakers. Then to these older bodies he adds two of the newer—the Salvation and the Church Armies. What he gives us on all these subjects is a pleasant chatty series of observations rather than any penetrating analysis but under the conversational and personal level of the papers there are sometimes flashes of real shrewdness. The paper on Religion as it stands to day is more technical than its fellows it has this in common with them however that it contains a retrospective view of changes within the last half century and there is always pleasure sometimes profit in getting the reminiscences of a man who has lived through changes and kept his eyes open. So many people do not know what is happening to them. And so many forget the history of the day before yesterday.

One of the letters to the *Spectator* which is reprinted here is a curious tribute to the influence of a famous hymn. Dr. Crozier frankly admits that he is like his great Stoic masters—Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, and Epictetus—a

* *Prose Papers*. By John Drinkwater. 6s net (H. K. Mathews).

* *Last Words on Great Issues*. By J. Beattie Crozier. 11s 6d net (Chapman & Hall).

pagan. He has never been able to get strength or comfort out of the pale and somewhat watery Theism which his intellectual argument indicated.

But lately—whether it is because I am getting old and more or less well weary or more sentimental—I have found curiously enough a real harmony both intellectual and emotional in a single simple hymn. It is that to me most sweet and tenderly beautiful of all hymns. Able with me. And the reason is that it is entirely believable by all of us—Christian, Pagan, Theist or Agnostic—in its recognition of an Unchanging Something below, above or within the unceasing flux of change and decay both in Nature and in Human Life. Thus it is and union at once of aspiration, hope, and realisation in the hymn. I can truly say that all the religious comfort I personally hope to expect in this world.

So the book ends. It is a strange message and testimony from the Athenaeum Club but after the previous papers with all their questioning of other people's views this personal affirmation is not unwelcome. The author of the hymn meant it to be more than a counter-balance to the doctrine of Heraklitus and his flux—most people who sing the hymn put far more into it than Dr. Craxer would feel at liberty to put. But one cannot help feeling impressed by this sincere bit of personal testimony so impressed that one hesitates to criticise the joy-holiday basis of it.

JAMES MORRIS

THE TREE OF HEAVEN*

Only a novelist with a very sure touch would attempt as Miss May Sinclair does in her new novel to recite upon what is practically a single plane of interest the life and growth of a family of six with the addition of a cousin who by adoption joins the family in very early days and makes thereafter a part of it. Miss Sinclair does more than this. She makes us acquainted with a grandmother, a couple of uncles, four aunts, two professional soldiers, and more barely with a host of other persons of all sorts and conditions. One shrinks from the mere enumeration of such a number of people, yet Miss Sinclair handles them all with her unfailing competence and reveals them—rather grimly—the springs of their activities. And is though this were not yet enough she vividly pictures for us phases of political life in England before the war and phases even of the war itself. It is not simply that she makes a gallant attempt to render these people and these immeasurable activities. By sheer will she succeeds in admiration. She makes us see the family, first of all through the eyes of the young mother. It is a charming and a natural sketch. The characters of the children are simplified for us; their growth is shown. They develop into boys and girls, men and women. Miss Sinclair then grapples rather critically with the militant suffragists and with the world of modern art and she wisely does not try to grapple with the war but only shows it hungrily devouring this family whose building we have so absorbedly been watching. The war comes to them as it has come to all a background for their thoughts and dreadful influence upon their lives. It is in this book a background because the characters are not lost in it but remain clear to the vision and it is a background not because it is weakly treated but because the lives of our friends will always be more to us than the implications of cosmic events.

We follow then the lives of Anthony and Francis Harrison and their four children and their cousin Veronica through the book from the first page to the last. No event of the outer world is allowed to distract our attention from Miss Sinclair's dramatic personae. Perhaps we care less for John or Don Don who eventually claims our sympathy on account of a mitral murmur which keeps him out of the army than for the others. He is there but he does not impress himself as his brothers do. It is therefore in the lives of Michael and Nicky of Dorothy and

Veronica from childhood to the war and its casualties that we feel most concern. Although if these are the chief young persons in the book there are in addition vital and absorbing passages which mainly affect the father and mother. Anthony and Francis remain quite in the foreground. Their family is grouped about them to the end. Both are recognisable and likable throughout. Of the children Michael is a poet, Nicky is a sort of engineer, Dorothy is a suffragist and Veronica the little cousin is just a tender soul who loves Nicky from her youngest days and who eventually marries him during his final leave. In a only days then but a days and the days of the war are shown to us by selection with a firmness and a charm that is unusual even in modern novels. It could only have come to me that from the use of a method deliberately adopted to effect of which the plan had been scrupulously made. That is one's impression of the book that it has been fully and carefully planned and as strictly and rigorously performed. If such clearness involves hardness in impression of hardness and lack of colour we shall perhaps not be far wrong in finding the reason in an aesthetic theory to which Miss Sinclair may have subscribed. She quotes such a theory of poetry uttered in the days preceding the war by a Frenchman who was afterwards killed. He says in effect that poetry has been too long under the influence of painting and of music and that the influence of sculpture must deliver it from that thralldom. And he concludes as if summing up his theory of art. "Il faut de la dureté, toujours de la dureté. C'est là où on finit, et là où on meurt." The Tree of Heaven. It is written with restraint with respect for form with an insight that is frequently impressive. It has understanding and power. Its pictures of war scenes for example are of attitudes of mind to the war are typical and very effective. What the book seems to lack in part of a kind of grace of intimacy in the representations of family life as he does in all its stages from warmth to fire. Now that is very curious indeed when we recall the long and coloured pages of *The Divine Fire* which was the first novel by Miss Sinclair to bring her name prominently before the public. There must be a difference in the *Tree* which gave birth to *The Divine Fire* and that which has produced *The Tree of Heaven*. There is in the later book an extraordinary vivacity in technique. *The Divine Fire* was diffuse and detached. *The Tree of Heaven* is a clear shrewd dry and interesting by reason of its sincere attempt to render life not romantically but typically. It is a critical and representative book rather than a romance. And yet it is well content to let the life that goes on its page and are all the time aware that the persons of the book are persons typical of those by whom we are surrounded. We do not cease in our respect for Miss Sinclair's technique and steadily eye to be interested in Michael and Nicky and Dorothy and then father and mother and Veronica as human beings. It is clear from that how much may be said for Miss Sinclair's theory to which otherwise we should not readily subscribe.

FRANK SWINNERTON

HAPPY MEMORIES*

The many people who were shadowed when the blithe partnership of these two cousins was broken by death may lift up their hearts. It is a day of miracles and the partnership is but closer. They have done nothing gay or fresher more delightful than this book. Indeed it has less of the strange Irish gloom which comes suddenly at the moment of greatest brightness than many other books of the two cousins. It is a real mercy that leaves us this joy in our dolorous days and many a one will bless the partnership.

Rain and sunshine sweep down from the hills of Ireland

* *Irish Memories*. By J. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. 12s 6d net (Longmans).

* *The Tree of Heaven*. By May Sinclair. 6s net (Cassell).

in these Memories. There is a chapter by Martin Ross on her family the Martins of Ross designed originally to help in a memoir of her brother Robert Martin but becoming somehow a history of the feudal relations between landlord and tenant up to the Land League unsurpassed unequalled since Castle Rackrent. Next there are some amazingly interesting letters written by Maria Edgeworth to Mrs Bushe the grandmother of the cousins wife of Charles Kendal Bushe Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland one of the Patriot Party who fought against the Union. The cousins staunch Unionist in these days love and honour their patriot grandfather whose widow wrote to her son forty three years after the Union became an accomplished fact.

England has the *might* which supersades the right and we are punished now for our folly in consenting to the Union! Just what your Father predicted! When Ireland gives up the rights that she has what right will she have then to complain? Happy for him he did not live to see the ruin he predicted.

The Edgeworth letters are real treasure trove but almost too good a thing to add to a volume already so rich. Are there any more of them and will the cousins give us a book of these letters?

And now we get to the history of the partnership. These two cousins lived in the most delightful places in all the world so true it is that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. It rains at least three hundred days of the year in Western Ireland and the extreme south east corner of Cork is not less humid but there is no rain in this book. There is only sunshine. Castle Townshend and Ross are painted by two lovers and there is no hint of the rain and the storm but only the great skies and the colours of the bogs and the lakes and the mountains. The cousins had their share of sorrows and trials but they carried a merry heart through everything and always they saw the beauty of God's world and they had a deep well of laughter from which they drew joy when another might have wept. They had the most delightful relatives—it would be hard to choose between the mothers of the two for sheer delightfulness. They were surrounded by those people who make life in Ireland a perpetual gay adventure. They had the eye and the ear and the heart to delight in the kaleidoscopic Irish life. They had their passion for Art and the open air life and sport and animals. I will not tear even one story from its delightful context. It is sheer joy to look at the illustrations even—to look at a picture of Martin Ross with her beautiful hair and neck and brows and Miss Somerville on her satin skinned horse the neatest and most spirited of M.F.H. The dogs the horses the hunting their friends the peasants the artists life in Paris—all are fresh and exhilarating. The sense of atmosphere is as strong or perhaps stronger in the Memories than ever before.

There are not many picture things to do in a still & brassy twilight than to paddle quietly along the winding waterways among the tall pale reeds of Ross Lake. In the thrilling solitude and secrecy of those dark and polished paths anything may be expected from a troop of wild swans or the Kraken to the alternative thrill of the splashing swishing burst upwards of the duck as the boat invades their hidden haven. We wandered in the lovely wood of Annagh when primroses like faint sunlight illumined every glade and filled the wood with airs of Paradise. We explored the inmost recesses of Tully Wood which is a place of mystery. There are quagmires in Tully shaly holes hidden in sedge among the dark fir trees and somewhere deep in it you may come on a tiny lake among the big wildly scattered pine stems and a view between them over red and brown bog to the pale windy mountains of Connemara.

The country *lives* in which these cousins wrought for honest joy of the world. I wish I had space for Miss Somerville's description elsewhere of Ross and of her own Castle Townshend and Castlehaven Bay. Like the little roads of Clooney that went rambling through the heart of another western poet this beauty of sea and sky and mountain and solitary places is in the hearts of the makers of this joyous book.

KATHARINE TYNAN

Novel Notes

OUR LITTLE KINGDOM By Paul Creswick 6s net (Duckworth)

It is very pleasant to escape out of this new world of horror and darkness into the older quieter world that Mr Paul Creswick so glamorously recreates for us in *Our Little Kingdom*. Not such a much older world either for you need not be more than middle aged to have spent your own childhood in it and the magic of distance or some magic of Mr Creswick's pen makes it seem less drab and commonplace more quaintly picturesque and alluring than it did when you were actually one of its inhabitants. The London of later Victorian years comes to life again in his pages as it grows under his hand you recognise and delight in the realistic truthfulness of the picture the atmosphere is strangely familiar you know these places these types of people but they have passed away and you had half forgotten them and to read of them here is as good as to go home after long absence or to meet old friends again. It is the vivid truthfulness of the story that gives you this feeling and the freshness and sympathy the humour and insight with which it is written. It is the life story of a fairly large London family. The various members of it are drawn with a sure touch and a shrewd understanding of human nature. You become intimate with the peculiarities and vicissitudes of the father and mother the children mature under your eyes through just such hopes sorrows romance and everyday adventures as come naturally to most of their class and it is Mr Creswick's triumph that he has made this tale of normal life and real men and women curious and entirely interesting. We have had no bliter or more attractive novel this autumn.

THOMAS By H. B. Creswell 5s net (Nisbet)

An amusing and interesting sketch of a bachelor at ease. Mr Thomas Quinn is an official in a Government office a comfortable gentleman whose thorn in the flesh is a stepmother anxious to get him married. The other member of the household is Nita my half nephew's young widow. The relationship is too complicated to explain. But the book is occupied with the adventures and experiences of Thomas during his summer holidays of a month endeavouring to dodge matrimony in his little car. Silent Susan. Mr Creswell sees to it that his readers get fun and even farce out of the visits of Thomas to various hotels and country houses. The successive chapters overflow with humour and they include a visit to a duke's house where Thomas has to join in pranks which are not of a particularly elevating order. He does propose to one young lady but to his amazement he is refused. Then the holiday is over and it is on his return home that the change comes—a change which Mr Creswell describes so cleverly and surprisingly that it would be unfair to give away the secret of this rather selfish bachelor's regeneration. Books of this kind are a refreshment nowadays. They ease the mind and we are grateful to a writer who can be amusing without being vulgar and who knows four or five different ways of being amusing. Thomas has the makings of a fool in him but one feels that his folly is the reaction against his official life and the story proves that he could be cured of his folly without ceasing to be human and humorous. We can recommend this book to anyone who wishes light reading and clever sketches of modern English character with enough love making to relieve the succession of frolicsome irresponsible episodes.

AN AUTUMN SOWING By L. F. Benson 6s net (Collins)

Success had abundantly crowned Thomas Keeling's commercial career but had brought with it a tardy realisation of unsatisfied ideals. When the scales fell from his eyes he beheld with an increasing clearness that gradually

approximated to disgust the tawdry splendours of his over-decorated house and the inanity of his wife and daughter. His one solace and overmastering hobby was the collecting of rare books and it was through this devotion that there came to him in the autumn of his life a passion still more masterful and less easy of fulfilment. For Thomas Keeling the hard man of affairs, apparently invulnerable to sentiment, fell in love with his secretary and cataloguer. The situation thus stated appears a familiar one to readers of sentimental romance, but Mr. Benson loses no time in demonstrating what an expert can achieve with an apparently familiar theme. His characters few in number are described with extraordinary skill. Norah Inghart is sufficiently charming to justify poor Thomas Keeling's awakening to the drabness of his success, and by a delicate piece of analysis Mr. Benson traces her own progress from contempt to love. On these two protagonists of the little drama the sympathy and interest of the reader is securely fastened. But the other people of the story are delineated with equal artistic finish. Mrs. Keeling is a memorable study in good humoured fatuity, and the entire Keeling household is set before us with humour and mordant precision. Mr. Silverdale, the new rector, is drawn perhaps with a touch of caricature, but the humour of the part is delightful, and it conveys the impression of being painted from the living model. His violent death brings an end to poor Alice Keeling's ridiculous romance, and it is a fine stroke that brings father and daughter together in a new sympathy and understanding over the ruins of their dreams. The story is a powerful and arresting book, full of insight and humour and understanding, and beneath its quiet simplicity no one can easily miss the signs of careful and distinguished work.

A NEST OF SPIES By Pierre Savestre and Marcel Allain 6s. (Stinky Paul)

This is the fourth novel written round the elusive Fantômas, and needless to say the last page finds that arch criminal still alive and at liberty, and diabolically eager to indulge in a fifth orgy of villainy for the edification of a spellbound public. This time the story centres round the murder of a Captain Brocq and the theft of the French mobilisation plans. Fantômas usually plays many parts, the most picturesque being that of an old white-bearded beggar who tramps the streets with an accordion slung on his back. The story may be summed up as a succession of tight corners occupied alternately by Fantômas, the detective Juve, and the journalist Landor. Into the devising of these tight corners and of the ways out, the authors have put their accustomed ingenuity—Fantômas, for example, gets himself nominated ambassador in order to take advantage of diplomatic inviolability—and the result is a novel as sensational and highly coloured and (it is only fair to add) as incredible as any of its predecessors.

UNEASY MONEY By P. G. Wodehouse 3s. net (Methuen)

It is a hazardous business recommending a humorist to one's friends. How much more so for a reviewer who is writing for a public which he never sees! One man cannot pursue a Jacobs yarn to its finish without enduring side-splitting pains, and the same individual will remove you from off the list of his acquaintances for recommending Stephen Leacock to him. Like the way of the transgressor, the way of the reviewer is hard, but with a somewhat reckless courage we are for declaring P. G. Wodehouse to be in the very front rank (or should it be trench?) of our present-day humorists. Mr. Wodehouse's new story is of an impecunious lord who is embarrassed one fine morning with new and entirely unexpected riches left to him by an eccentric millionaire (transatlantic, of course) for curing him of the evil habit of 'slicing' at golf—a game which it is credibly reported proved very popular in Great Britain in the pre-war era. It would be an ill service to Mr. Wodehouse to reveal the feverish attempts of Lord Dawlish to escape from this El Dorado, but suffice it to say that in the process he won the heart

of the dispossessed niece of Lord Nutcombe, the aforesaid millionaire, and this perfectly adorable girl further on in the story had the joy of discovering herself to be the rightful heiress, after all. Most impecunious members of the Upper House would have taken this misfortune to heart. Not so Lord Dawlish, who found that a salary of £100 furnished all he needed to ask. Admittedly it smacks of the publisher's announcement, but it is almost true to say that there is a laugh on every page of *Uneasy Money*. Mr. Wodehouse is a national asset in these times.

THE NIGHT CLUB By Herbert Jenkins & Co. net (Herbert Jenkins Ltd.)

For all readers of *Bindle*, it is a sufficient recommendation of *The Night Club* to say that the great little journeyman pantomime man and certain of his friends reappear in its pages. But new and amusing characters are drawn into his orbit. Notably there is the charmingly irresistible Sallic Carrothers, who claims from man comradeship and equality, but he is always spoiling the fun by falling hopelessly in love with her. Sallic alone is enough to make the fortune of the book, if *Bindle* is a host in himself. Sallic is a hostess. She can twist the most sophisticated male round her little finger, and the tale of how, for her own ends, she lured a young naval officer by passing as his admiral's daughter (without even knowing whether the admiral had got one) and then evaded the consequences of her duplicity by telling the truth, is one of the smartest and neatest in the series. The stories are told by the very miscellaneous members of the night club, Sallic being the one woman allowed among them. *Bindle* is the charman, and the shrewdest philosophy, the quaintest humour, and some of the best stories are his. He is a wit in himself, and his staff the cause of wit in others, but with all his inextinguishable love of practical joking, he is kindly, sensible, gracious, wholly human little man. The stories are excellently varied, but their chief ingredient are humour, good humour, and the things that make for laughter. If you want an evening's amusement, you may be sure of getting it in *The Night Club*, with *Bindle* and his friends.

IN ANOTHER GIRL'S SHOES By Berta Ruck 3s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)

There is nobody more ingenious than Miss Berta Ruck at weaving a romance around topical subjects, and nothing is more acceptable to the modern reader than a novel that is essentially up to date in its scheme and setting. The war widow is one of the most pathetically familiar figures amongst us at the present time, and Miss Berta Ruck has seen in her material for a delightful and original story. Rose Whitelands, travelling down to a little Welsh town to take up the drab career of a governess, comes across a vulgar, flashy film actress who proves to be a young widow en route to join the refined family of her soldier husband. The family have never seen her before and, shrinking from the ordeal of their criticism, she tricks Rose into taking her place, and so flings the girl into a series of startling adventures. The possibilities such a novel situation presents will be readily recognised, and Miss Berta Ruck may be relied upon to take full advantage of them. Rose evades one predicament only to land in another, and the discovery that the husband has not been killed after all, and his arrival on the scene complicates matters at first, only to simplify them at last, perhaps more completely than anything else could have done. It is a lively, clever story, lightly and humorously told.

The Bookman's Table.

DOUGLAS HYDE By Diarmid O. Cobhthaigh 3s. net (Maunsell)

It is really with a keen sense of disappointment that one lays down this latest addition to the *Irishmen of To-day* series. Douglas Hyde, the man presents so

many attractions that the feeling of disappointment is inevitable when instead of a life of An craoibhin aobhinn of whom mention is made in the preface one is faced with a history of the Language Movement and the part taken in the revival by the Gaelic League (An craoibhin aobhinn being interpreted means the delightful little branch and is an affectionate pseudonym for Douglas Hyde) Of course no one will attempt to deny the important part the Gaelic League played in the life of Hyde and Hyde in the life of the League And as a history of the Gaelic League this little volume is all that can be desired But in a book styling itself Douglas Hyde one expects some adequate presentation of the man apart from his work The preface truly gives just a glimpse of the delightful personality of the man but only just enough to whet the appetite for more Even the chapter on Hyde as an Author contains much too much about other people and too little of Hyde It is not possible to imagine anyone unfamiliar with Hyde's literary work rushing to make his acquaintance after reading this chapter More is the pity For beauty and for simplicity of language some of the translations of the Love Songs of Connaught are unsurpassed by anything that has been done in the same way in the English tongue One is loath to close on this critical note but after the brilliant contribution of Miss Mitchell's George Moore one expects a great deal from the Irishmen of To-day series

**CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
WITH JOHN KEBLE AND OTHERS (1839-1845)**
Edited at the Birmingham Oratory 12s 6d net (Longmans)

In 1891 Miss Anne Mozley edited two excellent volumes of Newman's Letters and Correspondence down to the period of his secession from the English Church How little she had left for others to glean how wisely she had selected her materials may be seen by a study of the present volume which is a further selection from the last six years of the same correspondence This is a large book It has nearly four hundred pages and those who have edited it at the Birmingham Oratory have made then notes and introductions both brief and adequate But all this extra material yields next to nothing of importance Newman's letters contain no self-revelations and they are too absorbed in the petty details of the struggle to reflect his broader mind The men who write to him are the second and third rate figures as a rule they never draw from Newman any vital counsel or telling aphorism It is not too much to say that this mass of correspondence possesses no interest except for the historian who may wish to follow the intricacies and cross currents of the Oxford Movement during the years immediately preceding Newman's change so far as Newman himself is concerned Miss Mozley's volumes have already given us all the information we can ever hope or wish to possess about the inner tension of these years Perhaps one expected too much A volume with this title made one turn over its pages thirstily such is the fascination of Newman even yet for those who have felt the pathos and tragedy of his biography But the book is a disappointment Now and then the reader comes upon a sentence of human interest Thus in a postscript to a letter which he had written to Keble he observes

What I dislike is *beginning* any work and what I like is having a swing of it when in it, which I very seldom get but not from any thing that is to *come* of it but either from love of the occupation or desire to get it over

But sentences of this kind might be counted on the fingers of one hand

The newly printed letters do not even throw light upon the course of Newman's mind as he approached the break with the Anglican communion In some respects they deepen the mystery At the end of 1844 he tells Keble that

No one can have a more unfavourable view than I of the present state of the Roman Catholics—so much so that any who join them would be like the Cistercians of Fountains living under trees till their house was built

Yet in nine months he did join them And when the secession took place Keble wrote to him a letter whose closing paragraph shines out in the tedious pages of this volume

My dearest Newman you have been a kind and helpful friend to me in a way in which scarce any one else could have been and you are so mixed up in my mind with old and dear and sacred thoughts that I cannot well bear to part with you most unworthy as I know myself to be and yet I cannot go along with you I must cling to the belief that we are not really parted—you have taught me so and I scarce think you can unteach me—and having relieved my mind with this little word I will only say God bless you and reward you a thousand fold for all your help in every way to me unworthy and to so many other May you have peace where you are gone and help us in some way to get peace but somehow I scarce think it will be in the way of controversy And so with somewhat of a feeling as if the Spring had been taken out of my year I am always your affectionate and grateful J KEBLE

A difficult letter to write but how humble how firm how restrained it is! Only Miss Mozley had already printed it

SIX WOMEN AND THE INVASION By Gabrielle and Marguerite Yorta 6s net (Macmillan)

This little book says Mrs Humphry Ward gives a very graphic and interesting account by an eye witness—who knows how to write!—of life in the occupied provinces of France under the daily pressure of the German invasion We cordially endorse every word of Mrs Ward's interesting preface and share her hope that this volume will become known to a very wide circle of English readers For we have read no more convincing and damning indictment of German frightfulness It must be said at once that there is here no list of infamies of the kind to which trustworthy documents have accustomed us There is not a passage in the book that the most suspicious friend of every country but his own could charge with overstatement The force of the book lies in its studied moderation but it will be a dull or very prejudiced reader who will miss between the lines a record of endless petty brutality and of a humourless arrogance until recent years almost beyond belief The story is told with delightful humour and spirit and we can pay it no higher compliment than to say that we believe it to represent faithfully the finest spirit of the women of France The literary charm of the book is as great as its spiritual The translation is very skilfully done and has preserved for us much of what we generally understand as Gallic grace—lightness vivacity clarity and ease The old Latin civilisation says Mrs Ward makes the background of it—with its deeply rooted traditions its gifts of laughter and of scorn its sense of manners and measure its humanity its indomitable spirit

THE GAELIC STATE IN THE PAST AND FUTURE

By Darrell Figgis 1s net (Mumbl)

Mr Darrell Figgis has sent his little book out at an opportune moment when a Convention is trying to find some solution to the burning question of how Ireland should be governed Mr Figgis himself is in no doubt about the answer Not many English people however will agree with his solution although no student of history or politics can fail to be interested in his careful study of the old Gaelic State and its possible adaptation to modern requirements Books like this which delve right back into the past of a nation have a peculiar fascination It is of interest to note that at a time when practically the whole of Western Europe was governed feudally the Irish had evolved a system of government in which the people were the stateship and the stateship was the people for with them the power finally lay Mr Figgis does not think that any measure introduced into Ireland by England will live and he says this not as a matter of prejudice but because he feels that no measure that does not spring from the national consciousness can satisfy the needs of the people Mr Figgis is not always happy in his style, and sometimes his sentences are so involved that it is not easy to gather his meaning There is no doubt, however as to his sincerity of motive and there will be many to give a warm welcome to this little book.

NEW BOOKS

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[See end of page]
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The Bookman.

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

and bearing names and addresses of senders, must reach us not later than by the first post on the 7th March next and should be addressed—

The Editor

Special Prize Competition

THE BOOKMAN

St. Paul's House

Warwick Square

London E.C. 4

News Notes.

SPECIAL PRIZE POEM COMPETITIONS

Our usual monthly Prize Competitions have proved so popular with the land and sea Services that we have decided to hold the following competitions which shall be open only to—

SOLDIERS SAILORS AIRMEN NURSES AMBULANCE AND TRANSPORT WORKERS AND OTHERS ENGAGED ON ACTIVE WAR SERVICE OR IN HOSPITAL

We offer—

(1) A First Prize of £2 a Second Prize of £1 and Four Prizes of 10s each for the best original Ballads

(2) A First Prize of £2 a Second Prize of £1 and Four Prizes of 10s each for the best original Lyrics

Choice of subjects is left entirely to Competitors but no poem may exceed forty eight lines in length

Any competitor may enter for both Competitions All poems (written on one side of the paper only

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for April next

Competitors should keep copies of their verses as the Editor cannot undertake to return them

L. M. Delaheld (Miss de la Pasture) has written a new novel entitled The War Workers which will be published forthwith by Mr. Heinemann. It is a light amusing satire on voluntary women war workers. Miss Delaheld is herself a member of a V.A.D. and has for some time past been subordinating all her other work to this.

Mr. Heinemann's other new fiction for this spring includes another novel by L. M. Delaheld The Pelicans—a romance of the rope making industry of Bridport. The Spinners by Eden Phillpotts and a book of short stories Five Tales by John Galsworthy.



Photo by C. Phillips
Sir Alfred Thomas Davies C.B.

It is gratifying to find so many names associated with literature and journalism included in the latest Honours lists. Sir Henry Dalziel, the proprietor of *Reynolds's*, and Sir George Riddell, newspaper proprietor and director of the *News of the World*, are among the new honorees.

and knighthoods are conferred upon Anthony Hope upon that brilliant journalist Sidney Low, now engaged in organising the study of Imperial History at the University of London, on Lindsay Carr, editor and part proprietor of the *News of the World*, and vice chairman of the *Western Mail*, and on Arthur Spurgeon, J.P., who has since 1905 been managing director of Messrs. Cassell, and is Chairman of the Croydon Magistrates. After acting as managing editor of the *Evening Standard* from 1885 to 1891, Sir Arthur came to London about a quarter of a century ago and became successively representative and managing editor of the National Press Agency, from which he retired when he took up the general management of the House of Cassell. In addition to his other activities, he nowadays represents the publishing industry as a member of the Royal Commission on Paper and Papermaking.

The well earned distinction of Knight Commander of the new Order of the British Empire has been conferred on Alfred Thomas Davies, C.B., who has done sound work as the founder and honorary director of the *British Prisoners of War Book*

Scheme, and the Honourable Mrs. Eva Isabella Henriette Anstruther is made a Dame Commander of the British Empire in recognition of the great national services she has rendered as Organizer of the invaluable Soldiers' Libraries.



Photo by R. A. Smith
Sir Arthur Spurgeon

Sir Alfred L. Davies, K.B.L., C.B., is in official life the Permanent Secretary of the Welsh Department of the Board of Education, a position which he has filled since 1907. He also holds the ancient but sincere office of Cursitor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, and is a J.P. for the county of Denbigh. The new knight, who was created a Commander of the Path last year for his departmental services, was one of the remarkable but small band of students who in the early seventies were drawn to the pioneer University College of Wales, then recently established at Aberystwyth under the Principalship of the late Rev.

Thomas Charles Edwards, D.D. He is a solicitor by profession, was born in Liverpool in 1861, and has to his credit some thirty years of strenuous professional work in that city and in south-west Lancashire, particularly in the fields of licensing, administration, social reform, education, and local government. His activities extended to Wales, where for a time he continued whilst following his profession in the Lancashire city to serve a term of office as a very active County Councillor and member of a Welsh Education Committee. Among the various directions in which the new knight's vigorous personality



Photo by E. O. Hope
Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins



11 1/2
1 R 11 1/2

Sir Sidney Low

has made itself felt in none probably have in public service been more continuous or more effective than in connection with his literary activities. A maker of books. He established a foremost reputation among experts in licensing law administration by his writings on that

latest treatise costing perhaps a couple of guineas on the most abstruse subject. The only qualification on the part of recipient of the inestimable boon has been that they were student captives. Evidence is steadily accumulating that the British Prisoner of War Book



11 1/2
1 R 11 1/2

Miss Laurence Alma Tadema

subject which include a legal handbook (published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.) which speedily ran to a third edition and had considerable vogue. He was the originator and general editor of the remarkable series of patriotic publications connected with the celebration of the National Anniversary of St. David's Day (is unlike anything issued by a Government Department as anything well can be) which in recent years have emanated annually from the Welsh Department and most important of all perhaps is his original and beneficent work on behalf of British prisoners of war. The organisation in connection with the latter is the only one of the 1700 war charities which devotes itself to supplying books for study purposes to interned prisoners (British and Colonial) in enemy and neutral countries. It is now nearing the end of the third year of its humanitarian labours and by that time it will not improbably have collected or purchased and distributed gratis among our men scattered over internment camps in as many as eight or nine enemy or neutral countries something like a quarter of a million educational books in as many as forty-four languages and running from a shilling primer to the

Scheme (Educational) and its energetic head is the *Spectator* the other day called him have to quote Frodo or Gilbert Murray word helped thousands of our fellow countrymen to forget their food bullets and their rulers and in so doing have enabled them not merely to retain their reason during confinement but actually to improve their educational qualification and even to pass University Board of Trade and other examinations. Sir Alfred Davis literary tastes and active sympathies led to his being appointed as the representative of Wales on the small but select Committee of distinguished literary men who under

the chairmanship of Lord Mun Mackenzie and in close co-operation with Mr. Henry Cuppy the Librarian of the John Rylands Library at Manchester are taking steps to reconstruct the Library of Loughborough University which was destroyed by the Germans. In this way also is literature seeking to repair the ravages of the present war.



Photo by E. O. Noppé

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge

who a new book The Romance Commerce (John Lane), is reviewed in this Number

We add our warmest congratulations to the many which Mr. A. S. Watt head of the famous firm of Literary Agents Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son has received from authors



Photo by E. O. Hoppe **Mr George Sampson**
the well-known critic whose *Hazlitt Selected Essays* (Cambridge Press) was reviewed in last month *BOOKMAN*

editors publishers and others on the honour of Commander of the British Empire which has been conferred upon him in recognition of the very useful work he has accomplished in connection with certain of the war services

We note with pleasure too among the new Commanders of the British Empire the name of Miss Laurence Alma Tadema daughter of the late Sir Alma Tadema and a poet of real charm and distinction. She has done and is doing a noble work as Hon Secretary of the Polish Victims Relief Fund which was founded by Miss Alma Tadema and Mr Paderewski in March 1915. Latterly she is specialising in the saving and education of Polish children outside Poland as it is impossible now to reach those in their own country.

When Paris Laughed a new novel by Leonard Merrick will be published immediately by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton whose collected edition of the works of Leonard Merrick which has been in preparation for some time past, is at length to make its appearance. The first volume, *'Conrad in Quest of his Youth,'* with a Preface by J. M. Barrie will be issued shortly and will be succeeded by *"The Position of Peggy Harper,"* *The Man who Understood Women* and *out of the*

W. J. Locke, W. Somerset Maugham, Ned Mitford, W. D. Howells, Maurice Hewlett and H. G. Wells.

Shops and Houses a new novel of London life by Frank Swinnerton will be published by Messrs. Methuen this spring.

Mr C. F. Lawrence's new novel *Mrs Bente* will be published this month by Messrs Collins. The interest of the story centres on the daring experiment made by the idealistic young East London curate Gervase Bent who marries Poppy Parker in the hope of so effecting her salvation.

Sylvia Scarlett a new novel by Compton Mackenzie will be published shortly by Mr Martin Secker.

The Solitary House a new story of mystery by E. R. Punshon will be published shortly by Messrs Ward Lock & Co. Mr Punshon has also completed a stirring and picturesque romance of the prize ring of a century ago *Old Fighting Days* which has been appearing serially in one of our popular weeklies.



Wireless Operation on duty in an observation post, a station in being one of the wireless stations built by the Royal Air Force.
From a drawing by James Milner, official artist to the Admiralty.



Mr Norman Anglin
A B Royal Navy

whose book is published by The World Publishing Co. Ltd.

Mr James McBev who is now acting as official artist in Egypt and Palestine was born at Newburgh Aberdeenshire in 1883. While employed in a bank at Aberdeen he was already acquiring such skill in etching as ensured his rapid success when in 1910 he abandoned a commercial career for that of an artist. He profited by his new found

liberty to travel in Holland Spain and Morocco. His etchings are much prized by collectors and he has added to his reputation by successful exhibitions of water colour drawings. He was on active service in France prior to April 1917 when he was appointed one of the official artists to make war drawings of contemporary and historical interest. In May he started for Palestine and is now attached to the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. Our two illustrations appear by permission of H.M. Government.

Messrs Dent are adding Nostromo to their new and uniform edition of Joseph Conrad's works with a special Preface by the author.

Mr John Long has an interesting list of new novels for this spring including The Tideway by John Ascoug. The Toll of the Road by Marion Hill and



Published by Mr Geoffrey Whitworth
whose work is published by Bell & Partridge

The Rider in Khaki by Nat Gould



Tel El Jemmi

This strange mound, the subject of much conjecture, is supposed to have been the stronghold of the Crusaders the whole top to a depth of several feet.

Mr John Calsworthy has written a Preface for Aberdeen Mac which was published by Messrs Jurold last year. The author of this charming tale of a dog is Mr Charles R. Johns secretary of the National Canine Defence League.

To all those who ever speak in public and want to speak effectively we recommend A Handbook of Elocution by Edward Minshall the teacher of elocution at the City of London College. The book has an Introduction by

Sir Edward Clarke and is published by Mr John Murray

By the death of Wilfred Campbell Canada has lost one of her most distinguished poets. He wrote a few prose volumes but it is as a poet that he will be remembered—especially as a writer of some of the finest patriotic lyrics in the language. He was born in Canada on the 1st June 1861.

Mr H. Hunter D. Robinson, who has for the past fifteen years been associated with the London office of Messrs. Jack, joined the staff of Messrs. Cassell on the 1st inst. He has just completed his thirty-fifth year in the publishing trade, having started in 1882 with Messrs. Simpson Low & Co.

We learn with regret of the death of Mr Christopher Cardner at the age of sixty-five. Mr Cardner will be well remembered by many in the book trade as connected in his earlier years with Messrs. Bagster and Messrs. Suttaby, and from 1884 to 1912 with the Bible Department of the Cambridge University Press.

WAR BOOKS

My Round of the War. By Basil Clarke. 6s. net. (Heinemann). Mr Basil Clarke is well known as a war correspondent, but it is not his war correspondence that he has gathered into this book. This, as he says, is his own war book—a vivid, varied and uncommonly interesting narrative of his personal experiences during thirty months on the eastern and western fronts and in many European countries. Whether he is relating his own adventures or those of others, as in the striking series of *Little War Tales from Flanders* or *Somme Battle Pictures*, he tells his stories with a skill and an imaginative realism that hold your attention unfailingly.

The Achievement of the British Navy in the World War. By John Leyland. Illustrated. 1s. (Hodder & Stoughton). It is certainly true, says Mr Leyland, that the work of the Sea Service during this unparalleled war has never been properly appreciated by many of those who have benefited by it most. The silent Navy does its work unobserved. The record of its heroism and the services it renders pass unobserved by the multitude. It is good that our eyes should be opened to these things, and Mr Leyland, telling what the Navy is and what it fights for, of its duties and responsibilities and the skill and energy and courage with which it has fulfilled and is fulfilling them, leaves

us no longer in doubt of the enormous debt we owe to our sailormen both for the success of our arms abroad and our safety at home. A great and inspiring chronicle, well written and well worth writing.

The New Warfare. By C. B. Blanchon. Translated by Fred Rothwell. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap). There are disquieting things in this remarkable book of M. Blanchon's. He is so far from believing that the present war is going to end all war that he forecasts the next one, when all the scientific horrors that have already made warfare a brutal and indescribable nightmare shall have attained a terrible development that is far beyond anything they are capable of to-day. M. Blanchon is a nival expert and has made a special study of the submarine. His exposition of war as we know it in these times is illuminating and full of suggestion, and his reasoned views on the possibility of arriving at a lasting peace and the alternative to our doing so are worth considering.

Sons of Ulster. By S. Lindsay. 2s. 6d. net. (A. H. Stockwell). A series of homely, interesting stories of the sorrow and the happiness, the heart-break and the pride that the war has brought to certain of the people of Ulster. Simple, poignant, everyday tales of everyday men and women, they read like truth and are written with a sympathy and a quiet realism that are unpretentiously effective. They pay a fine tribute to the patriotism of Ulster's young manhood and to the self-sacrificing loyalty of the mothers of Ulster.

The Smiths in War Time. By Keble Howard. 6s. (John Lane). There is no reason to recommend those who have followed the career of the Smiths of Surbiton in Mr Keble Howard's two other books about them to continue the story of their lives in this third volume and see how they are meeting the hardships, anxieties and sorrows that are common to all of us in these days of the war. It is not only the tale of the Smiths; it is the tale of every man and every woman of us who lives on the skirts of London and has a married daughter and a grandson of military age. We may not all be so keen as old Mr Smith at seventy to do our bit in the Home Defence Corps, nor be so obstinate and go to such extremes as he tried in his determination to economise, but we can appreciate his patriotic ardour and like him the better for it even while we laugh at him. It is a very characteristic Keble Howard book—a delightful blend of humour and pathos and sentiment.

THE READER.

JOHN OXENHAM

BY DAVID HODGE

DURING the war no verse writer in Great Britain—and seemingly no verse writer in America—has achieved a tithe of the popularity of Mr. Oxenham. Witness the following circulations of three of his poetry books—*The King's Highway* 120,000 copies, *All's Well* 203,000, and *Bees in Amber* 228,000 copies. Such figures for books of verse are of course astonishingly large, and those unacquainted with Mr. Oxenham's work will ask what manner of verse it is that has so captured the heart of the British public at this of all times.

The answer may be given in a single sentence. The verse of Mr. Oxenham is sincere, unaffected and unpretentious in its treatment of the common sentiments and aspirations of an unsophisticated humanity; much of it is devotional, and all of it gives the impression of having been written without effort. Not the slightest element of mystery attaches to its widespread success. Simplicity is its key note, and superficially it appears to be utterly devoid of literary artifice. There is no preciousness and phrase-making for phrase-making's sake is avoided. If a feeling or point of view can be expressed in direct, homely fashion—that is the fashion which Mr. Oxenham adopts. Many of his poems are short, helpful sermons, but the reader does not feel that he is being preached at or even lectured. He is carried on easily from page to page, and the absence of obscure passages and recondite allusions has no doubt contributed to the overwhelming success of the verses with people who, as a rule, are not poetry readers. A typical quatrain prefaces *The King's Highway*:

To every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go

Bees in Amber (1913) is the metrical work by which Mr. Oxenham is best known. It has for sub-title *A Little Book of Thoughtful Verse*, and it contains an *Author's Apology* which throws light on why Mr. Oxenham took to the making of poems. He writes:

These stray lines such as they are have come to me from time to time. I hardly know how or whence

certainly not of deliberate intention. More often than not they have come to the interruption of other, as it seemed to me more important, and undoubtedly more profitable—work. They are for the most part simple attempts at concrete and rememberable expressions of ideas—ideas old most of them, which asked for more. Most writers, I imagine, find themselves at times in that same predicament—worried by some

thought that dances within them and stubbornly refuses to be satisfied with the sober dress of prose. Mr. Oxenham says they pluck the lace out of their Bonnet and pop it into such amber as they may happen to have about them, and so put an end to its buzzing. In addition to moral and religious verse, *Bees in Amber* has two poems, *The Bells of A* (with its musical refrain

When the bells aloft sang
softly—softly
Soft—and sweet—and
low
In Silver Bells and the
Golden Bells
Aloft and aloft and
alow)

and *Kapiolani*, which show the author's power as a lyrical and descriptive writer. *Kapiolani* has a charm that will cause

literary readers to regret that Mr. Oxenham's rhymed writings include so few examples in this form, but such readers are not those whom he places in the forefront of his consideration. These are the opening lines:

Where the great green ombers thunder on the barrier
lets
Where unceasing sound the mighty diapason of the
deep
Ringed in bursts of wild wave laughter ringed in leagues
of flying foam
Long lagoons of softest azure curving beaches white
as snow
I ap in sweetness and in beauty all the isles of Owhyhee

The volume *All's Well* appeared in November 1915. It is described as *Some Helpful Verse for these Dark Days*, and its leading number is the famous *Hymn for the Men at the Front*, of which no fewer than seven million copies have been sold, the profits going to the various Funds for the Wounded. The other verse books are *The Fiery Cross* and *The*



Photo by H. C. H. H.

John Oxenham

Vision Splendid both of which are messages of comfort and hope to those grieving for the lost

I see their shining eyes
Their glad and eager faces
Waiting to welcome us
To the heavenly places
And how shall we complain
Of our own loss and pain
When unto them we know
the change
Is all eternal gain?

For the moment John Oxenham the maker of verses is apt to overshadow John Oxenham the novelist whose position has been established since the year 1864 when he published *Cod's Prisoner* but at the libraries his novels continue in heavy and constant demand. They number over two score and include *Barba of Grande Bayou*, *Hearts in Exile*, *Under the Lion Flag*, *A Maid of the Silver Sea*, *Red Wrath* and *John of Gensau* of which Swinburne said "What a



John Oxenham

by John Oxenham. The editor was right as novelist John Oxenham can attract and thrill.

Like many other literary men Mr Oxenham had a business career before he turned to letters. Born in Manchester some fifty years ago and educated at Old Trafford and Victoria University Mr Oxenham went to the Southern States where he thought of settling as



Room in the old Inn
Widcombe in the Moor

where *My Lady of the Moor* was partly written



La Chaumière

The *Idler* is sketched by Mr Oxenham
in his London home

splendid book for boys! No. It is too good for boys it is so charmingly written. It is a story of the Franco-German War. Among the characters daringly introduced are Bismarck the Emperor and Von Moltke and there are battle pictures which it is interesting to compare with the battle pictures sent from the front to day by our official correspondents as the result of first hand observation. A copy of this work was sent to the present Kaiser and Mr Oxenham received a reply that the gift could not be accepted as His Majesty does not accept books offered as a present which may be obtained through the ordinary channels of trade. The majority of the Oxenham novels are tales of love and adventure and the writer's wide travels over the world in his early days stand him in good stead many of his books having foreign scenes and settings. Though he

an orange grower or sheep farmer. He abandoned the idea and after life in many lands he came to London where he joined with the late Mr Robert Barr and founded the *Detroit Free Press* the real precursor of *Tatler*, *Answeers* and other kindred weekly periodicals of to day. After the *Detroit Free Press* came *The Idler* and in a talk I had the other evening with Mr Oxenham

he told me that the editorship of this venture of which he was business manager was offered in succession to Mark Twain, J. M. Barrie and Jerome K. Jerome. *The Idler* went well and it was the means of creating many reputations. Subsequently Mr Oxenham was associated with *To-day* which discovered several new men among them Mr W. W. Jacobs who wrote regularly in it for many weeks. But *To-day* had a City page with an outspoken City editor and the cares of Mr Oxenham



John Oxenham's
London home

His den is the top room, with open window

the manager were multifarious. Law cases cropped up and it was to escape from the atmosphere of Fleet Street worry that Mr Oxenham entered on his activities as a *litterateur*.

My earliest writings, he informed me, were done at home at night after I had escaped from the turmoil and stress of the day's work.

From his first book, *God's Prisoner*, he made between £20 and £30. Encouraged by this he went ahead and between 1895 and 1911 he produced novels at the rate of at least one a year. Some failed and some did uperlatively well from all points of view.

I asked how it came that he had ceased his work as writer of fiction and he gave the expected answer: The war. He thinks too that the war explains the sudden divergence of a section of the reading public from fiction to verse. He could not bring himself to write fiction in war time and it may be that large numbers of the public have as little inclination to read fiction in war time as Mr Oxenham has to make it. His latest prose book, 1914, describes the effect of the war on two families with but few characteristics in common, and at present he is just completing *High Altars* (the battlefields) the outcome of a visit he recently paid to the front. The book is prose interspersed with verse.

From all parts of Great Britain and from all parts of the world have come to the author letters of thanks for his verse. He showed me a trunkful of such letters. I picked out a few at random: one was from a librarian on the South Coast; another came from a coloured man in India; a third was from Dr Fort Newton of the City Temple; a fourth was from the Bishop of Armagh. There were letters from women in all quarters of the globe. Yet when Mr Oxenham took the manuscript of *Bees in Amber* to his publishers with



John Oxenham

the suggestion that they might publish it they were more than doubtful. Indeed they absolutely discounted the idea. They advised him not to do it. Finally and unwillingly they agreed to publish it. They suggested that only a few hundreds should be printed, saying it was merely throwing money away and that the writer would have to give it away to his friends. Mr Oxenham printed 1,000 and went off to Switzerland. When he returned he found there had been a call for more and since then *Bees in Amber* has gone on selling steadily till the sales have reached the vast total that I have mentioned.

Mr Oxenham considers

My Lady of the Moor the best novel he has so far done and he says that to Brittany—where he lived as a boy—to Sark in the Channel Islands and to Dartmoor he owes much. *My Lady of the Moor* has had a wonderful effect on a great many Men who have been down in hell of their own making have been led by it to seek

out *My Lady* herself and have been saved for better things. *My Lady*. I learned from Mr Oxenham writes her Dartmoor books as Beatrice Chase and her other book as Olive Katharine Parr. She is descended from Queen Katharine Parr, Henry VIII's queen who survived him. Miss Chase and Mr Oxenham began the White Knights crusade the aim of which is that our young men should keep white. Men and women are asked to pray for soldiers and sailors who send their pledge to Miss Chase and on Dartmoor close to her cottage she herself has a little chapel built of white granite where every day she lays the names of the men in a book bound in olive wood and prays for them before the altar. There are one hundred and forty women praying now and all denominations are represented in the enterprise.



Photo by G. A. Brown, Greenwich

John Oxenham and 'Teufel' correcting proofs



**The Little House
of Brend**

*My Lady of the Moor
Chap. I
Dartmoor*

I asked Mr Oxenham if he thought it was any particular advantage to a writing man to live and work in London as he does and he replied that it was all a matter of temperament some men worked best in London and some wrote to greatest advantage far from it and its distractions. He added that he personally could work better on Dartmoor—right in the depths of it—than in London. Though a worker in London Mr Oxenham belongs to no London literary clique and he is a member of no club literary or otherwise. His *Idler* and *To-day* period seemingly gave him all the acquaintance he desires with London's Bohemia. He then saw not only the successes and the limelight but the squalor and the bones and nowa-days he rarely leaves his own suburb to come east of Temple Bar save for business purposes. His recreation is walking but he takes no walks down Fleet Street.

His writing den is a large book-lined upper chamber of his suburban dwelling and he is no believer in the view that a literary man can write only when the spirit moves him. 'Business habits cling' he remarked as he gave me the schedule of his working day—Rise 6 a.m. work 8 a.m. till 12.30 afternoon—walk work 3 p.m. till 8.30 p.m. He never forces work and



Mrs Oxenham

nothing draws he attends to his overwhelming correspondence the bulk of which comes from people he has never seen. Much of his writing is on behalf of

he always finds heaps to do for if one thing does not draw he tries another and if

war charities and his verses *Vox Clamantis The Song of the Munition Worker* —

*Rattle and clatter and clank
and whirr
And thousands of wheels
a spinning—
Spinning Death for the men
of wrath
Spinning Death for the
broken troth
—And I life and a New
Beginning —*

coupled with an appeal was the means of raising £16,000. Requests to write rhymed calls for money reach him by every post and he rarely sends a refusal. Even when the other day Sir Arthur Yapp asked for a Hymn to be sung at his Economy meetings the verses were forthcoming. They have not however been sung as yet the humorous vein adopted by the writer having perhaps failed to commend itself to the

necessarily strenuous leaders of our Economy campaign.

Mr Oxenham has four daughters all of whom write and publish and two sons one a Congregational minister in Colchester and the other an officer in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and attached to the Royal Flying Corps.



**My Lady of the Moor
in her garden**



John Oxenham

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square E.C.4

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the Subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following as below

- I —A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric
- II —A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature
- III —A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best essay on How I am Economising in not more than two hundred words
(The Prize of Three Books will be offered next month for the best motto original or selected for V.A.D. workers)
- IV —A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review
- V —A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY

- I —The PRIZE for the best lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to I. L. Watts of Bedford College York Gate Regent's Park N.W.1 and Margaret E. Banks of 43 Grande Rue (Guernsey Channel Islands for the following

EASTERN LOVE SONG

Now falls the hour of dreams on land and sea
And light is lost in gloom the orange flowers
Scatter their petals fragrant all for thee
Queen of the bowers!

O drink my soul O drink Love's ruby wine
Poured from a thousand sunsets such as this
Garnered from ruby lips in hours divine
Of stolen bliss

Come crush with me the fragrance from the rose —
Life's last dear rose before the Shadow come
Upon the day Love's last red sunset glows
Toward the tomb

And then mayhap the Night's wan Queen shall take
A blush from high mid noon and Love's hot breath
Set flame to Shadow land and we awake
To Life not Death

I. L. WATTS

THE MOTHER IN WAR TIME—1917

My heart is like an empty nest
The little birds who nestled there
Fleet winged and far have left it bare
And need no more their early rest

My heart is like a broken lute
Each pleasant string unswept—forgot
Dumb Memory broods and Mirth is not
And Love disjoined and hushed and mute

My heart is like a silent shore
Where boats awhile in safety lay
Then spread their sails and sped away
Dear God bring back my boats once more!

MARGARET E. BANKS

We also select for printing

THE VETERAN

Where are my comrades who joined in the first of the fighting?
Where are they now in the smoke of the conflict concealed?
Then rifles are dumb and the silence is grim and affrighting
Night is at hand—me I am alone in the field

Some have gone home to rest for a while from their labours
And some have gone home to a rest that Earth never has known
But none flinched or failed in their trust to keep faith with their neighbours
God grant me their strength to keep faith in the darkness—alone!

(Saladin R.N.V.R. P.O. 1 France)



John Oxenham and his son Hugo the Bird-man,

Lieutenant in Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and Pilot in R.F.C.

TWO WISHES

I wish the evening lights that gild the mountain heights
 Would ever stay
 So much are they
 The crowning glory of the perfect hours
 That formed the day
 Each moment yielding of its treasured store
 As Time passed by
 And gathered for his turning glass the gold
 That ne'er shall die.

I wish the gentle breeze that croons to restless trees
 Its sympathy
 Would give to me
 The secrets it has won from world wide storms
 On land and sea
 Then hearing troubled souls toss to and fro
 As life's storms rage
 I might their agonised and wearied strength
 With Peace assuage
 (A Violet Gandy 9 Kensington Bath)

We specially commend the lyrics by Helen K. Watts (Brighton) Ivan Adair (Dublin) Nina Toke (Ilkestone) Edward P. D. Mathews (Upavon) Monica Chapman (Bounds Green) Mary C. Mair (Hampstead) Cyril C. Taylor (Bellaghr) G. H. Browning (Watford) Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro) E. J. Pratt (Toronto) May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich) Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton) Robert Watson (Vernon B.C.) F. J. Bayliss (Southfields) Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich) Maud Beach (Bromley) Kenneth Spooner (Birmingham) B. E. Stevens (Sandwich Bay) Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate) Ieshe Comber (Kingston Jamaica) Jenny Johnston (Liverpool) Eileen Newton (Whitby) Private J. P. du Parc (B. F. France) Rev. Thos. Gilbert (Walsall) Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool) E. D. Bangay (Chesham) Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate) Private Harry Baxter (Caister) Bessie Clough (Norwich) Endon Vally (Bushey) P. S. N. Aswath (Bangalore) Florence Tyler (Bath) H. M. Barrow (Dunstable) I. C. Palmer (London W.) J. A. B. (Highgate) D. S. Boland (London N.) Ivy Weston (Brisbane) Private A. K. Muir (Norwich) Emily A. Creggan (Sidcup) J. Kitley (Derby) A. F. Strike (Worthing) V. M. Murphy (Tameilton Foliot) M. C. Barnard (Kensington) Sadie C. Clay (Wakfield) R. T. Barton (Plaistow) W. C. Pocock (Bristol) Adolphus Clarke (Stowmarket) Claude Tessier (Glasgow) Ida Harrington (London S.W.) Kathleen Goyne (Tottenham) Amy C. Evers (Stourbridge) Hugh Meredith (Herne Bay) W. J. Lawcett (Belfast) D. A. N. (Hampstead) Violet Walker (Whitehaven) Anthia (Leighmouth) G. Coward (Croydon) Norah Denny (London W.) Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool) Eva Mayo (Coventry) R. A. H. Coodyear (Scarborough) Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno) R. H. McCrea (Chesterfield) H. Miller (Hampstead) Faith Hearn (Christchurch) Brenda Duncan (Croydon) K. (Catford) Barbara G. Parke (Clifton) Ivy L. Carr (Leamington) D. Hare (Bath) Violet E. Dismore (Southend) Gladys H. Toye (Heathfield) Lettie Cole (Pontilas) David Cleghorn (Edinburgh) J. D. Gleeson (Leyton) F. H. Humby (Sidcup) Isabel Roget (Langley) B. R. M. Heatherington (Carlisle) Marguerite E. Coles (Guernsey) B. E. Stevens (Washford) B. Dickens Lewis (Crickhowell) Noelle French (Roscommon) Joyce O'Dwyer (Birmingham) Latosax (Lewisham) May Basham (Bassaleg)

II —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Beatrice R. Hillyard of 23 Dorset Street W. 1 for the following

THE AMATEUR DIPLOMAT

By HUGH S. EAVES AND T. B. COSTAIN
 (Hodder & Stoughton)

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools
 Or if she rules him never shows she rules
 Pope Moral Essays

We also select for printing

LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

By J. BEATTIE CROZIER I.L.D. (Chapman & Hall)

So I have talked with Betsey and Betsey has talked with me
 And we have agreed together that we can't never agree
 W. CARLETON *Farm Ballads*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown 33 Hurtheld Road Eastbourne)

LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

By J. BEATTIE CROZIER I.L.D. (Chapman & Hall)

The Carpenter said nothing but

The butters spread too thick

W. S. GILBERT *The Walrus and the Carpenter*

(M. F. Barnard 20 Elsham Road Kensington W. 14)

LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

By J. BEATTIE CROZIER I.L.D. (Chapman & Hall)

Nay I have done you get no more of me

DRAYTON *Farewell*

(Betty Roberts Hazeldan Meols Drive Hoylake)

HEARTS OF CONTROVERSY BY ALICE MEYNELL

(Burns & Oates)

We fell out my wife and I

TENNISON *The Princess*

(E. M. Odell 72 Claremont Road Forest Gate E. 7)

IN ANOTHER GIRL'S SHOES BY B. RUCK

(Hodder & Stoughton)

You know you stand upon

Another footing now

HOOD *Faithless Nelly Gray*

(Irma Lalonde 14 Forester Road Bath)

TWINKLE LIONS BY THOMAS BURKE

(Crest Richards)

Alas! what boots

MILTON *Lycidas*

(Olive Scholes 77 Pitt Street Oldham)

III —The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best that can be said for Margarine in four lines of original verse is awarded to I. McI. Wheeler of Clovelly Road Bideford for the following

Milder praise perchance well utter

When once more there's peace—and butter

While there's only that—or dripping

Margarine is really ripping!

Margarine must be extraordinarily popular judging by the unusually large number of replies received. It has moreover so inspired the competitors that the majority reach a good level of merit though some in defiance of our stipulation say the worst instead of the best for it. We specially commend the quatrains of Arthur Huron (Selby) Marion Burd (Birmingham) Rachel Swete Macnamara (New Milton) Caroline Coxhan (New Malden) G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance) Monica Chapman (Bounds Green) M. Wylie Hill (Perth) F. J. Thomas (Merthyr Tydfil) Mannington Sayers (Totnes) Mabel Malet (Hull) L. Wildon (Putney) Alice A. Smithett (Strawberry Hill) Ernest Mansfield (Brixton) E. Dermont (Herne Hill) Scribe (Highgate) Percy Allott (Sheppey) R. A. Finn (Surbiton) Brenda Duncan (Croydon) Mrs. Barns Graham (Fife) S. R. Nicol (Merthyr Tydfil) E. St. G. Betts (Nottingham) J. A. C. Smith (Edinburgh) Amy L. Garland (London W.) William Fell (Beckermest) Alison M. Leech (Rochdale) H. Dean Adams (Chester) M. E. Morris (Torquay) E. H. Forster (Doncaster) Dolly Payne (Knutsford) J. E. (Barnsley) Olive E. Rawson (Meopham) Ruth Robinson (Hunstanton) T. Banks (Great Yarmouth) E. W. Gatesby (London W.C.) O. M. Pilkington (Harrogate) E. R. Allaway (East Dulwich) H. W. Mottram (London, W.) A. Clarke (High Wycombe) E. M. Odell (Forest

Gate) Bertha Beal (Poole) J Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke) Mrs G A Anderson (Woldingham) Albert I Barnes (Beaconsfield) Lilly Salisbury (Norwich) M A Creed (Seaford) Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool) M A Lotz (Wimbledon) Mary Grace Moore (Kinslip) Fred Reynolds (Newport) J A Jenkins (Liverpool) E C L (Eastbourne) V V Mathews (London W) Ellen Newton (Whitby) Mrs John Knox (Bingley) H S (Hove) Mrs A E Wise (Leicester) A Violet Cundy (Bath) J Archer Bellchambers (Highgate) R Ryfield (Ipswich) S A Doodly (Boscombe) I N K (Hunstanton) A Eleanor Linnington (Exeter) Nap (Comminster)

IV—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Harold Downs of 26 Ashley Avenue Lower Weston Bath for the following.

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE

BY H GORDON SELLIDGE (The Bodley Head)

This is a work that makes the romance of fact more fascinating than the average romance of fiction. Yet its author covers in historical survey the growth of commerce from its early beginnings to the present. It expounds the new philosophy with which modern men of business are imbued and aphoristically reveals a mind both shrewd and penetrating. One feels that the writer is in love with his subject and that his knowledge of it is deep and sound. His enthusiasm is undisguised and these good qualities have enabled him to unfold his romance with clarity and conviction.

We also select for printing

RASPUTIN BY I VOGLI JORGENSEN

TRANSLATED BY W I HANLEY (Fisher Unwin)

The preface contains a statement that the book gives but an impression of that sinister figure Gregor Rasputin who with the nature of a satyr cloaked by the garb of a monk for wellnigh ten years directed through the Imperial autocrat the destinies of Russia. Yet the impression is sufficiently vivid to rouse within the mind profound amazement that the infamous creed and malignant influence of a rogue were so long permitted to prevail after many had recognised the hidden hand. Throughout Rasputin's hypnotic feminine conquests debauchery chaotic political intrigues and final assassination read like pages of lurid medieval history.

(Elsa Gellert 32 Park Drive Bradford Yorkshire)

THE OLD FRONT LINE BY JOHN MASEFIELD
(Hememann)

We cordially welcome a further addition to our war library from the pen of Mr Masefield. He has set himself the task of describing the environments of our men just before the great Somme offensive and he has succeeded. From town to village he takes us through the trenches and along the roads all without a trace of monotony. One realises more fully than before the greatness of our men's achievements when one has read the chapter on the Germans' old front line—now happily in our possession. We await with interest the promised account of the momentous victory.

(Duncan L Burn 34 Parolles Road Highgate N 19)

CARRYING ON—AFTER THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND BY IAN HAY (Blackwood)

This volume carries on from the point of view of one particular Scottish battalion a vivid unofficial report of military operations throughout the Battle of Ypres and into the first advance on the Somme. The British soldier, with his humour his small grumblings his great courage and perseverance is well portrayed. The officers Major Wagstaffe Captain Bobby Little and others seem to become dear and intimate friends. One of them Angus McLauchlan appears briefly but splendidly like a shooting star—he is yet another example of the many



THE LYNCH
G. J.

John Oxenham and
Teufel on the tramp

who deliberately sacrifice themselves for companions and for country.

(Iloria Baxter 27 North Hill Stirling Scotland)

THE VICTIM BY MARY I MANN
(Hodder & Stoughton)

This fine novel is opportunely published when the sanctity of the home and the welfare of the child is threatened by the proposed extension of facilities for divorce. Mrs Mann makes straight for her goal. While exposing the weaknesses of human nature she is alive to its saving virtues. Elvira leaves her husband for her lover Justice. Their passion quickly spends itself. The Victim is their daughter and their sin is brought home to them at last. The moral is obvious but not over emphasised. The bill has been paid by the innocent victim—the child.

(M J Dobie Willow Cottage Mouldsworth near Chester)

We select for special commendation the reviews by P Marshall Hill (Doncaster) Mary C Mair (Hampstead) Maud Montagu Bruce (Bath) Ethel Webster (Bristol) Drusilla E Appleby (Leopham) Edith Beechey (Pentre) B Hawkins (Stockbridge) Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath) Mannington Sayres (Totnes) Stanley Jack (West Kensington) J Swinson (Tunbridge Wells) K H Kipling (Incester) Mrs Kirkland Vasey (Glenfarg) Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin) Frederick Willmer (Kamsey) Alfred Green (Skipton) Eric Hicks (Bedford Park) D Hare (Bath) Rose Conway (Bolton) Ivan Adair (Dublin) J A Jenkins (Liverpool) Evelina I San Garde (Accrington) B R Hillyard (London W) Gertrude Pitt (Highgate) Frank Kelly (Dublin) Elsie M Meredith (Bideford) C Burton (Upper Norwood) H S (Hove) Dorothy Brooke (Middlesbrough) G J Murray (Christchurch NZ)

V—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M E Rotton, of 45 Hamilton Terrace N W

DORA SIGERSON (SHORTER)

A MEMORY

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

BY the death of Dora Sigerson contemporary poetry is much the poorer as her friends and lovers are immeasurably the poorer by the loss of a personality of great charm and individuality. Let me recall Dora Sigerson as I knew her first. We were girls and friends together. The Sigerasons came to me in a sense as the gift of Rose Kavanagh, a young Irishwoman who died of consumption in her late twenties, leaving behind her a handful of poems perfect in their simplicity and a memory sweet as wild thyme. Dr Sigerson was Rose Kavanagh's faithful friend as he was the faithful friend of John O'Leary and Charles Kickham and other beloved Irishmen of that day. He had done all he could do to save her life and had certainly given her much happiness. I had written for the little paper she edited when she worked under Richard Pigott and for *United Ireland* when its editor was thrown into prison in the eighties. With Rose Kavanagh Dr Sigerson and his daughter came to see me in I think 1887.

Dora Sigerson was at that time like a young Muse. She had a beautifully shaped head which she did not conceal by masses of hair. Her dark hair was worn short not cropped. She had beautiful eyes, finely moulded features, creamy pale skin and vividly red lips. She was indeed of remarkable beauty in those days.

From father and mother both she had derived poetry and love of country. Dr Sigerson is poet and scholar as well as patriot and specialist in nervous diseases. Her mother who was Hester Varian came from a family which had written poetry through two or three generations. She herself had written much poetry and published at least one excellent novel. The atmosphere of the house was literary and patriotic.

Dr Sigerson is also a man of affairs. When the case of Thomas Ashe troubled the public mind it was recalled that Dr Sigerson had forced the subject of the rights of political prisoners upon the attention of English statesmen when the Fenian rising of 1867 had sent some of the finest intellects and characters in the country to herd with criminals. Dr Sigerson has written of Irish Land Tenure under the editorship of Mr (now Lord) Bryce. He was and is in fact a most variously accomplished and gifted person and his daughter inherited his qualities.

She used to do so many things admirably in her girlhood days. I do not think she was musical. Outside music she practised all the arts and they came easily to her. She drew she painted she designed she wrote poetry and prose. She was extraordinarily efficient with her needle and had the true artistic eye for colour or draping. She used to do sculpture in some hidden corner of the house in Clare Street and produce charming things. All these came to her naturally. I do not think she had any special schooling so she had an unspoilt imagination. Dr Sigerson gathered about him something of a *salon* in those days. It was and is the most

hospitable of houses. On Sunday evenings there were as many guests to dinner as the dining table could accommodate. Dr Sigerson was and is a collector of beautiful things. Everything on the table was beautiful and the host was good to look at with his fine picturesque appearance which matched his courtesy and his gracious hospitality.

After dinner other guests used to come in and we would group about the fire—I cannot remember an unrelit evening—and talk and the young ones would repeat their poems and you would listen to great memories and there would be fierce good humoured wrangles and intellectual encounters but all perfectly happy and in good feeling.

Dr Sigerson loved to entertain distinguished visitors from another country. One met all sorts of interesting people from without as well as those who belonged to Ireland. Sometimes a French savant—Dr Sigerson had his training in Paris—an American editor or writer, an English politician, a university professor, all sorts of people immensely pleased with their host and the beautiful young daughters and the group of poetry writing friendly girl guests and John O'Leary with his splendid head and Douglas Hyde and W. B. Yeats and others.

Dora was very gay. Her gaiety made her the most delightful of companions. During the six years of our friendship before I left Dublin I took all my Dublin gaieties in the company of Dora or Hester. How we laughed together and how we were sad! We were very emancipated as writing girls in a Dublin shackled with more than the Victorian conventions. Dora and I went together to Mr Parnell's great welcome home after Committee Room No. 15 in the historic Round Room of the Rotunda. I wonder now how we dared launch ourselves into that sea of surging and swaying loyalty. Together we clung to and followed Mr Parnell through the great year before Death struck him down the year in which he knew the love of love of his followers. Together we stood by his grave.

I always think of Dora in Ireland. England gave her a tender and devoted husband but she struck no roots there. She was inalienably Irish. I believe she always longed for Ireland and I am sure she always hoped to return to it. It is certain that the one who refused her nothing would have given her that in time if it were possible. She did not wait for it. The lonely passion which brooded over the events of Easter Week and the executions hastened her end. She had not that ominous storm in her young beauty for nothing.

The souls of the Irish dying in exile are said to revisit on the journey after death the beloved places. One can well believe that the faithful spirit of Dora Sigerson, having found its wings, sped home in the snowy weather and passed brooding in love over the dear lost country before it flew on its way to the Desire of all souls.

"THE YOUNG POET"

Two interesting Finds and a rather important Discovery made in a rare little volume uncharted in the Burns Bibliographies

BY DAVIDSON COOK

ONE of the letters Burns wrote to Peter Hill the Edinburgh bookseller is dated February and 1790 and was first published though not completely in Cromek's *Reliques* 1808. It touches on many topics and editors of the Poet's correspondence generally devote their notes to Mademoiselle Burns though even then not one of them has correctly given the year of her death. In concentrating on this frail beauty other points have been neglected including this suggestive passage towards the end of the letter

Mr Armstrong the young poet who does me the honour to mention me so kindly in his works please give him my best thanks for the copy of his book. I shall write him my first leisure hour. I like his poetry much but I think his style in prose quite astonishing.

In spite of this plain indication that the young poet had mentioned Burns in his volume of verse and prose the nature of the reference has never been noted and though most bibliographies of the Poet in a laudable endeavour to be comprehensive include some very far-fetched Burnside Armstrong's poems have never been brought into the fold not even in the Great Memorial catalogue of the 1896 Burns Exhibition.

For long enough the writer sought to find the book invariably to be side-tracked by reports of the poems of the other and better known John Armstrong

whose Muse was concerned with *The Art of Preserving Health*. Persistence had its reward at last and the elusive volume materialised thus enabling me for the first time after the lapse of over a hundred years to elucidate Burns's allusion to Armstrong the young poet. In the previous column is reproduced a facsimile of the title page of the rare little book which is not to be found in any of the Edinburgh Libraries not even in the University Collection.

John Armstrong was born at Leith in June 1771 and he was a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. The Dissertation noted on the title page of his *Juvenile Poems* gained him the gold medal of the Edinburgh Pantheon (Debating) Society. The verses were composed between his thirteenth and eighteenth years and he was just turned eighteen when they were published. They gained him at least some small honour at home for on the foundation of the New College being laid he was selected to compose the songs introduced into the ceremony.

Turning to the precious little volume the first striking feature and it is in unexpected surprise—is the name of the publisher to wit Peter Hill the very man to whom Burns wrote the letter which furnished our clue. Naturally the 237 pages of the long neglected work were eagerly scanned with a view to discovering the precise nature and terms of the young poet's kindly mention of Burns. 'Yes here it is!' on page 21 under the heading of 'Additional Verses' we find twelve stanzas (of which we quote four) entitled

THE BARD

I

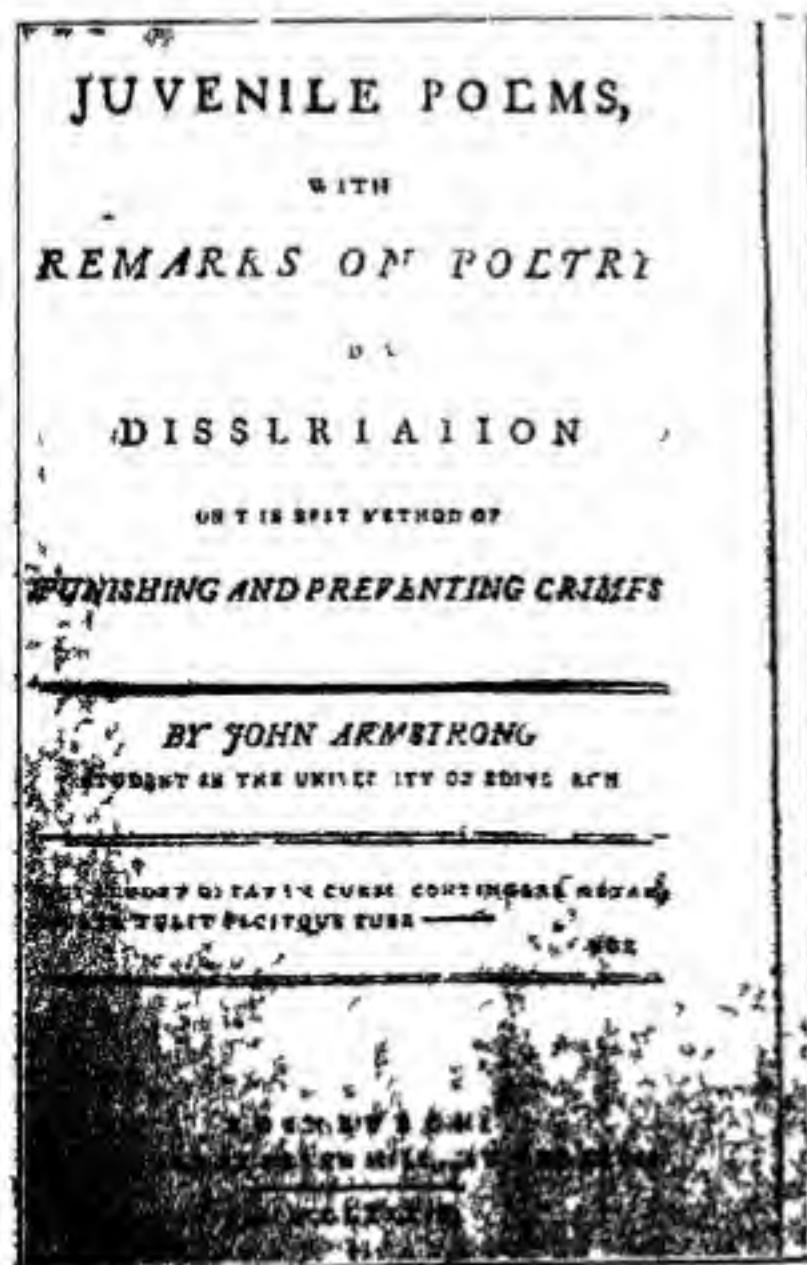
Though humble yet not mean my lays
Ne'er stoop to false or venal praise
To wealth unknown I wealth disdain
And give to worth my artless strain
I sing the man whose doom'd to stray
Unmark'd in life's sequester'd way
Yet far above the vulgar throng
Inspired with love of arts and powers of sacred song

X

And though in life's sequester'd way
Unknown unnoted he may stray
Or doom'd in his disastrous state
To prove the ill of partial fate
Yet future times to worth more just
Shall deck the tomb and rear the bust
Shall bid his memory death defy
And give on wings of fame through every age to fly

XI

Hail Burns! thou pride of Scotia's fame!
Born to restore her ancient strains
Far richer in thy native store
Than treasures of scholastic lore
Ah! let not genius heavenly ray
Like some false meteor lead astray
Sacred to virtue be thy rage
Nor ought polluted stain the lustre of thy page



Facsimile title page

XII

To him who in these strains essays
To give poetic merit praise
And fir'd with youthful ardour tries
To heights above his years to rise
Yet though unequal to aspire
Can others excellence admire
Be his though small no vulgar fame
To feel the thirst of praise and glow with virtue's flame

But this is not the only Juvenile Poem which gives the volume a passport to the Burnsiana section of the vast Bibliography of the Ayrshire Bard. Here is a second one

TO MR ROBERT BURNS ON HIS ERECTING A
STONE TO THE MEMORY OF FRICUSON (sic)
THE SCOTTISH LOUIE

I

Beneath this stone to merit rais'd
Lies FRICUSON a name that's prais'd
And lov'd by every Scot
Complete alike in head and heart
But wanting in the prudent part
He prov'd the poet's lot

II

Let memory hold his merits dear
And pity o'er his fate a tear
Of kind oblivion shed
And mayst thou BURNS! more happy bard
Receive while living thy reward!
Not honour'd less when dead

III

A stone to him to whom belong
The honours next to thee of song
It well becomes to ruse
A deed like this may justly claim
A meed more glorious to thy name
Than all the pride of lays

So much for the Burnsiana finds now for the discovery. There is a song always printed in the lyrics of Burns entitled 'It is na Jean thy Bome Face'. Burns never claimed it as his own and in an interleaved copy of Johnson's Musical Museum—in volume IV of which the song appeared in 1792—he annotates it in holograph thus: 'These were originally English verses. I gave them their Scots dress. In that dress this is how the lines were printed

It is na Jean thy bome face
Nor shape that I admire
Altho thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire

Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise to love I find
But dear as is thy form to me
Still dearer is thy mind

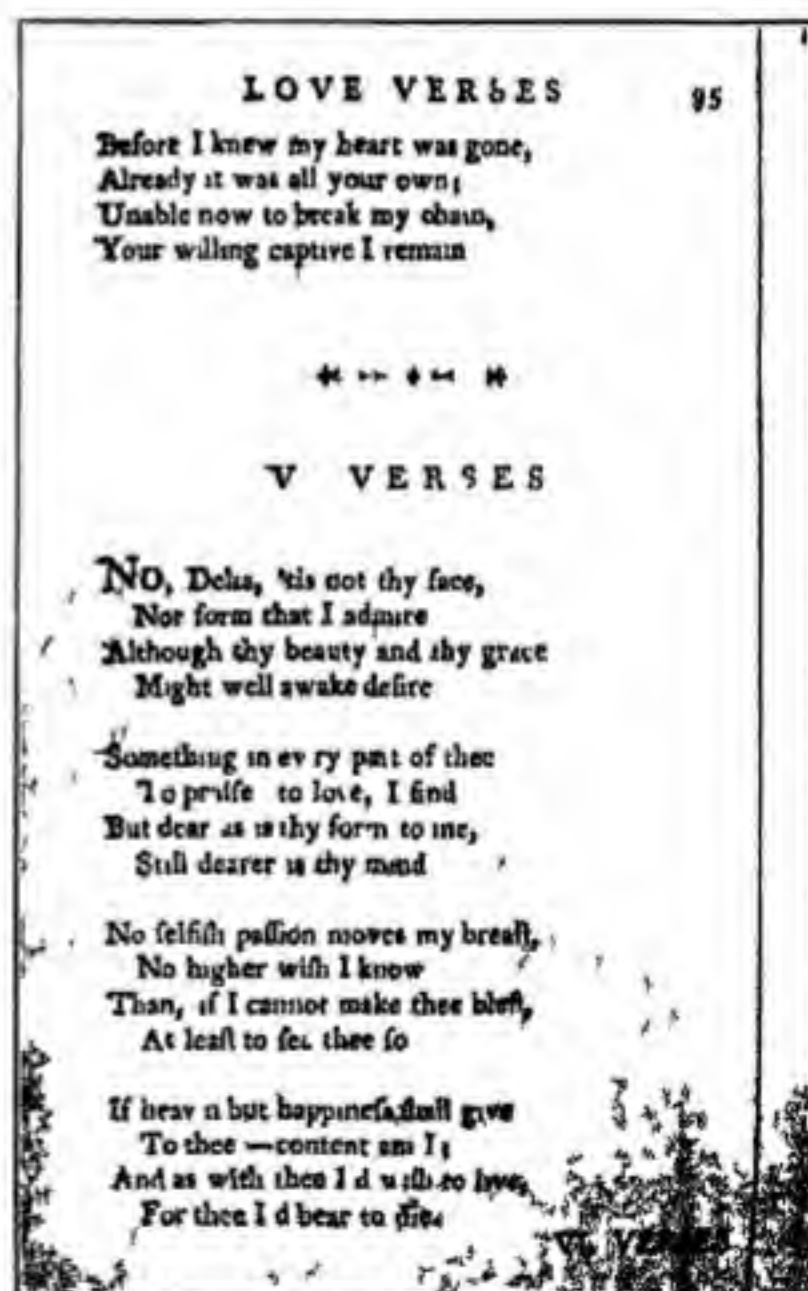
'Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae
Nor stronger in my breast
Than if I canna mak thee sae
At least to see thee blest

Content am I if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee
And as wi' thee I wish to live
For thee I'd bear to dee

To find the original from which Burns vamped the song for the Museum has baffled a century of Burns editors and other seekers. Henley and Henderson's

note in the Centenary Edition reads: 'Those English verses are not to be found. James C. Dick in his valuable and wonderfully edited edition of The Songs of Robert Burns says: "Burns may have got the idea from a popular song of last century by George Etheridge beginning: "It is not Celia in our power otherwise nothing of another similar song has been discovered."

No future edition of Burns need repeat that statement for without specifically looking for anything of the kind to my unbounded delight I chanced upon the elusive stanzas in the obscure little Armstrong volume. So here is the page in facsimile containing the rescued morsel—the original English verses without their Scots dress



Comparison of the two sets makes it evident that even after Burns put the kilts on the English verses, there was so much of Armstrong left and so little of Burns grafted into the lyric that we must give the honours for the piece to the young student of divinity and relegate the song to the 'slightly altered' department of the Burns Apocrypha. Incidentally in any edition of Burns's poems which arranges them in the chronological sequence of their composition—as in Scott Douglas who gives 1788 for this song—it is obvious that a correction must be made, and the date altered to 1790 or possibly 1791. Presumably Burns wrote to Armstrong as he said he would his first leisure hour but so far no such letter has emerged. Doubtless we would learn something more if it could be found.

Having thus rescued John Armstrong and his Juvenile Poems from the murky shadows of oblivion and shown that he and his little bookie are justly entitled

to be enshrined in the Bibliographical Records of Burniana we are inclined to think we might incur censure were we to omit to finish the thumbnail sketch of his life already sampled.

The reverend young gentleman went to London about 1790 and in 1791 under the fictitious name of Albert published *A Collection of Sonnets from Shakespeare*. Under the same name he published *Confidential Letters from the Sorrows of Werter*. He was employed by the booksellers but gained more distinction as a newspaper press man thanks especially to the unrivalled ability with which he reported the speeches of Pitt and for these alone one establishment from which he parted because they would not allow

him a guinea a week were afterwards glad to give him five times that sum. He was on a fair way to affluence and comfort but fell into an ill state of health. Leaving London he returned to his native town where at the early age of twenty six he died on the 21st of July 1797 which was strange to say exactly the first anniversary of the death of the great poet with whose name we have just linked his. The curious will find a flattering obituary in the *Monthly Magazine* for that period and there is a short article in *The Dictionary of National Biography* by J. J. Henderson one of the editors of the Centenary Edition of Burns's Poems.

He has though small no vulgar fame.

New Books

THE PERSPECTIVE OF EDUCATION *

Mr A. C. Benson has deserved well of his fellow schoolmen and of his fellow citizens in getting together a capital team of educational experts and allowing each to make his contribution in his own way. No doubt there is a certain homogeneity in the group selected but even so it is not a little encouraging to find such substantial agreement among eleven specialists in a realm that is not noted for its freedom from controversy. As soon as Viscount Bryce has with ambassadorial grace made a deft introduction Mr J. L. Paton gets into the heart of things by maintaining that "A new age postulates a new education and by setting forth what he believes to be the aim of this new education—the unification of the claims of the individual and the State." Dean Inge takes up the parable with a treatise on the *Training of the Reason* in which he wanders so far from the ordinary track that he has to finish by explaining that "this is the work which we have called the *Training of the Reason*." The editor follows with an essay that is quite admirable on the *Training of the Imagination*. Religion at School is sympathetically treated by the Master of Wellington College who exemplifies what Dean Inge epigrammatically expresses when he says that religion is rather taught than taught. The subject of Citizenship gives an opening for a different type of writer for in Mr Munsbridge we have a man who can and who does express with authority the educational desires of the wage-earning classes. Mr Nowell Smith deals in a masterly way with the *Place of Literature in Education*. The subject of Athletics is treated sympathetically and sanely by the Headmaster of Haileybury while the *Use of Leisure*—by which is meant the leisure of pupils at school—gets full justice at the hands of the Head of Bedales. The important and congenial subject of Preparation for Practical Life falls to Sir John McClure who has somehow won a unique position as the wise counsellor of our profession. The volume appropriately ends with a discussion of Teaching as a Profession by the authority on that subject Mr Frank Roscoe Secretary of the Teachers' Registration Council.

This disjointed catalogue leaves the impression that we are dealing with an *ad libitum* but the careful reader of the volume will have no difficulty in realising that there is a unity underlying the apparent diversity. The key note is humanism in the happiest sense of that term. There is a curious insistence throughout on the idea of pleasantness in school work. The editor himself speaks of "a larger plea, the plea for the more direct cultivation of enjoyment in education." Whether he gave the cue to his contributors or not I cannot say but it is a fact that the idea

of enjoyment occupies an extraordinarily prominent place throughout the volume. Mr Nowell Smith is exuberant in his demand that the pupil shall not only read but enjoy what he reads. The old Lilliputian logic that used to cast a ghastly cheerfulness over the more or less dramatic personifications of the mediæval grammarians and has since then shed an unrelieved gloom over what should have been read as literature is treated with the severity she deserves. Dean Inge himself joins in her condemnation and pleads for the use of translations as part of the normal training in history, philosophy and literature. We are not surprised to find that recreative subjects like Athletics and the occupations of leisure are attuned to a cheerful key but when we find Dr Bateson taking the same tone with regard to science we begin to realise that we have come upon a fundamental change of point of view. He has no sympathy with a teaching of science that makes it appear to boys as "a catalogue of names and facts interminable."

The editor rightly makes the point that the present conflict between science and the humanities for room in the curriculum is not the real point at issue. It is not a matter of substituting compulsory science for compulsory literature but of determining whether compulsory subjects should not be diminished as far as possible and more attention given to faculty and aptitude. The idea of freedom of choice of work is very prominent throughout the essays. But the problem comes to a head in Dr Bateson's contention in his contribution on the *Place of Science in Education* that education whether we like it or not is a selective agency. The educator cannot create or even direct faculty; all he can do is to discover what powers are available and supply appropriate opportunities for their exercise. The thesis works down to the startling assertion that the races of men fall into the two great classes, those who can learn science and those who can not. In England with what Dr Bateson frankly calls its mongrel population there is a great preponderance of the non-scientific people. This is deplorable but what is still worse our people prefer the non-scientific type and entrust it with the government of these islands because the literary type is more vocal. The sad thing is that no amount of increase of scientific instruction in our schools and universities will make any difference. We cannot by instruction make the literary type scientific or the scientific type literary. Coming as it does from the very seat of biological authority we must treat this depressing view with respect but may not the plain man humbly ask whether it represents a really scientific attitude of mind? Would it not be more in keeping with scientific precedent to make prolonged and careful investigations into the possibilities of the case? How long has science had any chance of showing its possibilities as a modifying

* Cambridge Essays on Education 7s 6d net (Cambridge University Press)

influence in our English educational system? It had to fight its way into our schools in face of open and concealed hostility. Now it has gained an established position and the tone of a book like this written by men of the training its authors have had is the best witness that it is now going to have a fair field. The vocal group themselves recognise the existence of a scientific humanism. Let Dr Bateson take heart of grace and postpone his pessimism till fifty years of sustained experiment have shown that it is justified. Meanwhile let him give us more of his stimulating writing on education. We need such criticism as his to maintain the true perspective of education.

JOHN ADAMS

GEORGIAN HOUSES*

Mr O Sullivan the most delicate and sensitive of modern Irish poets whose mediums are mist and twilight have fallen under the spell of the haunted city of Dublin. You cannot walk anywhere in Dublin without walking through ghosts. They flit by you even in crowded Grafton Street, Dame Street and College Green are thronged with them. They look out of all the windows of Trinity College and pass in by the portals of the old Houses of Parliament a mere chill breath like a tiny wind getting up and dying away again. They are saddest of all in the streets of their stately houses fallen upon decay, dreadful streets some of them with haunted houses that no one will inhabit side by side with the teeming warrens of the poor which the great houses have come to be. These haunted houses have the paint blistered and peeled from the double doors, the railings twisted and rusted, the windows covered with cobwebs and broken in every pane, a deep area full of dreadful things. One scurries by if one happens to pass at dark and dare not look at the windows for fear of what one might see.

Dublin even in rags is an Imperial city. She is unique like Rome or Paris. The stateliness of her wide streets with their severe house fronts where all the ornament is in an architrave or a beautiful fanlight fills you with delight if you have eyes to see. In London the rushing feet of the multitude have trampled down the memories and the ghosts are jostled back to their graves. In Dublin there is leisure and there is space for the past and the dead to mingle with the present living.

Never was a more lovable city. The very stones of it live. And here all its mists and its shadows, its dreams and its ghosts are gathered into the pages of a poet's book. The tone is not mud and purple. Both these are too definite. Very pale lavender or silver grey might be allowable or the hue the French call *morbide* the faint browning greying touch over white. These sketches these tiny studies in which the old houses play their parts with the shadowy men are achievements. The very air of dreams is in them. Anyone who loves such things beautiful things misted over with melancholy will make their own of this book and will delight in it. It is not for gay and careless youth nor for busy and energetic persons nor for the worldly wise nor for the prosaic and common place. To such it would be a vain thing. It belongs to the choice. It will be a possession for those who like their books to tone with their surroundings to whisper not to shout to be fastidious and delicately suggestive.

KATHARINE TYNAN

THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS†

The majority of the novels written and perhaps even the majority of those published are probably the work of women and if it is true that the novel is read principally

* *Mud and Purple* By Seumas O'Sullivan 3s 6d net (The Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin)

† *Come In* By Ethel Colburn Mayne 6s net (Chapman & Hall) — *Colebs* By F. E. Mills Young 6s (Lane)

— *The Challenge to Sirius* By Sheila Kaye Smith 6s net (Nisbet)

pally by women there is a very good reason why women should be specialists in such prose fiction. Only they one would say have the repose needed for such simplification of life as is required for its typical representation. Men who write novels are more experimental the things men are always discovering about life lead inevitably to explanations and super explanations. It is as though the men novelists said. But first I must explain about Miriam's grandparents and the extraordinary scenes between their gardener and his wife who was the youngest of nineteen children. Before one knows where one is one is pursuing the love story of the fifteenth child and the sole offspring of that fifteenth child who went to Oxford and became Foreign Minister after sowing his wild oats. If one thinks of Mr Henry James one sees that he was always delving among the marvels of his temperamental discoveries for the quite too essential character which should supply their clue. If one thinks of Mr Conrad one sees that he is always through the medium of his strange interpreters focussing attention upon that episode which when it is found is seen to be the sheer inspiration of the whole matter. If one thinks of Mr Bennett one sees that it is necessary to go right back into heredity before one can estimate the significance of what is being done here and now. And Mr Wells too spinning his magic works is always being led into uncharted realms of speculation in order to explain the superficial appearances of things. The male novel is thus more experimental more unmanageable. The novel written by women is a novel written by freemasons for other freemasons. It stands firm. It is more shrewdly envisaged.

This is true even of Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's fascinating stories in *Come In*. One might be misled by the allusiveness of these tales by the demand they make upon one's attention and visualising power into the belief that they were speculative. They are not. They are all finely and surely seen and rendered with such deliberateness that the mind grasping at psychological difficulties imagines the truth that lies behind. In reading Henry James's stories one is always straining an ear for exquisite partly heard melodies from afar. In reading these stories by Miss Colburn Mayne one is not listening one is watching. That is the difference. Miss Colburn Mayne is no conjurer. If she demands your attention it is because she is presenting conceptions absolutely clear to herself in a way that can only be appreciated by those who care for implications. It is as though one were Miss Mayne's partner playing to her hand the more successful the partnership (for Miss Mayne never plays false) the greater the pleasure in her refined and perceptive work. One must go back to Miss Mayne's own *Things that No One Tells* to find a volume of stories dealing so surely with the things that are hidden. *Come In* which is a book of stories about things that happen within doors and within souls is a very delicate performance. It is exciting and stimulating because the obvious things are deliberately omitted. It is not romantic as Henry James's books are it is scientific and selective. Miss Mayne saves herself from the charge of indiscretion in telling what one feels she has discovered by her own sympathy and divination she dexterously and wonderfully makes us see the things that happened and come to our own conclusions. That is her quite special talent that there is not a sentence but has its implication and reverberation.

Miss Sheila Kaye Smith upon the other hand sees and tells with amplitude the story of a man's life. She takes him from early boyhood to middle age through life upon a Sussex farm to participation in the American Civil War and through other strange adventures and at the end she brings him safe home to Sussex again. Her handling of the Civil War is extremely competent. The whole book is very sure and unwavering. It has been planned with precision and it strikes the reader as having been carried out as the *communiqués* say 'in accordance with our plan. Perhaps the book lacks fire and perhaps the dialogue among the literary persons of another day is a little too startlingly modern. But *The Challenge to*

Sirius¹ is ambitious and competent work and it has been clearly seen in all its stages.

In quite another style is *Cœlebs* by Miss F. E. Mills Young which is a very amusing story upon familiar lines. Its hero is really Diogenes, a diverting bull dog, but the love story of a fossilised man of forty and a determined young woman gardener is full of pictures and lightly touched scenes that very pleasantly withhold the climax until it is fully due. It is not a subtle book like Miss Mayne's, it is not a serious study of character and life as is *The Challenge to Sirius*. It is a jolly, entertaining, love story full of good natured satire and kindly mischief. There is not an atom of affectation in it from beginning to end. It is a book to cheer us all up, unless we are very exacting indeed in demanding originality of theme or profundity of insight. Those qualities *Cœlebs* has not. But in the shrewdness and clearness with which it suits execution to conception it is a typical woman's novel. There are here no digressions or diversions or ramifications. No strangely vivid conversational narrator is required to discourse of things guessed and dreamed as the result of some chance dumb look of bewilderment; there is no harking back to the remote influences of past generations, and no brilliant glimpses of the cosmos in tumult distract our concern with the synthesis of the things proper to the allotted theme. There is definiteness, a determination to work strictly within limits as strictly seen. The book will interest women who delight in the concrete and not in that abstract which is the chimeric of the male novelist. And it will interest men as well as women because it is womanly. All three of these books are in one sense or another womanly, but *Cœlebs* is so in a special manner. In explanation of the word as applied to *Cœlebs*, one must quote the book itself, for the term womanly woman is defined by Peggy long before her lover has rectified his own rather masculine and over rigid definition. She strives, says Peggy of this ideal, to be helpful and companionable and sympathetic and she defests censoriousness and unkind criticism either in herself or in others. And it might be added perhaps that she has not a great deal of use for luminous nonsense or the experimentalism over which men spend so many hapless hours. Here is a practical talent working for its own ends and by its own sure means, and its product is made for our pleasure or our enlightenment, but rarely for our bewilderment among the whimsical mysteries of the inexplicable or the irrelevant.

FRANK SWINNERTON

A LONDON WARD*

Mr. A. Charles Knight has two special qualifications for writing such a book as this. He has done good work as Secretary of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society and nowadays is a member of the Corporation of the City of London.

Whilst engaged in the preparation of material for a history of my own Ward of Cheap, he says, a suggestion was made to me by my friends in the adjoining Cordwainer Ward that I should undertake a similar work for their Ward.

He acted on their suggestion, and the result is a book that will interest not only archaeologists but all who are susceptible to the charm of London—a charm compounded of what London was as well as of what it is.

For London is essentially a city of romance. It plays a large part in Mr. Selfridge's recent *Romance of Commerce*, for it is as much a creation of Commerce as if all its shopmen had been wizards and their yard measures magic wands. And though Mr. Knight is concerned only with facts and writes of them in a most matter of fact

fashion, all the same his book opens like Keats's magic casement, only the fairyland it opens upon is not forlorn. To start with there is a sort of poetry in the very name of the Ward. In ledgers and official documents it is only a formal label for designating a certain small area in the heart of the City, but when you know its meaning it becomes a magic word, the utterance of which takes you back into London as it was nine centuries or so ago, when this particular Ward was largely given over to ancient workers in leather that was brought from Cordova in Spain. From an account of the origin of the Ward and its name Mr. Knight passes to a description of its parishes and its boundaries, the story of its churches, one of which is Bow Church, the glory of the Ward, and indeed of Cheapside itself, though only a small patch of Cheapside comes within the Cordwainers' borders. Then he takes you through the streets and lanes of the Ward, explains the derivation of their names, and gives you something about famous men who have lived in them. Following this is a record of the Common Councilmen of the Ward from the end of the thirteenth century onwards, a concise biography of its present Alderman, Sir Louis Arthur Newton, and in an appendix a full list of its Aldermen beginning with Laurence in 1115.

Mr. Knight has done a good work, and done it well. He has had access to all documents and authorities that throw light on the subject, and his book is a valuable addition to the literature that deals with the history and topography of the world's greatest city. We are grateful to him, and yet not too grateful to ask for more. It is surely time there was a book of this sort available concerning each of the Wards of London.



Photo by Miss B. V. 36

The Oldest House in the Ward.

From *Cordwainer Ward in the City of London* by A. Charles Knight (Allen & Unwin)

* *Cordwainer Ward in the City of London: Its History and Topography Past and Present*. By A. Charles Knight. Illustrated, 4s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)



St. Antholin's Budge Row

Engraving by W. H. P. I.
Printed by A. Charles Knight
(Allan & Unwin)

LORD LISTER *

Sir Rickman Godlee who has just brought out a full length biography of Lord Lister is what Dr Johnson would have called a fair author—an author that is to say who knowing something of human nature does not expect too great things of it. Recognising then that a comprehensive account of those discoveries and investigations upon which the fame of his distinguished uncle is based can hardly fail to prove less interesting to the general reader than to the scientific specialist he has been at pains to point out what sections of his book the former class of persons may safely skip thus making a precedent which the reviewer fallible rather than all knowing should be among the first gratefully to acknowledge. Of the 600 odd pages of which this volume is composed we ourselves have read 500 and these have been sufficient to prove that apart from his use of that lately coined and overworked epithet *meticulous* Sir Rickman employs an easy and attractive style that in treating huge masses of material he shows real architectonic ability that his own *obiter dicta* on the conditions under which hospitals were conducted forty years ago are always fresh and valuable and that thanks to his judicious use of his subject's letters and diaries he has been enabled to furnish an attractive and fairly intimate picture of Joseph Lister the man. Born of good Quaker stock in 1827 sent to Quaker schools at Tottenham and Hitchin and educated for the medical profession at University College London, the discoverer of the antiseptic system of surgery pursued a career quite devoid of striking external incident. In 1852 soon after taking his degree of M.B. at London

University he became house surgeon at Edinburgh to Mr Syme whose daughter Agnes he married. In 1860 he was appointed to the chair of surgery at Glasgow. In 1869 he succeeded his father in law as Professor of Clinical Surgery at Edinburgh. And in 1877 he was appointed to a similar position at King's College London where he was probably the more welcome as having become since his marriage if not a member an attendant at the services of the Church of England. On the titular honours conferred on him the baronetcy in 1883 the peerage in 1897 and the Order of Merit in 1901 it is scarcely worth while enlarging. They merely corroborated that claim to fame which Joseph Lister established in 1865 when in prosecuting his researches into the causes of inflammation he traced the suppuration of wounds to decomposition of the flesh diagnosed this decomposition as due to atmospheric action upon blood or serum retained in the wounds and originated the idea in his carbolic acid solution of applying such a dressing as would kill the micro-organisms conveyed by the air and so eliminate suppuration altogether. This revolution in surgery which it should be added was foreshadowed by the experiments of the neglected Hungarian physician Semmelweis and suggested by the fermentation discoveries of the famous French chemist Pasteur at first brought its author nothing but abuse and misrepresentation in his own country and indeed received its initial recognition and welcome in Germany Hungary and France. For this long occultation is the prophet unhonoured in his own country the deep rooted conservatism and rancorous jealousy of Lister's professional rivals may be held mainly responsible. But it may also be suspected that his own refusal to publish statistics in support of his methods and his long continued endeavours to devise a suitable carbolic spray and to find a catgut ligature at once strong and innocuous had also something to do with it suggesting as they may well have suggested that the great discovery had been given to the world in an embryonic state. Truth

to tell the very patience shown by Lister in pursuing the investigations that buttressed his antiseptic system made the drama of his discovery seem rather long drawn out. In its undeviating development he may fairly be said to have gone steadily from strength to strength. But his immediate fame would have been greater had he possessed Pasteur's rare faculty of seeming to pass from discovery to discovery.

W. A. L. B.

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE *

Nothing could be more fitting than that *The Romance of Commerce* which ought to have been written long enough ago should be written at last by no mere professional author but by an authentic man of commerce who knows his subject from the inside and knows it intimately because the business life has been to him not merely a source of profit but a source of pleasure and inspiration and legitimate pride. It is almost incredible he says that people should still exist who consider trade undignified. Trade seems undignified only to those who have never outgrown a certain phase of antique snobbery. The mother of Euripides may have been a grocer as Mr Selfridge reminds us and the immortal Solon a commercial traveller but you may learn from the Elizabethan dramatists that the tradesman was never more looked down upon than in the days of those glamorous merchant adventurers whose spirit Mr Selfridge says he would like to see revived. Probably it was natural that the swaggering Court gallants who were narrowly given over to arms and showy gallantry as befitted the ornaments of society should be scornful of

* *Lord Lister*. By Sir Rickman John Godlee Bart. 28s net (Macmillan)

* *The Romance of Commerce*. By H. Gordon Selfridge. Illustrated 10s 6d net (John Lane.)

the humdrum laborious inglorious man who carried on the useful business of the country and earned money for them to borrow. But then and earlier and later in this and other lands many of the greatest and proudest of aristocratic families were founded by those despised traders and not infrequently a tradesman has had as large a hand in shaping the destinies of his nation as its king its military leaders or any statesman of them all.

One way and another when you have read this book of his you will not wonder that Mr. Selfridge puts in a claim for the dignity of trade. Incidentally he insists and rightly that authors painters doctors preachers teachers lawyers and professional men in general are tradesmen too working for money and selling their goods to the public as surely as if they did it in a shop and over a counter but his claim holds good apart from that. He unfolds the fascinating history of commerce from its primitive beginnings to its very latest development in the modern city closing with a full and detailed description of the organisation and management of one of those mammoth department stores where you may buy anything from a packet of pins to a steam plough or have tea and bread and butter and the use of mail and state news and music or a nap in the roof garden without buying anything at all. Compared with such places as these as Mr. Selfridge says even the greatest business establishments of the past seem insignificant yet to say nothing of such princely shopmen as the Medicis the Medici or the Fuggers of Germany or of many another at home and abroad what splendid chapters in London's story are filled by Sir Thomas Fresham Sir Richard Whittington Sir Hugh Middleton Child and Coutts and scores of others men of commerce all who have been as powerful in their day and done as much towards building up the British Empire as have those who won their wealth and honour with the tongue the pen or the sword.

The whole theme is alive with interest and Mr. Selfridge gets all its interest out of it. The Romance of Commerce is a book to read like for the sheer pleasure of reading and for its educational value. It is a great story for everybody and the breadth of outlook in its commentary its common sense hints and genial worldly wisdom should be helpful and inspiring to those who are treading the difficult path in which he has gathered his experience. He stands by the old formula that in every business honesty even if it were not essential on higher grounds is the best policy he is all for a fair field and plenty of healthy competition and what he says of the folly of being envious of the greater success of an abler competitor is in the right spirit of Ben Jonson's fine aspiration.

I wish the sun
should shine
On all men's fruit
and flowers as
well as mine

You may doubt some of his enthusiastic assertions as to the all round beneficial influences of trade but you feel that though he is wisely after

whatever else he can get he is himself in commerce also for the joy of the thing otherwise he would not have been moved to delve so exhaustively into it. Long history and could not have written the romance of it with such gusto or made it so thoroughly entertaining.

A. S. J. A.

THE END OF AN EPOCH

There are few signs yet that renaissance of literature which some of our critics have told us will be one of the effects of the war. If it comes it is not to be expected anything like the kind of literature that we are used to. If we had that contemporary literature in its contemporary action in particular show little evidence of any vigour or freshness of thought. Still the older novelists are still productive and on each of the paths he has made for himself they are less vacillating in their less characteristic. Of most of them it may be said that the powder in their magazines has gone. If long ago the spark can light it now it is a sudden and splendid conflagration. The younger men (or rather the younger women for any publisher will tell you that of the new novels he receives in these days more than twenty-five per cent are by women) come to us dragging a tired and weary Muse a spattered and unattractive Muse preoccupied with cutworm creeds and futile problems peering shyly and observing with unenthusiasm a Muse that was born old or on whom the sorrows of our time have fallen as a blight. There is indeed a sort of *fin de siècle* over all our literature we have turned towards the end of an appalling epoch and have no enthusiasms left except for such things as herald its close. There are exceptions of course. Now and then the true note of ecstasy is heard but significantly enough it is from the young men in the trenches that it most often comes. They have something new to say and they say it with a fine arrogance usually in verse. I fear they do without bothering to wonder how Keats or Tennyson would have done it.

Those verses of our war poets contain practically all the signs that can be discerned of the new life that shall come into our literature yet they have formed only a very small part of the production of the past two or three years. And



The Bank of England (1816)

From an aquatint by Haill after a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd
From 'The Romance of Commerce' by H. Gordon Selfridge (John Lane).

of the rest of it so far at least as the novel is concerned the future historian will no doubt record and justify the decadence. The fact is that the novel form in the hands of those who use it nowadays seems to have taken on that last inevitable phase of any art form and to have become a convention. Things which once were living symbols have lost their life and with life the power to express and to inspire that intuition of truth or beauty (call it which you will) that is the aim of art. The evidence of such decadence is everywhere for the literature of an epoch shows its quality in the dead level of it just as much as by its highest peaks. Probably it was with some such principle in mind that the historian called the England of Shakespeare's day a nest of singing birds. Our own England from the evidence of our fiction is a house of amateur psychologists. We have become so proficient in the interpretation of life that we have lost the vision of it and we are in danger of forgetting that it is the vision that matters.

By way of illustration here are four novels well representing the dead level of contemporary fiction and grouped together for no reason other than the chance that brought them together to the reviewer's table. The very titles of these books reflect their character. *Dust*. *Sins of the Mothers*. *The Threshold of Quiet*. *Revoke*—weariness and disillusion and a certain morbid profundity. Let us see how they live up to their names.

One can read *Dust* through conscientiously from cover to cover without discovering the reason for its title unless one happens to see the quotation on the fly. For He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust. Thus enlightened one realises that the dust referred to is the dust of the flesh which our author (like many before him) sets in opposition to the flower of the Spirit. The story concerns a parson and a girl who marry with the idea of forgoing the carnal appetites of the flesh. But dust is too strong for them and we leave them in the shade of a ruined abbey kissing each other with every sign of enjoyment. *Sins of the Mothers* apparently sets out to be a study of heredity and within its limits is a sincere and capable piece of work. It does not throw any light on heredity but it contains one or two characters drawn with real insight especially the characters of Veronica Oldfield and her father. The picture of the old man in particular with the spirit of his dead wife brooding over him and constantly taking vague maternal shape before his eyes in the lives of his children shows power. But the whole book is marred by a pretentious psychology and the attempt at symbolism given in the headings of the three books—(1) As it was in the Beginning (2) Is Now (3) And ever shall be strikes one as nothing more than an effort to set light to powder which has no explosive quality.

Mr de Veer's *Revoke* reminds one dimly in its beginning of Joseph Conrad and progresses like a story by Victoria Cross. The best thing in it is the opening chapter describing a trial for murder in the native court of Cheribon which is in Java. This incident however is entirely irrelevant and the story is chiefly concerned with the infatuation of the President of the Court for an English widow. Love scenes are sandwiched between descriptions of tropical scenery—all in the convention of Pierre Loti—and the significance of the title is displayed in the last chapter when the beautiful widow having consented to become the Judge's mistress for a night revokes. One wonders whether the voluptuous picture on the cover is intended for the widow. If so she is a disappointment.

Mr Daniel Corkery is a new comer to the ranks of novelists. The laudatory notice of his previous book

A Munster Twilight quoted by the publisher arouses anticipations which are never quite fulfilled nevertheless *The Threshold of Quiet* is a distinctive

and individual piece of work which alone of these four novels has at times the authentic note of intuition. It is a study of manners in an Irish town and its chief quality is the success with which the author has rendered the peculiar vagrant poetic indecisive character of certain types of the Celt. But here again the note of disillusion creeps in all the sadness of the ineffectual soul is echoed in its pages not with boldness and realism but tentatively even timidly. Here we have the Dostoevsky tradition but the form is no longer the life—only the mould. One expects to hear from Mr Corkery again but it is to be hoped that in his next book he will strike his images white hot from his consciousness even at the risk of ruder shaping.

It should be added that of the four novels dealt with above all but the first show a fair level of craftsmanship. Their authors are clever enough but mere technique can never take the place of imagination. Such qualities as these books display are typical of the fiction of our time. Are we assisting at the spectacle of the death of the novel as a form of modern art? It is a question that every serious critic must ask himself. Art like life must change or it will die but death is only an incident in change. Whatever may happen to the novel as we know it the narrative form of expression will persist as it has persisted since the birth of man.

C. S. IVANS

THE MIDDLE YEARS*

In reading Henry James's latest and we presume last instalment of his autobiographical record there comes strongly to our mind Charles Lamb's comment on a volume of poems published by Charles Lloyd in 1823. Your lines are not to be understood reading on one leg. They are *sinuous* and to be won with wrestling. Your obscurity where you are dark which is seldom is that of too much meaning not the painful obscurity which no toil of the reader can dissipate not the dead vacuum and floundering place in which imagination finds no footing it is not the dimness of positive darkness but of distance and he that reads and not discerns must get a better pair of spectacles. In our passage through

The Middle Years it has here and there happened that our own spectacles seemed to be of insufficient strength but they are the only kind available so that it would seem that some want of discernment on our part must be the inevitable consequence. And so it has turned out. There are certainly passages in this book which are James at his very obscurest and there have been moments when to excuse or palliate one's bewilderment the question whether even the author himself knew what he was talking about has made itself too insistent. There are superior people to whom James presents no difficulty whatever who can write as a critic recently has written in a new quarterly journal devoted to Art and Letters. So it comes about with James as with Meredith that when people complain that they cannot understand his language they openly confess their inability to follow his thought. Be that as it may our more open and humble confession lies before any beholder. It would however give a wrong or at least an imperfect impression if we were not immediately to acknowledge our intense appreciation and admiration of the fragment—for it is unfortunately but a fragment of a much larger intended work. It is a continuation of the biographical record contained in *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother* published in 1913 and 1914 respectively. The seven chapters in the present volume were dictated without notes during the autumn of 1914 and then laid aside for other work towards the end of the year. They were not revised by the author. The first chapter opens with Henry James's arrival at Liverpool in March 1869 in his twenty-sixth year. This was not however his first acquaintance

* *The Middle Years* By Henry James 5s net (Collins)

1 *Dust* By John L. Carter 6s net (Duckworth)
2 *Sins of the Mothers* By Marjorie Lyle 6s net (Melrose)
3 *Revoke* By W. de Veer 6s (Lane)
4 *The Threshold of Quiet* By Daniel Corkery 6s net (Dublin: The Talbot Press London: T. Fisher Unwin)

with England for as a boy of twelve years old he had lived with his father and brother in London in 1855 and he refers to that visit in *A Small Boy and Others*.

Young as the boy James was in this—for him memorable year of 1855 he was already acquainted in spirit with many of the aspects of London. He had read much of Thackeray and Dickens but above all his mind was steeped in *Punch* especially through John Leech's sketches of English life. In his delightful essay on George Du Maurier in his *Partial Portraits* he tells us how from 1850 to 1855 he lived in imagination no small part of his time in the world represented by the pencil of Leech and how vividly at the date of his writing the article he remembered his impression of the London streets in that year and that they had an extraordinary look of familiarity and every figure every object he encountered appeared to have been drawn by Leech.

The London of 1865 did not differ greatly from the London of his first visit. Very different was it when at the time of dictating the pages of this book he looked back at a London world that we have left far behind. Its very soul seemed changed. What he has to say on this subject forms one of the most delectable portions of the book.

I don't pretend to like this book which till all was over to catch my young observation and submission at play in the furze of it. I make it full into the right proportion. I think when I place it where I began to build it I have no licence not to say an impudence of dimension in the city by which the British capital has lost its middle of all the foreign altogether as it present throughout the streets of London. I contradict to them that straight contradiction testifying invaluable at every turn had been from far back the thing romantically speaking to clutch and keep the lucid and the light of thanks to it the whole future city of the present and figures background and its nature and its future can summate together appealing to their own light and under their own law—interfering ever in every city's situation, comparisons, staking on the contrary to their true instinct and suggesting only contrast.

The genius of accommodation is what we had lost [he is] expected of her accommodation to anything but her potentious effort in that connection he was ever remarkable and certainly the air of the great lost the glorious Stuart modern capital has come to be written upon her larger and larger even while we look. The unaccommodating and unaccommodated city remains none the less slowly consecrated to one's fondst notion of her—the city too indifferent too proud too unaware too stupid even if he will to enter any lists that involved her in a ring from her base and that thereby when one approached her from the alien *positive* place (I don't speak of the American in the days too negative to be related at all) enjoyed the enormous pull for making her impression of ignoring everything but her own perversities and then driving these home with an emphasis not to be gainsaid. Since she didn't emulate as I have termed it she put on her own arts altogether and both these ways and these consequences were in the flattest opposition (that was the happy point!) to foreign felicities or foreign standards so that the effect in every case was of the straight reversal of them with black for the foreign white and white for the foreign black wet for the foreign dry and dry for the foreign wet big for the foreign small and small for the foreign big. I need not extend the analogy. Her idiosyncrasy was never in the least to have been inferred or presumed—it could only in general make the outward provisionally gape. She sat thus imperturbable in her felicities and if that is how remounting the stream of time I like most to think of her this is because if her interest is still undeniable—as that of overgrown things goes—it has yet lost its fineness of quality. Phenomena may be interesting thank goodness without being phenomena of elegant expression or of any other form of restless smartness and when once type is strong when once it plays up from deep sources every show of its sincerity delivers us a message and we hang to real suspense on its continuance of energy on its again and yet again consistently acquitting itself. So it keeps in time and as the French adage says *c'est le ton qui fait la chanson* (? musique). The Mid Victorian London was sincere—that was a vast virtue and a vast appeal—the contemporary is sceptical and most so when most plausible.

Surely the handsomest apology ever made for Victorian eccentricities and peculiarities! And if it be considered a rather unconscionable act on our part to quote so freely this should be looked upon as a mode of reparation for our introductory remarks on the author's obscurity for surely he was never more lucid and at his very best than in this chosen and choice quotation.

Much more remains to be said but already our allotted

space has been exceeded otherwise we might have referred more fully to other and equally interesting matters such as the author's account of his interview with George Eliot and George Henry Lewes at their villa at Witley enshrining as it does a most delicious reminiscence and of the occasion of his becoming acquainted with Tennyson when he fairly faced the full the monstrous demonstration that Tennyson was not Tennysonian. Enough has however been said it is to be hoped to show how vastly entertaining and fascinating are these details that we have so to term them—last words of the greatest exemplar of style and most subtle analyst of our time.

S. J. L. F. R. W. O. L. I. I.

THE MONARCHY IN POLITICS*

Mr Farrer is an historian of the penny plan order such as Stubbs and Candlish and by no means of the two once coloured like Macaulay and Froude. This is his merit for a book by a member of the latter school devoted mainly to anecdotes and reminiscences would inevitably fall between scandal and irrelevance. It was the events of national importance requiring sobriety in men like Froude and Macaulay which made them sagacious. Mr Farrer will not we are sure count it far discourtesy if we fail to rank his position as an historian quite with these great names and if his book leaves us unsatisfied not only with his theme but with the narrative. This is not to deny that he has done useful and sterling work. From 1760 to 1830 which is the period of his survey Mr Farrer associates an endeavour of the monarchy at once to accept the advantages of a constitutional position—the king can do no wrong—and to exert by means which that position of course renders illegitimate the full influence of the Tudors and Stuarts men who faced civil war and the block. The two perfectly hopeless examples George IV and William IV the kins and the fool both when baulked in their interference threatened to abdicate. It is amazing that the politicians did not let them have their way over that alternative. What do Mr Farrer's hundred or more of anecdotes extracts from letters and State papers prove? The author himself evidently does not know his chapter of Conclusions leading nowhere. He is not a republican he says and his own statement adduced without evidence.

Effective monarchy is proved to be a failure at least removes that alternative. The idea of Horace Walpole which he endorses is ingenious and is not as has been said an attempt to reduce the monarchy to a cash register. At the same time the idea of a separate concordat with each king at his accession may not have been meant in entire seriousness by the famous letter writer. If a Walpole should be a statesman a Horace should be a wit and if there had been sense in not letting James II be crowned until he had put all religious patronage and power in commission some doubt may attach to the value of obtaining the oath of chastity from his predecessor.

The penny plan side of Mr Farrer produces its best results for us in the fact that his accounts of royal intervention go on with the most complete impartiality from cases where we now see the intervention to have been wise to those where it was pernicious and so forth. Neither is any sovereign the subject of any distinct like or dislike our author sees the humour of George IV discussing Catholic emancipation with the Archbishop of Canterbury but he resists a temptation to which Thackeray for example must have succumbed to call the king a cynic or a hypocrite. We may be tolerably sure that George argued on grounds of political expediency he had been brought up a Whig. If the Archbishop supporting concession was asking how far the two Churches really differed over the Real Presence while the King opposing it was demanding how Roman Catholics could be prevented from submitting their political votes to the wishes of the Curia the fact that

the Conference lasted five hours need excite no surprise. Some of Mr Farrer's side lights on George IV add if possible, to our loathing for the creature but so far as we can see his political intervention was absolutely free from self-seeking and even a patriotic effort in intention on the part of a lazy and selfish man.

The chapters devoted to the long reign of Queen Victoria are of real historical value and Mr Farrer's list of authorities is first rate. He has drawn largely on State records sometimes on those of foreign Courts and he has been keen on scenting out illuminative passages from the authentic but obscure memoirs of lesser ambassadors second rate statesmen and Court super flunkies people whose names are practically forgotten within a year of their superannuation. The net impression of these labours is painful so much so indeed that we prefer to rest on the Queen's own charming letter written when she was thirty three in the prime of still youthful womanhood and after fourteen years experience of the Throne. Much as I am interested in general European politics I am every day more convinced that we women if we are to be good women feminine and amiable and domestic are not fitted to reign. Here is no boredom with business though there is on another page an amazing record of over 10,000 documents not merely perused but largely noted in a single year. There are other references to the question of sex and behind them the old thesis (we suppose we must not say fact) that women are interested in persons more than in things.

There are in Mr Farrer's 340 pages far more nasty knocks for living politicians than in Viscount Morley's two volumes. The peer is of subtle and far seeing mind tending indeed to keep even quite small kittens in bags lest haply they should grow up to be cats. The commoner is just the earnest transcriber of facts bearing on his theme. Mr Balfour will scarcely peruse p. 323 with pleasure. Our author says nothing memorably he has almost a genius for avoiding epigram yet his account of William IV insisting on kissing the Duke of Wellington has just the right light dry touch and perhaps even the great Gibbon would not have disdained. It needs little to turn a Concert of Europe into a General War.

C K J

SAVAGE ARMSTRONGS POEMS *

This memorial volume selected from the writings of the late G. F. Savage-Armstrong and dedicated to the memories of his son Lieutenant Col Francis S. N. Savage-Armstrong and Major William Redmond—both killed in the great war—is published in honour of the poet and with the profits from the sale to endow a bed in the Irish Counties War Hospital Dublin in memory of his soldier son. In an able and very sympathetic Introduction Mr S. Shannon Millin gives an interesting sketch of the career and character of this poet of Wicklow and Down and a critical study of his work. The examples are chosen from some six or eight published volumes of his poems. They are full of the love of Ireland and of a larger patriotism for the British Empire which Irishmen have done so much to upbuild. There are tender songs of the affections of delight in the loveliness of earth of dreams and hopes and sorrows that are common to all humanity. Perhaps the most striking things here are the vigorous War Song of the Greeks and the poignant lyric France January 1871 with its forecast that is now being fulfilled.

Wait but an hour held aloof and endure
She will outdo all the deeds of her story
In a new day of new splendour reborn
Break from her shrouds as the sun in career

There is thoughtful inspiring verse in the book that make it well worth buying both for its own sake and for the good purpose with which it is issued.

* "Poems National and International. By G. F. Savage-Armstrong. Foreword by Sir James H. Campbell Bart. Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. 5s net. (Dublin: E. Ponsonby.)

THE KING'S PARISH CHURCH *

To the general eye the noble church of St Martin in the-Fields does not suggest a long history. Its classic portico and its relation to Sir Robert Peel's finest site in Europe seem to associate it with modern London improvements. But the building is old enough to have been seen and sung by Richard Savage that melancholy genius and early London friend of Dr Johnson. He thus apostrophised its architect

O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise
Where God delights to dwell and man to praise

Mr McMaster however quotes Ned Ward's much less reverent tribute which he seems to date erroneously 1725 (the year before the church was consecrated). The inhabitants wrote the irrepressible publican and scribbler are now supplied with a decent tabernacle which can produce as handsome a show of white hands diamond rings pretty snuff boxes and gilt prayer books as any cathedral whatever. Here the fair penitents pray in their patches sue for pardon in their paint and see their heaven in man.

Yet St Martin's is associated in the public mind with one piece of history which Ward's mention of fair penitents naturally brings to mind. It is a standing disappointment to visitors that they cannot be shown the grave of Nell Gwynn—all the greater because for some mysterious reason the career of Charles II's favourite is almost the first subject which interests the Londoner newly awakened to the associations of old London. Where Nell Gwynn lived where Nell Gwynn died where Nell Gwynn sold oranges where Nell Gwynn rode in her coach where Nell Gwynn spent her week ends where Nell Gwynn's slippers must often have tapped on the old oaken stairs—what would the cultured boarding house table do without pretty risky Nell Gwynn? Yet those of us who have looked beyond her curls into London's large past need not be scornful for like the author of London Lyrics we still forget to quite forget her.

They cannot show you Nell Gwynn's grave at St Martin's in the Fields although she was buried in the old church and if you please in the vicar's vault on November 17th 1687. The vicar was Dr Tenison afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He preached Nell's funeral sermon and to the scandal of many said much in her praise. But he had attended her death bed and was able to present her in the light of a penitent. Mr McMaster disposes finally of the story that she left a fund to have the church bells rung over her grave once a week and to regale the ringers with a leg of mutton supper after their exertion. Its basis he thinks is the fact that after their weekly practice the bell ringers used to sup at a shilling a head at the Nell Gwynne tavern in the Strand which still exists.

All this is a plunge in *medias res*. We have here a full and well ordered history of the church and parish by a churchwarden and an enthusiast. The story of St Martin's goes back to the year 1222 when the church and its burial ground are mentioned in a Papal document.

I cannot attempt to follow Mr McMaster through a volume which teems with well arranged information on the old and new churches the monuments pews windows bells organs vicars and parish clerks of St Martin's to name only a few of his subjects. Under all the detail it is possible to see the large waves of history beating against the church. Thus at the Dissolution of the Monasteries the vestments of the Hospital of St. Mary Rounceval at Charing Cross, went to St Martin's. Again a world of meaning underlies this single entry in the church accounts kept during the reign of Queen Mary. Paid for wiping the scriptures owte of the church 6s 2d.

The lists given of baptisms marriages and deaths from the registers which date from 1550 have far more than a

* A Short History of the Royal Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Written and Published by John McMaster 17 Pantons Street F. — about 1817

parochial interest Charles II was baptised in old St Martins and so were Francis Bacon, all Sir Christopher Wren's children and Colley Cibber. Among the marriages are those of Lady Frances Cromwell Sidney Beauchamp (to Lady Diana the sculptor) and—in the present church—Tom Moore to his long suffering Bessie.

The list of famous burials includes (besides Nell Gwynn) the murdered Sir Edmundbury Godfrey Nicholas Stone

the architect Sir Winston Churchill father of the great Duke of Marlborough Thomas Lord Fairfax Chippendale of the chairs Dr John Hunter (whose coffin was found by Frank Buckland after a long and gruesome search and reinterred in the Abbey in 1859) and the illustrious Jack Sheppard.

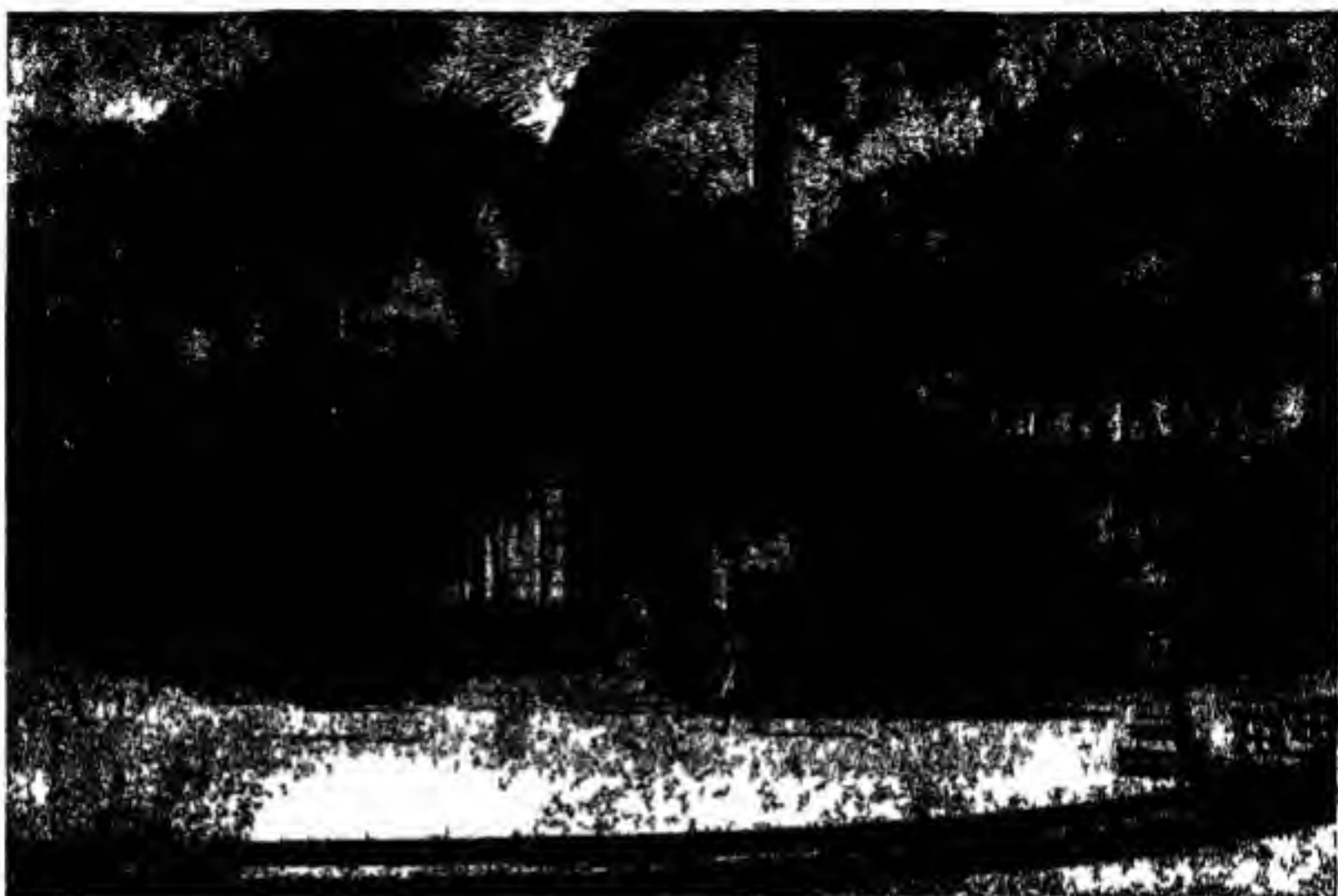
The volume is exceptionally well illustrated from numerous and often rare prints. This equipment however makes one grieve the more for the lack in a truly valuable work of an index. A table of chapter headings does not become an index by being called one and by appearing at the end of the book.

WILFRID WHITTIN

CENTRAL AMERICA*

This volume of the South American series is a veritable mine of information regarding the six republics which comprise Central America. The time has happily gone past when the Central American was regarded as little else than a professional revolutionary by nature birth and breeding. The countless earthquakes and volcanoes have made the soil of these countries the most tortured in the world and the instability of the earth cannot have failed to influence the temperament of the people more especially those whose education was deficient. The early history of Central America is obscure until the advent of the Spaniards, whose dominion is most ably described. It was the time of Drake Hawkins and the buccaneers when richly laden caravans travelled across the Isthmus the Golden Gateway of the Pacific and the fleet deposited its freights of cloth silk and armament and sailed away laden with gold silver and other precious products of America. Considering the reputation of these republics it is remarkable that their break away from Spanish rule was the most bloodless revolution on record. When the Spanish Governor was offered the alternative of accepting the new conditions or of retiring he shrugged his shoulders whiffed his cigar for a few minutes and replied that he had no sort of objection to remain! In addition to their general

* 'Central America. Guatemala Nicaragua Costa Rica Honduras Panama, and Salvador. By W H Koebel. 10s 6d net (Fisher Unwin)



Plaza and Cathedral Panama

F C 11 Am by W H K b 1 (F h L w l)

history the author gives a very clear and detailed description of the individual republics their communications commerce industries resources natural history and population from Guatemala the largest which has suffered the most from revolutions to Salvador the smallest most densely populated and progressive and Panama the latest which was founded principally in the interests of the canal. But why should British Honduras be relegated to a single page of this most comprehensive work? Surely this is an oversight. But much may be forgiven in consideration of the immense service this book renders to the manufacturer the commercial man and the investor to whom the author makes a stirring appeal in the best interests of British trade and what it involves. In pre war times our exports to Central America showed a falling off out of due proportion to those of other nations. Since the war the wise policy of President Wilson has greatly strengthened the bonds between the United States and the Central American republics a fact which cannot fail to give enormous impetus to their inter commerce after the war. It befits us therefore to exert every endeavour in the industrial struggle which the necessities of modern commerce will demand after the war. Now or never is the time for preparation and here the splendid commercial appendix to the book is invaluable. We must show greater energy and use more modern methods in pressing our trade if we mean to hold our own. The author of this admirable work possesses the rare gift of investing the usually dry tables of commercial statistics with an interest comparable even to that of his historical chapters. The volume is well illustrated and is complete with an excellent map.

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY*

It is well to take oneself seriously but to take oneself too seriously is to appear self conscious and self consciousness is the death of art because it suggests effort if not downright insincerity.

Of course we know that the effort is there nothing good is accomplished without earnest striving. For though

* Nine Tales. By Hugh de Selincourt. Introduction by Harold Child. 5s (Nisbet)

perhaps genius does not wholly consist in an infinite capacity for taking pains there is no genius without that capacity and most of all is it consummated in its effect of having taken no pains at all. The greatest genius is that which seems to proceed from the soul of its creator as naturally and spontaneously as the song of a bird. The strongest man is he who does with simple ease what the weaker man must struggle after with all his might and with every artificial aid he can bring to his assistance. And too often it is the struggle rather than the achievement that both the admirer and the struggler himself takes too seriously.

I do not like to say either that Mr. Harold Child who introduces us to this book of *Nine Tales* takes their author Mr. de Selincourt or that Mr. de Selincourt takes himself too seriously. But—I wonder!

To quote Mr. Child's own words with which I heartily agree:

Could not these stories be trusted to introduce themselves to show on first acquaintance that agreeable or disagreeable glad or sorry they were worth knowing? I much dislike introductions to books except plain facts about the author's life and works and happily the time for these is not with the author yet.

Then why this introduction?

Again why should each individual story be precluded by a dedication and dated at the end? One expects and sometimes welcomes this sort of thing in a standard or uniform edition of a dead or otherwise established author's works. In this brief work they savour a little of pomp and circumstance. So also does the portrait on the paper wrapper. Curiously enough these trivialities are not quite the trivialities they seem. They impress the critic at first sight with a sense of the book's exceptionally high importance and so set up in his mind exceptionally high standards whereby he should judge its merits. They are as it were a challenge a gage of battle that the critic is impelled to accept only at the sword's point and under cover of his buckler.

Well then these stories are notable rather than noteworthy distinctive rather than distinguished. They exhibit the right literary qualities of comprehension and insight sensibility and reflection. Some of them contain passages of real power and poignancy there is beauty in most of them and in all of them signs of that rarest of rare artistic attributes—passion that ecstatic passion that passion of the mind which is the key note of inspiration genius without which genius never has been never could be. Reading any story in this book you cannot but feel the throbbing of this passion however faint and fitful. It is this intensive life that gives them sober reality in spite of their frantic unreality that lends them warmth and colour and so uplifts them from the commonplace. For this cause alone they are well worth reading. By virtue of it they justify their author after all in taking himself quite seriously. How indeed could he do otherwise under its stress?

It seems to me that it is at this stage I should confess my ignorance of Mr. de Selincourt's other work since it is as often to his novels as to his short stories that Mr. Child refers in his Introduction. Now the best novelists are seldom the best short story writers and vice versa. I should therefore infer that Mr. de Selincourt is far more at home in the novel than in the *conte* since most of these short stories is a sort of novel in embryo or outline. And that is precisely what a short story should never be. That is precisely why these so-called tales are really not tales at all. A tale should be complete in itself none of these is. They all reveal an initial past forecast an imminent future or lapse into ellipses. They present some exceedingly clever character studies moving moments and vivid scenes. There is a sort of philosophy of life in them but perhaps their inherent fault is that this philosophy is not yet sufficiently developed to deal effectually with crises or to solve the difficulties of a situation. One story in particular *"Sense of Sin"* starts at the outset an idea most original and piquant only in the end to decline upon

lame ineptitude. And the same unoriginality of treatment is more or less apparent in all these stories.

The truth is of course that Mr. de Selincourt has not written nearly enough stories as yet to be able to write one. The intricate technique invariably baffles him. He is for instance so morbidly afraid of being banal or even obvious—as a novice lost among the littlenesses of a short story is bound to be over and over again—that he would rather be derivative and preferably Meredithian.

Nevertheless it should be understood that judged by any standards less exacting than those that our author sets himself these stories would be judged as quite excellent and as literature far above most short stories.

Their faults and affectations are after all merely the faults and affectations of the unannealed soul that takes itself too seriously whilst their merits are born of that flame of pale ardour and sublime aspiration which puts out the feeble light of criticism as the sun puts out the fire.

EDWIN LUGH

PARTIAL PORTRAITS*

Time was when Mr. Charles Whibley used to exercise a pleasant talent for the biographical essay. His work was at no time very strong or original nor did he exhibit much capacity for depicting the sublimer figures of history. But given a subject of rich and pungent flavour—Rabelais or Casanova or Burton—he could transmute the known facts in an essay that was usually sound instructive and unfatiguing.

That he still retains something of this gift is evident from certain pieces in the present volume. The papers on Metternich Talleyrand Alexander I and Napoleon (in one phase) are just the kind of historical sketch that general readers like and need. We cannot now take all knowledge as our province. We have to be content with short studies in great subjects and these short studies it is the burden duty of scholars and specialists to provide. If they do not (or cannot) then their learning is a waste a very Sahara of selfishness. And let no reader be scared from his browsing in pleasant pastures by any pedant's shout of scrappiness. The most learned professor's own sum of knowledge is a mere scrap compared with the sum of his ignorance. That over-quoted tag about the Pierian Spring is a counsel of intemperance. In learning as in liquor there is something to be said for the moderate drinker. We simply have to be content with scraps in these complicated times and generally speaking the more scraps we gather the more profitable we are in common intercourse. Bank clerks science masters and motor engineers have no professional need to study European history but there is at least the chance that they will be better citizens for knowing something (say) about Metternich and his political ideals. A sketch like this of Mr. Whibley's will give such readers a reasonable quantity of information pleasantly put and so it may fairly be called a public benefit. The same may be said of the papers on Talleyrand and Alexander I—the Tsar whom we meet in the epic pages of *War and Peace*.

But here our commendation of the essayist must cease. Mr. Whibley like certain other penmen has begun to assume the preposterous pose of a national prophet. He has rated and lectured his countrymen in a series of solemn utterances which he calls *The Letters of an Englishman*—to distinguish him I suppose from the number of his political friends who are merely naturalised—and in the present volume he devotes two thirds of the space to papers from which I cull the following gems of high thinking:

Shakespeare being a patriot was a Tory also. He did not whine about the unfit nor see salvation in the careful nurture of the imbecile.

* *Political Portraits* By Charles Whibley 7s 6d net (Macmillan)

His [Fox's] hatred of England of course entitles him to some respect in their [the modern Radicals] eye.

The Radicals of to day worship him [Fox] as one who hated England.

The opinion of the whole Radical party which has a natural sympathy with conspirators was inflamed against him etc. —

him being the good Sir James Graham who opened the letters of that wicked conspirator Mazzini.

These quotations will be enough to show the reader what the book is like in spirit and outlook. I have no desire to magnify the importance of Mr. Charles Whibley, but for my part I say roundly that writing of this kind is utterly discreditable. It would be funny if it were not vulgar. I am quite sure that much of the unhappy state of this country (and its neighbour island) is due to the fact that we have tacitly permitted Mr. Whibley and his like to poison the public mind with daily doses of this malignant nonsense. I have not the least political interest in the matter. I am a bookman. I stand for the honour of letters and I denounce such stuff whether it is written about Radicals or Conservatives, Socialists or Nationalists. We rightly denounce those who would try to make an untimely peace. Have we nothing to say to those who deliberately try to break the peace to provoke bitterness and perpetual animosity? I say that writing of this kind is a public nuisance and a public danger. Because we have been too lazy to protest against it we have let this earth this realm this England become the prey of howling dervishes who shout down every honest and independent thinker and who sell their slanderous patriotism at so much a column in the press and at so much a speech on the platform. I encounter this kind of stuff in the daily papers is bad enough but surely people who pay seven and six for a book will expect something better!

The matter is perfectly simple. If Mr. Whibley really believes that Fox hated England and that modern Radicals worship him for that hatred then his views have not the faintest value for any intelligent reader. If he does not really believe it but goes on writing it printing it and reprinting it in defiance of truth then his utterances have not the least value for any decent reader. It is as I have said not a matter of politics it is a matter of letters it is a matter of intellectual honesty. Matthew Arnold was tepid in his admiration of Shelley but if he had asserted that modern readers worshipped Prometheus Unbound because the author was an atheist and adulterer we should rightly attach no importance to anything he said and yet while we expect some regard for truth and sanity from writers on literature we seem to think that writers on politics are permitted all the excesses of lunatics or drunkards.

Mr. Whibley probably considers himself a sincere Tory. He is entitled to his views. Judged by these papers he seems to me not so much a Tory as an anachronism. He hasn't got much beyond 1817. His heart is with Clifford and Christopher North and he is perfectly ready to bludgeon any Keats or Hazlitt or Hunt who dares to hold liberal views. And like most people who have not attained any real convictions he catches the party spirit of whatever age he happens to be considering. In 1793 he is an enthusiast for Pitt in 1815 he is ardent for Castlereagh in 1846 he is a whole hog Protectionist. He seems unable to view 1793 or 1815 or 1846 from the standpoint of 1917. However in all his phases there is one piece of consistency. Like Tony Lumpkin's friends he is all for the genteel thing and hates everything that is low. His favourite characters of Shakespeare (Shakespeare Patriot and Tory is the delicate title of one essay) seem to be Jack Cade because he is a foolish demagogue and Coriolanus because he is a foolish aristocrat. If he can find in

Coriolanus nothing but material for proving the case of Toryism I recommend him to a reconsideration of that tragedy. Perhaps he might even add King Lear to his reading. But what a state of mind it indicates when even Shakespeare is debased into providing fuel for the

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mad hate of journalistic politics! The pose of superiority is overwhelmingly sublime especially when it is most ridiculous. I confess however that so much lofty scorn for democracy and the people indicates to me the spirit not of a gentleman but of a gentleman's gentleman.

GEORGE SAMPSON

Novel Notes.

MERELY PLAYERS By Lucy Dale and G. M. Faulding
(Fisher Unwin)

One would hardly like to say whether it is the strength or weakness of this book that it should have been written in collaboration. That it was finally revised by one hand and mind alone is fairly obvious from the uniform excellence of its style but that it was first of all conceived and planned and set down (as one might say) word for word by two different hands and minds in exquisite sympathy yet with distinctive methods of their own is as absolutely certain as anything can be in an uncertain world. For here and there the same characters though mainly consistent in themselves are handled both objectively and subjectively. This gives us perhaps a fuller realisation of them as living entities whilst at the same time leaving us in the same slight doubt as to their essential motives and desires, thoughts and emotions as a close acquaintance with a fellow human being does. The story is of a man and a woman wrongly mixed and of another woman who loves the man knowingly and is in return loved by the man himself at first unknowingly. A simple theme, a difficult problem described and debated by authors of all time and never quite adequately treated or solved. In this book however it comes to the very verge of complete solution and then—in some compunctious mood or for the sake of a happy ending—tails away into the commonplace. This is all the more a pity as otherwise the book is one to praise unequivocally. Its beauty, its power, its fineness of effect and its intense psychological interest set it apart from the average novel as a moon is set apart from the stars. Let this present reviewer then commend it to all those who wish for something that is not merely absorbing or eminently readable but compact of permanent value to students of the human comedy. A very splendid achievement indeed in which even the casual reader must catch something of the afterglow of its inner spirit and share in the freshness of its meaning and purpose.

THE KEEPER OF THE KING'S PEACE By Edgar Wallace
(5s net) (Ward Lock)

In his new novel Mr. Edgar Wallace takes us once more to the Great River and the Territories ruled over by Mr. Commissioner Sanders and once again the life and soul of the story is Lieutenant Bones, that amiable young officer who steadfastly declines to grow up and whose only affliction is a fatally facile gift for persuasion. But who can remain angry with a man who persists in addressing you as 'dear old sportsman' or 'jolly old Miss'—? With a hero like Bones all things are possible and his adventures in keeping the peace and bearing the black man's burden are as varied as they are amusingly thrilling. Each chapter is a complete story. Not a few of the joyous escapades of Lieutenant Bones and incidentally a great many of the cares of Mr. Commissioner Sanders are directly due to the arrival at the Residency of the exceedingly lovely Patricia Hamilton. The manner of her arrival itself is an adventure of the first order for by a deplorable though wholly characteristic mistake, Bones kidnaps the girl in place of a native witch doctor. Vivaciously told with its unconventional setting, its facetious banter and spirited episodes, 'The Keeper of the King's Peace' is a capital story for all who enjoy a laugh as much as a thrill.

CINDERELLA JANE. By Marjorie Benton Cooke 6s
(Jarrold)

When she was twenty two Jane Judd sold her father's grocery store in New Jersey and came to New York to equip herself as a writer of stories. As a means of living while her art ripened Jane became a studio mother, sewing and mending and cooking for a number of young gentlemen afflicted with the artistic temperament. Chief of these was Jerry Paxton who had more genius and less common sense than the rest of the crowd. It was a long time before Jerry realised how entirely he depended on Jane Judd to see him through anything he undertook and when at a moment's notice she carried off all the honours in the great pageant he had designed he learned through the eyes of others that Jane was also beautiful. Partly from pique partly from patronage Jerry married Jane only to find that his wife had surprising depths of strength and character. Jerry's marriage all but came to grief but in the nick of time he learned his own limitations and accepted the position of the husband of a famous writer. It is an amusing story very well told and its humour and pretty sentiment should commend it to many.

STEALTHY TERROR By John Ferguson 6s (The Bodley Head)

The stealthy terror of the sinuous pard—in seizing on this quotation for his title the author has made a brave enough attempt to suggest the ultra creepy atmosphere of his story. Indeed so cleverly does he sustain and electrify this atmosphere that compared with the terrors that beset the devious path of young Abercromby the sinuous pard becomes a straightforward companionable sort of creature. The story may be briefly described as a breathless paper chase starting at the Café Rosenkrantz in Berlin and ending at the shaft head of a lonely mine near Dover, intermediate halting places being Hamburg, Leith, the Grampian foothills and Whitehall. The hare is a dogged young Scotsman (dogged in more senses than one) while the hounds are secret agents of Teutonic origin. And the paper, the cause of all the trouble is a queer looking document covered with childish drawings and hieroglyphics which set fire to one's curiosity in an alarming manner. It speaks volumes for the author's ingenuity and resourcefulness that there is no putting down the book until the last page is reached. And even then one puts it down reluctantly, envying the next reader.

THE STARLIT GARDEN By H. de Vere Stacpoole 6s
(Hutchinson)

Mr. Stacpoole's new story revolves round Phyllis Berkowles who discovers on the death of her father in Ireland that an unknown individual in America has been appointed as her guardian. It is not long before we intelligently anticipate the ringing of the wedding bells over ward and guardian but the author maintains our interest in Phyllis's career, her youthful indignation at being saddled with a guardian at all, her efforts to live her own life in Dublin and her final decision to accept her mentor's invitation to live in the charming old world town of Charleston in South Carolina with his aunt. This aunt is the embodiment of everything we associate with the much abused Victorian era. We can almost hear ormolu clocks striking. Mr. Stacpoole evidently means us to join in this hymn of praise and accordingly wins our affection for the elder Miss Pinkney who from her palace of chintz and make believe looks out upon a world of automobiles and telephones with unconcealed disgust. The wedding bells postpone ringing while Richard Pinkney, the guardian, pursues a will o' the wisp affection bemused by an intriguing and heartless young woman. One good turn deserves another thanks Phyllis the ward who proceeds to conceive a hopeless passion for Silas Grangeron—a man with that enviable quality known as a 'way with women'. Reason reasserts itself in the disordered brains of Richard and Phyllis and Mr. Stacpoole invites us to the wedding. The story is charmingly written and the author's many admirers will enjoy it.

THE WOMAN OF THE HORIZON By Gilbert Frankau
6s net (Chatto & Windus)

These chapters in the astonishing life history of the writer Francis Gordon form an elaborate study of the artistic temperament. At an early age Gordon had won fame with a novel in verse and he looked forward to the pleasures of the literary life with the easy assurance of a very wealthy dilettante. The death of his wife awoke in him the haunting conviction that something was lacking in his emotional temperament and he embarked on a very luxurious journey to the East in the course of which he proposed to study his own character and to compose his masterpiece a twentieth century Don Juan. Gordon's efforts at knowing himself led him into strange and very various amorous entanglements which served the twofold purpose of bringing him enlightenment and copy. Mr. Frankau has chosen an enormous scale for his study and his admirable moral is a little overcoated with highly coloured sugar.

The Bookman's Table

FAIRIES AND FUSILIERS By Robert Graves 3s 6d net
(Heinemann)

Mr. Robert Graves' *Fairies and Fusiliers* is as uncommon as its title and whether the author's mood be grave or gay his verse is alive with thought and feeling and deftly finished. The book is full of light and shade and strong contrasts—such as the grim stark realism of *The Dead Boche* and the dainty fancy of *I'd Love to be a Fairy's Child*—the power and vigour of *I Escape* and the ripple and lilt of *Cherry Time*. Undoubtedly *The Lady Visitor in the Lauper Ward* will prove a striking and surprising little cameo to a good many readers.

Why do you break upon this old cool peace
This painted peace of ours
With harsh dress hissing like a flock of geese
With garish flowers?
Why do you churn smooth waters rough again
Selfish old skin and bone?
Leave us to quiet dreaming and slow pain
Leave us alone.

THE BOOK OF THE PISTOL AND REVOLVER By
Captain Hugh Pollard 10s 6d net (McBride Nast)

Sir Guy Francis Iaking Hart, Keeper of the King's Armoury, excludes from that long expected and monumental work of his devoted to the Arms and Armour of four centuries any references to fire arms, whether they be cannon, muskets or pistols. This gap Captain Pollard, a member of the Cyclist Battalion, undertakes in a measure to fill. And though his treatise on the pistol may not in its present form constitute an exhaustive study of the subject we are so favourably impressed by it that we are prepared to prophesy that the accretions which the book is bound to receive as new editions of it are called for are likely to make it the popular, if not the definitive record of the development of the pistol and the revolver. This work is pre-eminently one not for the antiquarian but for the man who gains his knowledge and adds to his collection by the handling of armour and weapons the only enjoyable and infallible way of testing arms and harness of any kind, whether they be offensive or defensive, the products of the Quattrocento or of the twentieth century. Captain Pollard discourses on the wheel lock, the flint lock, the percussion system, the development of the revolver, target-weapons, the automatic pistol and ammunition with a perspicacity and perspicuousness that are quite engaging. And he is no less lucid and informing when he is giving his reader advice on learning to shoot, on speed shooting, on duelling, on Bisley shooting, on active service revolver training and on the accessories and cleaning of the revolver. His appendices too are worth studying.

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An when the greens on the trees
An the reds in the sky
A blackbird that's whistling a stave
Ull bring tears to my eye
D ye think A d let on till a sow?
All go un'er the mould
Wi a buntle o' things in my heart
That hez never been told

Or, again this from *The Pub at Ballyaughlis* a play in which some country peasant philosophers are seeking for the secret of life.

O course I've thought I had it the times I've said
When I saw the gleam in the wood or the sallies burn
I felt like Adam walkin' the garden at dusk
When he heard a rustlin' sound in the leaves of a bush
An sudden his heart was still wi a stoon of awe
Thinkin' that God was walkin' there in the cool
An perhaps He was—an perhaps it was only a bird
Or perhaps the branches moved at the lep o' a hare
But Adam knew one thing—a thing that we have forgot
That even if then for a moment he was mistook
God did walk them garden paths in the dusk, for sure



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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

reach us not later than by the first post on the 10th April next and should be addressed to—

The Editor

Special Prize Competition

THE BOOKMAN

St. Paul's House

Warwick Square

London, E.C. 4

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for May next.

Competitors should keep copies of their verses as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

To meet the wishes of several competitors at a distance we are extending the closing date for this Competition until the 10th April and results will be announced in our May number.

The Judgment of Valhalla—a new volume of war verse by Gilbert Frankau will be published shortly by Messrs Chatto & Windus.

Scenes from Russian Life—which Messrs Constable are publishing—is a series of true sketches of Russian life and character by Josephine Carlina, a native of a small town in Russian Poland.

Mr Edwin Pugh has written a new book called The Great Unborn—which in the form of a fantasy advocates a drastic and startling scheme of reconstruction after the war. It will be published

News Notes.

SPECIAL PRIZE POETRY COMPETITIONS

Our usual monthly Prize Competitions have proved so popular with the land and sea services that we have decided to hold the following competitions which shall be open only to—

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AIRMEN, NURSES, AMBULANCE AND TRANSPORT WORKERS AND OTHERS ENGAGED ON ACTIVE WAR SERVICE OR IN HOSPITAL.

We offer—

(1) A First Prize of £2, a Second Prize of £1 and Four Prizes of 10s each for the best original Ballads.

(2) A First Prize of £2, a Second Prize of £1 and Four Prizes of 10s each for the best original Lyrics.

Choice of subjects is left entirely to Competitors but no poem may exceed forty-eight lines in length.

Any competitor may enter for both Competitions.

All poems (written on one side of the paper only) giving names and addresses of senders must

by Messrs Cecil Palmer & Hayward who have also in hand *Liberty and Brotherhood*, a collection of lectures by Mr Joseph Shaylor on such varied subjects as *The Right to Worship* *Success and How it is Won* *Some Guides of Life* *Shakespeare's Life and Influence* and *Three Scourges of Humanity*—these being *Military Despotism* *Uncharitable Religion* and *Irresponsible Wealth*

The same firm is publishing immediately a representative selection of Lieutenant Will Dyson's war drawings with letter press written by himself and a dedication to his comrades of the Australian forces in a poem that is poignantly and powerfully realistic

Mr Grant Richards is publishing shortly *Resentment* a first volume of poems by Alec Waugh whose first novel *The Loom of Youth* was one of the most successful novels of last autumn

The Pretty Lady a romantic dramatic and realistic war story with London for a background has been written by Arnold Bennett and will be published this month by Messrs Cassell

The first of Mr Crawford Price's three volume story of *Serbia's Part in the War* will be published immediately by Messrs Simpkin Marshall

Another of Messrs Simpkin Marshall's new books is *Down Plug Street Way* an account of his war experiences in France by Lieutenant George Goodchild including a vividly realised sketch of what a man goes through when suffering from shell shock

The thirteenth volume of that invaluable illustrated monthly for Dickens lovers *The Dickensian* is as variedly interesting and as vital as its predecessors. One looks through it every year expecting to find indications that the subject is

running dry but there are still no signs of that Dickens seems literally inexhaustible. Mr B W Matz is to be congratulated again on the ability and success with which he conducts and sustains the interest of this admirable miscellany



Mr Hugh Gibson
Ex Secretary of the American
Legation in Brussels

which is the title of the new book
Diplomatic History (H. de R. & St. John) was
published by The Bookman

We have received the following note from Miss Olive Katharine Parr

Venton House
Widcombe in the Moor
February 1918

DEAR SIR—May I be permitted by your courtesy to point out that there are two inaccuracies in your references to me in the article on Mr John Oxenham in your February issue? One minor point is the statement referring to myself. She is descended from Queen Katharine Parr etc. As all educated persons are aware there is no descent in the female line. The passage should have read From the family of Katharine Parr. The other misstatement refers to the number of guardian ladies who are kind enough to pray for my Knights and Ladies. Your state-

ment is. There are one hundred and forty women praying now. I have 150 in one convent alone and my Guardian Ladies all told including nuns of whom I have several hundred now number over 600. In conclusion may I add that neither the MS nor any proof was submitted to me for my correction before publication? And I gave no permission for the appearance of any reference to myself nor leave to use the two photographs which are my own private plates. Thanking you for your courtesy

Yours faithfully

OLIVE KATHARINE PARR

(BEATRICE CHASE)

We much regret our contributor's errors in the paragraph referring to Miss Parr

A new and revised edition of 'Tommy's Tunes,'

with three or four additional songs has been issued by Mr Erskine Macdonald

Mr Fifield is publishing in one volume *Cold in the Wood* and *The Race* two new plays of modern life by Dr Marie Carmichael Stopes

Mr Howel Evans whose new novel *A Girl Alone* we review in this Number has seen much of the seamy side of London life that he has put into his book In his very early days when he had quite literally to earn his bread he served among other things as a porter in Covent Garden Market and was for some while distantly connected with the Turf as what is called a book maker's runner It was in these times that he learned a good deal of the poor and how they live and he gives something of that knowledge to the heroine of his story It was journalism that lifted him out of his difficulties A few years ago after he had made good as a journalist he won the £100 Prize for the best short story offered by the *Red Magazine* This started him on his career as a writer of fiction and he has since contributed serials and short stories to all manner of magazines and newspapers He has moreover written and produced several one act plays sketches and revue scenes one of his plays having enjoyed a run of nearly five years At present he is engaged



Photo by Miss H & F J. Mr F Howel Evans
Author of *A Girl Alone* (Gollancz)

on a new novel whose scenes are laid partly in London and partly in a quiet cathedral town

WAR BOOKS

Fighting for Peace By Henry Van Dyke
Dutton (Hodder & Stoughton) Until recently Mr Van Dyke was and had been for many years United States Minister to Holland He resigned that position partly that he might say freely what he knew of Germany's guilt in deliberately scheming to plunge the world into war for her own aggrandisement Those pacifists who have somehow managed to persuade themselves that Germany only broke out in self defence would do well to read this book so too would those who with no inside knowledge think it safe to make peace with her present rulers or that her present rulers really want any peace that is worthy of the name I went to Holland says Mr Van Dyke as an envoy of the world peace founded in justice which is America's great desire For that cause I worked and strove Of that cause I am still a devoted follower and servant I am working for it now but with a difference It is evident that we cannot maintain that cause as the world stands to day without fighting for it He speaks of the two Peace Conferences that have been held at The Hague and adds The third Peace Conference is more needed more desirable, than ever But we shall never get it until the military forces of Germany are broken and the predatory



Photo by Malcolm & Co. Ltd. Miss Enid Bagnold
Author of *A Diary Without Dates* (Heinemann)

Potsdam gang which rules them is brought low That is no mere opinion but an inevitable conviction based upon a study of German mentality upon the writer's dealings with German officials upon what he saw of Germany's preparations months before the war and of her doings in the months after it had begun. It is a damning and unanswerable indictment supported by documents and the evidence of an eye witness who was more than well disposed towards Germany until it was no longer possible to mistake her real character and purposes.

A Diary Without Dates By Enid Bagnold 2s 6d net (Heinemann) A very uncommon and impressive little book about the sorrows, humours, comedies and tragedies of hospital life, with glimpses of the outer world and a brief pungent commentary on the things the author has seen and known. Miss Bagnold has served as a V.A.D. nurse in a military hospital and has pictured her day by day experiences there with stark and simple truthfulness. She recreates the whole thing, gives it its native hue and atmosphere and touches in portraits of sisters, nurses, patients and visitors with that imaginative sympathy which always goes with a sense of humour. There are things for tears in her pages and things for laughter and she has such a gift of economising words that she often compresses into a line or two of suggestion a story that in other hands might less effectively fill a chapter. For all its unflinching realism and its traffic with sorrow, the book has charm—the charm of a genial and gracious personality.

Some War Impressions By Jeffery Farnol 1s 6d net (Sampson Low) Mr Farnol has been on a round of visits to munition works and ship building yards in England and Scotland and to hospitals, training camps and battlefields in France and has given us here a very vividly descriptive and anecdotal narration of what he has seen and heard on his journeyings. A book as thoroughly interesting as it is informing.

The Man with the Club Foot By Douglas Valentine 5s net (Herbert Jenkins) For daring adventure, headlong excitement and the ingenuity with which the reader is relieved from one state of suspense to be caught up in another, this romance of the German Secret Service could not easily be outdone. The masterful personality of the grim, mysterious man of the club foot makes a sinister shadow over it all, and the way in which this all-powerful Hun intriguer is baffled and at

last in what seems the hour of his triumph outwitted by a roving Englishman who is in Germany looking for a lost brother in the early days of the war and stumbles into a roaring imbroglio of high diplomacy makes the best of good reading.

More Songs by the Fighting Men 2s 6d net (Erskine Macdonald) This is a second volume in Mr Erskine Macdonald's series of *Soldier Poets* and contains work as notable as any in its predecessor. A nation speaks through its poets but never before has our nation done that in war time for since its poets have never before taken their stand in the firing line it has spoken through the lips of those who have not known the thing of which they sang. These men know it—or knew it for too many of them are dead—and they don't dress it in the old gaudy trappings, the old pretence of glory and fearful joy but show it naked as a horror that shames humanity as grotesque and beastly, an anachronism as a dragon of the slime would be in the streets of any modern decent city. Their ideal is to put an end to the foul monstrosity and they are uplifted and strengthened by that ideal and by the spirit of self sacrifice and human brotherhood that the common danger and the common hope of freeing the world of it has engendered in them and their comrades. These things are in their verses and a poignant feeling of the suffering, the tragedy of broken lives and of hopes renounced that the folly of war involves. It is a book to be valued for the significance of its spontaneous revelation of the heart and soul of the men who are fighting our battles and for the selfless courage, the kindly humanity and love of the world's beauty that inspire so much of their poetry.

The Amaranth Club By J. S. Fletcher 5s net (Ward Lock) A clever sensational romance of the days just before the war. A German secret agent establishes himself in London and carrying on operations from what is apparently a fashionable and exclusive West End club lures in as members well-to-do men and women who are likely to subserve his purposes at the same time he makes money by running a secret gambling hell in a house next door which is entered from the club by a way known only to the favoured few. He and his German partner obtain influence over a beautiful Society woman whose husband is absent in India and use her to secure certain vitally important documents concerning the defence of the country. An exciting climax is brought about by the intervention of no less a person than Mr Asquith.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY

MR FRANK SWINNERTON

AT the age of thirty three Mr Frank Swinnerton is the author of seven novels and two works of criticism. His first novel appeared in 1909 so that he has written nine books in eight years besides a number of short stories, articles, and those delicately perceptive reviews of modern fiction which have made his name familiar to readers of *THE BOOKMAN* and the *Manchester Guardian*. From this it will appear that Mr Swinnerton has been furly industrious in the practice of his art and when it is added that all his literary work is the product of his leisure hours—for he occupies a responsible position in one of our great publishing houses the wonder grows that so prolific a writer should be able to maintain such a consistently high standard in the quality of his work. Even the most fugitive article by Frank Swinnerton lingers in the mind after it has been read because of some flash of insight, some happy gesture. His reviews are extraordinarily capable, they have a beginning and an end and a motive even when he is lumping together half a dozen novels in a port-manteau article after the manner demanded by space-worried editors of to-day. He seldom condescends and is never flashily brilliant with considered antithesis or paradox. There is a certain seriousness of tone over all his minor critical work and he brings to it an unusual power to appreciate the subtler shades of an author's meaning and to express the finer gradations of his own.

Mr Swinnerton had already spent several years in a publisher's office when at the age of twenty three he produced *The Merry Heart*, his first novel. With some diffidence for strange though it may seem publisher-clerks are usually the last persons to be suspected of literary tendencies—he showed it to his friend and superior Mr Philip Lee Warner who was then literary adviser to Messrs Chatto & Windus. As a result the book was published by that firm and although it did not by any means set the Thames on fire it gave promise of a fresh and original talent which the more discerning critics were quick to recognise. In some respects indeed *The Merry Heart* has never been surpassed by any of Mr Swinnerton's later books although he will probably label me a Philistine for saying so. It has high spirits and spontaneity and several exquisite little studies of character etched in with a lightness

of touch he has all but abandoned in his later work. There are no finer studies in modern literature of the pre-war middle class, averagely cultured, gently cynical young man than Mr Swinnerton's Locutus and Thomas Dickens and their conversations will I imagine be a joy to many when we are gone. It is not superfluous to mention also that the story had a plot—a singularly unconvincing plot it is true, deliberately manufactured by a young author who had not yet learned that a plot may be and usually is an excrescence. Mr Swinnerton however never erred in the same way again. None of his later books has a manufactured plot and the extraordinary thing is that one finds oneself wishing that some of them had. As a story teller and as a shrewd and humorous observer of character Mr Swinnerton can be delightful. On the other hand when he takes himself too seriously as a psychologist he can be extremely dull although even in the worst example of this fault *The Chaste Wife* there are compensating flashes.

The Merry Heart was followed in 1910 by *The Young Idea*, an almost uncannily clever study of a middle class family which the author presented to the world as a Comedy of Environment. The choice of the subtitle probably marks the rise of the young author's first determination to take himself very seriously as an artist as though he would say "This book may interest and even amuse you but please reflect upon the great idea that underlies it. I mean it is an Interpretation of Life." All Mr Swinnerton's books not even

excepting the first are comedies of environment or they are nothing at all and since he wrote those words on the title page of his second novel nobody is more conscious of the fact than the author himself. When he is able to forget it when he becomes less deliberately an interpreter and is content to give freer rein to his emotions and sympathies to present his characters for no better reason than that he loves them or that their complex manifestations give him joy to describe he will write a finer book than any he has given us yet. As it is his work is too often overburdened with a ponderous psychology. To borrow a metaphor from Bergson he is engaged always in giving small change for the golden coin of intuition, the very sureness and delicacy of



Photo by Dorothy Hocking

Mr Frank Swinnerton

his psychological analyses result very often in failure to present his vision as a whole.

In *The Casement* and *The Chaste Wife* published respectively in 1911 and 1916 this deliberately analytical method is pursued as far as it will go. There are evidences of it in all the other novels but in these two alone has the author forced his analytical skill to serve the purpose of inspiration. In the latter book especially he pursues the most subtle effects through page after page of irrelevancies and captures them at last without ever counting the cost. It is only fair to add that taken by themselves and apart from the scheme as a whole his effects are usually worth the capture. Nothing could be more admirable for instance than the manner in which he contrives to suggest in that chapter of *The Chaste Wife* describing the honeymoon of Stephen and Priscilla the delicate poise of their relations—a poise which the slightest jar a word a look even an external circumstance out of harmony with a prevailing mood was calculated to disturb. To match the absolute precision of such passages as this there is only one other modern writer to whom a reader can turn and that is to Henry James by whom indeed Mr Swinnerton seems intermittently to have been inspired. I say intermittently for the strange thing is that periodically in his literary progress he has abandoned his Jacobean method for one which I cannot help feeling is more peculiarly his own and this always after a novel in which the Jacobean method has been given unrestrained play. *The Casement* for example was followed by *The Happy Family* a book as fresh as original and in its way as daring as any that has appeared in our generation while *The Chaste Wife* the dullest book of the series and one which in spite of many excellences must be unhesitatingly pronounced a failure was followed by that little masterpiece the last novel so far from Mr Swinnerton's pen called rather inappropriately *Nocturne*.

The fact is that Mr Swinnerton is only intellectually in love with the analytical method temperamentally his whole nature is against it. Like Labre with his insects he can wield the scalpel with unerring skill but he would much rather be at the business of observing his creatures alive. No further evidence of the truth of this comment need be sought than the fact that he is always much more interested in groups of characters than in single individuals. Every one of his novels concerns itself in greater or less complexity with the relations and interactions of groups of characters and in the book called *On the Staircase* he has used this method to present a kind of allegory of life. Not that he labels it an allegory or that such a purpose is even remotely apparent. Swinnerton is far too fine an artist for any nonsense of that kind but the very idea which underlies the book the idea of presenting and unravelling the web of circumstance and relationship dependent upon the purely accidental juxtaposition of a number of families on the various floors of a large building in the heart of London is conceived with the intensity of a flash of intuition. That intuition, the soul of the novel as it were is like a light shining through the whole of the work which neither faults of construction nor occasional uncertainties of touch can obscure. The besetting disposition to explain every phenomenon of

personality in terms of psychological analysis to use the scalpel and the microscope to elucidate a wonder is still there but it is powerless to dim the vision of the whole. The same thing is true of *Nocturne* the summit of the author's art so far in which his method attains its greatest directness and simplicity perhaps because he has forced himself to work within extremely difficult limitations. There are in that book only half a dozen characters and the entire action occupies little more time than the story takes to read so that there is less opportunity for the intuition which is the inspiration of the whole thing to be dissipated in a multitude of analyses.

All that I have said so far has been to little purpose if I have not led the reader to see that Mr Swinnerton the artist is really an interesting case of dual personality. There are two halves to his artistic being which are more often than not in conflict. First of all there is Mr Swinnerton the clever analyst the careful critic the shrewd commentator who stands curiously self-centred remote from life abhorring violence of thought and dead hating romance as vehemently as he hates caricature occupied always in restoring individuality to a convention. This is the Mr Swinnerton who wrote the whole of *The Chaste Wife* and *The Casement* and part of *The Happy Family* and *On the Staircase* and who loves Henry James and cannot understand Robert Louis Stevenson. Then there is Mr Swinnerton the novelist interested in all sorts of people and most of all in those people who work in offices from nine to six and come up to the City from Highgate or Golder's Green every day. This Mr Swinnerton can find romance in an office boy's trick of eating an apple behind his ledger and purr gratefully at the mental picture of the same youth putting paper protectors over his cuffs. He has an outlook in his own words upon

a strange beautiful world of prosaic things. He can seat his people round a table and make them talk and arouse wonderful interest in the mere vacuity of their talk. So far from hating caricature like his other self he positively loves it as all true artists do. He can draw you to perfection a group of modern young intellectuals discussing Wilde and Shaw and Debussy and social problems and other curious beings saying

'Oo it's nice!' He finds a pleasure that is almost an ecstasy in watching the man at the ham and beef shop piling an incredible number of thin slices on the scale until it finally tips. This Mr Swinnerton sees the first lighting of the electric lamps in a London street on an evening of early autumn as a marvel which is as welcome as the coming of spring. He has crossed the river on trams and seen wonderful things. Buildings of brick and mortar to him take on an individuality almost as real as that which appealed to Dickens. He gave us Vernon Agg the publisher's reader and Alf Rylett and Bert Tebbers and he wrote that wonderful scene in the Brighton lodgings where Velancourt went for his honeymoon with his landlady's daughter and where he found the spirit of his discontent with life materialised in the lingering influence of the Tebbers. In short, this Mr Swinnerton has that faculty of intense sympathy which, by his own definition, is the secret of imagination, he is a creator a satirist an artist as individual as any of our generation, and I wish the other Mr Swinnerton would let him have his head.

C. S. Evans

THE READER.

ANTHONY HOPE

BY GEORGE SAMPSON

ANTHONY HOPE once the satirist of the Honours List has now conferred upon that institution the distinction of his name. Henceforward he proceeds a knight. He should have paused. His own Lucius Vandean might have warned him for does not that agreeable Private Secretary refuse to consider a K C B on the ground that Sir Lucius is certain to be called O Trigger? Sir — Hawkins should be John or Henry. Sir Anthony is plainly Absolute. What are we going to do about it? I think we had better stick to Anthony Hope.

It is now nearly three years since his name appeared among the just outs. That silence appeared to give his knighthood a sinister air. Surely we were not to understand that he had taken his title and left the lists! It seemed early days for him to write himself *donatus jam rude* even though our more youthful gladiators of the pen have been playing havoc with middle aged reputations. He has lasted very much better than most of his contemporaries. To be particular would be unkind but I could mention several best sellers of the nineties whose very names are scarcely known to the impenetrably studious young ladies who now fill all the smoking carriages on the

District Railway. Anthony Hope still counts both in his lighter and in his more serious vein and I am glad to learn that my gloomy suspicions of retirement are unfounded. The war has diverted his energies to other channels but a new book will nevertheless soon appear.

That pleasant essayist Mr Birrell who to Ireland gave up what was meant for further volumes of *Obiter Dicta* once sagely observed that there are some men whose names are inseparably associated with Movements and others who are for ever connected with Places. Anthony Hope has not as far as I know ever begun or led a Movement, but he is certainly the discoverer of a Place for whenever some petty principality struggles up into the brief publicity of the newspapers its romantic possibilities are invariably called Ruritania. Ruritania in fact filled a long-felt want. Not that there has been any lack of imaginary kingdoms. There is, for instance the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein

and there are the various states appertaining to the empire that we may call Gilbertia. But the whole point of these delectable duchies is not that they are real but that (in Jacobean phrase) they so delightfully aren't. The Monarch of such a state is simply bound to come into the market place kiss the *contadine* and exchange back chat with a comic Executioner. Without a

kingdom of Pumpernickel or a duchy of Pfennig Halbpennig comic opera could not exist. And there is matter for reflection in that circumstance. The comic spirit with its daring discernment has seen that there is nothing so sublime as man magnified and nothing so ridiculous as the sublime and that Kings and Queens and Duchesses and Lord High Executioners are therefore in their essence not creatures of terror but merely figures of fun. Nothing exceeds like excess. A married monarch is not necessarily funny a twice married monarch can live without exciting laughter but it is dangerous to go farther. King Henry VIII liked to believe he was a terrible person yet for all time he is the king whose name provokes a smile of contempt through his habit of acquiring and shedding wives. A sovereign may order a few executions and be

terrible but if he goes on ordering them he becomes delightful. (improved by Colley Cibber)

is positively endeared to us by his playful habit of ejaculating 'O! with his head Bluebeard that exemplar of early frightfulness who rivals Henry VIII as a domestic tyrant is served up to children in the Christmas pantomimes. No tyrants are so excruciatingly tyrannical as the kings of comic opera and if by any chance the comic monarch is limited the very limitations are uproariously funny. For further evidence on the matter consult the works of the distinguished mathematician who wrote 'Alice in Wonderland'. This saving laughter at the super-terrible is just humanity's way of revenging itself for our attempts to magnify a human office beyond humanity's poor reach. There's such divinity doth hedge a king that kings have become funnier than clowns.

But the Ruritanian royalty of Anthony Hope is not



Photo by Elliott & Fry

Anthony Hope
(Sir Anthony Hop Hawkins)



14 Gower Street

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, L. d. h. m.

of this breed—even though the moral of the Zenda story seems to be that a chance tourist can be a finer king than the genuine article just as Richmond Roy has an Olympian majesty denied to most wearers of crowns Ruritania is a province in the land of Romance and

the balm the sceptre and the ball
The sword the mace the crown imperial
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl
The farced title running fore the king —

are here the properties of a great adventure Thus Ruritania has nothing to do with Grunewald for in that palpitating principality what concerns us is not royalty but humanity the appealing commonness of Otto and Seraphina who find hearts beneath their robes and fly to the depth of the woods with their love while in the Mittwalden Rath Haus they are being deposed and the Republic proclaimed The Prisoner of Zenda offers us royalty as romance The great adventure that made an English gentleman a king puts on the likeness of fact to offer us an escape from fact We are not required to believe it as a magistrate is expected to believe an affidavit though even in affidavits we are told the truth will sometimes out To ask of fiction whether it is true to life is like asking of wine whether it is good to eat An artistic Pilate (not jesting) may ask in his turn, 'What is life?' and he need not stay for an answer because there isn't one Fiction must be true not to life but to its own life We may not demand of fiction that it shall belong to any particular world but we may insist that it shall be true to its own world Think of 'Twelfth Night' that most exquisite of comedies that perfection of poetic romance. How preposterously far are the facts from the setting of our suburban existence! How wildly untrue of the sea coast near Southend and how exquisitely true of the sea coast near Illyria Illyria being

just one lovely name given to the land of Youth and Beauty a land like that of Rostand's Romanesques where *la scène se passe ou l'on voudra pourvu que les costumes soient jolis* The Prisoner of Zenda is far indeed from being a great book but it is a rattling good story with a most gallant English gentleman for its hero and it is entirely true to its own world The public has instinctively recognised this and made it a type To this act of collective criticism there is no reply The verdict is final Anthony Hope is to the big public the author of The Prisoner of Zenda It not only made his name it made his name stand for something definite and that is half the battle of fame It was published in 1894 I read it then and I read it again yesterday with intense enjoyment

Little need be said of the pre-Zenda books except a remark that the inventor of an imaginary kingdom commenced author as the begetter of a South American Republic (A Man of Mark) I have a sneaking fondness for Phroso that gay adventure in the Near East and for The Indiscretion of the Duchess published in the Zenda year for though it certainly cannot be called weighty it has an appealing blend of lightness and sincerity of frivolity and something like pathos

On the other hand I never look kindly to Rupert of Hentzau Although a sequel was expressly provided for in the original story I think a sequel was a mistake A logical sequel to a romance is likely to be as convincing as a romantic sequel to a proposition in Euclid A romance doesn't end It just leaves off In romance they all live happy ever afterwards Ours not to reason why

But there was another side to our author He was not merely the patentee of a romantic kingdom somewhere in Central Europe he was very much at home among the smart people of this instant and immediate world In other words besides writing The Prisoner of Zenda he wrote The Dolly Dialogues and they bear the same date That most unblushing of flirts Miss Dolly Foster her complaisant husband Lord Mickleham her imperturbable *cicisbeo* Mr Carter her implacable mother-in-law the Dowager Lady Mickleham and her horsey friend Miss Nellie Phaeton used to amuse us greatly in the columns of the *Westminster Gazette* and proved just as engaging in the more permanent establishment of a volume I turn to my copy (dated 1894) with its horribly bad illustrations by a young man named Arthur Rackham and lo! it is like going back a century The women with their compressed waists their tightly befrilled necks and their monstrous leg of mutton sleeves seem more remote than the ladies of Gainsborough or Sir Joshua and the talk smart and witty and entirely readable still is nevertheless almost as ancient as the faded gallantries the poet heard tinkling out of Galuppi's Toccata Youthful reader do you wish to know how we looked and talked in the days before the old Queen reached her last Jubilee? Turn to Dolly in the early edition and be as amused as you can, As for me, I feel chilly and grown old!

Anthony Hope with his command of dialogue and the romantic spirit seemed marked out as the coming dramatist—and there was sore need of one in the

nineties! The Prisoner of Zenda was turned into a play (though not by its author) and ran for a year at the St James's Theatre with George Alexander in gallant form as the two Rudolfs and Evelyn Millard looking superbly handsome as the Princess Ilavia. Two years later came Anthony Hope's first original play The Adventure of Lady Ursula—a cloak and sword comedy with a capital breeches part for Evelyn Millard and a strong duelling scene for the curtain of the third act. The piece was an effective stage play and a popular success—but it was not quite what we had hoped for. The characters were just conventional creatures of the stage moving gracefully but obviously to an appointed situation and the dialogue graceful as it was lacked the distinction of style exhibited in the author's stories. Thus our new dramatist was disappointingly like the old. His stage technique was as good as could be wished but he seemed to have brought little else to market. Pilkerton's Peerage produced at the Garrick in 1902 was rather better. This is a modern political comedy with the Honours List as its theme. The satire is excellent and still valid. Indeed the play has even more cogency in 1918 than it had in 1902—for the alleged purity of political honours always a joke has now become what our new Allies would call a scream—moreover all that we hear of the multiplied jobbery of the war gives an unpleasantly convincing emphasis to this utterance of the Prime Minister's Private Secretary:

My dear Addisworth you are an Earl by courtesy and a Member of Parliament by an abuse. But you're young and in fact green. You don't know the rules of this game. The Government of this country is conducted on principles of purity tempered by the traditions of the Constitution. You as the Duke of Wrensford's son are within those traditions and any reasonable job will be managed for you. I owing to my birth and office am within those traditions to a less degree and I hope and trust that some day a job—a moderately scandalous job—will be managed for me. But Pilkerton is not within those traditions. Accordingly to Pilkerton the principles of purity apply in all their native rigidity.

And that is how we are governed—the principles of purity having been rigidly applied to the exclusion of all possible brain power from all possible departments. Lord Rosebery once applied the principles of purity to a defence of Pitt's indifference to the impecunious poets of his day. Pitt really couldn't do anything for them you know—it would have been an abuse of patronage for you start with a genius and you end with a job. The epigram is neat but not decisive. Your politician has no objection to ending with a job, what he objects to is beginning with a genius.

Pilkerton's Peerage with its many merits is however not a genuine literary success. It does not remain true to its world of comedy but transgresses at times into the realm of farce. A comedy has certain responsibilities—a farce has only irresponsibilities. Now the theme of Pilkerton's Peerage is not farcical. A king as we have seen may be comic but a Prime Minister may not be. The spectacle of a Prime Minister and his Private Secretary hanging on to the coat tails of an obscure M.P. to prevent him from applying for the Chiltern Hundreds at an inconvenient moment is funny indeed but funny at the cost of conviction—and the conversion of the official apartments at Downing Street into a general rendezvous for attractive ladies and their friends makes one apprehensive of a possible beauty chorus to bring down the curtain with song. Times have changed since 1912. Ladies have not in recent years had quite such easy access to the Prime Minister's premises and it seems ages since a Member of Parliament could say: Had an evening off last night—count out at nine. Female suffrage coming on so of course nobody kept a house.

With Pilkerton's Peerage Anthony Hope's connection with the stage has ceased. I do not count English Nell a version of Simon Dole (in collaboration with another hand) it is not an original play and I am tepid about the originating novel. The defect is mine. I simply cannot like the respectable English historical play or story about Charles II and Nell Gwynn because if it is respectable it isn't true. Here are two person very improper but very attractive both deplorable of course but nevertheless two of the most engagingly human figures in our history. With all his sins I would sooner have Charles II than a dozen of his aunted father and as for Nell—well just look at Lily's portrait! Yet this winsome baggage has to be sentimentalised into a Sweet Nell of Old Drury sterilised to make a Brixton matinee before



Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins
in his study

we venture on her acquaintance I don't want to be hard on 'Simon Dale' which is quite a good story of its kind but I cannot think it is the last word on the subject of Nell Gwynn. The proprieties are almost terribly preserved especially by the hero.

Anthony Hope's withdrawal from the stage is just a little disappointing. The signs seemed all in his favour yet as it is we must paraphrase our Tacitus and say that by general consent he would have been accounted an excellent dramatist had he not written his plays. His command of the medium is unquestionable, but in exercising it he seems to leave out something of his best. Apparently he has felt that he must choose between the stage and the novel and he has elected to stand by his first love. It is difficult to deny that he has chosen well. His stories have a distinction all their own. From his first flights in the gay air of romantic adventure and sprightly dialogue he has settled down into a sort of Trollopean canter with stories of extremely nice people in extremely nice houses disturbed now and then by troubles that may just touch tragedy but that never finally upset the comely order of English country house life. The matter is Trollopean but the manner is Anthony Hope's for he is always his own man. The dispossessed lord of Blent the possessing (and prepossessing) female cousin (marriage in the last chapter inevitable) Lady Evenswood and her plotting friends the hovering foreign couple and the shaggy Prime Minister (an improvement on Pilkerton's benefactor) might all have come from Barchester though the nicety of their speech at once betrays a different origin. The great Miss Driver's territorial manoeuvres her romantic flight and her return to conquer the countryside might have happened in the same happy country. Trollope however could hardly have resisted the marriage from which Anthony Hope with subtler art refrains. *Quisanté* too belongs to this world and here I think that something of Trollope's fuller cumulative method would have made a finer story. The novel as it is lacks breadth. *Quisanté*'s political career is too brief for history. He has barely risen when he is struck down. The man himself the outsider with his lack of the antecedents expected in politics with his excessive manner his elaborated flourishes his precarious taste and his gradual conquest of the aristocratic party leaders is plainly suggested by Disraeli with a modern Lord George Bentinck as his backer. But I wish Anthony Hope had given his hero a longer run. The character is quite one of his finest efforts.

Quite un-Trollopean is *Double Harness* the author's strongest book—strongest not best. This is a tractate on marriage and is perhaps a shade too carefully prepared for its purpose. The characters are nearly all couples unhappily assorted. For all the married characters in this book marriage is certainly a failure. The most gratuitously unhappy lady is the technical heroine Sibylla Imason who rebels against her silent self-contained husband because he has it seems a quiet inner life where he lives alone. This is perhaps annoying but it hardly justifies desertion of husband and son and attempted elopement with a volubly soulful young man. Reconciliation and renewed understanding fortunately ensue. Certain difficulties

and dangers of the married state are well divined and enunciated in this book. I may have two better horses than your two says an incorrigibly bachelor peer to one prospective husband in the story but your two may be the better pair—they will run better in double harness. The image is excellent and should be pondered by the married and the about to marry. Possibly sentimental novelists and playwrights have contributed much to the disasters of marriage. Their theme too often is merely Love as if Love were all as if some initial ecstasy of first acquaintance some call of the blood some thrill of sympathy some glamour of springtide a sunset touch or fancy from a flower bell were sufficient stock for the life of two people together. The curtain falls the story ends with hero and heroine in each other's arms. But that lovers embrace is but the prelude to adventure it is the overture not the finale. Love must come down to earth before it produces a marriage made in heaven.

Double Harness is a strong book and it contains Anthony Hope's strongest scene. The frustrated elopement and the subsequent duel between husband and wife in the *Sailors' Rest* at Fairhaven with the *tertium quid* as impotent spectator would be a very moving stage piece. Here and in a notable scene of

Quisanté the author ventures to let himself go. Too often he robs us of the dramatic touch not indeed because he is afraid to let himself go but because his characters are the kind of people who are afraid to let themselves go. In fact they are too cursedly gentlemanly they are always correct they always have themselves well in hand. There is a passage in *A Servant of the Public* that gives the author's point of view. In a moment of tense significant talk husband and wife have suddenly revealed things that had been better left unsaid. Thus the author.

It may be safely said that if the speakers had belonged to the outspoken classes the foregoing conversation would not have stopped where it did nor with the finality which in fact marked its close. It would have been lengthened resumed and elaborated its dramatic possibilities in the way of tragedy and comedy (it was deficient in neither line) would have been developed properly and artistically handled it must have led to something. But ordinary folk especially perhaps ordinary English folk make of their lives one grand waste of dramatic possibilities and as things fell out the talk seemed to lead to nothing. Neither then nor in the days that followed was any reference made to this after dinner conversation nor to the startling way in which the hidden had become open the veil been for a moment lifted and the thing which was between them declared and recognised. The dramatic possibilities were in fact absolutely neglected and thrown away.

It would appear then that the author's reticence, his great refusal to exploit dramatic situations is designed. But what a handicap to the novelist if his people like Hedda Gabler all insist that what is done must be done beautifully!

Anthony Hope is the last person to desire for himself the *éclat* that he denies his characters. No one would resent more instantly than he any friendly pretence that his books are epoch making or momentous. They are in fact what he means them to be, quite pleasant comedies with a living vein of seriousness pulsing quietly within. His dialogue is really excellent,

as befits an author who has theorized on the matter—I treasure a privately printed pamphlet of his on Dialogue issued by the English Association and now I suppose quite unobtainable. There is a capital little tragic comedy in talk called *The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard* buried with more trivial matter in an early volume *Comedies of Courtship*. It should be disinterred. Whatever may be wanting in his work the note of good breeding and distinction is never absent. An ornate generation studied genteel deportment in the novels of Pelham. To-day the stories of Anthony Hope are in the best sense a school of manners. And he writes with the authority of knowledge. In the words of one of his own characters he is quite the usual thing—public school Oxford the Bar. He is a son of the late Rev. E. C. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Bride's Fleet Street. From Marlborough he went up to Balliol as a Scholar, became President of the Union, came down with a capital degree and ate himself into the Bar at the Middle Temple. While he was (again I quote from a character of his) one of five thousand names on five hundred doors, he beguiled the briefless hours with writing and duly emerged as a published novelist in 1890, three years after he was called. It soon became evident that the Bar, even to a relative of Mr. Justice Hawkins, was going to be a second string and the barrister was finally swallowed up in the novelist. In the early days of his success, while he was still living

with his father, he found it convenient to take chambers off the Strand for purposes of work. Hence arose a legend that he quite literally made a business of writing, going out daily to make novels from 10 to 4 and closing early on Saturday. A pretty gloss upon the facts—but perhaps there may be something to be said for the practice. I am sure Trollope would have approved. The Bar abandoned, one other distraction remained to be disposed of. A barrister who has been President of the Union is naturally bound to be tempted by a parliamentary career and the novels afford many hints of the author's sneaking fondness for the life political. Anthony Hope once contested an election but happily (shall we say?) he was unsuccessful. I think we had better say happily for he might have been lost to letters. A gift for fiction is always useful to a statesman. Anthony Hope seems just the stuff of which good Under Secretaries are made and perhaps like an earlier novelist he might even have become Prime Minister! He certainly looks the part and he has the right antecedents, a good voice and a persuasive authoritative manner. On the whole we had a narrow escape. In the House Sir Anthony Hawkins would have given a touch of style to the Treasury Bench which certainly needs it in the pages of his pleasant books. Anthony Hope has done other work of national importance, he has gladdened life and added to a nation's gaiety. No one could have a better title to honour.

WOMAN IN HIGH POLITICS*

BY RICHARD WHITEING

THE range of this volume is a wide one though it dates only from 1834 to 1906 and its valid start is some ten years later than the first. But it serves to show that if there is a power behind the Throne so also is there a power behind the Premiership when the incumbent is blessed or the other thing with a wife. The blessing happily holds an easy lead throughout. The sole exception is the Lady Caroline Lamb, the first choice of the statesman who afterwards became Lord Melbourne and was Prime Minister to Queen Victoria.

Lady Caroline was a 'pickle' if ever there was one, a tameless quintessential being who could have given points to Goethe's *Phyllis* in wild irresponsible eccentricity and sheer lack of self-guidance or—to

impute no graver fault—to *Manon Lescaut*. She was reared in a riot of wealth and senseless profusion at Devonshire House and she had an earlier marriage (and



Mrs. Gladstone (on left) and her sister Lady Lyttelton on the lawn at Hawarden.

From 'Wives of the Prime Ministers' (Nisbet).

* *Wives of the Prime Ministers*. By Elizabeth Lee. With Contributions by Mrs. C. F. C. Masterson. Illustrated (2s. 6d. net. (Nisbet).

elopement) to her score before she accepted Lamb. She wrote verse before she could spell, flirted with every celebrity that came her way from Byron to old Godwin of Political Justice, and also painted in water colour as about her only qualification for the Kingdom of Heaven. A separation from Melbourne was inevitable for he had his way to make in a Court that was new model or nothing, and that model—moral for the very principle of its being. She is the Lady Montgomerie of Disraeli's *Venetia*, and a protagonist of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marriage of William Ashe*.

Morals get into their stride with Lady Peel, wife of the great statesman, and exquisitely pictured here after Lawrence as beauty winning by gentleness, not by provocation and disdain, and dignity with grace.

Great is Diana of the Ephesians, whatever else is to supplant her in the worship of men. She was no politician but just one of the comforters, her object being to ward off all hindrances that threatened the efficiency of her champion.

Lord John Russell, the Lord Russell of the days when *Punch* was *Punch*, found his Egeria in his second marriage with a Scotch lady, one of the Mintos. My mind is made up, she wrote to him, my ambition is that you should be the head of the most moral and religious Government the country has ever had. But she had great flashes of insight that lighten our path to this day. Thus for instance when Ireland was at its worst under coercion, that the only true remedy lay in a long course of mild and good government. She entertained splendidly at Pembroke Lodge in the interest of her husband's popularity, which with her was but another name for the prosperity of the nation. On off days the family circle read Lamartine, Macintosh, Prescott, Cowper, and Wordsworth, and cried over David Copperfield until they were ashamed. She was an ardent Home Ruler, and aristocrat as she was by birth, breeding, and connections, she proposed a short way with the House of Lords that now begins to rank among the fulfilments of prophecy.

Of the out and out manageresses of politics, Lady Palmerston is the type. Only Palmerston could have found such a wife, only she could have found such a mate to live up to, and for. As Lady Cowper, by her first marriage, she had been content to manage Almacks, no mean apprenticeship to the art of government, but she had to wait for the second union to get all she wanted in the larger sphere of the wide wide world. Here in each case, apparently, their bond of union was the sense of their perfect partnership in the game of ambition. They adored each other to the last, she had the man of her heart to work for, he the woman of his to work with. She brought him out of scrape after scrape due to his masterfulness, and his contempt of his fellows. She kept open house for all who were likely to be of use to him, and rigorously erased them from the invitation lists if they happened to give him an adverse vote in the House. A French diplomatist summed it up in an aside to Disraeli: "What a wonderful system of society you have in England! I have not been on speaking terms with Lord Palmerston for three weeks

and yet here I am, but you see I am paying a visit to Lady Palmerston. She shares his grave in the Abbey, as though to be at hand in his interest in the next world."

Disraeli's, as befitted the man, was an extraordinary marriage in every way. He married for money, yet the union was charged with the very romance of happiness. Neither affected indifference to the question of the cash nexus that first brought them together. Dizzy married me for my money, said the lady. Asked for the secret of his patience with her in many a *lapsus linguæ*, he answered, gratitude, and left it there. With this sense of a perfect bargain, affection followed in due course, as in the carefully arranged French marriages it is supposed to do, and generally does. The story of her Spartan endurance of the torture of a crushed hand, lest a cry from her should upset his peace of mind in the delivery of a great speech, by no means stands alone. The author gives another of the same sort.

This was the ideal wife ministrant, if Mrs. Gladstone was not the standardised exemplar of the type. She lived to keep her husband in condition for his gigantic labours. By nature she was the least methodical of women. She schooled herself until she became the most. She brewed the famous egg flip that he sipped during debate. When he dined out, she schemed opportunities for his unobserved enjoyment of the prescribed number of bites for his food, in his strange ritual of mastication. She never kept him waiting for dinner, though she often kept others, and these the highest in the land, without a pang. Lady Salisbury showed the same devotion, adapted to the circumstances of her husband's nature and peculiarities. But for her his bane might easily have been his dooliness from his fellows; she cured all that by making herself the model entertainer of the time, and her husband—not without protest, at least an unwilling sharer of his own hospitalities.

Lady Campbell Bannerman was the Lady Macbeth of a generous scheme for keeping a naturally quiet man to the sticking place of a great public ambition. She saved him from the obscurity of the Speakership, and even of the House of Lords. To her no doubt we at least partly owe his opposition to the Boer War, but also his sovereign achievement of the settlement that followed the peace. (This—though by the way, one of the authors has strangely left it out of the reckoning—must ever rank as one of the few capital transactions in human affairs.) It is more than probable for tribute after tribute from adoring husbands shows that the ministrant wives could offer the most precious counsel in some of the gravest contingencies of public life.

The book is readable from the first line to the last, and not least so in its incidental vindication of the Victorian period at its best, as one of the finest in our history. Other times, other measures, but this is how our giants of old were inspired. We may equal them in the future, but they will surely be hard to beat on any theory of a new relationship of the sexes, which that future may have in store.

THE RETURN OF THE ESSAY.

At irregular intervals a new Jeremiah rises up to assure us that the essay has fallen into disfavour and there is no longer any public for it. But though its popularity has fluctuated—as all popularity must—at no time since the days of Bacon has the essay suffered anything in the nature of eclipse. It has at its lowest ebb retained a respectable following and just now its star is in the ascendant for the general reader is visibly taking it to his heart again. Nobody expects to see it recover the vogue of its prime: the excitements of our morning and evening dailies have spoiled us for experiencing the thrill of expectation with which our fathers anticipated seeing on their breakfast tables two days a week the *Littler Spectator Rambler* or *Idler* with nothing in it but a quiet essay. Yet all along certain of our weekly periodicals have continued to cultivate it: the better of our dailies have found it worth while to mitigate the thunderous orchestra of their news columns with its occasional solo; and latterly two at least of our evening organs have made a special feature of it and have discovered it is one of those things that the reading public wants.

For my own part I know that if I were that hard worked hypothetical person on a desert island I would sooner have with me for my delectation a set of the essayists than the works of all the novelists and of all the poets: for almost every other form of literature comes within the scope of the essay. It is by turns lyrical, didactic, narrative and descriptive. Poetry, history, criticism, biography, philosophy, art, science, travel, religion, politics, fact or fiction, the deepest wisdom and the idlest folly, the loftiest speculations and the homeliest personal gossip, the great mysteries of life and death and the ordinary affairs of plain men and women—no subject comes amiss to it and it lends itself as readily to the lightest as to the gravest of our moods.

Here is a little batch of recent essays that shall serve to vindicate my eulogy. Alexander Smith says the

*. *Pebbles on the Shore*. By Alpha of the Plough. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 4s. 6d. net (Dent).—*Appreciations and Depreciations*. By Ernest A. Boyd. 3s. 6d. net (London: Fisher Unwin—Dublin: Talbot Press).—*The Revelation of England through her Poetry*. By Professor Hugh Walker, LL.D. 1s. net (Oxford Press).—*If the Germans Conquered England and Other Essays*. By Robert Lynd. 3s. 6d. net (Maunsell).—*Mountain Meditations*. By L. Lind-af-Hageby. 4s. 6d. net (Allen & Unwin).—*A Number of Things*. By Dixon Scott. Edited by Bertram Smith. 5s. net (Foulis).

essayist's main gift is an eye to discover the suggestiveness of common things—to find a sermon in the most unpromising texts—and Alpha of the Plough is one of the essayists who has this gift and does that. He is pleasantly gossipy on *Reading in Bed*. In *Praise of Walking* or on Boswell and his Johnson thoughtful and suggestive when he comes to write of *Courage of Thoughts at Fifty* or of *Rewards and Riches*—and whimsically and wisely humorous about *Short Legs and Long Legs*. On *Wearing a Fur-lined Coat* or *On a Top Hat*. He takes for his themes the everyday things that concern everybody and discusses them with an insight and an easy familiar style that make both profitable and pleasant reading. If there were no public for the essay his book *Pebbles on the Shore* could not have been so successful at a shilling in Dent's Wayfarer's Library: that it has now been issued in more expensive form illustrated by some hundred of C. E. Brock's delightful drawings.

The half dozen Irish literary studies in Ernest Boyd's *Appreciations and Depreciations* are admirable examples of the critical and biographical essay. The two ablest perhaps are the study of A. E. as mystic and economist and that of

Standish O'Grady's political writings—few things in the book are more interesting than Mr. Boyd's acute and sympathetic analysis of the brave personality of that aristocratic democrat. There are careful and revealing criticisms of the Irish essayist known as John Dainton and of Lord Dunsany's fantasies. Nor is there any denying the shrewdness and brilliance of the essays on Bernard Shaw and Professor Dowden even though I think Mr. Boyd occasionally allows his judgments or opinions here to be warped by national prejudices. One can understand his not loving the English but he is too bent on belittling them so as to obtain a favourable contrast and in one place quotes with apparent approval the notion of Standish O'Grady that Irishmen have their dominant influence wherever the English language is spoken thanks to greater skill of voice and pen.

And the facts do not testify to this greater skill. The irresponsible claim to it smacks of that absurd contention dealt with by Professor Hugh Walker in *'The Revelation of England through her Poetry'* (which is none the less an essay for having been a lecture), that the really poetical elements in English poetry are due



Phot. by L. O. H. ppd

Mr. Robert Lynd

to the Celtic strain As Mr Walker says, There is not a particle of reason to believe that the blood of the poets has been mixed in other proportions than the blood of the average Englishman, and if the theory is true how is it that the Celtic fringe possessing all the unadulterated milk of the Celtic temperament has not itself produced the greatest poets instead of leaving the despised English to do that? One might more reasonably urge that an infusion of English blood would make greater poets of the Celts I hold says Professor Walker who is himself a Celt by the way that the common conception that the English spirit is essentially prosaic is untenable in face of a glorious poetical literature stretching over nearly six centuries The Englishman lacks many of the virtues of other peoples but he can hold his own with the pen

Robert Lynd is as incurable an Irishman as Mr Boyd but of another type He is rightly satirical and bitter enough when he touches on the undoubted follies hypocrisies ugly weaknesses of our Anglo Saxon character but he is able also to recognise that we have redeeming points and is generous in his acknowledgment of these His irony has teeth in it but the prevailing quality of his essays is a humour as genial as charitable as Lamb's or Goldsmith's and if he does not love London so much as he ought to he is not insensible to the magic of its beauty in certain aspects and I am not going to quarrel with the moods that move him from time to time to picture what he dislikes in it with such imaginative cunning and charm of phrase Politics the war all sorts of matters of the moment enter into his

If the Germans Conquered England and Other Essays and the delicate irony of the essay that gives the book its title is based on such irrefutable logic as to leave you no choice but to subscribe to its conclusions whether you are Irish or English Socialist or Tory Mr Lynd has the essayist's indispensable gift of personality he interests you in himself and his point of view and alike when he is describing what he observed On Taking a Walk in London what he experienced when he was called up for military service in White Citizens or when he is studying human psychology in Courage Coward Conscience, Ruthlessness or The Spirit of Man he has always something fresh and suggestive to say and knows how to say it

The war and other subjects of the day furnish Miss Lind af Hageby with material for her Mountain Meditations and she also blends the severities of her criticism with the saving grace of humour She is herself a notable social reformer but this does not deter her from laughing in Reformers' at the absurdities that are done in the name of reform and the eccentric outlook of those who do them She writes scathingly and finely too on Nationality and with a wide visioned impartiality sees that the freaks of nationalism are as remarkable as the freaks of internationalism and with the same impartiality and a devastating frankness she diagnoses our national complaint in

Religion in Transition—one of the most powerful and closely reasoned of the many indictments we have had of the Church's failure in the war You have her own religion her faith in a future life, and her speculations on death and the hereafter in The Borderland

and 'Mountain Tops' The publishers are amply justified in describing this as a book by a mountain lover for all who love to climb in spirit and in body

Yet I have not found more pleasure in any of my half dozen than in the second posthumous volume of Dixon Scott's essays A Number of Things wherein we are exercised by no vexed problems of the hour for they were all written in the years before the coming of the war in which he was to lay down his life These have nothing in common with the masterly critical studies that make up his Men of Letters except the natural individual notes of style temperament fundamental way of thinking Here he is away from the study glorying in the freedom of The Mysterious Road the sights and sounds and scents of the open air and in revolt against or quite forgetting the tyranny of books The year's at the spring with him and day's at the morn and—writing's a bore He introduces you in The Shadow to a friend who I have reason to believe was no other than himself and who is staving idly at home in order to make arrangements for undergoing a dangerous operation and feels as if he were for the first time on holiday seeing everything vividly for the first time (because it may be the last) and finding it wonderful Loitering in his garden he points out that

even here you know in this bit of a back garden I can't get away from the suggestiveness—the emphasis of things Why this patch is for all the world like a witches cauldron You go about with a hoe You poke and you stir And then—pouf!—out rushes the maddest riot—colours and odours and queer uncanny shapes Pink foam of poppies And crimson bubbles of roses And over there I solemnly assure you gobbets of juicy red flesh! Fact! Things my little niece Margot calls stlawbelies

But for sheer beauty of thought and imaginative feeling I think he never did anything that surpassed The Winds Through most of these papers it is a real and a deep love of nature that inspires him he pictures the earth and the skies the clouds and the river the loveliness that flowers in woods and fields and by the wayside flashing a whole scene upon you in some jewelled phrase or catching the thoughts and visions that come to him in his solitary ramblings, putting them into coloured words and quaint fancies and by the measured music of his prose subduing you to sharing in his changing humours and gracious philosophy Withal he never gets quite beyond a subtle appreciation of human neighbourhood as you gather from his glamorous description of the return home after Motoring at Night or his sensitiveness to its fascination in The Glamour of the Town' It was an article of Scott's faith that it is only bad books that breed bookworms and no bookworm could have written A Number of Things and no man is likely to become a bookworm by reading it For it is emphatically one of the good books a book to put in your knapsack and read on a journey or to read by the fireside, and so enjoy, having this prose poet as guide and interpreter, all the pleasures of several journeys with no walking to leave you tired at the close

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square E C 4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric

SPECIAL NOTICE—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses the Editor cannot undertake to return them

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No 3 (competition) both for the current month and the month following as below

- I—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric
- II—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature
- III—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto original or selected for V A D Workers
- (The Prize of Three Books will be offered next month for the best tribute in six lines of original verse to the British housewives who are bearing the brunt of the Food difficulties)
- IV—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review
- V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY

- I—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Violet D Chapman 5 Rue Bassano Paris France for the following

EN FRANCE

The wind blows down the boulevard
The skies are dull and leaden grey—
The poulu in his coat of blue
Strides down the frosty avenue
And whistling passes on his way

There is a lightness in the air
In spite of Winter's icy breath
And hearts beat high and hopes arise
Unheeding that upon them lies
The shadow of the land of death!

The little children in the street
Are laughing in their childish play—
Perhaps they are too young to know
The father brave who loved them so
Was killed in battle yesterday!

And women pass me in the crowd
Of those whose loved ones paid the price—
Yet, looking in their eyes, I find
No soul to hopeless grief resigned
That knows of a love so sacrifice!

Perhaps we do not understand
The aching hearts that laugh the while
For England hides with stoic calm
Her grievous wounds that find no balm—
But France—France suffers with a smile!

We also select for printing

AT NAZARETH

When Joseph set his skilful hands
To carve a stool or form a door
And little Jesus playing round
Took shavings from the earthen floor

He strove to make as Joseph did
Those common things for every day
Twas not a Cross the Baby hands
Were fain to fashion in their play

But little stools and little doors
He proudly brought to Mary's knee
And she saw wonder in the work—
Love's wonder of maternity

And still to day in common things
We see His miracles of Grace
As everyday and wonderful
As when He smiled in Mary's face

(Ivan Adair 54 Palmerston Road Dublin)



Mr Basil Clarke

whose new book *My Round of the War* (Heinemann), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN

CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER

There's a sound that is more than the splendour
Of moonlight or morning to me
And more than the music made tender
With thoughts that are born of the sea
More than songs of all lovers sung after
The kiss that makes glad for a day
A sweetness eternal the laughter
Of children at play

Once losing it none can recapture
Their joy that in laughter is heard
Their hearts here alone know the rapture
Wherewith harps of angels are stirred
With the wealth of the world in his clutches
A man may lose all that is given
And the children have all for of such is
The kingdom of heaven

(John A. Bellchambers 1 Clifton Villas Highgate Hill
N 19)

A LITTLE SONG

I send this song across the sea
Upon the bosom of the wind
And when you hear its gentle plea
O listen and be kind

You did not know what treasure store
Lay hid for you that summer day—
I did not learn Love's tender lore
Until you went away

And so I send this little song
Softer than sigh of wind or sea
Yet Love alone shall make it strong
To call you back to me

(May Herschel Clarke 254 Burrage Road Woolwich
S E 18)

We specially commend the lyrics by Edwin J. Pratt
(Toronto) C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield) Alice W. Linford
(London N) R. Scott Frayn (Skipton) M. E. Mason
(Reigate) L. Nugent (London S W) H. Drury (Streat-
ham) F. (Leysin Switzerland) V. D. Goodman (Gilling-
ham) Rev. Percy T. Cash (Ceylon) Evelyn Simms
(Brighton) Cyril G. Taylor (Bellaghr) K. (Catford)
Mary C. Mair (Hampstead) H. K. Ainsworth (London
W C) Adela M. Stones (Derby) Frederick Hedden
(Jersey) J. H. Langlois (Leeds) V. V. Mathews (London
W) Constance Goodwin (Clapham) Phyllis Marks
(London N W) E. A. Cregeen (Sidcup) Anthea (Ex-
mouth) A. Roderick Williams (Manchester) Mary
Yelland (Arosa Switzerland) Ralph C. B. Harbord
(Enniskean) Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne)
Albert J. Farnsworth (Horrabridge) Gladys L. Gibson
(Clitheroe) J. C. van Noorden (Highgate) J. Hilton
(Cambridge) Gertrude J. S. Fleming (Glasgow) Annie
Smith (Great Harwood) W. T. (Newport) I. L. Watts
(Regent's Park) Ada F. Strike (West Worthing) Edith
Arundel (Putney) H. W. Mottram (London W) Violet
Walker (Whitehaven), Eileen M. Seward (Edinburgh)
Alberta Vickridge (Bradford) Jeffrey Kitley (Derby)
Eileen M. Stott (Southampton) Margaret E. Fish (Liver-
pool) Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno) Richard Tucker
(Tavistock) C. E. Ransom (Torquay) A. J. Perman
(Merthyr Tydfil) Elizabeth Holmes (Aughton) Lettie
Cole (Pontilas) Wilma Buckley (St. Clears) Anne
Richardson (Camberwell) E. K. N. (London S W)
Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), Murdoch MacLean
(Edinburgh) Noelle French (Mount Talbot), Robert
Hunter McCrea (Chesterfield), Kenneth Spooner (Bir-
mingham) B. R. M. Heatherington (Carlisle), Bernard
Lillington (Evesham) Ruth B. Robinson (Hunstanton)
H. L. Blackwell (Leicester) Margaret Barker (Great Yar-
mouth) Kathleen Luck (Paddock Wood) R. A. H.
Goodyear (Scarborough) Enid D. Woollright (Chelsea),
B. E. Stevens (Washford) G. (Beckenham) R. S. Baker

(Dudley), Edith E. Hammond (Edinburgh) Doris M.
Hateley (Birmingham) Peggie Lawford A. Violet Gandy
(Bath)

II—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quota-
tion is awarded to Miss Robinson of 3 Penn
Lea Road Weston Bath, for the following

THE AMATEUR'S GREENHOUSE

By T. W. SANDERS (Collingridge)

The worm the canker and the grief
Are mine alone!

BYRON

We also select for printing

SECRET BREAD By F. TENNYSON JESSE
(Heinemann)

Our hoard is little

TENNYSON *The Marriage of Geraint*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown 33 Hartfield Road East
bourne)

SUITORS FOR CINDERELLA

By ISABEL PEACOCK (Ward Lock)

Lach wanted to make her his own

Bab Ballads

(Ronald Harley 2/4 R. Warwickshire Regt 1/5 North
General Hospital Leicester)

THE VISION SPLENDID By JOHN OXENHAM
(Harrap)

Some white bread and butter

OLD NURSERY RHYME *Little Tom Tucker*

(Mrs. A. E. Wise 7 High Street Leicester)

THE VICTIM By MARY L. MANN
(Hodder & Stoughton)

The man recovered from the late
The dog it was that died

GOLDSMITH *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*

(Miss L. Wilson 1 Burstock Road Putney S W)

III—This Prize is divided and we award Two NEW
BOOKS to Mrs. E. S. Ormsby of 71 Thorney
Hedge Road Gunnersbury W 4 and Two to
Mary Parfitt of Pentre Secondary School
Ystrad Rhondda Glamorganshire for the
following

HOW I AM ECONOMISING

I am using less sleep less food fewer words fewer
amusements less fuel less light less fuss less impatience
and bad temper fewer frowns and practically no hired
labour

But I am becoming extravagant in smiles in happiness
despite the terrible conditions in the tendency to try
the *uplook* if one can't face the *outlook* in fact I hope
I am a more helpful woman because of the war

I do all my own cooking and serving of meals and have
learnt to make a little go far One hears of the depre-
ciation of the spending value of the sovereign—mine does
as much work as it did in 1915 but it does not provide the
same articles

Before bacon—now porridge before meat every day
—now meat for Sunday Monday and Wednesday
Cook's Farm eggs for Tuesday rabbit or sausages for
Thursday fish for Friday and a nut meat mould (served
with curry gravy) for Saturday Fruit and vegetables,
milk and cocoa cereals and bread complete my family
diet my margarine is beaten with milk to turn it into
the very creamiest butter nearly double its weight, and
my sugar is saved for jam and marmalade

Thus I economise

MRS. E. S. ORMSBY

HOW I ECONOMISE

Boots with studs! I scorned these before the war
and refused to wear them But how are the mighty
fallen, for now leather is so scarce and boots so expensive
that for the sake of economy one is obliged to endure



Lieutenant (acting Captain)
Charles J. B. Masfield

I u n f wh p m pp i M S g by th
l ght g M (f k) M d i) I l t t M h i l
c i f i M f d d i f u d i j l y l t

protectors I always feel that I can be heard approaching from a long way off although I am slowly becoming accustomed to the tinny sound I make when I walk. There is comfort to be gained from the thought that others beside my elf wear things they never dreamed of in times of peace. The shortage of sugar and butter compels economy. When spreading butter nowadays one should really wear magnifying glasses. However I manage by eating butter at certain meals only and on no account do I break the rule of butter no jam and jam no butter. The easiest way in my opinion to save sugar is to do without it in tea. Cocoa is bitter without it and porridge is tasteless while tea is quite palatable unsugared and after all it *does* quench your thirst much better. Thus my economising consists of wearing studs in my boots allowancing my butter and taking no sugar in my tea.

MARY PARFITT

We select for special commendation the twelve essays sent by Mrs Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg) V V Mathews (London W) H L Blackwell (Leicester) B Hawkins (Leckford) V E Dismore (Southend) Ronald Harley (Leicester) A Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter) A A A (Hampstead) H W Mottram (London W) Phyllis R Webb (Yorks) Doris Jones (Rhondda) Private Harry Fowler (Woking)

IV—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to H W Mottram of 27 Moscow Court London W 2 for the following

POETS OF THE INSURRECTION
(Maunsel)

This slim paper bound volume contains an appreciation of the literary work of four of the leaders of that ill fated Easter Day rebellion in Ireland—Pearse Plunkett Mac Donagh and McEntee. There are five essays by various authors, each one quite short but the labour of love which fashioned them has framed a memorial worthy of

the subject. Whatever views we may hold on the politics of these men there can be no two opinions as to the undoubted beauty and merit of their poetry. Oh! The pity of it must be our prevailing thought as we lay down this book.

We also select for printing

W E FORD A BIOGRAPHY

By KENNETH RICHMOND AND J D BRESFORD
(Collins)

Collaboration between a novelist with a taste for philosophy and an expert in education has produced neither fiction nor educational treatise nor philosophical discussion but an amalgam of the three full of suggestion and giving profound cause for thought. Whether Ford was genuine is extremely doubtful but he stands for a type of original thinker who attempts to formulate a philosophy of life without regard for the trammels of convention or the dead hand of custom and by practical experiment in education to translate his theories into a working system. In time of Reconstruction this volume is very of portune.

(C I Wakerley 19 Chaworth Road West Bridgford Notts)

A LITERARY PILGRIM IN ENGLAND

By EDWARD THOMAS (Methuen)

This is a book of indescribable charm and pathos. Of charm because the reader is taken on a pilgrimage through some of the most glorious parts of Great Britain where he is enabled to view the homes and surroundings of a number of writers who have added glory to English literature. It is a journey which is made without weariness or fatigue and one reaches the last stage with a regret that the end is in sight. Of pathos since the writer of this delightful volume has gone on that pilgrimage from which none ever return having rendered the supreme sacrifice on the fateful fields of France! He lives with us still for his volumes stand on our bookshelves fragrant with his genial influence!

(Mannington Sayers Northgate Totnes)

THE LOOM OF YOUTH BY ALEC WAUGH
(Grant Richards)

In this book Alec Waugh has achieved something never attempted before—himself a boy of seventeen he has told us the absolute truth about boyhood more especially as it exists in the Public School. He follows his principal character all through his years at Fernhurst and in analysing his development with amazing subtlety he brings out sharply the interaction of personality and the Public School system. An iconoclastic book it will give schoolmasters and parents to think furiously but it not only rings true—here and there its unvarnished realism is lit with the strange beauty of real poetic insight.

(Kathleen W Coates Chicheley Lodge Market Harborough)

We specially commend the twenty reviews by Private Victor Stalker (Egypt) H Leonard (Skipton) Agnes Macaulay (Rugby) M A Newman (Brighton) M M Westcott (East Twickenham) Elsa Gellert (Bradford) Florence H Ellis (Halifax) M Terry (Ulverston) Florence Parsons (Altrincham) J Swinson (Tunbridge Wells) E M Peet (Manchester) Olive M Baker (Goole) Gertrude J Woodthorpe (Hale) Maud Montagu Bruce (Sunningdale) E Beechey (Pentre) M E Rotton (London NW) Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington) H S (Hove) B M Tylee (Bath) R H Kipling (Lancaster) W Swayne Little (Blackrock) C W E Webb (Southam) Mary Gales (Blackheath) J A Jenkins (Liverpool) H Hatton (Hoylelake)

V—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Vincent Hamson RNAS of 107 Denmark Street Bedford

New Books

SACRED AND PROFANE

Mr Alfred Perceval Graves's *Celtic Psaltery* ought to be two thirds its size. After the spirited translations with their ingenious rhyming of hymns and prayers (mainly) of Irish saints and hermits after the Welsh bards. Father O Flynn and Ould Doctor Mack good as they are seem out of place and give the book an appearance of hotch potch. A fastidious judgment too would have rejected verses about King Edward and Lord Kitchener from the very other worldly company of the Celtic translations. On the other hand Mr Graves's beautiful personal poems at the end of the volume strike no discordant note. Many of the poems he translates are beautiful from the Breast plate of St Patrick the greatest of all Irish prayers down to the prayers when the turf the seed of fire is covered over in the night or when one first wakes up or the charms against various ills of the body or against enemies and so on. All these Mr Graves approaches in the spirit of reverence and with something of the child like faith which was in the original makers. The result is a very charming and winning book.

Wellington Verses come from Wellington New Zealand. There is the free air of the Dominion in them. Mr Bowden's verse runs as easily and naturally as a clear little stream down hill. One likes it very much. It has not the conventions of the Dominion poets which had their origin in Bret Harte and—*longo intervallo*—Adam Lindsay Gordon. He has travelled by way of the *Sydney Bulletin* as so many of the young Australasian poets seem to do. These are good patriotic songs ardent with a boy's love for his country and his town the beloved places which twine themselves about one's heart like living loves. And the delight in him runs into a singing and dancing metre like this

Pools upon the pavement round as pallid moons
Sobs within the doorways tears upon the pane
High up in the housetops the lost wind croons
The dim streets of Wellington are musical with rain

But the wet folk of Wellington go laughing to and fro
Oh any heart's a merry heart that's sheltered from the rain
And a grey phrase whispers of the storms of long ago
And a gay lip is singing that the wind will swing again

The garden of the City is breaking into bloom
Shop fronts are tulip beds and some are daffodils
And lights like early primroses are showing mid the gloom
Behind the swaying curtains above the window sills

Not very subtle perhaps but one feels as though a boy went by trolling a song in the wet night.

Open Eyes is a little book of sensitive poetry illustrated by a very young artist with visions as delicate as the poetry. The little volume has real imagination and true vision. It has a simple and sincere beauty that puts the sophisticated poets to shame. There are lovely things about woods and fairies and fields and flowers. Dorothy Grenside—is it Greenside?—the green side of the world—has had her eyes touched with a fairy ointment and she sees, and in Bessie Fyfe aged sixteen she has a fellow artist who has seen too and reproduces with her pencil the visions both have seen. Oh! the little book is full of refreshment like a daisy field on a May day after many sophisticated books. This very human poem is perhaps the most austere thing in this slender volume of imagination and delight.

"A Celtic Psaltery" By Alfred Perceval Graves 6s net. (S.P.C.K.)

"Wellington Verses." By Hoyte Bowden. 1s (Wellington, New Zealand Whitcombe & Tombs.)

"Open Eyes" By Dorothy Grenside 2s 6d (Elkin Mathews)

PARTING

The day has come—
Let us sit silently in the dear room
Where we have spent so many sunlit hours
And through the gloom
Let us remember that no sorrow sours
The sweet of understanding
Alas! how swift of wing
The day has come!
The day has come—
Rest you again but once in your same chair
That I may press my head against your knee
So touch my hair
With that dear straying hand that tenderly
Brushes the pain away
And let me strive to say—
The day has come!

We shall hear of this partnership again

Max Plowman is of the poets who have arrived. His *Lap Full of Seed* has been hailed by the competent critics. In a very self-conscious preface he makes his apology for his poems which exalt the beauty of the body to all appearance and yet are not without the beauty of the spirit. The simple reader would find in him a stumbling block. Indeed he is not to be commended to such and many of what one might take for his obvious thoughts might well shock the simple. But after all it is Love he sings and not the horror that mocks the shape of Love. He founds himself on Blake but he has more of his master's difficulty than his beautiful simplicity. When you read him you must bend your brows over him. He is not for those who run to read while they run. One feels that he will have his circle who will find the difficulty worth while. But he will not have many readers in this mood.

Perhaps Mr Plowman is almost too close to his model. Blake had difficulty but he had also surprising clarity and the things that matter to the world are the Songs of Innocence the Songs of Experience not the Book of Thel.

KATHARINE TYNAN

GERMANY FROM WITHIN *

Ten years before the war M. Marc Henry went to live in Munich. He sojourned in other German cities and has written here a very acute very entertaining account of everyday life as it was lived in those places and of the literary bohemian military socialist and other circles with which he came in touch. He is no rabid Germanophile and as impartially reveals the virtues as the vices and absurdities of the race beyond the Rhine. His character studies descriptions and anecdotes are delightfully salted with humour and altogether his picture of social Germany down into the early days of the war deserves to rank with the most intimate and brilliant things of its kind.

The letter from a German intellectual Carl von Levetzow included in an epilogue is as ruthlessly and honestly critical of his own country as are the books of the author of *J'accuse*.

A PROPHETESS OF FREEDOM.†

The makers of indestructible toys will get a rude shock when they read what Madame Montessori has to say about the environment of young children. Instead of having iron bound desks able to resist the impact of the most violent young person black tables on which the inkstains of the most careless young scribe produce no tell-tale blot golly-wogs that decline to fall to pieces under the most severe treatment we are to have light tables that children can easily carry about the room, table tops of

"A Lap Full of Seed" By Max Plowman. 3s 6d net. (Blackwell)

"Beyond the Rhine" By Marc Henry 6s 6d net. (Constable)

† "The Advanced Montessori Method" By Maria Montessori. 1s 6d net. (Hainemann)

spotless whiteness and capable of washing at the hands of the youngsters and dainty dolls that succumb under the most elementary ill usage. The principle involved is expressed in the recommendation to give children china plates and glass drinking vessels for these objects become the denouncers of rough disorderly and undisciplined movements. Madame Montessori evidently believes in the principle—spare the plate and spoil the child. After all indestructibility has only an economic not an educational justification and our Italian pedagogist—she has no right to resent the term since she applies it to others—has confidence in giving freedom to young children regarding a good education as cheaply bought at the price of a few broken tumblers. Besides there will not be very many breakages after all she tells us that children respond to trust and become rapidly both careful and skilful.

What Kenneth Grahame has done on the artistic plane in his delineation of the Olympians Madame Montessori does on the plane of severe common sense by giving a matter of fact account of how our grown up methods and appliances are imposed without modification on our helpless young people. She is often accused of advocating mere licence among young children whereas all that she claims is that they should be allowed by their preferences to indicate the best line of natural progress. Limitations there must be. To begin with she has always recognised that the freedom of one individual must be bounded by the freedom of another. Now comes the limitation of the breakable object. No doubt there are parents who shake their heads about the value of this limitation but Madame Montessori does not speak merely from *a priori* expectations but from the results of actual experience. She finds that her system works.

The anxious parent or teacher is mainly worried about the beginning of this system of freedom and our prophetess meets their doubts by the reassuring statement that at the beginning of Montessori schools there is a period of lawlessness for the children and depression for the teachers. But invariably in a longer or shorter period we should greatly like more detailed information about the length of these periods—a spirit of discipline begins to spread and thereafter all goes well. In the case of the individual child this discipline takes the form of spontaneous attention. Every child who is not technically defective becomes easily interested in something—the kind of thing varying within enormously wide limits—and as soon as attention is secured for anything the battle is practically won. The rest of the teacher's work consists in manipulating the environment so as to guide the natural development of the pupil's powers. This manipulation leaves the child's freedom intact except as is naively confessed for occasional lessons of a few seconds at a time during which there is a slight interference. Teachers will be greatly interested in certain diagrams in Madame Montessori's chapter on her contributions to experimental science. There they will find records of the gradual development of the power and desire for work in the case of various types of children left entirely to themselves in the choice of whether to work or not and also in the selection of the kind of work. The authoress maintains that freedom in intellectual work is found to be the basis of internal discipline. She claims that the great achievement of her schools is to produce disciplined children. To be sure her idea of discipline is remote indeed from what too often stands for discipline in the mind of the conventional teacher.

Spade does not permit me to speak of the chapter on Intelligence, with its educational version of the famous *ordo ab intelligentia*. But it would be wrong to pass over the contention in the chapter on Imagination that fairy tales and fables should be eliminated from school and nursery. Madame Montessori does not call Plato as a witness. I suppose because he dismissed the poets for a different reason. Her contention is that fairy tales do not cultivate the imagination but merely help to make tolerable an unsatisfied desire. What they do really

train is credulity. Some of us may think there is no great harm in that. Has it not been said that Credulity is the charm of childhood? But Madame Montessori would reply that the charm exists for us not for the children and that we have no right to sacrifice them for our own personal gratification.

Progressive teachers will find much to criticise in Madame Montessori's new presentation but they will find more to stimulate inquiry. It rests with our schools to give this new freedom a fair trial. Its prophetess has done her part.

JOHN ADAMS

STRANGER THAN FICTION *

Instead of inventing romantic historical tales Mr. Rafael Sabatini has this time gone back into actual history and reconstructed and retold a series of stories about people who really lived and events that really happened and they are as striking as powerfully dramatic and as romantic as any that the wit of man could invent. He has not merely related them in the spirit of the sturdy historian slavishly compiling facts but has rightly given the rein to his imagination has realised the individualities of his dramatic persons so that they move on his stage as flesh and blood men and women and has endowed them with such thought and speech as they must have used in playing the parts they played. In some cases too he has supplied motives and incidents to fill gaps in the old records and so rounds off a story that history has left incomplete in certain of its details.

He begins with *The Night of Holyrood* the tale of Rizzio's assassination and with *The Night of Kirk o' Field* that traces with minute imaginative realism all the forces of temperament and circumstance that led up to the bizarre tragedy of Darnley's death. *The Night of Charity* is that brave and piteous story of how Lady Alice Lisle paid with her life for innocently giving shelter to a rebel escaping after Sedgemoor fight. The official account in the State Trials is powerfully dramatised and furnished with detail and cunningly steeped in the atmosphere of the period. *The Night of Gems* is the famous affair of the Queen's necklace that fascinated Carlyle and *The Night of Nuptials* perhaps one of the most striking things in the book tells how Charles the Bold did justice on one of his representatives who basely tricked a despairing wife into paying the price of her husband's pardon and then had him hanged for a treason of which he was guiltless before she could reach his prison with the useless order for his release. Mr. Sabatini has taken his themes from the chronicles of England France Spain Italy Sweden and with the shrewdest art and most sympathetic insight has made the dry bones of history so live again in these thirteen stories that they read like truth and because of the truth that is in them are more subtly interesting than any fictions. It is a brilliant and despite the bizarre grimness of some of its romance a thoroughly enjoyable book.

SCOTTISH BOOKMEN OF TO DAY †

If this is a first book it is uncommonly well done. Yet some very representative names have been passed over while others are included which one scarcely expected to see on any roll of the representative writers of Scotland. Neil Munro for instance might have had a place among these moderns. John Buchan also. And there are others who could be mentioned. As it is the papers are remarkably fresh and interesting. Indeed the book may be welcomed not only for its own sake but also as an earnest

* *The Historical Nights Entertainment* By Rafael Sabatini 6s net. (Martin Secker)

† *Modern Scottish Writers* By W. M. Parker 5s (Hodge & Co.)

of better things to come. Mr Parker is evidently the newest critic who has swung into the Scottish firmament and we may be sure that more will be heard of him.

Of twelve models of literary Scotsmen who pass under his keen inspecting gaze five are no longer here. Iang and Stevenson, William Sharp, John Davidson and that herald of revolt, George Douglas Brown—all are gone. Among the seven who still carry on, Sir J. M. Barrie is easily *princeps*. Here happily are also Mr Cunningham-Graham, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Sir George Douglas and William Paton Ker of University College London. The excellent qualities of the last named, his boundless range of erudition, his solid contributions to our knowledge of English literature have not been recognised as they should, and to appraise them now is both generous and timely. Professor Ker has never sought to push himself into the limelight. But few men have done finer work. As Mr Parker truly says, he has stormed the stout ramparts of mediæval literature, conquered the region and made it peculiarly his own. Another of those who have barely come to their own spite of years of splendid endeavour is Mr R. B. Cunningham-Graham. Much of his work is of a distinctly enthralling type. Mr Graham has been a great traveller. He has described life in many lands, but I question if he has given us anything better than the stories of his own grey Northern land in which the eccentric old characters of a past generation are limned by an endearing hand. If this scion of Gartmore had kept his foot but a little firmer on his native heath there is no saying what his place among Scottish romancers would have been. Now he actually threatens to put aside his pen and fill the hours with learned leisure. Why does he take so rash a step? Mr Cunningham-Graham is not an old man, forsooth! Can one imagine that so gallant and cavalier figure—like some Velazquez portrait sprung to life—like Cervantes himself in his bloom, ever becoming less sprightly either in brain or body, less able to charm a host of readers for many a long day yet?

There is the ring of fair and honest criticism running through each of these skilful delineations, a mood of kindness and a sort of expression of humble thanksgiving for all the good Scots who flit through the pages of an eminently delightful essay. One must repeat that if this is a first book, it is an uncommonly good one.

W. S. CROCKETT

WILTSHIRE CHURCHES AND ENGLISH CATHEDRALS*

Mr Hutton's addition to the delightful *Highways and Byways* series is on the whole a disappointing book in spite of much excellent and studious work and of some distinguished chapters. The average cultivated man has a catholic mind and when he goes touring is wide awake to every conceivable interest of the country. The strength of the *Highways and Byways* series has been that they have responded to every legitimate interest. Mr Hutton's weakness is that to all intents and purposes he conceives the tourist as affected only by architecture and archaeology and careless of most of the human and natural interests of a country. It is a profound mistake and from this faulty judgment Mr Hutton's book comes off badly by comparison with other volumes of the series.

This is illustrated by Mr Hutton's treatment of literature though indeed it could as easily be proved by reference to many other subjects. It is an essential of all such books that they should deal adequately with the literary and personal interest of places. Now Mr Hutton cannot be charged with omitting this phase of his subject. Quite dutifully he deals with Aubrey, Addison, Crabbe, Gay, Hazlitt, Herbert, Hooker, Hobbes, Jefferies,

Lawes and most of the other Wiltshire celebrities, but neither can he be charged with overdoing it. Many of his references are brief and without enthusiasm as though he grudged the space. What are you to make of a writer who deals with Amesbury and disposes of Cay in three lines? His treatment of Jefferies is ludicrously inadequate and no one would imagine from Mr Hutton's book that in Jefferies Wiltshire had produced the finest prose interpreter of nature of his generation. Quite properly he draws upon old Aubrey and on Cobbett, but every Wiltshireman must wonder what perversity leads him to omit from his many quotations from Cobbett the passage which is for Wiltshiremen the jewel of them all—that in which he fixes on a farm near Norton Bavant as the one place in all England for which he would willingly give up politics and everything to settle in for life with perfect contentment. It will hardly be believed too that Mr Hutton contrives to give a picture of Salisbury without a word of Mr Locksuff or of Barchester Towers and the Prowdies. (Whence by the way does Mr Hutton get his information that the constables who waited for less were to take her to Sarum (vol. 2)—there is no such statement in the novel.) A single quotation—and that remote from the purpose of the book—is the only sign that he has heard of Mr W. H. Hudson's *A Shepherd's Life*, which occupies a unique place in Wiltshire literature and there is never a word concerning Miss Ella Noyes, Salisbury Plain, one of the ablest, most readable and most illuminating of recent topographical books. Truly an author has the right to make his own selection and it may seem ungracious to dwell upon the defects rather than on the virtues of the book, but the plain truth is that it is ill balanced that Mr Hutton has so concentrated that his book is much more a detailed handbook to the churches than a typical volume in this admirable series and his picture of Wiltshire is not nearly so valuable or so characteristic as are those for instance on Sussex by Mr E. V. Lucas and Surrey by Mr Eric Parker. Miss Lichsen's drawings are delightful and to some extent they fill up the picture Mr Hutton has left unfinished but not wholly, for Miss Lichsen's forte is also architecture rather than landscape.

In *Our Homeland Cathedrals* architecture is a legitimate preoccupation and many tourists will be glad that these charming little volumes are added to a lengthening series. That they will fill a niche is certain—their plan will ensure it. These are two pocket volumes in which every English and Welsh cathedral is described and illustrated. That is not new, but the systematic way in which each cathedral is surveyed on a uniform plan will appeal to many visitors because it will enable them to make a complete examination of all the principal features, external and internal. The detailed accounts are by different hands. There are a few—but very few—inevitable slips. For instance, the double arch at Chelmsford is not unique. Ely is not the longest mediæval cathedral with the exception of Winchester, and who was St Mary Overy? But they exhibit a remarkably high level of general accuracy and great judgment is shown in the choice of photographs which really illustrate the subject. The same high praise can by no means be given to some of the introductory chapters. These appear to be based upon the work of Mr Sidney Heath and Mr Heath in his various books has hardly shown himself to be a first rate authority on Gothic architecture. These chapters exhibit numerous inaccuracies and ambiguities and they reveal a fundamental misconception of the cathedral church which is only too common. It is too generally overlooked that the cathedral church is not built or planned as such, but is so only incidentally and it is almost useless to try to divide our handful of ancient cathedrals into types. To get any reliable classification all the larger monastic and collegiate churches must be included and any attempt which does not clearly bring this into account is likely to be mystifying to uninitiated readers. Happily these chapters form but a small portion of the book, the rest of it is admirable—almost all that could be looked for of its kind and size.

* *Highways and Byways in Wiltshire*. By Edward Hutton. 6s net. (Macmillan).—*Our Homeland Cathedrals*. 2 vols. 6s net. (Homeland Association.)

POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES*

It may be over bold on my part but I believe I was the first reviewer to christen Mr George Russell the modern Pepys. At any rate a review from these columns containing this description appeared in big bold letters on the wrapper of a succeeding book by the same author Matthew Arnold as Mr Russell has told us was wont to remark when reminded of one of his utterances or observations. Did I say that? How good it was! I must confess that in reading *Politics and Personalities* I was reminded of Arnold's refreshingly frank remark. The books that will interest us after the war and that will interest posterity are not the multitudinous tomes and pamphlets on the wrongs and rights of the awful struggle. These things are burned into our minds and those who come after us will inherit our convictions reinforced as they will assuredly be by the judgments of impartial historians. What will entertain us and our children will be to read of the changes that England underwent during these terrible years of how her people comported themselves of the leaders she followed and rejected of the undercurrents of politics of the human side of the war as contrasted with that of the machine. Let me give one example from Mr Russell's new book to illustrate my belief that it is to his books the secker after such knowledge will turn. I suppose that of all domestic upheavals during the war the one which it has been most hard for us to endure is the interference on the part of the Government in our little quiet independent lives. And furthermore I believe that in years to come we shall wax reminiscent on this subject more than any other. How invaluable and I think I can say how inevitable for us to turn to what will be the well thumbed pages in Mr Russell's book entitled *Dictatorship*. We shall read

The war in addition to other and more obvious mischiefs gave Bureaucracy an immense increase of strength. Every week sees the creation of some fresh office and of a staff employed in executing that office's behests. To day the oppressed subject knows not where to turn. If Mr Lod-nay or Mr Perkup issues an absurd decree or if the Minister for Turnip Tops urges a course which the President of the Board of Conscription disallows to whom are we to appeal? If General Sir George Luff being the competent military authority forbids Family Prayers on the ground that they may involve seditious proceedings or hinder the work of recruiting can we invoke the Cabinet to defend our religious liberties? It is a dubious outlook for the Prime Minister is fully occupied in winning the war and his Asron and Hur have not made their fame by championing fr + lom.

Is not this good humoured but very pointed chaff exactly indicative of the country's attitude to what it regards as an evil albeit a necessary one?

To revert once again to the comparison with Pepys it must be admitted at once that it is very superficial. In a very noble address Mr Russell delivered to the Young Britons Society and which is reprinted here under the title *The Trustees of Posterity* the young citizen is told that hero worship is the most graceful privilege of youth. I cannot possibly imagine any youthful acquaintance of Pepys indulging in hero worship of the diarist. I should despair of any young man who did not respond to the spirit of this and the majority of Mr Russell's books. Youth is impatient of humbug in all forms and the unmasking of it is one of life's pure pleasures. Let the hot air merchant and the stunt maniac beware of Mr Russell. He will quite certainly be exposed and none will exult in his discomfiture more than the many youthful admirers of the author of *Politics and Personalities*.

IVOR NICHOLSON

BALLYGULLION†

In Lynn Doyle's pen is hidden the magician's ancient wand for we had not been two minutes settled down into Ballygullion when lo! the little smoky fire in

* *Politics and Personalities*. By the Right Hon G W E Russell. 7s 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)

† *Ballygullion*. By Lynn Doyle. 5s net (Maunsell)

a London house had been changed to a wide hearth of sweet smelling turf and the empty room peopled with real flesh and blood putting the world through their mouths. True the soft tongue of the west had taken on the harder tone of the north but the men were the same living loving caustic good humoured bantering tribe with a keen insight into human nature and a large hearted leniency to those little failings which somehow loom up so largely in a townsman's view. Just how the book came to be written is one of the best stories in the book. The rustic story teller and the town reporter whose head was not strong enough to carry a mixed cargo of champagne and whisky and to steer a motor bicycle at the same time meet and the superior townsman promises to fix up the stories told him by the countryman. It is Murphy and this is Pat's reply.

Di a l a t a. Ye'll jist put them down as I tell them to ye. The countryman is a bit of a rascal but he's a crack av the country. I put him only sjoed the book between cutting out this t'ke of this gintel in jist in that to give them a tone which had led to ye w' n' other was t'ung n' r' the ill r' n' s'ue t'kin in l'g l'ng college words in plan n' they p' q' crack. It's like juttin a cloth patch on a pair of overalls.

In giving this collection to the public the author has been careful not to make them gintel with the result that they are perfectly natural. To one who read Mr Wildridge will need to be reminded that Mr Doyle is a real humorist. There are some who have claimed for him the title of an Irish Barrie but he has not that quaint whimsicality of the Barrie touch. Honesty and directness are his most striking notes. Indeed in his directness he recalls Synge but without Synge's inevitable note of gloom. There is very little to choose between the stories. All are bristling with the sparkling humour so reminiscent of the Irish soil. If to any though the palm may be given to *The Keg of Potteen* and *The Widow*. We



The Meeting.

From *Ballygullion* by Lynn Doyle. Illustrated by W Connor (Maunsell)

can imagine no more suitable book to send to the boys out yonder than this—it would lighten a weary hour for many. It is not possible to close without commenting on the excellent sketches by William Conor. They too are true Irish types with just that touch of caricature seen in the drawings of Jack B. Yeats.

THE WAR AND THE FUTURE*

Mr Percy Hurd has done the Empire some service by compiling a narrative illustrative of Canada's attitude towards the war and the future from speeches delivered at various periods of the war in Canada, the United States and Great Britain by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G. C. M. G., Prime Minister of the Dominion. The volume is opportune and we should like to see the example followed by the publication of similar speeches delivered by the leaders of all our Dominions and Colonies. Speeches by the Premier of Australia and by General Smuts are we believe obtainable in book form, but there is ample room for comprehensive volumes of their utterances as well as of those delivered by the leading representatives in other parts of the Empire. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom have always been taunted on their insularity and want of Imperial outlook and knowledge of the outlying parts of the Empire is not so common amongst us that we can afford to designate as superfluous any attempt to augment that knowledge. Indeed we should welcome every endeavour to enlighten our understanding of the Dominions and Colonies for if the Empire is to inherit the glorious promise of unity heralded by common Imperial action in the war, familiarity with the conditions of life, the sentiments and aspirations of our overseas brethren is indispensable.

It is well known that when Germany resolved to make a bid for world power even though Great Britain should decide to take up arms she was fully convinced that the British Dominions would remain outside the conflict. In fact as we write a report comes to hand that the Crown Prince when shaking the hand of a South African prisoner of war said: "You ought not to have come into the war." During the last three years Germany has been compelled to revise her estimate of the sentiments of our Dominions and if not openly at least tacitly she has had to admit the indissolubility of the ties binding together the Britishers overseas and the Britishers at home. Nor have the Dominions taken up arms solely in defence of the Mother Country; they are in the conflict as nations within a nation. Quite as keenly as Great Britain they are conscious of the existence of a would-be destroyer of civilisation and they are fighting valiantly for the preservation of their own interests as well as for the preservation of the interests of humanity. In words that will live in Canadian history Sir Robert Borden has stated the attitude of his countrymen towards the war:

"As to our duty all are agreed we stand shoulder to shoulder with Britain and the other British Dominions in this quarrel. And that duty we shall not fail to fulfil as the honour of Canada demands. Not for love of battle, not for lust of conquest, not for greed of possessions, but for the cause of honour, to maintain solemn pledges, to uphold principles of liberty, to withstand forces that would convert the world into an armed camp, yes in the very name of the peace that we sought at any cost save that of dishonour we have entered into this war, and while gravely conscious of the tremendous issues involved and of all the sacrifices that they may entail we do not shrink from them, but with firm hearts we abide the event."

It is gratifying to note that Mr Hurd has included in the volume the resolution on the conservation and development of the Empire's natural resources proposed by Sir Robert Borden at the Imperial War Conference of April 1917. Men who have been in intimate association with the almost immeasurable resources of the Dominions have sometimes been brought to the verge of despair by the indifference of the Mother Country to the latent wealth of

her distant possessions. It remains to be seen whether the British people of the homeland will profit by the bitter experiences of the war and divert to Imperial channels money that has hitherto flowed so freely into alien countries, or whether the old antagonists, Free Trade and

Preference, will step into the political ring again and continue their interminable wrestle for the delectation of foreign spectators. Let us hope that the result of common military action will be common action in the interests of Imperial economic development and consolidation. Sir Robert Borden's views on the subject are unmistakable.

I submit that our natural resources ought to be conserved for the general national benefit; that they ought to be controlled within the Empire for essential national purposes; that their economic utilisation through processes of manufacture ought to be carried on to the greatest possible extent within the Empire and not abroad; and that they should not be controlled, diverted or exploited for the upbuilding of industries in countries with which we are now at war. There is no comparison between the resources at our command and those available to Germany. If she should win in the final contest it will be because we were incapable or indifferent, because she had greater foresight, a firmer national purpose, and a more determined national spirit. I hope that in these matters of great and common concern there will be a clearer vision and truer conception than in the past and that the effort and sacrifice so enormous and so regrettable which this war has entailed will not have been in vain.

Not less important than the conservation and development of the Empire's natural resources and the adoption of an Imperial inter-trade policy is the establishment of constitutional relations. Deep and serious thought has been given to the problem of the new commonwealth particularly by those minds that for many months past have expressed themselves in the pages of the *Round Table*. What the nature of the constitution will be, no man can foretell from the present embryonic thought on the subject, but

Upon what has been built in the past an even greater structure will doubtless arise in the future. Those who are to be its architects will have a great part to play, and I do not doubt that they will play it worthily. The structure must embody not only the autonomous Government of each Inter-Imperial nation, but the majesty and power of an Empire united by ties such as those of which I have spoken, yet organised more efficiently and thoroughly for the preservation of its very existence. To those who shall be called upon to design and to erect so magnificent a monument crowning the labours of the past and realising the hopes of the future, let us all bid God speed in their great task.

We in the Mother Country must be prepared to support these sentiments so earnestly expressed by the Prime Minister of Canada. The problem is great, so are British gifts. We are justified in hoping that out of this unity of our military effort will arise a strong unity of economic and constitutional effort that shall create an empire held together not only by ties of blood, but by ties of common interest and common well-being.

F. F.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA.*

In his fascinating book of journalism seventeen years ago, *America To-day*, Mr Archer told us how a well-planned harangue of his to a western audience was swept away once upon the tide of an iced preliminary called a Mississippi Toddy. The beverage which had like to have been the death of the present book is the European War, and we think the author was well advised after hanging it up for three years to decide on publishing it now with all its pre-war imperfections on its head. Further to decide that there was no use in rewriting it was to challenge a critical Nemesis, seeing that nothing in the range of civilisation except perhaps the equator remains what it was five years ago. On the other hand, the general understanding that Indian reforms stood shelved for the war's duration is a point in Mr Archer's favour, since it leaves many of the ruling factors undisturbed, and the present reconsideration of his first decision only adds timeliness and colour to a serious and dispassionate study.

* *India and the Future*, by William Archer, 10s. net. (Hutchinson.)

* *The War and the Future*, By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G. C. M. G., Prime Minister of Canada. Edited by Percy Hurd. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of Anglo Indian conditions as a whole. For Mr Archer as we know of old has a perfectly Boswellian passion for inquiry together with a faculty for reflection and discussion worthy of an Arthur Young.

For instance how many men even among those professed experts who have given their working lives to the study of her problems could have written a book upon India which could go into cold storage you may say for the past three years and emerge with so little damage to its freshness and its flavour? With the exception of a

postscript poem written now to explain the facts and keep faith with the reader the text of his book stands as it did in 1914 and thus we get mistakes and all a survey upon a single plane of time. He admits with his usual fairness of mind that there are pages here and there he would prefer to have rewritten. Our only question is whether the present crisis in Indian reform may not in a few months time stale and invalidate anything written to day. It is only where he has ventured on prophecy that grave of so many reputations that Mr Archer has sunk above his head and this is where he foretold that

the moment England gets into serious trouble elsewhere India in her present temper would burst in a blaze of rebellion. We prefer his candid confession of mis-calculation to the reasoning that follows it. To say that

England has not been in any trouble which in relation to India could be called serious is to argue all together beside the mark. The very situation in the East to day which makes the opportunity for this book and its common sense counsel is proof that the agitator class has an infallible scent for times of trouble in India as elsewhere. To ignore the fact is to deny due credit to the steady and admirable service of an administration harassed by a thousand anxieties as also to the calm good sense of a vast majority of India's population which sees on which side its bread is buttered.

One has not far to read along his pages to discover that the book is vastly different from the kind of work Mr Archer would have turned out in the years that were earlier. In those days the salvation of the world seemed to lie in a kind of passionate austerity within the playhouse and an almost revolutionary freedom everywhere else the whole displayed under a gigantic signboard inscribed according to the code of the Nu Speling. Happily Mr Archer proves by the course he has taken with respect to his present book that he had broadened his views before the war came along. He sees that India reveals no gift for the higher types of finance and commerce unless by Western methods and alliances.

The same rational moderation carries the author through his chapters on the spiritual social and educational aspects of the country so we are not surprised at his suggestion in the highly topical field of propaganda that the Government should itself become a purveyor of vernacular literature both in the shape of books and periodicals — one in which Sir Henry Lawrence anticipated him more than sixty years ago. But we think curiosity will chiefly turn to the chapter on art and culture where Mr Archer deals with the epics and sagas Indian architecture and painting and the evolution of the native drama for it is here he speaks with proved authority. And we are not surprised to find that here where settled principles assert themselves the critic is as tenacious of his Western views as the most conservative administrator. He will enlist sympathy in many of his arguments against the overdrawn eulogy of Hindu arts and architecture that we find in Mr Havelle's well known books but he travels to the other extreme when he gives nearly all the credit in those respects to Moslem influence and he lowers the scale of reason when he so freely affixes the label of ignorance or vanity or 'arrogance' upon a contrary view or the inability of the native craftsman to meet his ideas. If as Mr Archer grants psychology is the key to comprehension why should he call the many-armed *Siva* a monstrosity when it has a symbolic value that so many art fads of the West have not, say the elongated limbs of Mr Sargent's portraiture or the primaries of Mr Augustus John. The

extravagance of the Mahabharata again like this Briarean excess of limbs or the native weakness for numbers as in the legend of the king with sixty thousand sons arises from the passion for power and wonder that is all and exists in all races that have kept anything of the primitive faith that we have lost.

It is when we compare Mr Archer's book with some of the travel logs of the Hun and his admirers that we appreciate it most. It is truly remarkable that a Briton whose mission has lain among the things and streets of home should on a brief contact and acquaintance have entered deeply into the spirit of so rapt and mysterious a country its age long traditions its burning problems and its future anxieties fictive or native. It proves that though other races may make fiercer savants it is our race that makes the better men.

J. F. COLLINS

A DRAMATIC QUINTET

One can imagine the dramatic historian of posterity with a nose for sociology pondering over the ironic fact that an epoch which might have wrung out of the souls of its dramatists a series of plays vibrant with those basic truths which strike at the roots of humanity should have had as its main product a series of feather brained revues. The fact remains that the theatrical war time audience desires nothing better in its present state of mental chaos than to be entertained with the flimsiest of material. The philosopher with a materialist bias will inform you that the whole thing is a question of theatrical economics. The manager as in the case of his historical forbears has followed out the showman's rule and produced only what the largest number of playgoers would pay for. You can have the whole matter argued out in its pros and cons for you in that dialogue between the Foot and the Manager which is enshrined in the Prelude to Goethe's *Faust*. And if the aspirant dramatist wants a recipe for the turning out of commercially successful plays Goethe will provide the secret in a nutshell.

Seize every possible impression
And make it firmly your possession—
You'll then work on because you must

I mention this matter because of the five volumes that lie before me two happen to be the work of dramatists who have followed out that axiom. The first is Victorien Sardou famous for providing an unparalleled vehicle for the exploitation of Bernhardt's splurges of emotional rhetoric. Both author and actress are perfect exemplars of experts who boast between them an encyclopædic knowledge of the tricks of their trade. As for Sardou he will go down the ages as purveyor in ordinary of Bernhardt's emotional stunts for he seldom interested himself in the souls of his characters. His attention was confined to acquiring exactitude in conveying the atmosphere and reporting such acts as would further the business he had in hand—the accumulation of effective situations directed towards a climax foreordained. One would like to have a look at those fifty dossiers of his in which he sedulously collected the details for his projected dramas.

The disadvantage of this method is that the spectator knows as much about the real character of the people when the act drop falls as when the curtain rose. Take

The Sorceress : (*La Sorcière*) which lies before me. I have failed utterly to understand why Enrique the Spanish officer should have elected to die with Zoraya the Moorish woman just as badly as I have failed to understand why Zoraya conceived a passion for so weak kneed a character. Yet the plot is strong enough to enable the author to make these points. It is laid in Granada in Inquisition times. A special edict forbade the union of a Christian and a Moor and it is to the conflict between the forces of religion and the instincts of love that the drama is devoted terminating in the death of the lovers on the steps of the cathedral.

1. The Sorceress. By Victorien Sardou. Translated by Charles A. Weissert. (Boston: Richard G. Badger.)

of Toledo. If one wanted to epitomise Sardou's methods of turning out commercial successes one could do no better than summarise the scene plot of this play. In the first act he takes us to the heights of the River Tagus—in the centre-opening a gap between the precipitous banks showing the city and its cathedral beyond and above a starry sky and crescent moon. Given that background and you have set the atmosphere for a play that starts off with a dialogue steeped in bigotry, superstition and unlawful love. Follows a Moorish chamber scene through the arches of which Toledo rises in blazing sunlight—the foreground redolent with the scent of exotic growths and you are agog for a love scene with a sinister destiny lurking in the background. Item a Spanish patio showing an indigo star strewn sky between its portals—item the low vaulted Inquisition chamber—and last of all the cathedral front at Toledo with its spires towering to the sky line. Any hardened playgoer of a thousand nights can fill the story in for himself for Sardou never disappointed the average intelligence to which his strongest appeal was made.

Mr. Louis N. Parker is an adept dramatic craftsman but unlike Sardou he does concern himself with the interaction between circumstance and character and his dramatic personæ do evolve. *The Aristocrat** is a thoroughly enjoyable and moving play in spite of the handicap of its setting in the hackneyed Revolutionary period. Those who witnessed the play at the St. James Theatre will be gratified to read Parker's clean cut crisp dialogue with (for a Revolutionary play) its delicate nuances of characterisation and the tender humour and pathos of the last act. Louis of Olonzac, Duke of Chastelfrac despite an insistent emphasis upon his lineage becomes the very perfect gentle knight and even the democratic auditor is bound to admit his innate nobility.

Dr. Marie C. Stopes unburdens herself so naively in a Preface addressed to Mr. Delightfullest Manager in the World that it would seem arrogance upon my part to intrude my views upon this three act melodrama. *Conquest*† The story is plain enough. Gordon Hyde a New Zealand sheep farmer is rejected by the recruiting sergeant on account of an accidental lameness. In the moment of his deepest despair he is inspired to create a scheme for devising an International Peace. His good angel—an unrequited lover—becomes the *deus ex machina* who encourages him to embark for England and arrived there is the means of introducing him to a comic opera sort of cabinet minister who puts him in touch with the Prime Minister by whom presumably his embryo League of Nations idea will be fostered. The action and the characters are I regret to say much too ingenuous for acceptance by a modern sophisticated audience.

In the last analysis I come to reality in the shape of a one act play *Where is He?*‡ by D. T. Davies which was originally produced by that foster mother of dramatic art Miss Horniman. The action takes place in the house of a dead miner in Glamorganshire. His wife a prey to mental anguish sits in the gloaming pondering over the fate of her dead husband. Nurtured in the tenets of a Calvinistic creed which points only one path to the Beyond for Gitto her agnostic husband she has her misgivings. Shaw an elderly neighbour attempts to cheer her with her practical counsel and invincible grasp of realities. When Simon the elder comes to arrange a prayer meeting in the house of the dead Marged knowing her dead husband would have objected refuses. *Where is Gitto?* The elder only knows the obvious answer his Calvinism has taught so he hedges leaving the incoming young pastor to answer. He too fences with the question till a merciful neighbour brings in the news that Gitto had sacrificed himself to save his comrade. So artlessly does the dialogue

disclose the irony of the episode that it has the air of inevitability that is the sign manual of supreme dramatic art. We should like to hear more of its author.

Gilbert Cannan's one act play *Everybody's Husband** originally produced by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre is an exquisite fantasy whose plot idea is based upon the contrast between the romantic ideals of marriage and the sardonic facts that lie in wait. The scene is laid in a girl's bed chamber upon the eve of her wedding. It would be unfair to the author to state how ingeniously he contrives to convey the harvest of the future with a causticity that only tends to heighten the delicacy of this little gem of dramatic art.

ROBB LAWSON

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS*

It is only the older members of this generation who will recollect the name and work of Sir Arthur Helps but some of us still remember his vogue especially as a volume of selections from his essays was published in *The Scott Library* in 1892. Every age needs its moral essayists and Helps met the want of the Victorian age. He had his public no less than his great contemporaries Ruskin and Carlyle. Fashions and tastes change here as elsewhere. The essays that instruct a generation derive much of their point from the fact that they are written by men who read and weigh the passing day. Another generation rises with new problems and the essays of yesterday no longer prove adequate to the situation. It is not likely that there will be any revival of interest in Sir Arthur Helps' essays. But that volume of selections was good value and few people even to-day would not be the better for reading the wise letter to special constables which is reprinted in this book (pp. 57 f)—a thoughtful analysis of the chaotic situation in 1848 and of the general principles which underlie reflective citizenship. This letter breathes the good sense, the conscience for social reform and the spirit of justice which distinguished Sir Arthur Helps. He was a permanent official clerk to the Privy Council. He was a trusted adviser of Queen Victoria and lived in exalted society. But what would have dried up sympathy for the poor and suffering in most men failed to make Helps indifferent to the wrongs that required to be put right in his day to problems like slavery and public health and education. He thought deeply on such matters and wrote—or rather dictated—copiously. He had a tidy mind. His essays show an abhorrence of extravagant statement and sentimentalism and inaccuracy. They had more life in them than his dramas or his novel and it was by them more than by anything else that he impressed his age.

But what this volume of letters proves afresh is the esteem in which he was held by men like Norton, Carlyle, and Ruskin. Helps had been a member of the Apostles at Cambridge and to the end of his life he enjoyed the fellowship and friendship of leading thinkers and writers. Their letters to him are a tribute to his reputation. Thus Carlyle writes in 1871:

Long may you live dear Helps to write new Books and purify and pacify your distracted fellow creatures with sprinklings of mild wisdom in a form all your own!

Another sentence from one of Carlyle's letters is worth quoting. It is a verdict on Charles the Fifth:

I know not what you have made out of Charles V (who remains entirely invisible in Robertson and all English Histories hitherto). I know only for absolutely certain that he has the Austrian chin, a pair of lazy deep eyes—and shows here and there a large headed *Flemish Mercantile* character to me of much obstinacy and occasional arrogance and wrath dead to the higher considerations or pretty nearly so.

Men wrote to Helps in this way not merely civil letters but letters which handled serious things in life and history.

* *Everybody's Husband. A Play* By Gilbert Cannan 2s net (Martin Secker)

* *Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps* Edited by his son, E. A. Helps 12s 6d net (John Lane)

* *The Aristocrat* By Louis N. Parker 1s net (John Lane)

* *Conquest or A Piece of Jade. Three Acts* By Marie C. Stopes D.Sc. Ph.D. 1s net (Sam French Ltd.)

* *Where is He?* A One-Act Play By D. T. Davies 2s net (The Shakespeare Head Press)

"PELMANISM" IN 1917.

By EDWARD ANTON

THE annals of the past year would be incomplete without some reference to the prominent part in the affairs of the Empire which has been played by that remarkable new force—*Pelmanism*.

The progress of this movement may be taken as an earnest of the still greater part which it will play in the future for in the space of a few months the Pelman Institute has risen from the status of a private concern to that of a truly national institution.

The credit of discovering the immense possibilities of *Pelmanism* as a factor of national and individual betterment belongs largely to *Truth* which after a long and arduous investigation of all the available evidence devoted an entire supplement to a report on the work of the Pelman Institute in May 1916 and issued further supplements in September of that year and in May 1917.

The effect of this report—emanating from a source well known for its fearlessness and independence—was electric. It created a feeling of the community responded to *Truth's* ringing call to action. It satisfied the enormous public demand for the report and large editions (amounting to some hundreds of thousands) were reprinted and distributed free through the medium of announcements in the *Daily Mail*, *The Times* and other leading journals. A large proportion of these reprints were reserved for the Army and Navy but every day of the full supply was again and again renewed and the demand for it was still unabated. It was the opinion that *Truth's* report of a national service of a small value when it is that it is a summary of the work of opening the eyes of the public to the practical importance of *Pelmanism* as an all-embracing physical and professional system.

And now I repeat that *Pelmanism* has become a national movement and every day may be said to bring fresh evidence of its almost limitless possibilities. It is true I and I believe it is heartily felt that no man or woman who has conscientiously followed *Pelman* principles has ever failed to reap substantial benefit.

Some have attributed primarily to the system of increasing in one and the same person in business or professional life, others to its value in securing greater mental development and a higher standard of personal efficiency either again and it is a supposition valid educationally and intellectually. It appears to be a system which would not be profitable to the system of the world or the world may be.

The register of the Institute shows that every one on civil occupation or occupation is registered therein. I will deal with the various groups further on but in the meantime I desire to emphasize by every means in my power the fact that there is a large number of men and women who afford to disregard *Pelmanism* whatever their education may have been whatever their present position and attainments may be.

What is the Pelman System? The question is not easily answered in small space. I can best illustrate the effects of a *Pelman* training by a reference to what takes place when a course of scientific physical culture is followed. The physical culturist first learns the use of each group of muscles; he then exercises them systematically in order to develop their power and to bring them under his direct control. The result is a very high maximum of physical efficiency every set of muscles being brought into fully effective use and proper co-ordination of effort being introduced. The *Pelman* System applies the same scientific method to the various faculties of the mind and with equally definite and equally certain results. But whereas the degree of physical development is limited the possibilities of mental development are practically limitless. That is why the University man and the Army chief are able equally with the man of elementary education the clerk or the private to derive direct and tangible benefits from the adoption of *Pelmanism*.

The *Pelman* System is moreover distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is not a mental strait jacket but an instrument of wonderful range and elasticity. Instead of attempting to impose cut and dried rules and methods of thought it shows the student how to give effective expression to his or her own ideas, aims and personality. In fact it completes a man or woman in the mental sense just as bodily training completes them in the physical sense. That is possibly why the *Pelman* System has so very often been the means of developing talent and unsuspected powers of the mind. It arouses the student to a recognition of his or her own powers and opportunities inspiring self-confidence, moral courage and the desire for effective action. As a mental and moral tonic it is by the testimony of many students well worth many times the time spent upon it.

THE ARMY AND NAVY

Over 18,000 officers and men of both Services are now following the last being headed by forty-eight generals and ten admirals. The mere fact that such a large number study the Course in spite of such drawbacks as scanty leisure and a strenuous environment speaks volumes for the estimation in which *Pelmanism* is held by the Services. Equally significant is the frequency with which general and other subordinate officers to be enrolled in the Regimental Commanders often say they prefer it or more of their N.C.O.s.

While the bulk of Army and Navy men take the Course as being indispensable to their professional efficiency it is worthy of note that a considerable number are taking it for its value for home when the war is over and the soldier returns to civil life.

A few typical letters may be put before you from amongst the many hundreds received from the Front. Both are from Army officers. The first letter runs:

I shall like to call your attention to the fact of the story of my life in C.O.

When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a bit of a "fag" and an "idiot." When I began my first year I was my star began to rise—I had the ability of a first class soldier to be a first class soldier. I left the home battalion with my C.O. and commandant a better man than I had had for more than a year and was in France.

I was then appointed a second lieutenant to command a company and was the best of the men with two papers and had a new star and an M.

That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the *Pelman* System.

The second letter presents another interesting view.

The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my war life—this is a most valuable danger I may add. It inculcates a keen and rough courage in all I am doing, the game of life—this is a most valuable thing to the English people and I should be proud to have a moral education to my business men. So I would follow—but I will not be a secretary.

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND "PELMANISM"

All kinds of professional men have followed the keen interest in the *Pelman* System. Doctors, solicitors, barristers, architects, auditors, journalists, authors, civil engineers, educationists—these have supplied astonishing evidence of the value of the Course to them in their daily work.

The new system has made tremendous progress amongst all kinds of business men. It may be said the number of men in business is quickly followed by other from the service. But recently our latest were made in one day for eight hours of a large firm (including managing director, works manager, warehouse manager, cashier, respondent, firm in office clerk and forwarding clerk). Such a business moment is sufficient. The frequency with which business men pay for the enrolment of their employees is proof that *Pelmanism* supplies a convincing answer to the question: "What is worth while?"

"TRUTHS SUMMING UP"

I cannot do better than to quote from the conclusion arrived at by *Truth's* investigator and which formed the finale to the first report.

The *Pelman* System places the means of progress within the reach of every one. It does not provide a plan for the brainless but it does provide every one with the means of making the best use of the faculties with which Nature has endowed him and bringing them to full fruition. What that fruition will be depends of course on the original capabilities of the student but it needs no great knowledge of the world to be aware that the man with well-ordered mind and reliable memory is at an advantage over him whose faculties though naturally greater have been undeveloped or developed at random. The moral is of course for those who want to make the most of their natural endowments to equip themselves for success in the battle of life to see that their minds are trained to the point of efficiency. With that object they cannot do better than take advantage of the course of instruction offered to them by the *Pelman* Institute.

A full description of the *Pelman* System is given in *Mind and Memory* with many interesting illustrations of the manifold utilities of *Pelmanism* and evidence of its value to various classes of men and women. A free copy of this book together with a free copy of *Truth's* third report will be sent post free to any reader of *THE BOOKMAN* who sends a post card applying for the same to the *Pelman* Institute, 20 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

his interests and ability were known to his correspondents and this is one of the features which make the present volume full of interest to ourselves. Helps for example detested war and wrote against it. Ruskin in acknowledging receipt of his book puts in a characteristic sentence:

I would myself unhesitatingly fight any number of battles and lie at the last as long as a human can lie dying—with the happy consciousness that I have killed any number of ciphers long of mob—if only by that process I could save the *Georgics* of Virgil or the pictures of John Bellini.

Another letter from Froude in 1872 touches a chord which vibrates still:

Surely in these difficult days when naval and military matters have become a science for England to trust the Admiralty and the War Office to Parliamentary actors who go in and out of office every two or three years is downright midsummer madness.

The most fruitful letters of Helps himself are those addressed to Norton upon slavery. We live over again the period of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the sensation it created in England. But altogether this book conveys a pleasant impression of Helps and his circle. The Victorians are under a passing cloud at present; the clever circle of those who write with ease are treating them as many of the nineteenth century Victorians treated the eighteenth century. Some day the balance will be re-adjusted and it is a record like this of honest wholesome activity which will do something to open the eyes of this generation or of its successor to the despised Victorians.

JAMES MORIARTY

THE SOUL OF THE FAMILY*

The theme of the family self-centred isolated superb looking upon other families as though they did not exist or as though they had no right to exist is peculiarly British even if we can discover occasional parallels in the social autocracy of other nations. Anthony Trollope gave us good specimens of this stern island production of ours in the *De Courcys* and the *Greshams* over whom Mary Thorne gained her honourable victory and many novelists more or less seriously have accepted the opportunities for irony and caricature provided by varied aspects of localised pride of race.

Mr Hugh Walpole exposes in his deliberate picture of Mrs Trenchard one whom I find extravagantly heartless yet not unreal. She is one of those solid dreadfully serene outwardly passionless women in whom dwells an elemental power of resistance so that to oppose her will is like trying to push an elephant off its balance. She is in fact morally elephantine. Her innate forces of passive antagonism spring smartly to attention when Philip Mark son of an old friend of Mr Trenchard appears in London stays as guest awhile with the family and falls in love with her daughter Katherine. He is not of the Trenchard kin; he is an absolute outsider has lived and loved in Moscow and has left there a troublesome past—*cherchez la femme toujours!*—which became known to her. She bides her time her slow persistence her craft are superlative and the climax arrives in Cornwall at the Trenchards' country home which to Mark seems with all its soft sweet misty influences to be enclosing him smothering his personality like a huge feather bed from which he cannot escape. Of his final triumph of Mrs Trenchard's cruel half victory when Katherine happily married to Mark pleads for reconciliation and is refused by this appalling mother Mr Walpole tells in the finest story he has yet written. His setting out of the whole Trenchard group—father (a jolly fellow immersed in literary work) mother brother sisters aunts grandparents—is masterly in a certain acute differentiation of individuals while perfectly maintaining the type. Aunt Aggie constantly gazing at her own small bodily ailments and fancied grievances through the magnifying lens of her

thoroughly selfish nature and posing all the time as an altruist is a literary etching that bites deep into the general picture. Several times in the course of the story most readers will feel that it would give them the greatest pleasure to throttle her—which is precisely the effect the author intends no doubt. At the very end there is a full stop of tragedy in the death of old Mr Trenchard which might well have been omitted but on this as a point of artistry opinions may differ.

Mr Walpole impresses me by this novel as having taken a step forward in two ways. He has gained in concentration never for a moment is the call of the story unheard nor is it overpowered by analysis or exposition. It is so easy in pursuing motives and analysing character to relax that grip on the unity of the plot which is essential to the successful novel—successful let me qualify in the judgment of the artist. Only a very few and they have been masters in the art have succeeded in following psychological trails without side tracking the story. If we were enjoying the exhilaration of a journey by express train it would be extremely annoying to be shunted on a siding while the driver sauntered off to pick flowers even though the flowers might be very beautiful and he urged us to appreciate their charm. Mr Walpole understands this. I seem to note also a quickening of perception a finer livelier play of light on the peopled stage glowing more intensely here and there just at the right moment on the right person and yet giving to the others just that correct subdued glow that shall preserve their values for the spectator who must try to keep them all in his field of vision. From these comments I trust that none will infer that Mr Walpole's latest work is theatrical or stagey even if it would make as I imagine an excellent play as a novel it is perfectly natural. Mr Walpole always had a deft touch he has now something better—a sureness of grasp. One may be deft enough in handling precious china yet easily drop a piece with sad results. Mr Walpole assures us by this developed quality that the story will not break under his careful hands. And if my metaphors are flickering let critic as well as poet take a little licence for once!

Mr Cannan's Catherine the inscrutable unyielding unsympathetic wife of Jamie Iawrie is not less firmly set upon the pinnacle of the family than Mrs Trenchard. But in this case she hates her husband's people and their blunt interfering ways. Poor wayward well meaning feckless Jamie a victim of the most malignant form of that affection known to the nineties as the artistic temperament is far too meek to resist her. She orders him about steals the love of his children from him and works her jaundiced self into a pale passion of detestation when a little sympathy with his leaning towards books and the theatre as recreative forces would have made him bloom like a flower and have saved them both from disaster. The psychological strength in this grim tale of Manchester middle class life is not so marked as in the work of Mr Walpole it is a cold rather acid presentation compared with the human warmth and glow of the previous book. But it demands a secure place among the novels that count and those who have read *Three Pretty Men* must not miss it.

The third novel which I have grouped under this family title has for its central figure of interest not the heroine Arethusa Blake a smart little person who fancies herself as a philosopher but who really doesn't matter much her father as the story progresses takes the eye of the discriminating reader more and more. Philip Blake clerk in a solicitor's office was always boasting about his family his dear wife—the best little woman in the world my boy—and of her devotion to him the facts being that he was a bully and a tyrant and that only Arethusa his eldest out of eleven dared stand up to him. She saw right through him and at heart he was afraid of her. He and his meek martyr of a wife are characters drawn with truth and clearness while the girl and her lovers round whom the story ostensibly revolves are less convincing. Had the prose style and composition of this book received some skilled revision the effect would have

* The Green Mirror By Hugh Walpole 6s net (Macmillan)—The Stucco House By Gilbert Cannan 6s net (Fisher Unwin)—The Sheep Path By Harry Tighe 6s net (Westall)

been greatly improved but the sheep path—the path of marriage and motherhood which Arethusa at first professed to regard with contempt—is well described and the book must be bracketed with our other two as distinguished from the crowd by comprehension, competent observation and a sure attack.

WILFRID L. RANDELL

CHRISTUS CONSUMMATOR*

If I understand Mr Temple rightly he has sought to offer in outline that which he says in all truth is needed so urgently something in our own day corresponding to that work which St Thomas Aquinas did for his. There are many who look with Mr Temple for a new Angel of the Schools and I ask to be numbered among them. Whether such a real philosopher will arise in his or my time—to fill up and perhaps expand his outline may be even more than doubtful. Meanwhile it calls to be said that Mr Temple's *Mens Creatrix* apart from any such comparison is a noble essay nobly planned and setting forth eloquently—I had almost said greatly—the great subjects with which it deals. He bases philosophy on the validity of reason which for him is synonymous with the rationality of the universe and for myself with the sincerity of God—as Leibnitz might have expressed it. Such philosophy attains to belief in God—supposing that it does attain—as the conclusion of an inferential process. With the science of religion on the other hand God is the starting point. By their hypothesis therefore the two are ideally identical in result though not in process or in other words a perfect theology and a perfect philosophy would coincide. But they are not in this state of perfection and they do not meet. The philosophies too often attain no belief in God inferential or otherwise. The theologies in like manner fail to give a satisfying account of empirical facts and faith cannot be established beyond dispute by reason. These things notwithstanding, Mr Temple's object is to propound an attainable unity between faith and knowledge though it may be reached only in part. The point of meeting is in Christ. This is the thesis and it is unfolded in the study which follows by the successive consideration of four chief working departments of human creative mind—the domain of Knowledge the domain of Art of Conduct and finally of Religion. The lines of these activities and researches converge—as one may say naturally—but if themselves they do not meet. Their point of meeting is in Christ. Mr Temple shows after what manner the consideration of each department may be held to lead to this centre and in his second book he looks at the whole subject from the standpoint of the centre—or the Incarnation of Christ.

My impression of the essay as a whole has been given in the opening words and now in some closing lines I desire to look at the general subject as a mystic. There are several ways in which we can understand interpret and above all apply to ourselves—to our life and actions—the great truth of the Incarnation but highest and most vital of all is that aspect where the great truth passes into the great experience and Christ takes flesh within us. It is not in that experience the lesser but ever the greater mystery though there comes a stage when it is no longer *mysterium fidei* but one of that knowledge which is called realisation. There is God in the transcendence as such understood intellectually and there is He Whom Pascal calls God known of the heart. There is the historical Christ—our Master Exemplar Brother—and there is Christ born within us. Mr Temple has told us how four chief things of our creative life stand within their own measures like pillars of an unfinished building of which the capstone and completion is He Whom we have desired in all generations. But there is the more living sense of this story. There is Knowledge there is Art there are that this and the other beautiful and true in their own degrees. All these are

* *Mens Creatrix: An Essay* By William Temple
7s 6d net (Macmillan)

Mr. HEINEMANN'S LIST

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A. I. WAITE

Novel Notes

A GIRL ALONE By Howel Evans 6s (Grant Richards)

Life is hard and perilous enough for the boy or man who is cast adrift in London but it is ten times harder and more perilous for the girl who thus becomes derelict and the girl of Mr. Howel Evans's story finds it so. On the death of her father in Australia she spends what little capital she has on a voyage to England with every reason to believe that once here she will have no difficulty in obtaining a family inheritance from which her father had for some while past been drawing an annual allowance. But from the outset all her calculations fail she finds herself alone and friendless in London with barely enough cash in hand to maintain her for a week. She has had no business experience and is faced with the direct necessity of securing without delay some means of making a livelihood. She falls among thieves at the start and her first stroke of luck is in getting clear of them and discovering a rough but good hearted woman in a poor corner of the town who accepts her account of herself and is willing to take her in as a lodger. Then she embarks on the heartbreaking adventure of looking for work. She gets a place as waitress in a tea shop and loses it through not being sufficiently complaisant to one of the best customers. Thereafter misfortunes come upon her one after the other till she is wandering the streets homeless and hungry and thankful to be befriended by a woman of no character who helps her to food and a night's rest in a doss house. Mr. Evans knows the seamy and the Bohemian side of London intimately and his pictures of it are faithfully and vividly realistic. He takes his heroine unflinchingly through such experiences as were almost bound to come upon a girl left as Ellice Mayne was left utterly destitute in a strange city. He interests you in her and her story and in the varied characters who come in contact with her and play their parts for good or ill in the working out of her chequered destiny. A well imagined well told tale with a strong melodramatic plot it holds the reader's sympathies unflinchingly through all its lights and shadows to its pleasant ending.

THE GULF By Hugh F. Spender 3s net (Collins)

The cover of this novel shows the Kaiser in full panoply with a young man and a young woman on either side of him separated by his military personality. The Kaiser actually comes into the story here not a leading figure but it is his influence or rather the influence of the war which threatens to separate the hero and the heroine. For Mr. Spender greatly daring has made his hero a Prussian officer. Just before the war an English girl falls in love with him. He is sent into Belgium with the invading host from Berlin but the atrocities of his fellow officers disgust him. Finally he is arrested and on the verge of being shot for refusing to massacre some innocent Belgian civilians. He escapes and the escape is dramatically told. The book ends with Edith joining Karl in America. Karl is one of the better sort of Prussian officers one would like to believe there were some of his spirit left in the Kaiser's army and Mr. Spender has succeeded in making his hero convincing. The war temper in Germany

and the reaction against it in English circles are both described with insight. Mr. Spender has been careful to avoid over colouring his sketch he admits shades of grey as well as black and white and the delineation of the Jingoism in both countries is amusing even when it is incisive. Altogether the novel is exciting and fresh. Karl's reflection when he reaches New York sums up the author's general attitude to the conflict admirably. Germany has been condemned by the civilised world. I do not wish to add fuel to the fire of hatred that is rising against her. I conceive that she will be sufficiently punished for all her crimes. But we enjoy the story not so much for its philosophy of the situation as for its swift dramatic contrasts and romantic thrill.

HIS JOB By Horace Bleackley 6s (John Lane)

Close on the heels of his admirable biography of John Wilkes comes this new novel of Mr. Bleackley's—a novel of very considerable power. It is the story of how a young man went through the fever and fret of youth came in danger of wrecking his future on an unhappy love adventure and finally found himself and his work in the world. At the outset Ronald Egerton has all the self conceit and vague aspiration that are natural to his years. Yielding a reluctant obedience to his father's wishes he cuts short a promising college career and takes his place in the great Dye Works that have been laboriously established by three generations of his family. The father and son with their real affection for each other and their opposed outlooks on life are strongly and cleverly characterised. Not less so is Tom Barlow whose inventive ingenuity is largely responsible for the prosperity of the Works and who has risen to be their manager without losing anything of the ordinary workman's attitude of mind towards his master. It is Tom who is chiefly responsible for preventing Ronald's marriage. He has his own pride and will not have his daughter marry above her station to grow ashamed of him and perhaps be at a disadvantage in new surroundings because of her ancestry so he resolutely sends her back to the convent school in Belgium and during that absence she lightly makes a clandestine match with a man of higher social rank than Ronald can pretend to. The story is ably developed and full of interest it has its poignant moments and is shaped to an impressive and a satisfying end.

THE PEEPSHOW By Helen Prothero Lewis 6s (Hutchinson)

The readers innumerable who in stress of war demand the lightest of literary fare could not do better than read the amazing adventures of the Grudged Acres family as told by the Earl's poor relation Griselda. Griselda always meant well but her amazing indiscretions invariably took the direction of disaster and the Earl of Grudged Acres was constantly menaced by bankruptcy fire and other misfortunes. It is a mad and merry household to which Miss Lewis introduces us and we have only admiration for the high spirits with which she has kept up Griselda's diverting autobiography. In her love for Dwindle the Earl's heir and a gallant officer in the Blues Griselda is willing even to sacrifice her happiness. But luck is consistently on the side of the madcaps the inconvenient suitors and miscreants are variously got rid of and a timely legacy arrives and Griselda is left looking forward to war work in the company of her husband Dwindle. Griselda is a most entertaining narrator with an air of innocence that will make her many friends.

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD By Marion Hill 6s net (John Long)

Miss Marion Hill's vivacious style and delightful humour make her books extremely refreshing and full of charm. The Toll of the Road is the story of a girl brought up to the narrow respectability of a country town who comes under the dominating influence of an actor manager and is induced to join his touring company. She is already

engaged to be married to a young man possessed of a strictly urban mind and Gert testing her wings and finding freedom very sweet soon soars out of touch with him. Finally she is called upon to choose between her conventional lover and the infatuated actor-manager who has already made three attempts in matrimony and still has a wife wandering somewhere on the globe. Her theatrical experiences are in turn amusing and pathetic and a host of characters whose naturalness impels our interest are cleverly etched into the background of the story with that delicate facile workmanship which has distinguished all the stories of this successful author.



The advent of Sammy into my life

F Dift g with B w by By
l i h h m i y w h h M
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The Toll of the Road is emphatically a book to read.

THE BORN FOOL By John Walter Byrd 6s (Chatt & Windus)

Kirk Clinton was a clever engineer and he had the makings of a sound geologist but he was a born fool to allow himself to become entangled with a sensuous unintelligent factory girl in Yorkshire and to remain entangled even after his eyes had been opened to her character. His boyhood was happy in the love of a charming mother and spoiled by the harshness of a father whose fanatical religious views limited by the Catholic Apostolic Church made life intolerable for his children. This part of the novel is written with much charm and care. So is the youth of the hero with its struggles and promise. But Mr Byrd has not made us believe that Clinton could be such a fool as to drift into the marriage which ends and spoils the book. It is indeed a tribute to the author that we resent this phase of his hero's career so intensely. If the earlier part of the book had been less acute the latter part would not have seemed so unnatural. But how could a young man who had been in the company and under the charm of a girl like Beatrice Lucy succumb to the later fascination of Marion without the slightest sense of incongruity? Mr Byrd will do better in his next novel. He will not leave his hero uninfluenced by conditions which ought to have moulded and held him. He will not put too much into his story as he does here. But when the critic has said things like this he has said practically everything that has to be said against the construction of the novel. Apart from this defect the style and the character drawing are singularly attractive. The descriptions of scenery and the various circles into which young Clinton is introduced are thoroughly charming. It is a novel rich in good things and the quality of its workmanship is high.

WYNNINGFORD By Dr J Morgan De Groot 1s (Stanley Paul)

A shallow worldly wise mother bent on leading her daughter to throw over the man she is engaged to and make a more advantageous marriage is responsible for much of the duplicity and scandal in which Lillian Beckham's life becomes involved and the tragedy in which it ends. The tragedy breaks up the career of the husband she has wronged for he is suspected of her murder and though he is tried and pronounced innocent everybody believes him guilty. Lord Wynniford's conduct after his trial seems a little too eccentric and some of his doings would

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The Bookman's Table.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, 1816-1916 A Centenary Memorial prepared by the Brontë Society. Edited by Butler Wood. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The principal value of this volume will be to the Brontë enthusiast who will find in it much interesting information. It does not contain any of the highest literary criticism, but there is nothing trivial about it. The very superior person sniffs at societies which are founded to study particular authors, but the ordinary reader is grateful to them in that they all of them give him some help and express much which he cannot himself put into words. Mr. Woot in his story of this particular Society shows that its genuine enthusiasm has always been tempered with proper discretion and gives a clear justification of its work. Mrs. Humphry Ward is sound and generous as we would expect. Mr. Gilbert Chesterton is rather disappointing being neither so brilliant nor so profound in his literary estimate as usual. Mr. Spielmann's chapter

Charlotte Brontë in Brussels is the most useful and important in the book. Bishop Welldon says much that is true though too much from the point of view of a bishop, but it is fair to point out that Charlotte Brontë was always an orthodox churchwoman and did not experience religious doubt, rather a notable fact considering that her path was in no way a smooth one. Professor Vaughan in his essay

Charlotte and Emily Brontë—a Comparison and a Contrast gives the most serious purely literary criticism, emphasising that the sisters had well marked characteristics of their own which are often overlooked because of the great likeness of their work in outward form and inner content. Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe writes with genuine enthusiasm about the moors and Emily Brontë as their interpreter. It is inevitable that throughout such a volume comparisons with other authors should be made, but in the case of these sisters these comparisons are not very helpful. There is nothing in the book equal to A. C. Swinburne's Note on Charlotte Brontë. The volume is well calculated to make its readers turn once more to the works of the three Brontë sisters and in that way can be fairly said to have attained its chief object.

RASPUTIN, PROPHET, LIBERTINE, PLOTTER By T. Vogel Jorgensen. Translated from the Danish by William Frederick Harvey. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This book is the second one that has recently been published giving a sketch of the career of that infamous man who was one of the dark forces behind the Russian Crown and Court and whose murder in Petrograd created such a sensation at the end of 1916. It differs from Mr. Le Queux's work (*Rasputin the Rascal Monk*) in that it is merely a résumé of articles which have appeared in various Russian newspapers, whereas the latter is based on documents which were discovered in Rasputin's house in Petrograd after his taking off and placed at Mr. Le Queux's disposal by certain Russian allies of ours who desire for the present to remain anonymous. If these documents are genuine they necessarily enhance the value of Mr. Le Queux's book and as a consequence render the work now under notice negligible. Mr. Vogel Jorgensen only hints at the possibility of Rasputin (whose real name was Grigori Yefimovitch) having been a pro-German. Mr. Le Queux, on the other hand, prints a letter written by the Kaiser to Rasputin which, if authentic, proves that the scoundrel was undoubtedly in the pay of Germany and was working unmistakably in the interests of that country. The Tsarina is also shown to have been gravely implicated. Mr. Vogel Jorgensen's account of the murder differs from that of the other author who claims to have received the details from an eye-witness.

HERSELF—IRELAND By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's *Herself—Ireland* has that precious quality in a book, personality. It is an inconsequent book. She has gathered a great many interesting things. Colonel Moore's talk about the Irish Volunteer Movement has a real historical interest. Her description of the Fitzgerald family at Caston from the sprightly pen of Lady Caroline Dawson afterwards Countess of Portarlington is a plum that makes the mouth of a true blue Fitzgerald person like the reviewer water. She has all sorts of good stories. She is really witty. This about Bernard Shaw is extraordinarily observant as well as witty. It is of Rodin's bust of the dramatist. The chisel of the great master reveals Shaw at his best for the face is not only intellectual, thoughtful and distinguished, but the humour in the hair slightly raised at each side suggests a gentlemanly faun. Did anyone before discover that G. B. S. resembled a faun? He certainly does. She begins a chapter with the Fitzgeralds and she ends it with the Little Flower—the saintly little French nun who is the object of so much devotion in Ireland. She renders the Irish speech very badly. She is constantly delightfully inaccurate and one does not care a fig for accuracy. She is indiscreet, but indiscretion is true to the life. She trips and walks through her book and one apprehends her through all she describes and tells and

If to her share some female errors fall
I look in her fall and you forget them all.

The book by no manner of means sets out to be a guide-book, yet you might wander through Ireland with a worse guide than Mrs. T. P. There is real amiability, real kindness even in her slight maliciousness. You get the sense of a very charming woman saying and doing what she will because she is just she, you hear her speaking on every page. There is a pleasantness in the book that appeals—a sweet disorder. Mrs. T. opened her heart to Ireland and Ireland welcomed her. Every one was agreeable to her and she was agreeable to everybody. She found a wonderful cabinet-maker worthy of the Dublin which sat at the feet of Sheraton and Chippendale in the person of Mr. Hicks of Pembroke Street whom she makes famous. One rather grudges Mr. Hicks to the whole world. Always she has the feeling for the beautiful old stately City of Dublin and for the country and the people. No one need be afraid of being prented in these arch but kindly notes. Excellent illustrations add to the charm of the book. When you close the last page of it you are lonely for Mrs. T. P.

VISITS TO WALT WHITMAN By J. Johnston and J. W. Wallace. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

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on so many points yet I admire and in a shadowy sort of way due to incidental strokes and little things known to me I feel what may be called an affection for this Anthony who delivered so grand an oration over Cæsar's dead body. He thought too that the Catholic Church was dead in spite of her apparent energy her marvellous seeming revival. I am not going to talk about that—my words would be deemed merely partisan.

But listen to Ruskin. I looked he says more passionately for some utterance from him—from his dear friend Froude the disciple of Carlyle—of noble story about the brave and faithful dead and noble wrath against the wretched and miscreant dead alive. But year by year his words have grown more hesitating and helpless. The first preface to his *History*—these words I quoted above—is a quite masterly and exhaustive summary of the condition and laws of England before the Reformation and it most truly introduces the following book as a study of the process by which that condition and those laws were turned upside down and inside out—so that from the least thing to the greatest if our age is light those ages were dark if our

age is right, those ages were wrong—and *vice versa*. There is no possible consent to be got or truce to be struck between them. Those ages were feudal ours free those reverent ours impudent those artful ours mechanical the consummate and exhaustive difference being that the creed of the Dark Ages was I believe in one God the Father Almighty Maker of Heaven and earth and the creed of the Light Ages has become

I believe in Father Mud the Almighty Plastic and in Father Dollar the Almighty Drastic.

Thus far the Christian who believed not in mythology but in God and His Angels and the immortal soul of man. All I have now to add is that the Carlyles and the Froudes themselves holding this doctrine in their heart of hearts should in mere loyalty to it have considered how they might help the old Religion instead of venting their rage on corruptions long since reformed and in consequence year by year growing more hesitating and helpless in presence of the Gospel of Dirt. James Anthony Froude by his life and writings points to the union of all who are convinced that man is more than dust and shadow in a new and better Reformation which shall be a Christian Renaissance.

HARDY'S POEMS

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY

WHEN the future historian of poetry comes to deal with Thomas Hardy it is probable that the Spirits Ironic will gather round to smile at his perplexity for his task will not be easy. The historian if he is to produce a book and not a compilation must get his figures into some sort of pattern and though the author of *Tess* and the author of *The Dynasts* will have their places of right among the prominent themes the place of the author of *Wessex Poems* will be troublesome to assign. Certainly he cannot be relegated to the minor herd there is something large about even his trivial pieces which precludes that solution even though it would give him for company not a few who are not only his superiors in craftsmanship but are also gifted in fuller measure with the essence the magic stuff of poetry. Nor is he one of the great figures who must stand alone or only in the company of the great. If he must stand alone it is because there is no one who can quite be matched with him.

In short Hardy the poet is one of the eccentrics of literature one of those who are not of the centre as Arnold used to say. The reason for this is not to be found in his philosophy which is in itself as suitable an ingredient of poetry as that of Meredith or Browning and would seem to be more in accord with reality. Nor is it to be found in the fact that his poetry is so often local in colouring or that his characters are rarely universal types but nearly always to be visualised quite distinctly in the quaint *démodé* costume and *coiffure*—not quite old fashioned enough to have become definitely romantic—of the 'sixties or 'seventies. He is not a local poet or (like Austin Dobson) a 'costume' poet his subjects may be localised and dated but the atmosphere of irony through which they are seen

neutralises the limitation. Nevertheless in the company of the poets he is manifestly a provincial his manners are not those of the *beau monde* of poetry. Character earns him his right to a place in that company but both temperament and manners keep him aloof. He lacks not only its fervour but also its tact falling short of Pope as well as of Shakespeare.

We might perhaps figure poetry as a wheel which according as this or that man spins it appears a steady or a fitful flame or a polished gleaming disc of metal. As Hardy spins it it is still a wheel. He lets you see the spokes which though they are undeniably of good metal are not fused into unity.

He does not spin the wheel quite fast enough nor does he spin it quite steadily—which is the same as to say that he lacks the true poetic tact. His sense of fitness is imperfect. There is little to be said for the old prejudice against the use in poetry of words of Latin origin. All the resources of a language should be at the disposal of those who at once put it to its finest uses and enrich it. But Hardy's subjects nearly always seem to call for the atmosphere to be best obtained by a vernacular treatment and his use of latinisms is notorious. A defect in his prose still more is this a defect in his verse or rather the defect is more obvious there because the work is on a smaller scale. Again he is a curious and skilful metrist, but he too often plays the virtuoso when the simple balladists were a more appropriate rôle. Then he sometimes overdoes the grotesque, both in diction and in subject and is not infrequently betrayed by his humour into the ludicrous. Death is his favourite theme and he has often treated it worthily, but there is more than one piece in his latest volume which calls to mind

the famous tragedy of the ten little nigger boys. On the other hand he is at his best as an elegist and has written nothing finer than the threnody for Swinburne.

A Singer Asleep daringly reminiscent of Swinburne's own great threnody for Baudelaire or than the Waterloo lyric very characteristically an anticipatory dirge in *The Dynasts*.

While poetry is always immanent in the Wessex novels the Wessex poems are the verses of a novelist. Personal as they are they are mostly dramatic and objective. Their subjects are not so much projections of the author's personality as surrounded with it. They are novels in miniature notes which have been refined and pared down to essentials instead of having been expanded and elaborated. Many of them might have been written in prose to put them into verse was the technical dandyism of the miniaturist or the carver of ivory. Perhaps the historian will be well advised to treat them with the novels as chips from the diamonds which are *Tess* and *The Woodlanders*.

*Moments of Vision** is Hardy's fifth volume of poetry exclusive of *The Dynasts*. Its faults and merits are those of its predecessors. Its special characteristic is that it contains its author's war poems

except the famous *Men Who March Away* which is in an earlier book. Some of these illustrate the failings with which this paper has been perhaps too exclusively concerned but *In Time of the Breeding of Nations* is not eccentric at all but obvious is most great poetry is obvious.

Only a man harrowing, lods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of burnt grass
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass

Yonder a mud and her wight
Come whispering by
Wars annals will cloud into night
Lest their story die

To have written that and *The Darkling Thrush* and *A Singer Asleep* and *The Eve of Waterloo* and *Men Who March Away* is to have established an unassailable claim to the high name of poet.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

APRIL 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month.

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square E.C. 4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following as below.

- I—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best six lines of original verse to the British housewives who are bearing the brunt of the food difficulties.
(The Prize of Three Books will be offered next month for the best note in not more than one hundred words of prose on What I Think of Standard Boots.)
- IV—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH

- I—This PRIZE is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Marjorie K. Smyth of 6 Osborne Mansions Northumberland Street W. and to A. M. Christie of Ashfield Torquay for the following.

HERIDITY

They say you have your father's eyes
Exact in colour and in size
And I had thought a bit of blue
Had fallen from the summer skies
And hidden in your upturned eyes

You have your Grandmother's hair I'm told
Hers now so white was just as gold
But I had thought the sunset's glow
Had lingered round your dainty head
Instead of hurrying off to bed

A great aunt's dimple comes and goes
In your soft cheek your little nose
Belongs to Mother and your lips—
So like the petals of a rose
That tremble with each breeze that blows

* *Moments of Vision* By Thomas Hardy 6s net (Macmillan)

Oh! lovely robber thief most fair!
If eyes and lips and golden hair
Are not your own then keep I pray
But hide away lest some one see
The faithful heart you stole from me

MARJORIE K SMYTH

HARLEQUIN'S SONG

I pass
Where'er I've a mind
With a laugh as I dance
And a leap so high
With a lightning glance
And a crash and a flash
In the summer sky!
I come in the wind
And I go with a sigh
And nobody ever sees Harlequin
Happy go lucky Harlequin
Go by

(But never again with Columbine
Never again with you
Side by side and hand in hand
We wandered the wide world through!
And because I could not understand
Columbine
Will never be mine
Will never again be mine)

I come
With a tap on the cheek
And a quip so gay
An invisible sprite
In my motley array
With a dangle o' spangle
To flash in the light!
And lo! when they seek—
I have vanished from sight!
For nobody ever sees Harlequin
Happy go lucky Harlequin
In flight

(But never again with Columbine
Never again with you
For with all the craft of my magic art
I never guessed what she loved the best
Was the song of a human heart
I gave her the earth and the stars above
And she bartered them all for a song of love
A song that I never knew
So Columbine
Will never be mine
Will never again be mine)

I pass
With a call and a cry
And a taunt so gay
Like the flash of a dart
I speed on my way
In a hush with the rush
Of my magic art!
And I cannot die
I must play my part
For never a soul has Harlequin
Happy go lucky Harlequin
Only a broken heart

A M CHRISTIE

We also select for printing

LAST LEAVE—A RECOLLECTION

A chamber cool in blue and white
The closing of a summer day
Beloved lips that say
A greeting and a low good night
When dusk enfolds us in its grey

A morn of azure and of pearl
And joy that pulses high and sweet
Long hours that pass as fleet
As those small brooks that twist and curl
Through scented heather at our feet

A parting when night falls again
A little gown of white and blue
A memory of you
Melting in sadness for your pain
So swift to wax so long to wane—
Could you divine I sorrowed too?

(G M Sturdee The Manor Norton Fitzwarren Taunton,
Somerset)

APRIL IN LONDON

It is April in London and daffodils are blowing,
Jocund and lovely in garden park and square
The almond is in blossom and tasselled gold is glowing
Over willow larch and hazel everywhere

It is April in London and the flower sellers baskets
Waft fragrance of hyacinths and purple violets sweet
And scent of white narcissi and mimosa—like caskets
Swinging incense up and down the city street

It is April in London the green lawns are a glory
Inlaid with amber wallflowers and tulips gold and red
In Kensington Gardens where thrushes sing their story
Of love among the branches where lilac light is shed

It is April in London but Spring's full joy is daunted
By War's deep shadow casting its gloom o'er lives to day
And hearts that felt the rapture by Sorrow's voice are
haunted

I only in olden ways where chequered sunbeams play
(Edith A Jenkinson 22 Harlow Moor Drive Harrogate)

We specially commend the lyrics by Margaret K Mckvoy (Cricklewood) Cyril G Taylor (Bellaghy) Mrs A Craven Greenwood (Cibraltar) Wilfred W Kershaw (Birkdale) May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich) E J Pratt (Toronto) Ivan Adair (Dublin) Iris Sparks (Salisbury) V V Mathews (London W) Violet Gillespie (Worthing) R Paget (London S W) Frederick J Mathias (Cardiff) K E Minnitt (Mansfield) Phillis Marks (London N W) H E Ley (Oxford) Muriel Isaac (London N W) K Elsie Hunt (North Shields) B R M Hetherington (Carlisle) A P Herbert (Hammersmith) C E S (Glasgow) William H Forster (Canonbury) Mrs C M E Semper (Lutterworth) Violet Walker (Whitehaven) Olive E Rawson (Meopham) C Leslie Gunston (Winchester) Miss F Olsen (B E F France) Noëlle Ffrench (Mount Talbot) E K Nugent (London S W) Rachel L Manners (Stamford) Rev A L Gardiner (Bounds Green) Private H Baxter (Causter) Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno) Janet F Ebsworth (Coventry) Eleanora Preston (Bedford) Lily Salisbury (Norwich) Mrs Brian Luck (London S W) P G Salt (Highgate) J A B (Highgate) M A Ruck (Kenilworth) Margaret E Masfield (Cheadle) Anna Walker (Sleights) Audrey Haggard (South Kensington) Frances Helen Jackson (Lincoln) A M Richardson (Guisborough) Endon Vally (Bushey) G M Hemmings (Bristol) A C McI (Bath) John White (Bedford) Anita Lea (Liverpool) C Burton (Upper Norwood) Miss E Robus (Tonbridge) F W Kuhlicke (Walton-on-the-Hill) Lorraine Harvey (Bushey) Delphine Stringer (Cromer) Monica Chapman (Bounds Green) Barbara H Storey (Penzance) Enid D Woolbright (Chelsea) Vera Hill (West Kensington) Winnifred Barrows (West Moor) Emily Lewis (Mansfield) Richard Tucker (Tavistock) A C W (Kenington) Arthur Pollard (Accrington) Dora Elida Southgate (Maidenhead) Caerleon (Redditch) William C Pecoock (Bristol) Doris M Hately (Birmingham) Frances (Dublin) D Stewart Wright (Maidenhead) Emily

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II —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs A J Wilson of 22 High Street Winterton Doncaster for the following

EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND BY GILBERT CANNAN
(Martin Secker)

I'm not a single man!
THOMAS HOOD *I'm not a Single Man*

We also select for printing

THE GREAT UNBORN BY EDWIN LUCH
(Palmer & Hayward)

Perhaps it may turn out a song
Perhaps turn out a rhyme
BURNS *Epistle to a Young Friend*

(M A Dawes College Hall Byng Place W C I)

SIMPLE SOULS BY J H TURNER (Cassell)

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat
BUTLER *Hudibras*

(Miss Robinson 3 Penn Lea Road Weston Bath)

GREAT POSSESSIONS BY DAVID GRAYSON
(Hodder & Stoughton)

Butter and eggs
And a pound of cheese
C S CALVERLEY

(Mary Vincent Convent Magdalen Road
St Leonards on Sea)

III — The PRIZE for the best motto (original or selected) for V A D workers is divided and Two BOOKS each awarded to Cicily D Cuminc of 21 Craigerne Road Blackheath S E 3 and to Miss Pugh of 13 Baldslow Road Hastings for the following

Not for self but for country
(Motto of Earl Romney)

Honour before Honours

Miss E M Delafield (London W) says rather significantly after two and a half years' experience as a V A D she has come to the conclusion that the motto that has recurred oftenest to her mind is 'Steady your hand in time of squalls' (Newbolt's *Admiral Death*). Miss Isaacson (Camden Hill) proposes 'Suffrance is the badge of all our tribe' (*Shakespeare*). D Hare (Bath) somewhat frivolously suggests 'Helping Tommy leads to fresh engagements' and Miss Marjorie Parkes (Oldham) 'We ain't paid much but we *do* see life' (*Bartimeus*). We select for special commendation the twelve mottoes sent by Mrs Brian Luck (London S W) J D (Rhondda) A H Stoddon (Luton) Katie E Green (Stourbridge) Balvo (Broadstone) Private R C Bodker (Woolwich) F J Cooke (Halifax) Jean Tarbet (London S W) Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool) Mrs A J Russell (Bitterne) Mrs A H Dalglish (Maidenhead) Thomas Jones (Oldham)

IV —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mary C Mair of 142 Broadhurst Gardens Hampstead N W 6 for the following

THE EYES OF A CHILD BY EDWIN PUGH
(Chapman & Hall)

This book, as its name implies visualises life from a child's point of view and the author's unhappy experiences at school — that abominable slaughter house of hapless

childhood — are described with great indignation and perhaps a little bitterness. But there is happiness in the book as well as misery for in every child's life there must be some gleams of sunshine — links in the chain of memories glittering and distinct as jewels. It is not too much to say that *The Eyes of a Child* is one of the most sympathetic most profoundly human child studies that have ever been written.

We also select for printing

IN ANOTHER CIRCLES BY HERTA RUCK
(Hodder & Stoughton)

Humour freshness plenty of colour and fascinating detail a delightful tangle of complications without even one villain in the piece — these are the ingredients of one of the jolliest books Miss Ruck has written. The war only comes into it as a background for the unusual adventures of Rose Whitelands the heroine who after repeated and futile attempts to discard the other girl's shoes for her own discovers that she would rather stay where she is and thereby provides the happy ending for which the reader has been so anxiously hoping and which at first seems so impossible.

(Elsie M Meredith 4 Queen Anne's Bideford Devon)

LONDON LAMPS BY THOMAS BURKE
(Grant Richards)

This little book of verse transplants me from the gaudy restless East straight to the heart of London. It conveys with surprising tenderness and whimsicality an impression of the personality of London full of charm and appeal clothed sometimes in the garish colours of Limehouse sometimes in subdued and subtle tints of lilac and grey. The call of London comes straight to our hearts and leaves us stirred as when on a frosty night we walked alone amid crowded streets revelling in the thrill of lights bustle and colour till the very joy of it moved us to melancholy.

(Clady's F I Carsall The Knowle Panchgani Bombay Presidency India)

THE LAND BY JOHN CAISWORTHY
(George Allen & Unwin)

This is a strong and carefully worked out plea for a return to the land and a demand for legislation to deal with the economic problems which have arisen owing to the fact that the position of these islands has been radically altered by the advent of the submarine and the aeroplane. We must grow our own food village life must be recreated and the towns themselves drastically improved. For the future the country's watchword should be 'all for health'. The arguments put forward should be studied by every one interested in the very vital question of reconstruction after the war.

(H W Mottram 27 Moscow Court Queen's Road W 2)

We specially commend the twenty reviews by E R Gunn (King William's Town S A) J W Douglas Smith (Dundee) Ellen Lush (Auckland N Z) Elsa Gellert (Bradford) N Walker (Belfast) C Dawson (Llandudno) Maud Montagu Bruce (Sunningdale) P H Shaylor (Reading) J Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells) Winifred Bates (Bridport) Evelina San Garde (Accrington) E A Pearson (Fleet) J A Jenkins (Liverpool) Mannington Sayers (Totnes) Agnes M Macaulay (Malvern) M E Rotton (London N W) G Belton Cobb (Hampstead) S S Wright (Swanley) Dorothy Ensor (Hampstead) H B Carson (Belfast)

V —The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to R A Finn of The Sundial Surbiton

New Books

TRISTAN AND ISEULT*

This new play is assured of a generous and appreciative welcome from all lovers of poetry. The familiar bluish grey binding will carry their thoughts to earlier volumes and remind them of a debt which they are very willing to acknowledge. For to the student of contemporary English literature Mr Symons occupies a special niche peculiar and apart. His various books represent varying facets of a talent which at least is always at unity with itself and consistent with a central conception of things. He moves insatiably curious amidst the phenomena of our world and to the recognition and artistic expression of that phenomena he has devoted the resources of a remarkable intelligence. Mr Symons is a master of many literatures and whilst certainly a poet born is not less assuredly a poet made. His Muse does not lack inspiration but even less does she lack art and artifice. She has passed through the London—and Paris—streets with a very modish air and her head indeed is not more filled with dreams than her heart is concerned with love. She is perhaps even too preoccupied about that brief longing and deceiving hope and bodily tenderness of which a brother poet speaks. Touching life as he does at so many points and dealing with his material with such unfailing distinction it is not surprising that Mr Symons's reputation stands deservedly high. It would stand even higher were not a distinctively personal talent so curiously sensitive to outside influences. A certain delicate imitativeness seems part of his exquisite and original gift. His prose may be considered a tribute to Pater's memory and in poetry from the manner of Browning he turned to that of Verlaine and even reproduced with remarkable fidelity the note and the stammer of Mr Yeats. And yet despite any such foreign influences the talent of Mr Symons remains essentially his own.

The theme of Mr Symons's play lay ready to his hand and was a matter after his own heart. The romance of Tristan and Iseult is one of the great love stories of the world. It remains a supreme achievement of the Middle Ages as enduring and significant a masterpiece as one of their own Gothic cathedrals. There is no story richer and more picturesque in incident none more suffused in tragic beauty for it is wrought from the very stuff of fatality. The mediæval poets seem to have been a little nervous of their own audacities and sought to tone down and explain away certain features of the narrative but their anxiety was fruitless for the authorised version of the legend survives in the *Morte D Arthur* much as it was originally written. Draped in the cloth of gold of that incomparable history Tristan and Iseult stand familiar to all lovers of old romance but another version of their story in very charming modern French has been prepared from ancient sources by M Bédier and translated into equally excellent English by Mr Belloc. It is no wonder that the modern imagination has occupied itself largely with so impassioned a legend nor is it surprising that obvious difficulties should have prevented our poets from achieving complete success. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* contained two stories concerned practically with the same theme—the love of Lancelot and Guinevere and the love of Tristram and Iseult. To avoid monotony and to secure dramatic contrast Tennyson transposed the character of Tristram to a lower key and made the great Knight the mere blot and foil of Lancelot. Swinburne again attempted a task for which he had not the necessary gifts and 'Tristram of Lyonesse' consequently is but a mediæval narrative which tripped and fell amongst a tangle of roses and was suffocated by their overpowering scent. It is a thousand pities that this

subject was earmarked for Swinburne by his friends as otherwise the theme would certainly have been essayed by William Morris—our finest story teller in verse since Chaucer—and should have resulted in an additional bead to the rosary of the *Earthly Paradise* and in an adequate treatment of the most passionate and beautiful of mediæval love stories.

It is a great pleasure and but bare justice to acknowledge at once that Mr Symons's dramatic poem of *Tristan and Iseult* is a very delightful performance. As a piece of narrative the drama is quite straightforward and adequate and contrives to include the essential motives of the story with ease and simplicity. It is easy to say that the legend is not new to the stage and that Mr Symons had an excellent model before him. The fact remains that within the narrow compass of four acts the familiar and famous incidents are all presented before the spectator. It would indeed be pleasant to witness the play rather than to read the book for the protagonists are sharply differentiated and should occupy the boards with distinction. Iseult takes no heed of anything save love but Tristan moves torn between desire and honour whilst Mark approves himself as a singularly fine and chivalrous nature. If Mr Symons shows gifts of construction and character drawing to a degree of which his admirers were not previously assured the dialogue of the tragedy of course is all that can be desired. The characters express their emotions and thoughts in a language of studied simplicity always adequate to the dramatic requirements of the situation. Considered as poetry the blank verse is of Mr Symons's best and the speeches of King Mark are of quite remarkable dignity and distinction. *Tristan and Iseult* is in fact a very personal piece of work none the less personal to its writer because it not infrequently recalls in construction in characterisation and in sentiment the masterpiece of Wagner and the interpretation of that music drama in D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death*. Indeed such delicate sensitiveness to artistic impressions makes Mr Symons's play all the more personal to himself.

Will not the Stage Society which has given hospitality to so many excellent plays unsuited to the traffick of the modern theatre—including at least one by Mr Symons—increase the gratitude of its members by affording them an opportunity of assisting at a representation of this fine poetic tragedy?

EUGENE MASON

FASHIONS IN VERSE*

There is an irresistible spirit of restlessness just now in the field of English Verse and these three volumes in their widely different ways illustrate phases of the prevailing uncertainty and indecision. Generally speaking there seems to be a conviction among poetic craftsmen that the measures methods patterns which absorbed the energy of the last generation to bring them to perfection have for the time being exhausted their resources and that new themes and new treatments must be attempted if poetry is not to stagnate and wither. Hence all sorts of rather feverish experiments countered on the other hand by deliberate returns to tradition the alternating current establishing a sort of incoherence in aim and sentiment which threatens to deprive much true inspiration of its proper recognition. Undoubtedly we are passing through a period of transition which has yet to establish its permanent relations between the future and the past.

* *Whim* By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson 3s 6d net (Macmillan)—*Twenty-six Poems* By Cecil Roberts 3s 6d net (Grant Richards)—*Finding* By Helen Dicks 2s 6d net (Chatto & Windus)

* *Tristan and Iseult* By Arthur Symons 3s net (Heinemann)

It would be difficult to light upon a more typical example of this spirit of indecision than is afforded by the latest volume of Mr Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. In Mr Gibson we have been accustomed to recognise a modern of the moderns experimenting with novel and often crude studies of life and inclined to beat out an imaginative impression into the thinnest leaf. His dangers have been over sensitiveness and prolixity. But in his latest book he is found as it were halting between two moods. The more modern of his new pieces are the barest impressionism—the swift recording of an evanescent mood. Here for instance is a complete poem called 'Yeaving Bell'.

Just to see the run
Sweeping over Yeaving Bell
Once again!
Just to see again
Light break over Yeaving Bell
After run

Economy of expression could hardly go further: the trouble is that there is nothing in the effort worth expressing. And Mr Gibson's 'Whim' is full of these thin wisps of verse—shavings or chips from the poet's workshop—fragments without form or implication. They alternate with a rather interesting series of exercises in imitation of the old folk songs and hillside legends—good, easy jingling melodies such as are sung down in West Country taverns when the mugs of cider are running low.

Twixt Coldmout Hill and Butterstall Shink
I met an old crowder grizzled and hink
With his kut tucked under his arn
And I called to him: 'Crowder, whither away?'
And he answered: 'I'm du' upon Michaelmas Day
To fiddle at Cherrytree Farm—
For I play Bobbie Shaft's and Stagshaw Bank Fur
The Waters of Tyne like Murley
Chevy Chase in the Kalkrow and Dicko the Cow
And Overth Witter to Cliffe!

This is cheery, virile stuff of its kind, and often Mr Gibson instils into his verse a weird and eerie lonesomeness as in the story of the parson's daughter who ran away with the gypsy and left her home and faith for ever for the freedom of the open road. Mr Gibson does this sort of thing well enough, but after all it is purely artificial *pastiche* work: it is not what his public has come to expect of him. The whole book is disappointing, undecided, lacking in intellectual force. It seems to suggest that its author is for the moment uncertain of what to do next: that he is writing for the sake of writing. Now there is no worse reason for writing verse than that.

There is not a shred of uncertainty on the other hand about Mr Cecil Roberts, who stands deliberately upon the ancient ways, the ways of pleasantness, natural beauty and high spiritual imagination. He affords the counter-check to revolt. He is the young man eloquent in harmony with the old. Mr Roberts is a sincere and elaborate craftsman loading his rifts with ore: his verse has dignity, richness and abundant colour. It may seem a little late in the day to choose such a theme as 'Helen of Troy' for an English lyric, but the choice can hardly be judged unjustified when it issues in such full-orbed and picturesque poetry as this:

She sang like a bird in an April dawn
When the trembling verge of light new-born
Gleams like gold on the grey world's edge.
And the lark whose high flown privilege
Was to sentinel day from his airy tower
Fell silent beneath a sweeter power
Of song that descended like manna from heaven
And the shepherd forgot the charge he was given
The fisherman left his boat on the shore
The trader ran from his little store
Where swords of silver shields of gold
Tyrian robes and girdles were sold
And a youth sprang out of the shadowed sea
Where he bathed his body like ivory
White and moulded, glistening yet
In youth's cold purity, naked and wet
He ran to the shore like a child entranced
Aureoled in the light that glanced
On the marble form the length of limb
Breadth of shoulder and grace of him
Whom men called Paris Priam's son
Whose beauty the heart of Helen won

The secret charm of Mr Cecil Roberts's poetry lies in the fact that it always gives utterance to a cry of the soul: you feel instinctively that every poem that he writes is wrung from the heart. 'Ixide' is a notable case in point. It is full of fine imagery, but the workmanship is never an excrescence: the eye of the artist is always on the hidden things of the heart.

Here by the seashore I look the cruel
I look in the night, I look in the day
Here where the larks find a little rest
I am grown with that in my flesh
What shall I say of it? I shall not say
What he by night darkens on the face
Of the black water, the black water—
A white day, a white night, a white sea—
I the dark, I the white, I the light, I the sea
And I shall walk with the night, I shall walk with the sea
O Dawn, I cry to thee, O Dawn—O Dawn!

It could hardly fail to profit some of the more restless experimentalists in modern verse if they would give thought to the freshness and simple beauty of Mr Roberts's work. No one could call him old-fashioned and retrograde, yet he works in recognised measures and keeps touch with tradition. Like every true artist, he displays personality not through violent eccentricity, but by the free exercise of an individual temperament under the sure restraint and discipline of method.

Miss Helen Dircks, by contrast, thinks very little of the traditions of her art, and holds up the methods of the past to easy ridicule.

O yon
Who low I saw in a valley
Before the great first form
Has it ever changed?
Up on a sultry summer afternoon
You wandered
Down a country lane
And I told
On a day I told you
And we it said I said
Or shall I say it
Then I saw
That I found
Carnally
In the hedge?
Or had you paid it
I saw the red
And threw it
I paid it
Up on the hill
And say
It is for
Shall I say it but five

It must we fear be confessed that the logic of this apostrophe is on a level with her metrical lack of distinction and effect. The six-petalled dog-rose was still a rose: it was the Alexandrine, so to speak, of the hedgerow, but Miss Dircks's *vers libre* has no sort of relation to the poetry it deserts: no balance, no melody, no charm.

One hesitates to accuse a revolutionary poet of employing *vers libre* out of an incapacity of ear and a deficient sense of form, but Miss Dircks's excursions into recognisable metrical patterns do not reassure one.

The great sun came on the golden dawn
Through the lines of singing sunbeams
The great sun came and light was born
Through the lines of singing sunbeams
The great sun came in shimmering gold
Through the lines of singing sunbeams
The great sun came and light was born
Through the lines of singing sunbeams

Much bad drawing is smothered up in the excesses of the Futurist. It is to be feared that in the same fashion a certain amount of sloppy verse-writing seeks to escape notice by breaking free from the fetters of rhyme and metre. It is a pity because Miss Dircks is sometimes visited by a striking and original idea. She is merely the victim of the prevailing restlessness which tries to persuade the artist that eccentricity is power, and that the old ways have been trodden down so hard that they are no longer capable of bearing flowers. It is a great mistake. The old herbaceous borders are full of perennials still.

ARTHUR WAUGH

A REBEL'S BOOK

This second volume of the Collected Works of Padraic Pearse has a peculiar interest. The latest of the rebels, a man of English descent, has translated the songs of all the rebels who went before him. The Irish text appears side by side with Pearse's English rendering. Curiously enough the Songs of the Rebels are rendered with far less beauty and charm than the Specimens from an Irish Anthology which make up the latter half of the book. It is as though he was more concerned with the accuracy of the translation in the early part of the book than with rendering the beauty of the original poem. He or his translators have kept the good wine to the last. The essential poet in Padraic Pearse did not allow himself fair play. It is when we get to the Specimens from an Irish Anthology that the student yields place to the artist and creator of beauty. From the spiritual passion of the Keening of Mary

O Peter O Apostle hast thou seen my bright Love?
(Móchón agus m óchón O!)
I saw Him even now in the midst of His foemen
(Móchón agus m óchón O!)

to the passionate love-song of Young Donal, all is beauty. Pearse was a natural saint, an entirely spiritual man, as little hampered by the body as any man could be, yet there is neither coldness nor prudery in these burning strains. The girl in love cries to Young Donal:

'Tis late last night the beagle spoke of you
The snipe spoke of you in the deep of the bog
But you were gone like a lone barnacle goose among the woods
May you be without mate for ever until you get me!

When I go to the Well of Loneliness
I sit down making lamentation
When I see the world and see not my lad
Who had the shadow of amber mantling in his cheeks

You is the Sunday I gave you love
The very Sunday before Easter Sunday
When I was on my knees reading the Passion
My two eyes were constantly giving you love

You have taken East you have taken West from me
You have taken the path before me and the path behind me
You have taken moon you have taken sun from me
And great is my fear you have taken God from me

This is passion clean and unashamed. Not less beautiful
is the Father
Keens his
Drowned
Child

Alas my grief
what shall I
do henceforth
the world
wearing me

Without your
chalk white
little hand
like a break
through trees
on my sombre
brow

Your little
mouth of
honey like
angel music
against my
ear

Saying to me
gently Dear
heart poor
father be not
troubled

* Songs of
the Irish Rebels
and Specimens
from an Irish
Anthology. By
Padraic Pearse
is not (Main
ed.)

THE FIGHT FOR
the Parliamentary
Championship in
the 'sixties

From "In the Days of Victoria" (John Lane).

ly beautiful things
that burn as a
white flame
They have gained
purity and beauty
from their pass-
age through the
mind of the
latest of the
rebels

KATHARINE
TYNAN

POT
POURRI *

In times such
as these when
every one is feel-
ing the strain of
war, a book like

In the Days of
Victoria is ac-
ceptable. It does
not make much
demand on the

mind; it contains little that is new, but the names that are mentioned in the volume recall pleasant memories and take us back to the good old days of peace when literature and art bulked more largely and people talked more of pictures and books than of munitions and aircraft. Mr. Plowman, who has had an official association with Oxford University and Oxford City, has met many celebrated folk and not infrequently chronicles something of interest about them. Sometimes it must be confessed he meanders as when after telling us that he revisited the site of the original Gattis Restaurant he recalls that there for the first time in his life he had a fourpenny ice—all to himself. I thought it was the most delicious compound I had ever absorbed. Had my mythological knowledge been equal to the occasion I should have believed it was the ambrosia of the gods for its flavour was equal to its size and its memory haunts me still in a pleasurable sense. I prefer Mr. Plowman when he indulges in reminiscences of others. He gives us an amusing toast which Dr. Routh, the autocratic President of Magdalen, gave on the Sunday after the death of the Iron Duke. The memory of our great and good Chancellor who never erred—except when he was overruled. Thus neatly he paid off many an old score he had against his colleagues. There is a letter from Dickens written from the office of *Household Words* to the friend of a would-be contributor which concludes:

I would advise her for ever and a day to dismiss the Gentle Reader as a monster of the Great Mud Period who has no kind of business on the face of the literary earth, to remember if she sits down to write for a journal like this that she is just an English woman writing the English language for a large English audience and to consider whether she cannot get on in such an aim without German lines and French words to forget herself as utterly as the Gentle Reader and only to remember what she is describing.

Thackeray also figures in these pages and there is the fullest account extant of the Oxford election when he stood against and was defeated by Edward Cardwell. It was a good fight but as the novelist wrote to his daughters:

a fight without a tussle it is not worth a pin
And so St. George for England and may the best man win

According to Mr. Plowman Thackeray was only less surprised at being beaten than by the price he was called upon to pay.

Fortunately the campaign was a short one or the expenses would have mounted up much higher. As it was he got off at

* In the Days of Victoria. Some Memories of Men and Things. By Thomas F. Plowman. With 288 illustrations, 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)



Charles Dickens in
the early sixties

From "In the Days of Victoria" (John Lane)

PELMANISM.

"THE LITTLE GREY BOOKS."

NO books have achieved greater popularity during the war than the little grey books as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches sailors con them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity lawyers doctors and students declare them to be an ever ready source of help stimulation and encouragement.

In fact everybody is studying these wonderful little grey books in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained. Pelmanism—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the cardinal factor of success to quote *Truth's* telling phrase.

If you do not know the little grey books if you are not a Pelmanist you should hasten to make up for lost time. Nobody who has not studied these books says an ardent Pelmanist can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them.

A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds declares a solicitor. As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion writes a Lieut Colonel.

A General writes from France. The importance of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalised.

Many business men and women tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of record turnover and 100 per cent and 200 per cent increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students (including men and women of all occupations in life) show that *less than one in a hundred* failed to gain substantial advantage from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of half an hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say a means of increasing efficiency and developing braininess to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism. It has proved such an enormous help to them in getting on in business. Many of them describe it as the best investment I ever made.

Moreover they find it a truly fascinating study. I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable. These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

Truth has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes and confesses it would be impossible to name a business profession or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of *THE BOOKMAN* to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by post card to the address in next column.

INTERESTING LETTERS

From a Director

I consider the Pelman Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course.

From a Clerk

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public knew your Course I am sure your offices would be literally besieged by prospective students.

From a Manager

Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners but have now attained the position of right hand man to the owners being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

From a Bank Cashier

I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the Pelman System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the course years ago. I have found the training of great value in firmness of mental vision quickness of decision and greater self confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained.

From a Textile Buyer

From my own experience I would strongly recommend the Pelman Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. I cherish its greatest value is that it causes one to feel independent of circumstances of any and every kind. It tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping.

From a Merchant

I think it right that I should tell you what benefits I have derived from the study. The greatest benefit is a larger interest in life a keener appetite for business. It has awakened me to a fuller knowledge of myself giving me more self confidence and making my powers of observation more exact.

IMMEDIATE BENEFITS

"Benefit says *Truth* is derived from the very first and this is the general experience of the vast majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

A NATIONAL ASSET

It is difficult to speak of Pelmanism without enthusiasm. To say that the Pelman Institute is doing a great national work is no more than the bare truth. The movement is no passing craze but is one which will endure and wax greater and still greater as its supreme value comes to be more and more understood and appreciated by the mass of the nation.

Pelmanism is a real national asset and it possesses the further advantage of being a valuable personal asset for every man and woman who adopts it.

Pelmanism is fully explained and described in Mind and Memory which with a copy of Truth's remarkable report on the work of the Pelman Institute will be sent gratis and post free to any reader of THE BOOKMAN who addresses The Pelman Institute 20 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street London W C 1.

the cost of £831 17s 9d being £46 5s 10d above that accredited to the winning side who escaped with £785 11s 11d. This was a cheap get-out for both sides supposing it represented all the expenditure at an Oxford election.

Mr Plowman who has written many plays naturally came into contact with many of the leading theatrical lights. He records a neat remark of Charles Mathews who was often in the Fleet for debt. As long as I paid nobody I was fairly comfortable but directly I paid Jones Brown who hadn't been paid was rampant and that's how I brought trouble on myself. Mr Plowman saw Irving playing in a stock season at Bath and was not much impressed by his talents but he never forgot the prophecy of the manageress of that theatre. You may say what you like about him but the day will come when he will be acclaimed as the greatest actor on the English stage. It is in him and it is bound to come out. That is a prophecy worth having uttered. Amusing if not particularly novel was Sir William Harcourt's retort to his elder brother who lamented the other's radical tendencies. Ah if I had succeeded to the family estates I should probably have been as good a Conservative as you are.

If politicians fill across the pages so do novelists poets Oxford dignitaries painters the *Æsthètes* and clergy men. We may read of Lady Blessington and Boyer of Millais and Evans's Supper Rooms of Liston and Charles Reade of Arthur Sullivan and Whistler and Millais and of scores of others who have made good in one sphere or another.

LEWIS MELVILLE

FRAGRANT MEMORIES*

He was out of his time and place in the nineteenth and twentieth century England. He belonged to a more romantic age. The spacious days would not have misbecome his charming personality his gifts of imagination and poetry his courtesy his graciousness his spirit and gaiety his beautiful presence. So wrote Mrs Gynan Hinkson of the subject of these *Recognita* in a delightful chapter in that most charming book *The Middle Years* which was among the chief attractions of the publishing season of 1916. That chapter of less than seventeen pages must have greatly pleased many readers have whetted their appetite for more and urged them with anticipatory pleasure to Mr Gatty's most welcome book with its beautiful tribute to the memory of his deceased friend whose unlooked-for death was to all who knew him well and to thousands who venerate him in Ireland and England a heartrending shock. With him Mr Gatty had been on the most intimate and affectionate terms for a period of over twenty years. As the title denotes the book is not a set biography but a jotting down as they came naturally into the writer's mind of those thoughts which recalled the happy hours spent together by these friends in discussing the various topics which filled their minds—literature and especially though not exclusively all matters concerning their favourite author Shakespeare. When first composed these recollections took the form of an extended letter which was printed for circulation among the friends of the family and found such favour that the family have consented to allow it to be made public without material alteration. This was a wise decision and one which will be greatly appreciated by all those readers to whom such a work especially appeals. Mr Wyndham was for some years the Irish Secretary under Mr Balfour's administration and he was in that capacity instrumental in the placing of the Irish Land Bill upon the statutes. Mr Gatty however deals but briefly with his friend's public life his object being to present him in the light of his other interests—literature and art and all those which were closely connected with his position as a landed proprietor. Literature

however held a prominent if not the principal place of honour. Mr Wyndham's edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets is well known and shows the thoroughness which was so marked a feature of his scholarship. Many were the discussions of the two friends on this fascinating subject in Mr Wyndham's beautiful homes at Clouds near Salisbury and Saighton just out of Chester. Archæology was another favourite pursuit in which he showed that unbounded enthusiasm which was so characteristic of whatever occupied his mind. The composition of poetry was another unfailing source of pleasure and in this he showed such promise of future achievement that it is greatly to be regretted that he was unable on account of his participation in political affairs to devote more time to it. In this connection Mr Gatty writes thus:

Long ago I wanted him to abandon politics and give his life to literature. Loyalties held him and I could not press it. Last year he reminded me of my wish—he had begun to think of it—Clouds farming literature and archæology.

Mr Wyndham's entire devotion to his young son Percy who was killed in action in France not long after his father's death shines forth most beautifully in his letter giving the details of a very serious accident which befell the boy while out with the hounds and his subsequent sufferings. Mr Gatty is to be congratulated and thanked for his loving portrayal of a beautiful and charming personality. His treasured memories might not inappropriately have had as their motto the beautiful lines of one of Mr Arthur Symonds' poems not to be forgotten when once read.

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain
So the thought of you remaining
Deeply folded in my brain
Will not leave me

Such was the effect on his surviving friend's mind when to the sessions of sweet silent thought he summoned up the remembrance of his lost friend and a somewhat similar effect will remain with the readers of this beautiful book.

S BUTTERWORTH

THE OTHER THING*

Such books as these are more than pleasing and comforting for they contradict justifiably the frequent assertion that the English short story is a lost chapter of art. Such form indeed has too often been the drab Cinderella of authorship a mere prose padding to any old series of magazine pictures driven illustrating a daub but as here we see Cinderella has also her shining moments and wears the crystal shoes of inspiration and dream. By one of those coincidences that prove the true editor to be an aspect of omniscience these books are mutually sympathetic. Both make some play with the realities intangible and invisible. They treat of what Mr Beresford calls the Other Thing which is as actual as any expression of truth though not to be apprehended through the tests of yard measure and scales.

If we treat first with Captain Warre Cornish's *Beneath the Surface* it is only for the reason that his book can be the sole example of his work. Its author was killed eighteen months ago during the main advance on the Somme and it is impossible not to feel deeply that the hand that wrought these stories might have achieved much. His most ambitious effort which provides the book with its title shows the greatest lapse between the aim and its realisation but had Captain Warre Cornish lived to work over this story of the search for and finding by a Danish explorer driven by the ultimate energy of the actual Garden of Eden with its sole relic of the tree of life a quivering flame there would have been every probability of his making it successful for the theme is an alluring one and calls to the powers. Mr Beresford in the preface to

* *Nineteen Impressions*. By J. D. Beresford. 6s (Siddgwick & Jackson).—*Beneath the Surface*. By Gerald Warre Cornish. 6s net. (Grant Richards).

* *George Wyndham Recognita*. By Charles T. Gatty. 7s 6d net. (Murray).

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his *Nineteen Impressions* declares that definition is destructive of a vision of the other thing but that we are disposed to deny. Not definition or vagueness is the influence that determines success or non success in these immaterial adventures it is technique that makes the master all the time. Sometimes definition sometimes suggestion of the vaguest is the right and proper note to use it is the instinct the genius of the writer that determines which. For that reason Captain Warre Cornish failed in his boldest attempt but his success in the earlier tales, won through keen and sympathetic observation faithfully translated and skilfully expressed shows that he was achieving mastership in his craft and in time might have accomplished the best. It is one more of the infinite sacrifices that have made this war damnable. Such powers are not to be recaptured. The largesse of the gods scattered among men is only to be handled by the chosen and they too often have been destroyed in the brutal havoc.

Fortunately Mr Beresford is with us and by his boldness of vision his worshipful care of craftsmanship his eye to character (there is no one more unobtrusively observant) and finished style is making headway to the front rank of novelists. These *Nineteen Impressions* treat as many experiences in the ways that are spiritual and whether trivial in scope or serious—they are never excessively serious—are realised with a confidence and delicacy of touch that brings triumph. He does not strain after effect he does not strive to thrill there is no pandering to mere emotionalism with the result that every *Impression* however impossible in crude outline it might appear as sufficiently convincing. Probably the cleverest is *The Little Town* with its suggestion of the divine workman up in the flats manoeuvring his mannikins. Mr Beresford was certainly wise to decline to answer the mouths that asked for the meaning of his mystery as if any plain answer in such condition matters. The riddle of the Sphinx be sure would be of no more interest than the secrets of Masonry if we could rede it. The *Contemporaries* is a happily realised trifle but it is futile to particularise. To every one his gods. The book is stimulating and enjoyable—it can be left at that. It is the work of a courageous man illustrated a little by two passing phrases. The mellow trumpet of a distant bell and

Such solid fantasy as the various homunculi we call fairies. With those expressions in mind we predict that Mr Beresford will yet write a fairy tale in which the bells shall ring as trumpets.

C. L. LAWRENCE

THE GRAIL AND VENUSBERG *

*The real message of the careful and interesting book which gives me this title has been missed in those notices that have come into my hands and there is little need to say that it has not entered into the author's heart. His thesis is that the mythos of the Holy Grail degenerated from a sacred and wonderful Eucharistic mystery illuminating the traditional history of a Passion relic spiritualised and fenced about with ritual of a super sacramental kind—as of a secret Mass—into another legend which is that of a heathen earthly paradise and a symbol of forbidden delights. In a word it fell from heaven like Lucifer to the underworld of that Venusberg legend which is known to all of us in connection with Tannhäuser. Professor Barto gives the history of the degeneration though he does not call it precisely by this name nor use such words as mine in speaking of the Grail on its Eucharistic side. What he does say is that ecclesiastical hostility and popular attraction towards certain sensuous elements brought in by Wolfram's *Parzival* and Scharffenberg's *Titurël* made it fall rapidly to a significance purely carnal. The theme is developed clearly and a full bibliography of almost exclusively German works will enable those who are concerned to verify all points. I think that Professor

* "Tannhäuser and the Mountain of Venus. By Philip

Barto has proved those points and my own thesis concerning them can be put in a few words. It is the German Grail and no other which fell into the Venusberg its paradise of unholy joys gateship and mouth of hell. There is the Church Mystic of the high Kingdom of God and there is that which to all intents and purposes is one of perdition a synagogue of Satan. The Tannhäuser who came out of the Venusberg broken sated and old to look in a waterless desert vainly for wells of life is—notwithstanding the pity of his story—a living image of the *ecclesia damnata* its wages of sin and death. His is the *legenda contrascripta* to that of Galahad the high prince who found the good things of the Lord and their secret wonder on his way to a land of the living. So also the German Arthur hidden in the German *grail* is not the blessed king who is being healed of his wounds in the Isle of Apples. The *Morte D'Arthur* the Quest of Galahad and the High History in the French cycle are things chronicled for the truest and the holiest in this world. But over against them are the *Parzival* of Wolfram with its extra ecclesiastic divine worship in rivalry with that of the established Church and its service of beautiful women the *Titurël* with its house of free love and finally the hold of Venus where Venus is in the *grail*—that is to say in the Germanic paradise a place of magic and great sensual pleasures with unclean spirits. This is how a sacred legend has deteriorated in Teutonic hands and there is no question that it began the downward course in Wolfram's beautiful poem where it is divorced from the sacramental side of the story. It seems to me that at this day the fact of this devolution is not without its significance.

A. F. WAITE

FEELING AND WORDS

Many vulgar witticisms or playful spurts of grossness have been aimed at the poetic impulse which urges young people with or without adequate skill into song but if it were not for this impulse the harsh and ugly sounds appropriate to competition for the prizes of Mammon would be greatly multiplied. Hence though nothing has less right to offer itself as value for money than tedious exercises in prosody and though intentional comedy is usually more amusing than the blunders of poetasters it is advisable to approach the least promising poetry in a fraternal mood.

It may be said at once that brotherliness to the poet is not an unremunerative affection in the case of a reader occupying himself with at least the last four of the volumes now under notice. It prevents one from confounding crudity with incompetence imitativeness with poverty of mind and obscurity with craziness.

Georgian Poetry is however a volume in which unmistakable triumphs of workmanship and invention are sufficiently conspicuous to preclude any need for tenderness on the part of the approaching reader towards the majority of the Georgians concerned in his opinion.

Eighteen poets are represented of whom the most eccentric Mr I. Rosenberg affects one like the voice of an overman at the irregular end of a banquet when the sense of the audience is mainly under the table and that of the orator only intermittently in communication with his tongue. Yet Mr Rosenberg thanks to phrases precious to a jaded ear stimulates an appetite for more news of a being who

will ride the dizzy beast of the world
My road—my way!

The war that truculent surgeon for "swelled heads" inspires several poems of much merit in this green volume. The uneasiness and uncertainty of the warrior who is literary and analytical his inability from the variety of his thoughts to be red as well as see it are well expressed or suggested by those who experienced war before they

¹ *Georgian Poetry*, 1916-1917 41 net (*The Poetry*

sang it Captain Robert Graves's poem depicting the visions of a sick fighter is quite a masterpiece combining as it excellently does a story or rather snatches of story pathetically intimate and individual with effective rhythms. After giving two examples of the contrast between reality on the material plane and dream life his warrior says

you'll be dozing safe in your dug-out—
A great roar—the trench shake and falls about—
You're struggling gasping struggling then hullo!
Else comes tripping gaily down the trench
Hanky to nose—that lyddite makes a stench—
Getting her pinafore all ver grime
Funny! because she died ten years ago!
It's a queer time

If of course one requires poetry to be a something so exquisite that handkerchiefs for the nose cannot possibly be noticed by the Muse we must shake our head sadly over Captain Graves as Alfred Austin shook his over Robert Browning.

Though Georgian poetry is sampled in this collection does not disclose new ideas of verbal melody it gives one a pleasant consciousness of new life thrilled by novel themes. Several years ago I expressed surprise that poets showed themselves so indifferent to the loveliness which in England requires the artificial climate of the conservatory. Mr W. J. Turner in his *Magie* enters the vitreous home of tropical flora seeing it with eyes woefully instructed by death and gloom but in a manner enabling him to convey the charm of strange beauty to his solemn singing.

Five other Georgian poets of real distinction are Messrs Harold Munro James Stephens Robert Nichol Siegfried Sassoon and J. C. Squire. When I say distinction I do not mean what school examiners mean when a candidate enters their room undistinguished and leaves it

with distinction. I mean that each of these poets makes his mark on the mind of an examiner who does not issue certificates. Mr Munro in his *I very Thing* and in his poem about the wonderfulness of earth becoming the visible men who walk it succeeds in making life seem more romantic for five minutes—a fine feat surely! Mr Stephens an inspired child and eerie humorist Messrs Nichol and Sassoon revealers of the ecstasy anxiety irony and friendship of war time and Mr Squire with his perception through contemplation of an ugly house of the heroic dignity belonging to every work of art and craft which man erects in face of the unfathomable future—all these poets are distinguished because one feels them vital not by the sight of them in a list or on superior sets but because they cause a glow in people distant from them.

Mr Drinkwater's *Tides* is in the main so fresh and sweet that its most irritating movements (of which the laboured obeisances before that rare artist Mrs Alice Meynell are the worst) are condoned. He is a poet of the country and one divines that his wish is to express beauty very clearly and to philosophise very sincerely. He has the great merit of expressing beauty and we need not concern ourselves about his philosophy.

Mr Evan Morgan is a writer who begets moods without imparting his whole meaning. It may confidently be said that any average writer let alone reader would be very fatigued if he was required to supply a lucid paraphrase of Mr Morgan's most ambitious poems. He is mystical and misty. One can definitely say that his worst approaches rubbish as for instance when he describes a planet as a frail child trembling on the brink of a flood of clouds. Poetic licence with him is a contrivance worthy of Procrustes.

Bluer than Heaven the raiment of my thoughts

avers Mr Morgan and there is truth in this for blue is the colour of ideality and there is no dearth of beautiful suggestiveness in his work which owes much to the Nature

Tides, By John Drinkwater 2s 6d net (Sidgwick & Jackson).
"Gold and Ochre" By Evan Morgan 3s 6d net (Erskine MacDonald.)

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outside towns who in his peculiar phrase excites the trees to spurt forth glaucous ramage

The Misses Larminie⁴ appear in a series called *Adventurers All* but we fail to observe the experimental and truly adventurous element in their polished verses. The book begins indeed with some of that servile love which is appropriate to the old Hindu idea of women and which uttered itself so eloquently through Laurence Hope that we could afford to wait a long time before hearing it from another Western mouth. But Miss Margaret Larminie praises the power of words in lines which are treasurable in days when cannon seem the only thriving rhetoricians and Miss Vera Larminie contributes an attractive poem on the power of a sublime edifice to redeem from dullness a country neglected by Nature.

Mr Ellard Hughes⁵ is a robust poet who accumulates art not only by the help of a serious Muse but by the exercise of facetiousness and a harmless spright often called vulgarity. One of his poems *Zaza* stands out from the rest even from a pair of pretty love poems by a grim force which arrests attention.

The beauty and weakness of much feminine art are felt and regretted by the reader of *Tree Poems*⁶ by Miss Ethel Mills. She is singularly indifferent to the mischievous effect of a faulty last line and yet she has a sense of tune and is prettily impassioned by the green life of the woods. Her poetry has a botanical interest—it is definitely instructive and it is a pity that it cannot be shown to Walter Savage Landor whose criticism probed the inaccuracy of poetry in dealing with Nature.

W. H. CHURCHSON

MRS HUMPHRY WARD'S NOVELS.

Mr Stephen Gwynn pays Mrs Humphry Ward's novels the compliment of estimating them by the highest standards that can be brought to any. If in his honesty he finds them fail at the test he will say so—there is nothing else for him to do except to withdraw from the task. Mr Gwynn does as a matter of fact find them fail and proceeds to the arbitrament courteously of course and respectfully but with a somewhat unmitigated candour. It is a great merit of his little book however that in defending this outright judgment it is illuminating about the standards for appraising novels in general as well as about the place of those of one novelist in particular.

Mr Gwynn says straightway in his opening sentence that the most remarkable thing about Mrs Humphry Ward as a writer is the circulation of her books. Critical opinion he seems to imply is only concerned with them at all because of their popular vogue. By critical opinion he means we take it workshop opinion to which he admits this vogue acts as a prejudice. Before *Robert Elsmere* the novel that made her a personage and brought affluence as well Mrs Humphry Ward had written *Miss Bretherton* which may very well be forgotten if ever it was known by most of those familiar with David Grieve.

The Marriage of William Ashe and others coming after the favourite of her fortunes. Yet *Miss Bretherton* apparently (the present writer is not acquainted with it) has the superficial characteristics of her successes. It is associated with an actual person the actress Miss Mary Anderson. As Mr Gwynn points out Mrs Ward has always insisted on the right to find in fact a starting point for fiction—most novelists probably do develop such suggestions from life but Mrs Ward selects them from famous or notorious examples and does not hesitate to reveal her sources. In *Lady Rose's Daughter* the choice of Julie le Breton's name is an acknowledgment that that character

⁴ *Out of the East, and Other Poems* By Vera Larminie and Margaret Rivers Larminie 2s net (Oxford Blackwell)

⁵ *The Poems of Ellard Hughes* 2s net (Bristol Arrowsmith London Simpkins, Marshall)

⁶ *Tree Poems and Other Verses* By Ethel M. Mills 2s. 6d net (Fisfield)

⁷ *Mrs Humphry Ward* By Stephen Gwynn (Writers of the Day series) 1s 3d net (Nisbet)

is to Lady Henry only what Julie de l'Espinasse was to Madame du Deffand. *The Marriage of William Ashe* was inspired from Byron's career its Lady Kitty modernising the part of Lady Caroline Lamb with Geoffrey Chiff as the poet in a minor rôle and William Lamb Lord Melbourne in the nominate hero's. Incidentally as was possible through the story's later staging Mr Gladstone in old age was introduced into it. Fenwick's Career again is the career of the painter Romney watered down or melodramatised up in a rather incredible plot. If

Diana Mallory is original in its story the character of Sir James Chide indicated by the author to show reflections of Lord Russell of Killowen is not alone in recalling by suggestion notable figures in real life. There are other instances and one of them *Iltham House* illustrates the danger to fiction of intimacy with fact which is the reason we suppose that Mr Gwynn has not thought it necessary to mention it. *Miss Bretherton* then had the advantage of Miss Mary Anderson's indirect association with its theme. The beautiful heroine's case moreover admits of statement as an abstract intellectual formula and she herself finds artistic salvation—that is from a bad actress becomes a good—through contact with persons of what is sometimes called the highest culture and in particular an Oxford don. *Robert Elsmere* and its successors are all embodiments of abstractions and they also says Mr Gwynn assume the existence somewhere (at the top) of an exclusive society which is the touchstone of culture. The thesis of *Robert Elsmere* indeed was first set forth in a pamphlet *Unbelief and Sin*—issued but withdrawn within a few hours because the Oxford bookseller's neglect to give the printer's name made its publication an illegal act—in which Mrs Ward protested against an arraignment by Dr John Wordsworth in a Bampton Lecture of certain of her friends as unsettlers in religion. It was from the two types of character named merely A and B sketched in that pamphlet that the novel developed in which Lingham Elsmere's sceptic squire reflects the exterior or intellectual lineaments of Mark Pattison R. L. Nettleship and Amiel (whose *Journal* Mrs Ward was meanwhile translating) while *Elsmere's* monitor Crey actually speaks some published words of Professor F. H. Green. Touching the other point—*Miss Bretherton's* access of artistry through coming within the ambit of a distinctive social circle of gathered accumulated and transmitted culture—Mr Gwynn explains this obsession (as he calls it) with Mrs Ward by saying that

whether she knows it or not her conception of the inner governing world of Great Britain is that of another Oxford—another aristocracy placed in surroundings which of themselves must impress and mould the mind. She is so much in love with ripe perfection that she cannot contemplate happily any group of people not so provided—with the single exception of her dale's folk.

How came it that *Robert Elsmere* won such a blazing success while the earlier *Miss Bretherton* with the same superficial characteristics as it made no particular stir? The former book interested people of high intellectual distinction witness Gladstone's *Nineteenth Century* review of it and the discussions to which she replied in the same magazine with *The New Reformation*. Conceivably this high interest no less than popular favour may prejudice the critics represented by Mr Gwynn but it certainly widens the range of the approval which they have to persuade us possesses no particular sanction.

Robert Elsmere had life if no atmosphere to speak of whereas according to Mr Gwynn *Miss Bretherton* had neither. But later books had more of both than had

Robert Elsmere yet stimulated we fancy no such intellectual and popular favour. Mr Gwynn plumps for *Helbeck of Bannisdale* as Mrs Ward's best novel and has a very good case in the roundness and completeness of its design of which the memory retains a distinct impression of its being all of a piece even when the several pieces have escaped us. Our own choice however would be *Eleanor*—possibly because its figures are in some sort aliens in Mrs Ward's circle of the initiated. But *Helbeck* one can believe and *Eleanor*, it is certain

style and as being probably the best sonnet of its time is given here

Since there is no help come let us kiss and part
Nay I have done You get no more of me
And I am glad yea glad with all my heart
That thus so cleanly I myself can free
Shake hands for ever cancel all our vows
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath
When his pulse failing Passion speechless lies
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death
And Innocence is closing up his eyes
Now if thou wouldst when all have given him over
From Death to Life thou mightst him yet recover

Of the contemporary sonnet three examples are given

One is by a late poet laureate and villainously rhymed
Another by George Meredith sins in having a close
rhyme in the sestet The third by Mrs Meynell has
sundry other shortcomings It is difficult to understand
why the modern poem in sonnet form should not be equal
to those of the Elizabethan or earlier days Indeed Mr
Crosland has himself shown that both in form and spirit
it is so On the fly leaf of the book there is a sonnet by
himself to Rafael Sabatini which for strength and elegance
of structure condensation of reflective thought and appeal-
ing imagery must be looked upon as a model

Out of old Italy which was a flame
A fragrance and a music you have built
Empictured shrines of porphyry and of gilt
Each of them lamped for damsel and for dame
And for that Duke—the terrible of name—
Red as his bulls or as the blood he spilt
With Murder written on his jewelled hilt
And Glory laughing by the road he came

Princes and Popes and Doges are for you
And all their wild sweet women—steels that rust
And loves that perished Now in love and two
Let us remember one who loved most true
And while the world flashed past him to the dust
Set up in Padua his golden law

Knowing Rafael Sabatini may emphasise one's bias but
I confess I would rather be rationed on this than on
Drayton's Love Parting And this despite the weakness
(or shall I say strength?) that makes Mr Crosland sin just
where he condemns Mrs Meynell He complains that she
has thee four times in the octet of a sonnet which for
excellence he places side by side with Drayton's Love
Parting and yet he has loves love and loved
all in two lines of his own sestet

To my thinking no sonnet is pardonable that does not
contain at least one strong quotable line Whether it
occurs in the octet or the sestet matters but little although
no one will dispute that the closing lines of the sestet
should generally speaking be the strongest Here it is at
the end of the octet Glory laughing by the road he came

This book is a strong addition to sonnet literature To
the young poet who is inclined to use the framework of the
sonnet as a setting for his thoughts it should be invaluable
To the more experienced as well and even to the practised
poet who has sonnets to write and can write them Mr
Crosland's work must appeal His promised volume on
the sonneteers since Wordsworth will be looked forward to
with considerable interest

WILLIAM BLAKE

HAWARDEN LETTERS *

This volume is in essence a series of letters addressed
to Gladstone's daughter Mary during the years 1878-
1913 The correspondents include Ruskin Browning
Burne-Jones Lord Acton, A J Balfour and other in-
teresting or important persons The collection excellently
and unobtrusively edited makes a book of unusual charm
as pure reading and of striking value as a foot note to the

* Some Hawarden Letters, 1878-1913. Written to Mrs
Drew Chosen and Arranged by Lisle March-Phillips and
Bertram Christian 13s. net (Nisbet.)

intellectual history of a period Its apparent formless-
ness is in complete keeping with the casual and unforced
character of the correspondence and its quick change, of
person and topic preserve the life and naturalness without
which such printed letters would be dead paper mute
and white One striking lack should be noted at once
The book tells only half a story Here are many delightful
and admiring letters sent to Mary Gladstone by her dis-
tinguished friends but where are Mary Gladstone's letters
to them?

The best of the correspondents is Burne-Jones whose
letters playful pathetic frank courageous and entirely
human may correct the impressions of those readers who
think of him merely as the dweller in a wan and emaciated
world of art His description of Browning's funeral is a
masterpiece of sane criticism Fuller of matter are the
weighty letters of Lord Acton that superman of intellect
citizen of several countries master of an astounding range
of learning observer of man's motive throughout the
ages discernor of the plan in the mighty maze of things
clearly called and chosen to write the awaited history of
histories the Natural History of Liberty For this task
he made preparation unparalleled—every possible prepara-
tion save one he allowed himself no time to write it
His famous list of the ninety nine authors and authorities
that every educated person should read is here in all its
splendour Gentle reader how many of them have you
read? How many of them will you ever read?

The pages of the volume give us some very characteristic
glimpses of other folk—of the good Charlotte Yonge
solemnly and dutifully advising Mrs Drew what kind of
literature her domestic servants ought to read of Mr
A J Balfour standing at the top of his grand double
staircase in perpetual despair through there being no
discernible reason why he should go down one side rather
than the other of the same philosopher writing with lines
an inch apart to allow for infinite changes of mind of
Henry Sidgwick noting in 1888 the appearance of a new
author of queer but distinct force his name G Bernard
Shaw his book Cashel Byron's Profession Saddest
of all things in the volume is the bundle of lovable letters
from that brilliant and engaging politician George Wynd-
ham butchered to make an Ulster holiday Lest we seem
to praise too much we will add that certain other corre-
spondents exhibit the rather stuffy yearniness of
their kind and time The editors have done admirably
To them we can adapt the remark of Charles II about
Godolphin—they are never in the way and never out of
the way To all concerned and especially to the onlie
begetter of the letters our sincere congratulations—and
requests for more

GEORGE SAMPSON

FIVE FOR THE PRICE OF ONE *

In these days of the dearness of well nigh everything
habitual readers of current fiction may congratulate them-
selves on the fact that *their* fare is still provided for them in
goodly quantity and in varied quality—for tastes vary, and
chacun à son goût still holds good in reading though we
may be compelled to take what we can get in bodily fare
and be thankful that we can still get it Many of us well
remember the old three-decker of the circulating libraries
the three volume novel published at the price of a guinea
and a half Yet here we are well on in the fourth year of
the most devastating war the world has ever seen and
readers can still have their new six shilling novels can for
a fraction less than the price of a single three decker of the
eighties possess themselves of five of the latest novels of
our purveyors of fiction Truly it is pro-dee-gious!

Taking the five that chance has grouped together on my

* Lady Mary's Money By G B Burgin 6s net
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6s (Hutchinson)

desk it may be said that three of them would well compare in quality with the average of the old three volumes—which are the three it would perhaps be invidious to emphasise.

Here is Mr. Buigin with a nicely complicated tale to tell which he sets forth in that bright and ready narrative style which he long since taught us to look for in anything from his pen. It is a story concerning the tragedies that arose directly out of the disposition of Lady Mary's money and the romance which the understanding reader knows followed close upon the return of Lord Walberswick from the Continent—if the double tragedy of the closing page did not necessitate the postponement of that trip. Precisely how it was that the life of Lady Mary Walberswick kept the ninth earl from his inheritance is not quite clear but the reader is content to accept a mysterious focus of tail something or another for the sake of the story. Eleanor Castlehurst, niece and companion to Lady Mary, is the centre of the story and to her is left the legacy of saving from himself the weak handsome self-indulgent Hilary Armitage. It was no good leaving money to that foolish spendthrift so it was handed to Eleanor to be spent for his good—and hence many troubles. The villain of the piece the idle selfish cynical materialistic son of the Vicar thinks he has deduced what has become of the money and does not hesitate at thoughts of murder to attain his end though the death is to be an accidental removal of a man who has lost his memory. The arranged accident has unanticipated results. That same some what unreal villain imparts an air of melodrama to the whole but it is nevertheless a thoroughly entertaining and even absorbing story.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that in the five random novels which I am considering only one touches in any way upon the war and that is *Green and Gay* by Lee Holt. I do not know whether the author of this story is a man or a woman (I am inclined to think the latter) but find it not without significance that the one book which deals with the theme which obsesses—or should obsess—us all is in certain respects the finest piece of literary work among our five. Thus far invidiousness must be permitted for it is difficult to keep away from classificatory criticism when dealing with a series of books designed to a common end. There is something almost French in the ease and grace with which this story of well behind the lines is rendered. It is centrally concerned with a wounded soldier who is taken in a German coat to a French convent hospital with a batch of French wounded. This man wounded in the head is operated upon and recovers but has lost his speech and his memory. He charms everybody who has anything to do with him at the convent hospital and more especially does he charm Jacqueline the daughter of the delightful Marquise de Sarigny who runs the military hospital at the Convent of Paix. Cauchard one of the wounded poilus tries to get it believed that Barbe Blonde the afflicted one, is a hated Boche but later when a batch of convalescents are sent to Madame Sarigny's Normandy château Barbe Blonde is able to prove that Cauchard is a German spy and as the result of a strange experience to recover his memory and his speech. It is a sweet and human story.

In *Flames in the Wind* by Helen Hudson is set forth something of the terrible experiences of Leichhardt the German explorer who in 1847 set out to cross Australia from east to west and was never heard of again. The author of this story follows the fortunes of a small party that set out ostensibly to find Leichhardt but really because the promoter of the party wanted to get rid of one of his companions that he might return and marry that companion's wife. Leichhardt according to the story teller might have been saved but it would have spoiled Max Cable's plan and how nearly that plan succeeded the story well indicates. The writer gives lively descriptions of journeys in the Australian hinterland and also of the natives, their ways and superstitions and her story may be read with interest both for its vividly presented adventurous episodes and for its description of Australian scenery.

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in days of early exploration. She somewhat overdoes the local colour in the way of giving names of plants and trees and she considerably over uses the word flame.

Mr Montie McGrigor is concerned with a young New Englander who has been sent to a convent school to get rid of the tomboyishness derived from her only brother. She is a surprising young person who does surprising things and in the end makes good by marrying the right man who is rightly rich. Meanwhile she has aided and abetted at a love making in and an elopement from the convent (an elopement at which the Mother Superior discreetly winked!) and has insisted upon accompanying the elopers. The title of the story *The Swirl* fits it well. It is rather like a film romance rendered on the printed page.

It is romance too that is to be found in *The Bag of Saffron* but romance of a very different kind and a very different quality. In the New York story we are looking on at a series of happenings of which the heroine is the central figure. In *Baroness von Hutten's* story we are not so much looking on as living in the scenes presented. Here we follow the story of the unattractive child of a consumptive Bohemian father who is dumped on her two aunts in a Yorkshire dale and there grows up to womanhood. She is something of a minx, the very frankness of whose selfishness is not without its charm. Resolved from the first that she will marry a man of wealth, she is tortured by finding herself in love with the grandson of a Yorkshire clergyman. One of her matrimonial plans comes to nought through the time honoured slip of two letters put into wrong envelopes. However she marries the man whom she loves only to go off later with the man of wealth to whom the scheming side of her character has been drawn—and then by this surprising course wins in time the right to wear if not the white flower of a blameless life that wonderful heirloom jewel, the bag of saffron of a good wife. It is a finely told story, full of careful character development and deeply interesting.

WALTER JERROLD

SCOTLAND YET*

In these days when every one is a student of war it may be said that out of the wreckage of our old beliefs and accepted faiths has emerged one solid truth—that in defence of a good cause the bravery of one man or one regiment or one army is only equalled by the bravery of another. The war has brought with it few compensations but it has established as never before the splendour of the ordinary man. It has ceased to be possible to distinguish and select and left instead only the faculty for wonder. It was because any other attitude should be discouraged that certain words in Sir Herbert Maxwell's eminently learned and instructive introduction to his new book struck one as retrogressive and unwelcome. It is his complaint that the Highland regiments are more pleasing to the public eye than his own gallant Lowlanders. That may or may not be true—it depends so greatly on the kind of satisfaction inspired and the importance that should be attached to it. Without desiring to reflect in any way upon our incomparable kilted regiments I would hazard that the tourist to Edinburgh Castle—another delicate point with the Editor—would surrender a sight of the whole Highland Brigade for a march past of Dancing Dervishes accompanied by camels.

But Sir Herbert Maxwell goes farther. He would take the breeks off the Lowlander and thrust him into a kilt apparently forgetting that the Lowlander has suffered very greatly in the past from gentlemen wearing kilts and has no desire to change his attire. Moreover he happens to be proud of his race and its traditions.

For as the reader fully realises Sir Herbert Maxwell is referring to regiments as distinguished as proud and of older history than any in Scotland. This volume, ably

edited in separate regimental chapters by various former officers of the corps, relates the leading features in their foundation and battle honours. The Royal Scots for instance Major Haldane reminds us in his competent chapter inherited the traditions and honours of several ancient bodies of Scottish troops which acquired in the service of France, Sweden and other states a renown for valour, endurance and all other military virtues that has rarely been equalled and never surpassed. It presents in itself an epitome of the history of Western Europe from the fifteenth century onwards.

No regiment in the British Army is higher in popular respect and admiration than the Scots Guards, the famous corps that met and defeated the crack infantry of Louis Napoleon and the Kaiser and once again at Festubert as at Flodden fell to the last man. The tradition of these Lowland Regiments is very precious to them and it is not without significance to recall that in 1914 the Colonel of the Royal Scots Fusiliers halted the battalion on the road to Mons and reminded the men of the gallant deeds of their predecessors upon that field in the year 1708. Nor in these days when British infantry has been called upon to withstand the overwhelming crash of innumerable odds should it be forgotten that long years ago the Army fought to a standstill and that the King's Own Scottish Borderers—the undaunted K.O.S.B.s—were in 1759 one of the famous six British regiments which received and repulsed charge after charge of sixty squadrons of the best cavalry of France, routed two brigades of French infantry and swept away a body of Saxon foot, all this under a heavy cross fire of artillery. Well might Prince Ferdinand upon visiting the spot some years later say: 'It was here the British infantry gained immortal glory.'

It would appear to one however after reading the moving chronicles of the Lowland regiments that the Cameronians embody in their past and in the present the spirit of the Covenant which was and is so inherently Scottish. Mr Andrew Ross in his well informed chapter on the history of the regiment notes that an interesting custom is still observed in the Cameronian Regiment derived from the troublous times when the persecuted Covenanters had to observe precautions against being surprised by the forces of the Government when attending a hill preaching or conventicle. Whenever the regiment is in camp or billets the men parade for divine service with their rifles and usually five rounds of ball cartridge. A picket is sent out and sentries are posted and not until the officer in charge of the picket reports 'All Clear' does the officer commanding the parade inform the clergyman that he may proceed with the service.

Symbolism such as that is the true imperishable tradition of the Lowlands, a trust of steadfast courage and faith in the face of overwhelming disaster which bequeathed by an undefeated ancestry is marching through the night of war to meet its destiny.

FREDERICK WATSON

THE SUNNY SIDE OF EDUCATION*

More than anyone else Dr Montessori has justified her great countryman Vittorino da Feltre in his attractive title for his school—*The House of Joy*. Her Children's Houses have been for long recognised as eminently cheerful places but many people had their doubts about what would take place when the children reached the stage at which they have to face the repellent subjects that form the curriculum of the ordinary elementary school. It is with much interest therefore that teachers turn to this second part of the *Advanced Montessori Method* to see how the inevitable difficulties have been faced. The first part was somewhat disappointing, since it did not really carry us any farther than the earlier books, though it claimed to be specially applicable to children between the ages of seven

* *The Lowland Scots Regiments*. Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell Bart. 21s net. (Maclehose & Sons.)

* *The Advanced Montessori System*. Part II. *The Montessori Elementary Material*. By Maria Montessori. 12s. 6d net. (Heinemann.)

and eleven. The present part however really does face the problem by dealing with the teaching of all the ordinary subjects of an elementary school. So far from confessing to any dullness in the application of her method to children of the ages specified Dr Montessori claims that she has found her method full of interest to her pupils. It is charming to hear of pupils passing delightful half hours of joyous laughter over their exercises in grammar. It is cheering to learn that under this system the pupils will be able to do the most difficult division by the ordinary processes without experiencing any fatigue or without having been obliged to endure tiring progressive lessons and humiliating corrections. But the plain teacher will feel that there is something almost indecent in telling us that in the Montessori school there was a small uprising by the pupils who were so keenly interested in the material for making multiplication tables that they insisted on being allowed to carry them home with them. Probably it would have been wiser not to publish the argument used by one older girl who was the ringleader of the rebellion.

The Dottoressa wants to try an experiment with us. Well let us tell her that unless she gives us the material for the multiplication table we won't come to school any more. Whatever may be thought of this sidelight from the moral standpoint it cannot be denied that it proves the attractiveness of the presentation of the facts of arithmetic. Not many teachers can instil a lust for the multiplication table.

Yet when one examines in detail the methods described one finds very little that is really fresh. The use of colour in the teaching of grammar is very far from being a new thing, and the dramatic method of putting grammatical problems has been very often applied before. In fact in reading Dr Montessori's ingenious accounts of how she roused a living interest in the dead facts of grammar one is carried back to the methods familiar to the assistants of David Stow. Mr Holmes Lee would find nothing new in the educational applications of the dramatic art. Even the idea of intuitive explosions on which much stress is laid has been dealt with before though under the less striking title of mental conversion. Readers of the section on arithmetic will feel themselves on very familiar ground. All the variations of the abacus and the bead chain with its complications will appeal to the progressive teacher who will approve of most of the suggestions not because they are new but because they are good. The material and methods of teaching geometry are valuable in exactly the same way. Teachers of reading will welcome the analysis that shows that reading aloud is a combination of two distinct operations of two languages. But they will regret that Dr Montessori has not in her treatment of the physiological mechanics of reading aloud dealt with the very important problem of what is technically known as silent reading. No doubt her exposition of interpretative reading suggests the difficulties involved but it does not meet them.

The great value of Dr Montessori's present contribution is that it organises a great deal of excellent school practice under a unified scheme. One cannot but admire the ingenuity with which the author correlates the most disparate elements under her system of freedom. One welcomes too the gradual acceptance of the collective activity of the children as part of a system that certainly began by neglecting deliberate mass work. Dr Montessori deserves well of the profession of teaching by her brilliant advocacy. She has from her scientific standing and her recognised rank as a medical doctor obtained the ear of the public for theories and methods that would otherwise have attracted little attention. Even those who have anticipated some of her methods ought to be grateful for her support.

The book suffers from the complication of being an American translation of an Italian text. Some of the original matter is of little use to English readers, since it depends upon the nature of the Italian language. This applies specially to the chapters on Grammar and Metrics. But the translator Professor Livingston has been quite

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successful in giving English equivalents for exercises that in Italian are inapplicable to our needs. The volume is well and copiously illustrated and has two appendices but it is not provided with an index.

JOHN ADAMS

Novel Notes.

JESS OF THE RIVER By Theodore Goodridge Roberts 6s net (John Long)

This is a picturesque and robust story of an arduous courtship in the lumber woods of Canada. Thanks to his father's sins and the intrigues of a rascally whisky pedlar Archie MacElroy's love making with Jess of the River is punctuated by hard knocks rather than by soft words. At the time the story opens MacElroy is engaged in bringing a big drive of logs down the Blue Bend River. The logs get jammed and while making a plucky attempt to release the block Jess gets her first introduction to MacElroy—under water! The author is writing of his own country and the life of the log drivers is depicted with vivid and refreshing realism. With its unconventional setting and its delightfully unconventional heroine Jess of the River belongs to the spirited literature of the back woods and is sure to appeal to all lovers of a well told romance of love and adventure.

MR. MANLEY By G. I. Witham 6s (John Lane)

Every one who likes a story with a mystery should get Mr. Manley. The author has an easy style and is always interesting. The story concerns Maude Fielding who at the age of twenty two goes up to Derbyshire to meet for the first time her guardian Miss Katharine Bolton. Everything about Miss Bolton—her appearance, her manner,

her home and way of living, arouses immediate curiosity. An atmosphere of mystery surrounds Maude from the moment she comes under Miss Bolton's roof. Later as the mystery develops an ugly whisper reaches Maude—the word murder being connected with her guardian's name. How the mystery is solved and what part Mr. Manley plays in the solving of it is told in a way that will keep the reader thoroughly engrossed till the story's end.

THE LION AND THE ADDER By Leigh Thompson 6s net (Mills & Boon)

So long as the real stuff of romance consists in 90 per cent of trial or suspense and a final 10 per cent of happiness so long will there be a perpetual fascination for the novelist in the reluctant and chequered reconciliation of two races. We have often thought we could see the day coming when South Africa will lead the way in a certain vein of passionate romance because racial antagonisms there are deeper than they are in any other part of the British dominions. The background and colour are richer in effect and the scope for adventure and physical hardship second to none. Mrs. Leigh Thompson (for a close reading leaves us in no doubt as to her sex) has mastered all these elements. She finds nearly all the emotions good and bad within the Boer character. She has had the tact to plant the worst of them in a Germanised half breed and she has perceived the rich occasion underlying the De Wet rebellion and its suppression at the outset of this war. If anything she has been too frank in the preface where she avows indebtedness to a certain blue-book inasmuch as the little she has borrowed is as nothing compared with the real material and issues of her story. It plants a young Englishman in the heart of up country Afrikanerdom where he can utilise a circumstantial imprisonment by studying his hosts and conquering their prejudices. His handling of the hapless paralytic girl, his love-making to Nonnie, her brave and healthy minded friend and his self extrication when the rebellion breaks out make a strong progression of interest landmarked by vivid passages of native description and conflicts of genuine emotion. The book shows a steady and confident advance upon the author's previous romance *Fate's High Chancery* as well as a surer grasp of character and situation and a broader survey of her horizon and her art. It is not hard to foresee the day when if this improvement continues she need have no superior in this difficult and honourable field.

LONG LIVE THE KING By Mary Roberts Rinehart 6s net (John Murray)

A capital story told in a humorous and sympathetic manner which places it far ahead of most romances of its kind. The story concerns the Crown Prince of Livonia, a small boy of ten years of age and the Court and country over which one day he is to rule. Plots and counterplots—a prince who falls in love with a man of lower rank than herself—a mysterious committee of Terrorists who meet in secret and plot the downfall of the Royal House—a little American boy whose father owns a scenic railway (on which the Crown Prince manages to have a secret joy ride)—a revolution that is averted at the eleventh hour—this is some of the material out of which Miss Rinehart weaves her romantic story. It is so well done that even the most democratic of us should be able to admire it and read it with much enjoyment.

NEVERTHELESS By Olive Wadsley 6s net (Cassell)

One is disposed to think at the commencement of the story that John Tennent is selfish, intolerant and unsympathetic—an impression that is not modified at the end of the last chapter. When his mother discloses her life's secret to him, throwing herself on his generosity and voicing the intention of going to marry the man who is his father, he is hurt and angry to learn of her sin and cannot forgive her. Fate deals him one blow after another and he rails against it bitterly though perhaps its weapon is no more than his own egotism. Everything tends to add to his resentment against life and his fellow men until he comes



Wrapper Design

From *The Blue Germ*, a new novel by Martin Swayns which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

under the influence of a beautiful widow who brings him the happiness he has failed to find in love or politics. She too even as his mother had done sacrifices much for his sake—that his future shall not be shackled through his infatuation for her. If we feel but little sympathy with him it is because he takes so much—all the best two women have to give—and returns so little yet in spite of or because of this his story is a striking and uncommonly interesting one.

THE FORTUNE. By Douglas Goldring 5s net (Maunsell)

This is the work of an intellectual and an inverted comma intellectual seems to be a person of intellect but of no humour. If Mr Goldring had at least a sense of humour many of these pages would not have been written and certainly he would have taken the ineffable James at something nearer his true standard for this prig and crank—incredibly brilliant though he never says a witty thing—is lauded all the way through as a sort of unfailing prophet. Reading his views on European politics and the rights and wrongs of the war—how England ought to have been the ally of Germany and not of France—our francophilism being all a pose—and the rest of it—one is tempted to believe that Mr Goldring has been attempting satire but alas that cannot be. His preface and the final pages prove he has all the seriousness of those incapable of humour. The book has certainly the quality of pains taken and some literary skill. Had the author's powers of observation been truer had he been less easily influenced by the views of cranks whose outlook on life is prejudiced through intellectual biliousness the result of his efforts might have been moving and convincing but the story does not ring true the people are hectic their actions and opinions are cramped and—the most effective of tests—neither Harold nor his wife nor any of those who are meant to be sympathetic characters win the heart.

The Bookman's Table.

UNPOSTED LETTERS By Frank Morgan 7s net (Simpkin Marshall)

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and you will find they say much that we never do say to one another though we should if we had the courage to utter our thoughts. Mr Morgan is out to shoot folly as it flies and humbug as it crawls and he does it with so much wit and humour and a satire at once so shrewd and genial that he keeps you amused at your own stupidities—or those of your neighbours—even when he makes you feel most acutely how insincere and how stupid they are and how thoroughly everybody ought to be ashamed of them. The cleverness of the book is undeniable but unfortunately so is the truthfulness of it. If our reformers gave it away broadcast it would do more good than multitudes of tracts because it is so sinfully entertaining that we should read it.

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For out of these comes light
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Nor what seems wrong—God rules it
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Amid the library of books that have been written on the war we shall not place upon an inaccessible shelf this account of the return through Switzerland of those whom the Germans captured in the occupied territories of France. Mademoiselle Roger was one of the devoted band of workers who at Schaffhausen, Zurich, Geneva and elsewhere ministered to these poor victims. Her book is unpat-

ententious but nothing more pathetic can well be imagined than certain of her recollections and to say that she is vivid is to put it mildly. Her people seem to totter past us in very much the same fashion as in that terrible painting to be seen at Sofia where the artist has depicted the procession of all those miserable Bulgars of long ago who struggled back to their homes over the leagues of snow-swept country after their eyes had been gouged out. Here we have the thin, yellow-faced hunchback who knows that he will soon be dead, the old couple who celebrated on this journey their golden wedding, the

child who said that one weeps when one is a little less unhappy, the other child who had lost her doll and also her father — and he went off to the war — she said — and he might just as well have stayed with them as the war came to their village. An old gipsy passes by and she seems less to be pitied for she had travelled all her life and preferred (to mere comfort) the boundless liberty of one who owns nothing.

There is the deaf old woman who shouted at the top of her voice — unaware that she was in Switzerland — long live Germany! — and for a long time all attempts to make her stop were useless. It is good to read of the overflowing kindness with which Switzerland treated her guests and we presume that these French peasants passing through German Switzerland did the German cause more harm than all the eloquent and lucid French propaganda. Some of us have seen the ruined villages of eastern France with weeds growing high within the battered walls, those to whom these walls were everything who very often had lived for eighty years in the same spot were brutally and senselessly dragged away, and were separated in the turmoil from those they loved. With nothing to hope for with black despair in their hearts they passed through Switzerland and in Switzerland "they said" we

discovered France. We shall never forget all this. An old giant shepherd who had lost all his master's sheep and his own — the savings of a life time — and had nothing but his dog, this old man had forgotten the name of his daughters, his band and of the place in Switzerland where she lived but he will not forget the way in which the kindly Swiss treated him and his dog and we will not forget this most moving book.

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bitterly ashamed of his foolishness. His sister's friend, Janet, a girl who is not so young as a woman wishes to be, sees in his waywardness only the irresponsibility of youth and believes that all he needs is some one who understands him and will guide, not drive him into better ways of life. She endeavours to save him by setting out to win his love at the peril of falling in love with him herself.

And fall in love with him she does so completely as to forgive him more than most women could forgive. He loves her passionately, extravagantly, yet even such love cannot hold him — he must follow his wild course while she waits patiently for him to return to her at last. The story is a tragedy of temperament — but the tragedy would have lost nothing in the telling would indeed have gained much had the writer leavened it with more humour. One is inclined to feel that she has fallen in love with her own hero to the extent of taking him too seriously. There should be humour as well as pathos in Edgar's folly, but the pathos seems to obsess the mind of the author to the exclusion of every other aspect. It is an original and an excellent story as well as a fine character study. The author has sympathy and insight and a gift for narration that makes very pleasant reading.



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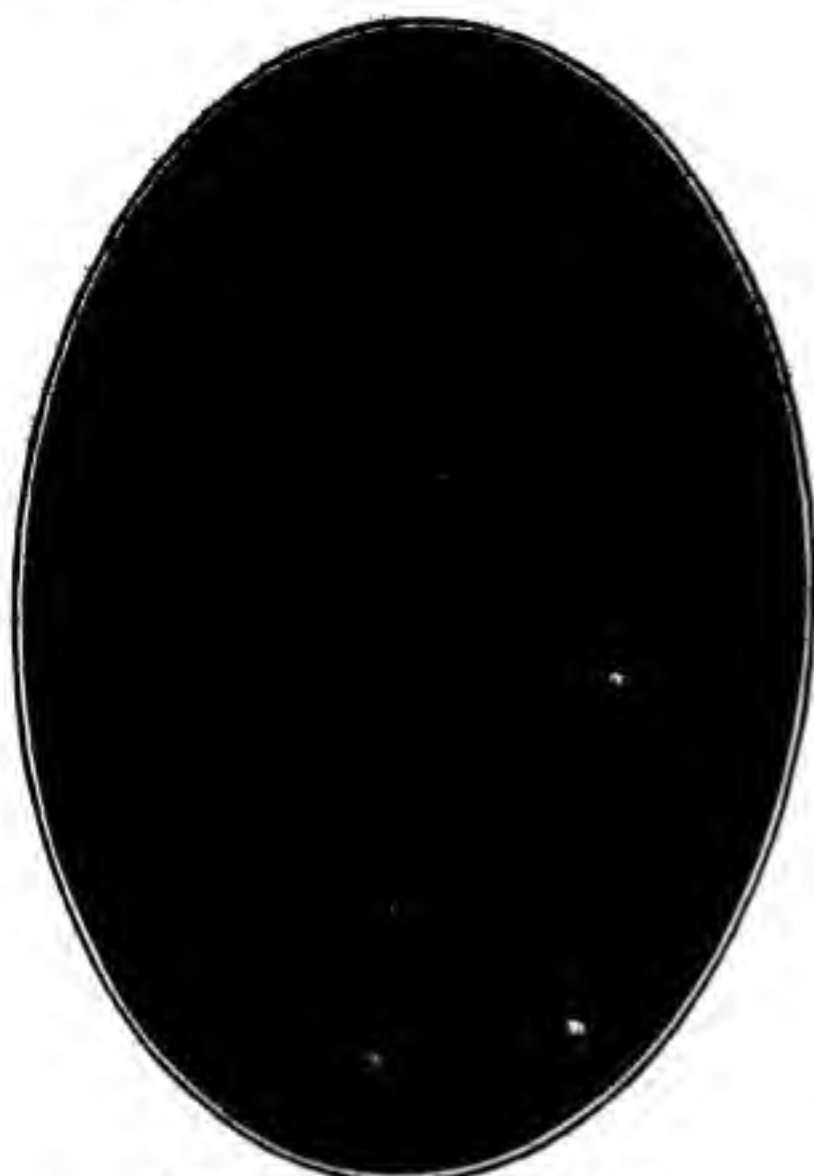
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The schism of the Donatists was itself a dull feud originating among Numidian zealots who demanded that those who had delivered up sacred books and vessels to pagans under the stress of persecution should be permanently excluded from the communion of the Church. They consecrated new bishops as rivals to those who had admitted such betrayers on their repentance, they practised a second baptism and committed other extravagances which bordered on heresy rather than mere schism. The third bishop of the sect, Parmenian, wrote a treatise in its defence and the work of St. Optatus is the answer of the orthodox party. From this point of view it is only of archaeological interest and some of its arguments strike an independent reader as singularly artificial. One would like to see the treatise of Parmenian

but presumably it is not extant. There is, however, another sense in which the text of St. Optatus is of singular interest and importance remembering that he wrote between A.D. 372 and 375, as Mr. Vassall Phillips shows on the authority of St. Jerome. I mean that the work is of vital consequence for the position of orthodox doctrine at the period. It is difficult to challenge the opinion that what has been done here under the auspices of the Latin Church *permissu superiorum* of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and bearing the *imprimatur* of Westminster is of great moment in respect of its own claims. St. Optatus has never been translated previously into English. The Rev. R. O. Vassall Phillips is one of the Redemptorist Fathers already of general repute by his argument on behalf of the Divinity of Christ entitled

The Mustard Tree. The translation is excellent while the work of editing and annotating has been done with anxious care. As regards the Church Catholic it was for St. Optatus that which was everywhere in communion with the *Cathedra Petri* represented by the Bishop of Rome apart from this the validity of priestly Orders counted for nothing. In respect of doctrine St. Optatus taught that in Baptism the grace of God is conferred—that is to say life, immortality and the attainment of the heavenly kingdom—the work being performed by man but the gifts coming from God. He terms the Eucharist the Holy Body and the Body of Christ. The chalices carry the Blood of Christ and both dwell upon the altar during determinate times. On the other hand his defence of persecution has the same false ring and speciousness that we meet with in many an *apologia* of later days. It is always the argument of exaggeration when the fact and not its distortion is the point in question. It is always the *tu quoque* always public security and the shifting of responsibility from the shoulders of the Church to that of State authority. If on one side therefore St. Optatus is a witness to Roman doctrine in the fourth century prior to St. Ambrose and St. Augustine on the other he is a witness also to the unchanging policy of Rome in respect of schism and heresy.

A. E. W.



From an engraving by T. L. Atkinson of a Portrait by
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From The Mind and Work of Bishop King
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So far in my life she pruned
The clustering, full of hope, and
And scattered in the life's
With radiant smile and
Ambitions love life's

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B. (1786-1860)

By H. NOEL WILLIAMS 10/- net (Hutchinson)

Criticism is due from the reading public to Mr. Hugh Noel Williams for having written a very sane and a very readable account of the career of Sir Charles Napier, the gallant admiral who commanded the British Fleet in the Crimean War. He proves conclusively that in accepting the command Sir Charles never boasted of what he was going to do, that he was hampered in such success as he attained by the undermanning of his fleet, that he was amply justified in refusing to attempt to take by storm so powerful a fortress as Cronstadt, and that he was treated shamefully throughout all his operations in the Baltic, not only by Mr. Delane, the Editor of *The Times* who wrote him an amazingly insolent letter, but particularly by Sir James Cuthbert, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who judged by the character of Sir Charles which he gave in his letter to Queen Victoria of February 9th 1851 ought never to have recommended his appointment to the fleet

11/- net
By H. Noel Williams
(Hutchinson)

ELECTION SCENE FINEDON 1900



command. Despite however this conflict of opinion of the combined energy and courage which the Admiral manifested on the occasion when his country gave him its greatest confidence and confidence which Napier had amply earned by that defeat of the Miguelite fleet off Cape St. Vincent which restored Donna Maria to the throne of Portugal and by the combined naval and land operations at Sedona and Vio which broke the power of Mehmet Ali in the Near East, it must honestly be said that Mr. Williams has contrived to render 'Black Charles' as Napier was called in the Navy, thanks to his dark complexion, anything like a sympathetic character. Charles Napier, cousin to Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde and to William Napier, the hero of the Peninsula War, was in fact a characteristic type of that unfortunate race of men, officers with grievances. He was forever quarrelling with the Admiralty and never wearied of writing letters to the Prime Minister and to the First Lord. His vanity and his conceit were indeed quite naive and childish. And yet candid as he was for the highest honours of his profession is popular a naval hero in his time as Charles Batesford in ours, he had no sense of decorum in dress and personal appearance, he was notorious for drinking more whisky than was good for him and he was twice grossly disobedient to Sir Robert Stopford when he was serving under that admiral against Mehmet Ali. In truth it might fairly be said of him that whether as subordinate or as chief in command he was eminently an uncomfortable man.



From *The Greater Patriotism*
Addressed at John Lewis Griffiths, American Consul General
at London, with Memoir by Caroline Henderson Griffiths,
and Introduction by Hilaire Belloc
(John Lane)

JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS WATCHING THE
BLACK SEA FLEET RUSSIA CRIMEA
AUGUST, 1905.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1918

THE VENGEANCE OF FIONN

By AUSTIN CLARKE 3s 6d net (Mansel.)

The love of Diarmuid and Grainne is one of the world's ageless romances and the wonder is that after so many times retelling Mr Clarke should be able to treat it from a new point of view. When Diarmuid and Grainne are introduced in *The Vengeance of Fionn* they are fast approaching the autumn of their lives and Fionn now a very old man has come at their bidding to feast with them at their rath in Sligo. Through the spells of the druid dark Fionn Diarmuid is killed by the magic boar and it is while Grainne is mourning for her lost lover that she lives visionally through their early love and wanderings. This part of the epic is cleverly treated in a shadowy way so that the past is seen through the veil of her idealised memories.

So with the mornings
they fled
Until the candle of the sun
burned red
Behind black cliffs Sometimes
in seaweed caves
They lay and heard the hissing
crash of waves
Or murmurous in the mountain
glens all day
The booming of the ocean far
away
Shell slumbering unquiet as
their fears

Mr Clarke has quite an unusual aptitude for vivid description and it is this power that makes his *Vengeance of Fionn* so interesting.

THE MAKING OF GODS

By HENRY P. DENISON
B.A. 3s 6d net (Robert
Scott)

A book that should arouse interest and not a little controversy is Prebendary Denison's work *The Making of Gods*. A statement made in the opening chapter of the book gives food for much reflection. The author says that an attempt to give justice to man has always in history coincided with denial of justice to God. This coincidence is accounted for (a) by absorption of men's minds on things of this world only (b) by denial of original sin (c) by false ideas about God's idolatry. The readers of this book will be obliged to range themselves in two distinct classes—the author leaves them no third choice. Either you are one of the elect and will see eye to eye with the writer—in which case you will think the scope of the book wide and the point of view of the author wide also or you are an outsider and will disagree with the writer in which case you will think the scope of the book narrow and the author's viewpoint narrow. In either case you will find much to interest you in the book, even if much to annoy you.

THE KINGDOM MAKER.

In Five Acts By SHESAKE O'NEILL 2s net
(Unwin)

There is much to praise in *'The Kingdom Maker'* but one feels that so war-like a theme requires more robust

treatment. One is being continually reminded of the opal twilight style associated with Yeats. Yet it is a Yeats shorn of his essential mysteries. In the lyrics written by Mary Devenport O'Neill this is specially marked. Listen to this:

You dead women in your graves
You made beauty long ago
But unceasing waters flow
And great unattending waves
Carry all things that we know
And they wither and grow old
Are you nothing now but mould
Cold and brown?

And so on. And the body of the play itself is hardly less free.

Oh! do not speak
Lightly of Deirdre's love! Un-
numbered hosts
Paid down each grain of doom
for that one love

Mr O'Neill is much more successful when he is writing about things which really matter and he says some things very finely indeed.

We do not die!
No race has died until the last
of such
As carries in his heart the
vital fire
That shatters kings and armies
and sets blaze
To hearts long sodden with
the bitter dregs
Of servitude—no race has
died till such
A man has died in vain to save
its soul
And dying failed and died
and lit no fire!

ANNE'S HOUSE OF DREAMS

By L. M. MONTGOMERY
5s net (Constable)

Here is Anne of Green Gables again—the same sweet sunshiny Anne with her glorious red hair and happy lovable ways. She is a little older Anne of course since we first met her and in this our latest glimpse of her we find she is about to be married and live happy ever after in her little house of dreams. We see the little house of

dreams and Anne and her husband at home in it and follow the joys and sorrows of the first few years of their married life with great interest. Many new friends gather round Anne in her little house and whether they are amusing like Miss Cornelia or tragic like beautiful Leslie Moore or whimsical like honest old Captain Jim they are all delightful to meet because they are characteristically Miss Montgomery people. And all lovers of Miss Montgomery's works know what that means and will want to get hold of the book without further delay.

A SPORTING OFFER.

By FLORENCE WARDEN 5s net (Ward, Lock.)

Not only one of the cleverest novels of sensation and mystery that Miss Florence Warden has ever written, but one of the best of its kind that anyone has given us for a long time. To all who are looking for a good story we strongly recommend this.



ELFIN MUSIC.
O of He sia Fyfe ill strallons f om Open Eyes, by Dorothy Grenside
(Elkin Math wa), a volume of poems reviewed in a recent Number of the
BOOKMAN

THE LADDER OF VISION

Choice Thoughts selected from the Writings of PREBENDARY
H P DENISON Arranged for Daily Readings by D I
MAGUIRE (Robert Scott)

By Prebendary H P Denison's admirers and followers this little volume will be especially appreciated though it makes a direct appeal to all who turn to religion for guidance and comfort. There is a brief message for every day a message that will bring help and consolation to many suffering hearts. We can open the book at any page and find there food for reflection and every quotation is coloured with the noble sincerity of the writer. To take a few thoughts at random. The real end of life is that it



MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY

whose new no 1 Th H f D m w s p blished i
ath by M sers. Con table.

may be given. Eternity is not a very very long time but the absence of time. The essence of the saintly life is that it is independent of outward circumstances. A book to turn to for light and inspiration and to meditate and ponder over in moments of leisure.

THE ART OF KEEPING WELL

By RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE Illustrated 6s 8d net
(Cassell)

Dr Macfie has chosen the right title for his book. He knows that good health is not wholly a matter of medical science that one man's poison is another man's medicine that no set of laws can be equally applicable to all mankind since men are not all turned out on the same pattern like machines. It is this breadth of view and sympathy this allowance for differences of constitution and temperament no less than his intimate acquaintance with the ills to which human flesh is heir and the ways of curing or avoiding them that make his book an invaluable guide to reasonable folk who have none of the faddists' self-absorption in their own possible ailments but are sensibly willing to take the wise way of living healthfully and happily. There are good practical hints for those suffering from war-strain as to food sleep clothing and how their mental and spiritual



From The Ladder of
Vision
By H P Denison
(Robert Scott)

PREBENDARY H P DENISON

as well as their physical well being may best be sustained. It is one of the most rational handbooks of its kind and one of the most useful.



From The Art of Keeping Well
By Ronald Campbell Macfie
(Cassell)

PROFESSOR PAVLOV

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1918

MARY'S MOVING PICTURES

By HILDA M. A. HANKEY
3s 6d net (Melrose)

A quaint little book about children which grown ups as well as children will enjoy reading. It rings true and the little stories are surely autobiographical—a collection of fragrant memories as sweet and refreshing as potpourri. The pen and ink sketches by Miss Kate Elizabeth Oliver—so cleverly suggestive—contribute much to the atmosphere of the tales and Mary and Helen and particularly Martin to say nothing of the babies become living lovable personalities. One only regrets that the anecdotes like most memories of childhood are so fragmentary and fleeting—just glimpses here and there over the swiftly passing years of a delightfully natural family with which one longs to get more intimately acquainted. The stories of their travels of how Mary got hungry for something sweet and told the brown sugar Martin's first day at school and the most exciting thing that can happen in a family as well as the many other incidents are described with charming simplicity and an astute understanding—or is it not rather recollection?—of the child mind.

LOVE'S ORIENT

By EDGAR WILFORD 6s
(Jarrolds)

The Reverend Oswald Beech is separated from his only son by a seemingly impassable gulf. In vain he has tried to win the boy's affection for the sake of the cherished memory of his dead wife as much as for his own sake—but Edward drifts farther and farther from him finally going abroad and losing touch with his father entirely. Years later he returns with a selfish frivolous wife of whom the Rector sternly disapproves. It needs a sordid tragedy to reveal the two men to each other and awake in the son that tenderness for which the father has so patiently striven. There are many minor characters in the book whose lives blend with the peaceful devoted life of the old minister. The sensational happenings that smirch the names of Edward and his wife are silhouetted darkly against the tranquillity of the Rectory and the contrast is painful. But the quiet forceful personality of the Rector shines through serenely like a guiding star and leaves its benign influence on the reader long after the book is closed.



From *The Price of Freedom*
A. A. H. L. G. F. H. N. H.
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(H. Adley)

FRONTISPIECE

admirably written story full of interest and steeped in the atmosphere and true spirit of romance.

WHERE ENGLAND SETS HER FEET

By BERNARD CAIES 6s
net (Collins)

There are all the elements of a first rate romance in *Where England Sets Her Feet* and it is a first rate romance that Mr. Bernard Capes has made of them. There is a most charming heroine Joan Medley who is yet by the misfortune of her birth an outcast from society there is a mystery too overshadowing the birth of Brion Middleton—a mystery that his own acuteness soon penetrates though he finds his connection with one of the greatest lords in the realm is of no advantage to him. And the love of these two runs its chequered course with no lack of stirring incident and excitement through the glamorous days of Elizabeth when there was adventure waiting for any man who cared to go out after it and Brion was one who went. A well contrived

THE ORACLE OF COLOUR

By WILLIAM KIDDER 2s 6d
(Tisell)

A little book for art lovers including those who paint. In nineteen brief essays two in verse Mr. Kidder describes or reflects upon the beauties of nature and on life and art. He writes epigrammatically and there is a good deal of wit and shrewdest wisdom in his comments. It is fresh and suggestive and the quaintness of its perversities of style makes it the more enjoyable.

YOUNG MADAM AT CLAPPS

By MRS BAILLIE SAUNDERS 6s
(Hutchinson)

A vivacious story concerning the doings of Young Madam otherwise Miss Marion Withers—a beautiful high spirited modern young girl—who is left the charge of a London slum by the will of a quaint old man named Esau Clapp. How she comes from Durham down to Shadwell where the slum is situated and takes up her residence there (as the will directs) in an old house next door to the rector's

and how she fares in her efforts to revolutionise the slum and how Francis Ingold the rector (or 'The Cuv' as he is called in Shadwell) influences her ambitions and incidentally falls in love with her is told in a cheery brisk and altogether delightful manner by Mrs. Baillie Saunders.



From *Both Sides of the Curtain*
By G. Nevill Ward and Richard Whitley
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All communications intended for the Editor of THE BOOKMAN should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Reincarnation—a new volume of poems by Mr. James Stephens will be published this month by Messrs. Macmillan—who have also in preparation two new volumes by Sri Kibindranath Turgon.

Mashi and Other Stories—which will appear almost immediately—and a book containing two poems, Lover's Gift and Crossing, which will be ready a little later.

A charming story, not for children but about them and for child-lovers is Dream Child Come True by Marjory Royce, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Notes of a Nomad—a new book by Lady Jipson describing her wanderings in many lands and the notable people she has met—is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Mr. Frederick Niven has written a new novel Penny Scot's Treasure, which Messrs. Collins are publishing this spring.

The same firm has in the press a volume of studies of Women Novelists by Mr. K. Frank Johnson.

Miss Jessie Champion, whose delightful story, The Foolishness of Fiction (Lancet) is winning golden opinions from the critic and the public, began her experiences as an author by writing short stories for the magazines and essays for her own pleasure. She thinks her natural inclination to essay writing may be attributable to the fact that she traces her descent from the family of Fife, her maternal grandmother being a Fife. When she sent a volume of her essays and sketches to The Trolley Head, Mr. Fife wrote, saying his reader admired the work, but he thought the public would prefer the easy wisdom of those essays and sketches if it could be embodied in a novel. The result was first Jimmy's Wife, and now

The Foolishness of Fiction. Miss Champion is temperamentally optimistic, therefore she does not see life as the realists see it. She was born in London and lived there over twenty years, but she says, "the London I saw and loved was not the London of the realistic novelists. It was to me a city of splendid romance. As I was supposed to have some skill in elocution and was interested in social work, I had opportunities of coming into touch with many classes of Londoners. Since then she has lived and worked in a country town and has learned to know and love the great-hearted rollicking

factory-girl who figures in "The Foolishness of Lihan" While her book, therefore is not life according to the stern realist, it is what she herself has seen and known At present Miss Champion's time is largely occupied with various forms of national work, but in intervals of leisure she is engaged on another book which ration cards and political crises notwithstanding is sure to contain more of sunshine than of gloom

Messrs Simpkin Marshall are publishing a new novel 'The Women Who Wait' by Miss Mary Marlowe the Australian writer whose first book 'Kangaroos in King's Land' met with such a favourable reception last autumn

Major George Haven Putnam head of the distinguished American publishing house of Messrs Putnam's Sons has already done great work in support of the Allied cause by founding the American Rights League for Upholding the Duty of the Republic in International Relations He is now arranging to come to England with a group of Americans who, like himself have old time relations with our people to report to us what his country is doing in the war and to make clear to our workers that they, like the American worker have a direct interest in bringing the war to a conclusive end He and those who will accompany him are in a position to speak from personal knowledge of America's vast preparations and of the increasing desire on the part of Americans for close co-operation with their English allies now and in dealing with the world-problems that will have to be faced when peace returns. No man on either side of the Atlantic has done more than Major Putnam to bring about a better understanding between England and the United States, his services in that direction in these last four years have been incalculable

In 'Eminent Victorians,' which Messrs Chatto &

Windus are publishing Mr Lytton Strachey studies the lives and characters of Cardinal Manning Florence Nightingale Dr Arnold and General Gordon

The Talbot Press Dublin is publishing under the title of 'Songs from Dublin City' a collection of poems by Ivan Adair who has been one of the most successful competitors in THE BOOKMAN Prize Lyric Competitions

The third volume of 'Canada in Flanders' is written by Major Charles G D Roberts the distinguished Canadian author now serving in France with the Canadian forces and will be published shortly by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton with a Preface by Lord Beaverbrook In such little leisure as he can get from military duties Major Roberts is collecting and revising some poems written before the war and hopes to make a book of these with two or three war lyrics for publication this summer

A book which should appeal to all interested in

contemporary art and letters is 'New Paths,' published by C W Beaumont and edited by himself and T H Sadler It is an attempt to provide a record of what is being done to-day in literature and art The contributors belong to no clique or school but are representative of many modern tendencies The volume which consists entirely of work hitherto unpublished, is divided into three sections verse prose and pictures, and among the contributors who number nearly fifty are, on the literary side W H Davies, Walter de la Mare, Hugh de Selincourt, D H Lawrence, J. C. Squire, and Robert Nichols, and, on the pictorial, C R W Nevinson, Augustus John, Mark Gertler, Walter Sickert Jacob Epstein and Ivan Mestrovic A notable feature of "New Paths" is the discriminating bibliographies of poetry and fiction

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson Canadian Field Artillery

whose 'Khaki Courage' (John Lane) has had a sale of 100,000 copies in America. Two new books by Mr Dawson 'The Glory of the Trenches' and 'Out to Win' are to be published by Mr Lane this month

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THE BOOKMAN

Miss Helen Taylor whose little book of charming songs, *Fancy Free* has just been published by Mr Elkin Mathews in his *Vigo* cabinet series comes of an East Anglian family connected with that of Ann and Jane Taylor whose books for children enjoyed great popularity in the early half of last century. She was for some time a student at King's College London and took Final Honours at Oxford her special subject being Elizabethan poetry. Miss Taylor began to write at a very early age she has contributed largely to the magazines and several of her songs have been set to music and published by Messrs Enoch. Her book is dedicated by permission to Sir J M Barrie.

Mr Horace Bleackley whose novel *His Job* (John Lane)

was reviewed in last month's *BOOKMAN* wrote his three first novels in the midst of a strenuous business career and considers that they were too hasty and immature to be counted. He dates the commencement of his literary career from the spring of 1901



Miss Helen Taylor
whose little book of charming songs, *Fancy Free* has just been published by Mr Elkin Mathews

when he collected some of his cricket stories from various magazines and Messrs Ward Lock published them under the title of *Tales of the Stumps*. Next year he published with the same firm *More Tales of the Stumps* and during the last fifteen years whilst he was devoting himself to a study of the social and political history of the eighteenth century he has published *Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold* (Kegan Paul 1905) *The Story of a Beautiful Duchess Being a Life of the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll* (Constable 1907) *Ladies Fair and Frail* a history of famous eighteenth century courtesans (John Lane, 1908) *A Gentleman of the Road* a highwayman romance of the same century (Lane 1911), *"A Hundred Years Ago"* a novel of the Luddite Riots in Lancashire (Eveleigh Nash 1917) and a *Life of John Wilkes* finished in 1914 but postponed owing to the war and published by Mr Lane last autumn. Mr Bleackley's latest novel, *"His Job,"* is a story of modern industrial life in



Lieutenant Will Dyson
Photo by D. J. Chiswick
collection of which was published by Messrs C. H. Palgrave & Co. Ltd.

Lancashire. He felt that the Manchester School though it included several writers of first rate ability had dealt too much with the sordid and unpleasant aspect of things in Lancashire and set himself to show in his book that everything is not all drab and dour in the cotton county and to give an intimate picture of mill life which has changed



Mr John Hastings Turner
Photo by Vandyk
whose amusing comedy of high and low life, *Simple Souls*, was published last month by Messrs. Cassell.



Mrs Fiske Warren

Published by M. B. H. M. Co. Ltd.

considerably since the days of John Halifax and Mary Barton. In future, as the war has put an end to the demand for historical biographies, Mr Bleackley intends to devote himself entirely to fiction.

WAR BOOKS

Three notable books of war poems

The Red Flower. Poems written in War Time. By Henry Van Dyke. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Cause. Poems of the War. By Laurence Binyon. 5s. net. (H. K. Matthews.)

The Judgment of Vallula. By Gilbert Frankau. 3s. 6d. net. (Chitto & Windus.)

The Fighting Men of Canada. By Douglas Leader Durkin. 2s. 6d. net. (F. Skene Macdonald.)

The Rider in Khaki. By Nat Gould. 6s. net. (John Long.) This new novel of Nat Gould's differs from the long series of his phenomenally popular sporting tales in that it combines the war with horse racing and adds a rascally German spy to its other excitements. The tale takes the bit in its teeth and goes with a headlong gusto through a rapid succession of stirring incidents to two weddings and happiness. Those who love horses and go to a novel for nothing but a brisk yarn will find what they like in *The Rider in Khaki*.

The Story of the Anzacs. (Melbourne: Ingram & Son.) A well written and carefully authenticated historical account of the part played by

Australia and New Zealand in the great war from its outbreak to the evacuation of Gallipoli in December 1915. There is a striking chapter in which the author deals with the relation of Australia to England and demonstrates that only through the fostering protection of the Mother Country has Australia been able to develop her resources and become a prosperous nation. But as the writer demonstrates neither a feeling of gratitude nor the certainty that the doom of Australia is sealed if Germany emerges from the war victorious, roused Australia to throw herself wholeheartedly into the Empire's quarrel, but a genuine and deep sense of the common blood and brotherhood of the British race. There is too an excellent chapter on the Australian Navy and its good work in the Southern Seas. There will have to be a later volume to tell the undying story of what the Anzacs have done, are doing, and will yet do in France and the East. Meanwhile it gladdens an Englishman to read the just and generous things this Australian author has to say of the old country, and stirs him with pride that he can claim kinship with the gallant men who made the history that this book preserves. There are five useful maps and a number of very interesting photographic illustrations.

Valour. By Warwick Deering. 6s. net. (Cassell.) The success of Mr Warwick Deering's

Valour depends upon his presentation of the character of Pierre Hammesley, and he has presented it skilfully and convincingly. At the



Photo by Russell & Sons

Mr Horace Bleackley

outset Pierce has a certain stubborn pride an undisciplined restiveness under restraint that make it difficult to drive him. He gets a commission when the war comes and throws himself enthusiastically into his military duties but out in Gallipoli he chafes under the small tyrannies and the large injustices of a martinet Colonel and finally refuses to obey orders and is court martialled and dismissed from the army. When he reaches home he is still defiant and proud of having asserted himself. But by degrees he is brought to realise that his shame falls also on others—on his father on the girl who loves him until his self esteem is broken down and in a humbler and finer mood he rejoins as a private sinks his own pride in the pride and common brotherhood of the regiment and redeems his past. It is at once a delightful love romance and a powerful and realistic story of the war.

The Spy in Black By J. Storer Clouston 7s net (Blackwood). A spy story and one of the best of its kind. It is a thrilling story in which character study and a delightful humour pleasantly mingle and is told partly from the standpoint of the spy and partly in the third person. Lieutenant von Belke of the German Navy describes his landing from a submarine at a certain island off the coast of Scotland where he is to stay with a confederate who is posing as a minister. After many narrow escapes his cool courage and presence of mind bring him safely to his destination and the daring enterprise seems to be proceeding without a hitch—until the Lieutenant awakes with a shock to the fact that he has been all the while actually playing into the hands of his enemies. Nobody should miss this story if he has a taste for the joys of wholesome excitement.

The New Book of Martyrs By Georges Duhamel 5s net (Heinemann). Who can explain in a few lines the charm of this book? It is written with the utmost simplicity of style is



Published by H. M. C.

Mr. Hubert Wales

which was published in 1918 by H. M. C.

starkly sometimes startlingly realistic in portraying the ugliest details of life in hospital yet in spite of the grimness of its themes the charm of the book is undeniable. It is an intimate record of the experiences of a French Army doctor and his stories of the wounded soldiers French and occasionally German who came under his hands. He touches in the characters of the men reports what they said to him and to each other and writes of them and their sufferings their quiet heroism and strange idiosyncrasies till you know them and all about them as familiarly as he does himself. No art could be more effective than the apparently simple naturalness with which he has set down all these things as they happened around him. No art could have pictured his bizarre environment more clearly have made his varied patients more livingly human nor more wholly captured the interest of his readers.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY

JOHN S. MARGERISON

IN these troubled times there is no tonic so invigorating as a good and proper book. If any civilian purblind through anxieties at home, the march of Germany eastward beginning the real 'Drang nach Osten' and the weighty menace on the only real front now left, is having qualms as to what the Navy thinks

and is doing and opines that the U-boats may effectually inflict throes upon the British Isles he had better take a strong dose of John S. Margerison. J. S. M. as he is familiarly known among his friends and his old mess mates of the Navy that has moulded and made him is the finest tonic for a fit of the blues. His is a

medicament that has no faked febrifuge in its components and at times is bubbling with a spontaneous gaiety that is of the real Navy spirit itself though sometimes the possession of it causes him to conjure up exploits that only a species of maritime Gargantua may effect even in fiction.

The war has caused many an English author to sit in sackcloth and ashes and bemoan his future for it even as in the days of Harlitt and Wordsworth is causing fresh trends of literary thought ways and popularity also. But hostilities have surged J S M up the mounting swell of success in authorship—a calling that one safely surmises from his published work he never dreamed of even as he lay at night in his hammock among his snoring shipmates of the lower deck though the kipsey is responsible for many strange fantasies. His ditty box did not contain either the

Literary Aspirant's Vade Mecum or any embryonic MSS but one inclines strongly to the belief that a Kipling was there. Yet whatever it was that prompted Mr Margerison to launch forth into the hazardous ocean of printer's ink it was the prompting of some auspicious literary influence. With *The Navy's Way* first published in 1916 followed by the *Sure Shield* *Turret and Torpedo* *Periscope and Propeller*

Destroyer Doings and that other volume of short stories *Action!* together with *Sea Services* that is a guide to the Royal Navy and the British Mercantile Marine. J S M in the three years of his literary career has won success and a book buying public.

He has done more than this. His fiction is flamboyant at times and on occasion the appeal of it is to a gallery avid of dramatic sensation yet he consistently brings his readers' attention to bear more upon the men and things of the lower deck than upon the glories of the Bridge and golden oak leafed cap peak.

Bartimeus is the naval author of British wardroom life. John S Margerison notwithstanding his spell of hooped cuff and of the quarter deck with experiences

there greatly variant from those of his

matriculation days—for blue jackets will be blue jackets just as boys will be boys—as becomes a man of the people and looking forward to the democratisation of the Navy rests his material for the greater part upon the classes and ratings other than officers of

the military branch. And he knows Andrew Millar from the inside outwards and the units of it from keelson to truck.

J S M has everything on a split yarn as one of his favourite heroes Commander James Carew of the submarine M 39 might say—that is ready for instant use. His naval fiction is not the product of

two ends and the bight of a fool and almost every one of his stories is more or less enjoyable for its stark truth of naval details. Not his is it to make the egregious mistake set forth by a prominent Wardour Street naval author in a recent issue of a certain popular magazine when he has the Ward room rise to drink their nightly toast to the King. Who but one who has been a blue jacket himself and lived for years on the mess deck could have given the convincing details in the *Gambler* or in *Mulligan* in that volume of short stories and sketches entitled *Action!* or *The Vicissitudes of a Dobeying Firm* in the same book or again the *Duty Cutter's Shield* and *When the Anchor Talks* in the *Sure Shield*?

It is almost an impossibility to portray familiarity successfully with the life of the Navy much less of the sea if one does not possess it or the intuitions for it say as in the case of Rudyard Kipling and a few a very few other writers. But with Mr Margerison we have the real things of the British bluejacket such as we have not had since Chamber and Marryat penned their naval fiction. Other men have written and write engrossing fiction round the Navy but for the most of them they deal with the Bridge ignoring the true backbone of the Senior Service—its bluejackets and warrant officers. J S M because of the nature of him does not make this mistake.

Into his best work go the long years of his arduous naval life—from training ship upwards to the culminating act of heroism that won him promotion to the two rings and executive curl of lieutenantcy—and ended too unhappily in his being invalided out of the Service. These long years sustain him in his work because of his deep rooted affection for the Service—an affection that has produced results other than fiction for as he says in a Note to *Sea Services* during the time the articles making up this volume appeared in serial form he received in less than six months and dealt with no fewer than two thousand five hundred letters from youths desirous of entering the Navy and has since heard from a large proportion of them that they are happily started in sea careers.

In Mr Margerison's less noteworthy matter however—that unfortunately appears to have been written with one eye on popular publications and one on the speed of his production therefor—the merits tail astern. In

Periscope and Propeller and in *Turret and Torpedo* there is a superabundance of healthy deeds of derring do. Yet yarns—above all short stories, that apart from yarns pure and simple must have the effect of totality—cannot envision when they lack the details that convince and make the reader's mind jump with the author's. But one finds most of J S M's yarns are to be more or less enjoyed, if only because they belong to an easy unexacting, and heroic type. Though such a passage as when an Allan liner mounts an 800 ton U craft along her first-class non-reinforced



John Margerison,
when he first entered the Navy

promenade deck causes a little gasp of mild admiration. One wonders too what the erudite members of the British Academy would say to a statement that a steamer or other vessel goes down the Thames from the sea to the Port of London. Yet on occasion Mr Margerison's underwater craft goes down the Elbe to punish the enemy's ships at Brunsbüttel—and so who shall not say we go down the river past Hammer-smith to Kew. Sometimes the critical reader comes across such an abnormality as solid fluid when the author is seeking a synonym for air. But these are mere sun spots on the irradiating geniality and wholesomeness of J S M's work as a whole. And one opines that oversight due to haste in production has given rise to them—haste in production that may easily be accounted for as necessitated by hurried commissions by rigid contracts with their galling time limits.

Mr Margerison with nigh fatal ease has already caught and fixed the method of his yarns and that eventually brings stultification in its train. The more fixed the literary method of an author becomes the more wearisome it grows not only to himself but to his readers and the more too it tends to sterility of inventiveness and actual creation. To build a tale a yarn on a real occurrence on a substratum of fact becomes in time to many an author—given he has the spurl of imagination—a mere slught of hand accomplishment.

To achieve the rarefied heights of the genuinely fine short story that persuades and moves one in its own little world requires something infinitely more than the mere dexterity of the tale or yarn pure and simple depending for its interest on incidents rather than on plot and the revelation of character. That Mr Margerison may reach the zenith of the short story is testified by his "Quid Pro" which toward the end develops a real Poesque feeling and atmosphere with a capital realistic climax and by other stories in the *Sure Shield* together with Mulligan in Action! That also he may become a short story writer of potentiality is apparent, apart from the measure of popularity that he has already won if—and unluckily there is an if in every premise—he pays less heed to the things that are Caesar's and more to the things of literature. If too he were consistently to consider a story not merely as a frame on which to stretch his materials and

impressions but as that which should march in all its parts directly and swiftly toward a single culminative impression skilfully organised and compact in unity.

J S M would be aiming at a standard which is worthy of the special talents his work reveals. There is nothing more difficult to create than the fine flower of the short story but there is nothing literary more satisfying when it is successful.

What is especially noteworthy in Mr Margerison's work is that save for the naval details there is but scanty suggestion of the sea of the winds that blow

and the multitudinous influences which have gone and still go to mould the British naval spirit and atmosphere. In this respect however his work does not stand alone. In all prose literature dealing with our Navy for the last twenty years or so only in some of Kipling's work and in a short story of Major Drury's and in a naval war novel issued some years ago by an author whose name has escaped the writer's memory has the interplay of the sea on human character in the Navy been at all discounted upon. Yet it forms the basic root of our greatness.

The Clammer of the steam Navy is what J S M is developing into with Clammer's big loose touch and strong sometimes melodramatic colouring and also the same captain's hasty negation of any scrambling—is in artist would say—the effect obtained justifying

the means! And Mr Margerison with his strong inborn twist for genuine story telling can do better than that. There is almost no other writer has such popular materials to draw upon for a large section of the reading public whose views of and attitude toward the Navy are capable of being coloured—influenced. One is inclined to think however that not till J S M begins to incorporate more autobiographical details and incidents will he realise himself in fiction be it long or short.

Then he will tell us masterfully as the strong man knowing himself that which brings home the old Navy of pork peise and punishment spit and polish and dumping ammunition overboard instead of firing practice and brings home the new Navy too grim and taut with a strength and vigilance that have swept the squareheads into tortuous ways undersea.



John Margerison

THE READER.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

(April 23rd 1818—October 20th 1894)

By DR WILLIAM BARRY

IT will be one hundred years on April 23rd 1918—St George's Day and Shakespeare's Day—since James Anthony Froude was born at Dartington in glorious Devon. No one that has ever caught sight of the beautiful land its moors and streams and sky but will pause on the remembrance and thank the Power which has made such enchanting scenes out of the elements a Paradise where the wild Atlantic brings to our western shores the climate and the vegetation of a sub-tropical Eden. It is the home of heroic traditions from which old sea rovers pirates conquerors for England in her struggle with Spain went forth in their cockle shells of boats and began the dominion of the seas whereby—in this our very life's extremity—we are saving ourselves our Empire the laws of good King Edward freedom for Britain and the world. Myself Irish Catholic Roman I never was or could be. Hispaniolated and the defeat of the Armada in 1588 fills me with profound reverence of the ways of God. I would say boldly *Flavit Deus et dissipavit eos*—The winds of Duty scattered them—for I believe that England has yet a mighty Christian work to do. Such is my faith such the key note I would strike in these brief sentences on a man whom I must often differ from and whose reading of the details of history I find not seldom a trial to honesty and patience. But in that he thought England was worth saving from Philip of Spain I am wholly with him. And in this mood of sympathy between us I write.

I never set eyes on Anthony Froude though we had friends of the same date from his time at Oxford. His name after 1845 is not once I think found in Newman's correspondence. His brother Hurrell Froude was Newman's dearest friend his adviser and standard of saintly perfection until Hurrell died in 1836. Newman canonized him in verses which break out of the Tractarian reserve to utter a piercing cry of grief and in a soaring passage of his Oxford sermons which by its fire and imagery anticipates the *Deus* of Gerontius. The Froudes were a family of most varied gifts, with precisely that clerical standing to which lay open the highest prizes in the Church

of England. How the younger one of them Anthony came to take orders I do not know. But he would naturally being Hurrell's brother and of Oriel College drop for a time into the Tractarian Movement. His admiration of Newman's genius in whom he recognised some resemblance to Julius Cæsar lasted through all changes neither was it killed by complete estrangement. I have always been of opinion that Anthony Froude Mark Pattison and W C Ward were Newman's most individual and most important conquests but in the long or short run he lost all three. Ward became a Catholic winning renown as a metaphysical thinker of high rank while more and more suspicious of his old leader's principles and policy. Pattison turned right round never quitting the Anglican Church but framing a religion for himself which was certainly not orthodox. And Froude went over to Carlyle. He had once at Newman's bidding taken a share in the *Lives of the English Saints* a mediæval biography rendered by him at least in exquisite modern language. But in 1848 he published *The Nemesis of Faith* partly as it is said a veiled account of his own early years in effect a confession of agnostic despair and the lament of a bewildered soul. With Carlyle he had gone into the desert. He travelled over its wastes of sand under the pitiless sun of scepticism until he died.

His attitude towards the Catholic Church—and this determined the course of his writings and their tone or general motive—was peculiar. She had drawn him once with a mighty spell her fascination never ceased to trouble him but he judged her to be the false Duessa mistress of enchantments and he warned others not to be caught in her wiles. His brother in law Charles Kingsley shows more or less of the same rather baffling combination of moods. To such lovers of fair things and high spirited romantic dreamers the glamour of the old Faith came with power they detested the modern mechanical age they were chivalrous in the heyday of the Manchester school like any Roland or Bayard and all this was really Catholic. But they could not endure clericalism or monasticism, least of all in the form



J. A. Froude,

in the 'sixties

which both assumed at the Renaissance. And they strove to dissolve the charm of the sorceress with vehement rhetoric—in anti-Papal romance such as

Westward Ho! or in the twelve volumes which Froude has dedicated to the History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Armada with his supplementary lectures on the Divorce of Catherine of Aragon on Erasmus and the Council of Trent. These literary efforts which cost Froude twenty years of reading travel and composition or which occupied the closing period of his life as professor at Oxford were from first to last anti-Catholic war books. Their inspiration came by rebound from the Oxford Movement: they are always in their arguments and implications a reply to Newman. Their author did not hold the beliefs of the Reformers: he had given up so far as the law would let him the orders of the Church of England on which he pours infinite contempt. But he hated Rome the false Duesse: therefore he calls on history by way of condemning her to death.

In accepting and reiterating this view

Froude was so far from standing alone that the contrary charge might be brought against him of echoing the popular voice and slaying the slain. I must give his answer as he printed it in the preface June 1870 to the completed History of England. He remarks thus:

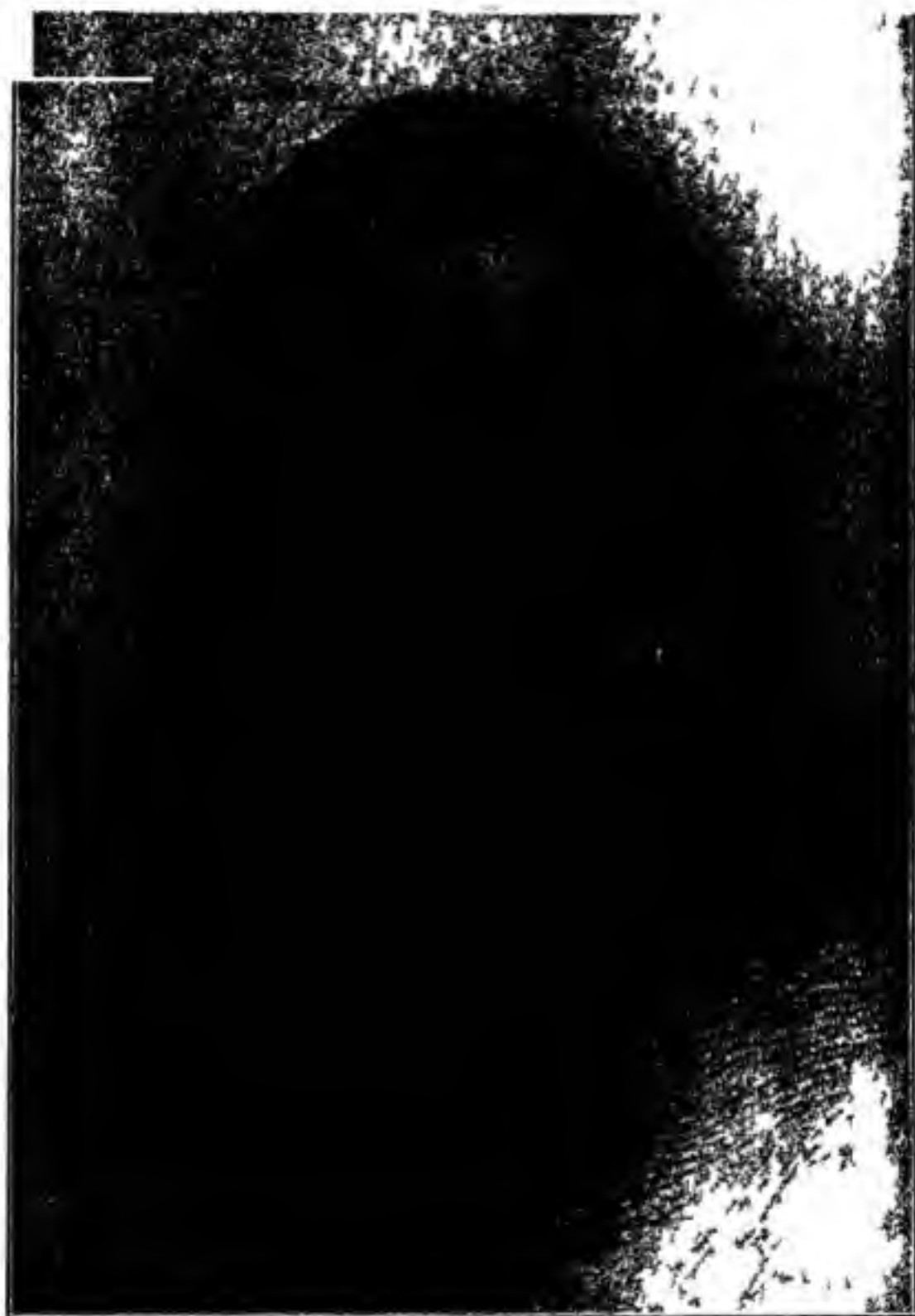
Goethe had said of Luther and Calvin that they had delayed the intellectual growth of Europe for centuries by calling in the mob to decide questions which should have been left to the thinkers. Our own Reformers who for three centuries had been the object of enthusiastic panegyric were being assailed with equally violent abuse by the High Churchmen on one side and by Liberal statesmen and political philosophers on the other. Lord Macaulay had attacked Cranmer—as one of the basest of mankind. It had become the fashion to speak with extreme severity of the persecution of the Catholics by Elizabeth. Even writers on the whole favourable to the Reformation described the English branch of it as a good thing badly done. My own impression about it was that the Reformation was

both a good thing itself and that in England it had been accomplished with peculiar skill and success.

These fascinating volumes did not mask their intention. They were polemic dressed up as history by one whose gifts of presentation could scarcely have been excelled though critics of high renown would not allow

the play to be much more than a succession of brilliant stage effects. Froude himself gave hostages to such enemies not only by refusing to confound history with science—a denial in which I would follow him—but by terming his historical narratives at large mythology. He tells us that faithful and literal history is possible only to an impassive spirit—a description which never could have been true of James Anthony Froude. Of course he did not mean to deceive or be deceived. He went back to the sources and spent years upon their perusal or decipherment in London Simancas Vienna. But for that very trying work—which after all is instrumental and attorney-like—he was never well qualified. In transcribing manuscript evidence he made many slips

whether dealing with Philip II (whose handwriting says Major Hume was the worst in Europe) or with Carlyle's Reminiscences. His abridgments of letters and other documents cannot be trusted. As a translator he took unpardonable liberties with Spanish French and Latin originals nor did the grace of his rendering make amends for its want of veracity. All this I set down in sorrow for the uneasy feeling which accompanies suspicion robs many most absorbing passages of their charm. Yet I do not bring against Froude a railing accusation. By nature not by wilful false witness the writer whose words enthrall our sense was inaccurate as we all are in observation or report unless attentive beyond our daily habitual effort. The glowing tribute of Ruskin to his dear friend Froude which we find on record in *For's Clavigera* must have its weight. Faithful he says Ruskin as it appeared to me in all the intent of history already in the year



J. A. Froude
1863

From a crayon drawing 1011 C II g. Oil d by S. 1 L.



N. P. Gallery London.

J. A. Froude

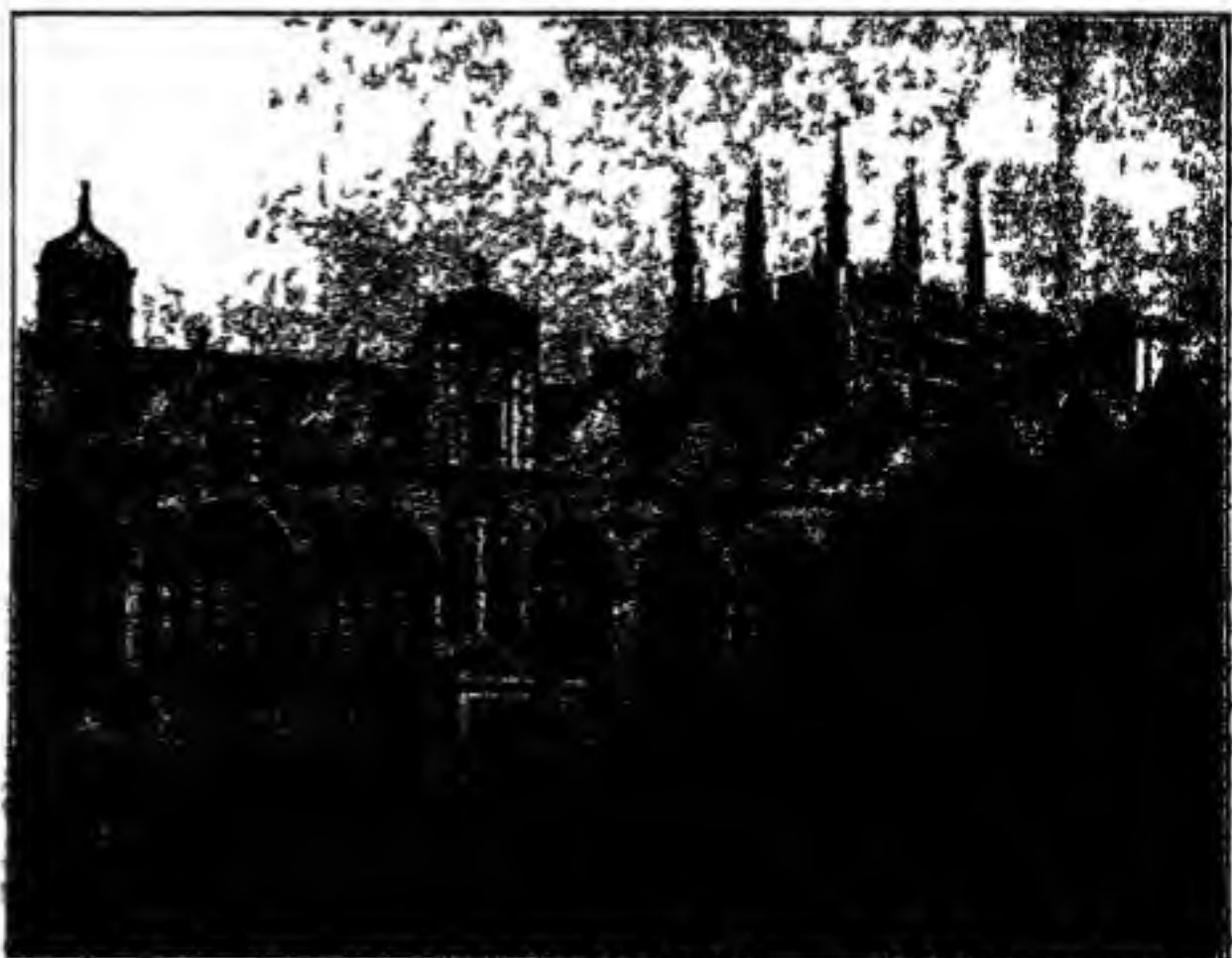
From a drawing in coloured chalks by J. Edward Godall

1858 shrewdly cognisant of the main facts (with which he alone professed himself concerned) of English life past and present keenly also and impartially sympathetic with every kind of heroism and mode of honesty. Of him I first learned the story of Sir Richard Grenville by him was directed to the diaries of the sea captains in Hakluyt by his influence I had been led to the writing of *Munera Pulveris* his Rectorial address at St Andrews was full of insight into the strength of old Scotland. The first preface to his *History* is a quite masterly and exhaustive summary of the condition and laws of England before the Reformation (Fors Letter 88 in Works Vol 29 p 387)

I cherish not even a desire to traverse Ruskin's affectionate testimony. It was meant I suppose by way of counterblast to Professor Freeman's attack on Froude's dealing with St Thomas Becket (see *Contemporary Review* 1878-1879)—itself the culmination of a warfare carried on previously for years by the somewhat intolerant historian of the Norman Conquest. Freeman knew the ground well but our verdict on Froude as a trustworthy historian will be determined by sheer and clear evidence rather than by any man's *ipse dixit* and the names I would cite for their documentary statements not their personal views are such as the two *Maitlands* the Lambeth essayist or the Cambridge professor, with Gairdner Gasquet, Brewer Friedmann—to mention these. It seems to be admitted that in Froude's pages credible or satisfactory are

those which offer a qualified defence of Henry VIII. He is not often clear-sighted in continental affairs and his Oxford lectures on the divorce of Catherine of Aragon and the Council of Trent must be pronounced dreary failures. In Erasmus he chose a subject highly congenial where his sympathies and his style had free scope. As a piece of writing it is deservedly admired but inaccuracies of detail and mistranslations abound everywhere in an essay which ought to have been Froude's masterpiece. For myself I would seek his best work (outside certain episodes which light up the *History* and will survive it) in the four volumes of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. No one that has read the meditations on Job and Spinoza the sketches of Roman life of Lucian Origen Celsus Apollonius but will have seen in their author if not a deep yet a truly classic scholar of whom Oxford might be proud while in *The Philosophy of Catholicism* we perceive how the little more which makes all the difference would have converted the sceptic into a believer and perhaps a saint of the olden type. Sympathetic with every kind of heroism Froude undoubtedly was. I do not look upon his *Life of Cæsar* as nothing beyond a glorification of Imperialism inspired by Carlyle. Its hero was and yet remains the foremost man of all this world. To appraise the greatness of Cæsar may be wisdom and justice though we deplore the lapse of Rome from a self governing community and the rise upon its political ruin of an Orientalised empire. Froude is more interesting than Mommsen and writes far better than the arrogant German ever did.

Carlyle certainly taught Froude many things not all of them making for light or peace. One thing the disciple never got from his volcanic old master—the beautiful style by which his fame in literature is secure grace and unaffected simplicity pensive undertones a flowing narrative which of these characters will describe the unique dialect so long known as Carlylese? Not one of them. Carlyle does not charm he takes his kingdom and you into it by violence. I think it the



Oriel College, Oxford.

as it was in Froude's day. His rooms were immediately above Newman's.

*The history of mankind says Carlyle is the history
of the great men To find out these clean the dust
from them and place them on their proper pedestals
is the true function of the historian
He cannot have a nobler one*

Facsimile

f o l i n g p a s s i n g d e l i g i t i m e i n O c t b r 89
P t h i s i s M S k i d i y l r b y M i M P d

highest praise of Froude that he saved his own manner of speech and persisted in it all through the years when Carlyle's rhetoric was thundering around him. In Ruskin's opinion also he showed at once loyalty and independence by his *Life of Carlyle* which told a great multitude (including the present writer) how strangely unhappy and even chaotic had been the experience of that peasant of genius. Here again Froude's judgment halted behind his literary power: he brought down the pelting of a pitiless storm on his uncovered head assailed at once by the Carlyle family by Mr C.

E. Norton the distinguished American friend of everybody by Sir James Crichton Browne and by admirers whom the sage of Chelsea had never seen or would have given a gruff dismissal. I will venture only to say this that Froude as in other critical moments of his life and writing was a difficult person to manage but in his resolution to tell the disagreeable truth since people clamoured for it—there was courage enough to look not unlike heroism. He made a challenging defence. But the real culprit was a public which cared little for the prophet Carlyle yet displayed an appetite for ill-natured and scandalous gossip exceeding that of Horace Walpole. I revere Carlyle to whose memory I am bound by lessons of life-long advantage. But I do not condemn Froude except so far as he was incurably prone to misjudge or mistake the evidence which he had before him.

In French literature this highly gifted man would be recognised as a poet using history for his medium of expression. He is a sort of English Michelet vivid glowing imaginative passionate with a gift of language the style of gods which in its golden moments is magical. Ruskin has named instances and quotes the supreme triumph which tells us how the monks of Charterhouse went to their death. Others remind us of the coronation scene of Anne Boleyn the Pilgrimage of Grace Rizzio's murder and Mary Stuart at Fotheringhay on February 8th 1587. I will add the execution of Sir

Thomas More and the martyrdom of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Then the old English life of country and castle and the sea wanderings of men like Francis Drake—who can snatch a victory over Froude in these delineations? I never visit Warwick Castle without feeling a glamour such as he by the witchery of words flings over us while we read him. But my space is running out. I must make an end. I have no leisure to talk of his travels in South Africa Australia the West Indies or of his taking Freeman's place at Oxford—that Ossianic ghost riding furiously down the wind about the College quadrangles to annihilate him—or of his official duties well done or of England's Worthies amongst whom he claims a place by his devotion to their adventures and his share in their ideals. Of his thirty and more volumes I count in my library twenty-eight. We should have been of minds opposed



Photo by E. J. & W. J. W. J.

T. A. W. J.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman"—James Russell Lowell

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN ST PAUL'S HOUSE WARWICK SQUARE LONDON E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

News Notes.

In response to many requests we are reprinting from our Christmas Number and under the same title For Remembrance Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War by A St John Adcock. It will be amplified to more than three times its original length and include many new names. The book which is to be illustrated with photogravure portraits will be published in the Autumn but as in consequence of war restrictions the edition will have to be limited orders for it should be placed as soon as possible.

Last November Mr John Oxenham went on a visit to those battlefields of France and Flanders over which the fury of the war is sweeping back again in these days, and in "High Altars" (Methuen) he has written a vivid and poignant series of narratives and impressions of what he saw on that journey. He was on Vimy Ridge, in Beaumont Hamel, along

the front thereabouts and under him in Ypres. No one could look upon those scenes of devastation and tragic suffering without being profoundly moved and Mr Oxenham pictures them with such realistic and emotional power as bring sharply home to the reader a realisation of what the war has meant to the men who have passed through its fiery ordeals. The verses with which these sketches are interspersed have that sincerity of feeling and simple directness of appeal which have already made Mr Oxenham far and away the most popular of war poets. His "Bees in Amber" is now in its 228th thousand.

Sir Thomas More in his "Utopia" describes how XV myles of uplandish grounds being cut through the neck of the peninsula that formed the original kingdom did by fetching about a circuit or compass fashion the whole island like to the New Moon. Mr Oliver Onions in a new novel which Messrs Hodder & Stoughton will publish shortly has taken these words as his theme. The New Moon of his title is England and the sub title "A Romance of Reconstruction" indicates the scope of the work. Mr Onions has written this book during intervals of leave from his military duties. He has had access to much interesting Reconstruction material and as this is the first work from his pen since 1914, "The

New Moon should be looked forward to with more than common interest

Mr Allan Monkhouse whose striking novel *Men and Ghosts* was published last month has for the last fifteen years been on the staff on the *Manchester Guardian*. He had commenced writing this story before the war laid it aside then took it up again and finished it but put it away for two years before he decided to send it to his publisher. This is his fourth novel. He has published also four volumes of plays which have been produced in Manchester by Miss Horniman and in a recent lecture Mr Harold Brighouse said that as a dramatist he has a quality which definitely and unquestionably places him ahead of all others of the Manchester school. He brings the same artistic conscience to his novels and in *Men and Ghosts* works as Mr Brighouse says he does in his plays with a scrupulous regard for psychological truth and an emotional sequel justly proportioned to its occasion.

The Humphries Touch a new novel by Mr Frederick Watson which Messrs Collins are publishing this month is not a serious book but a lively farcical story written by way of recreation in the intervals of exacting war duties in a Government Department.

The collection of the late Corporal Alexander Robertson's poems *Comrades* published last year by Mr Elkin Mathews in his *Vigo Cabinet* series is now in its third edition.

Lieutenant Hamish Mann whose book of poems *A Subaltern's Musings* has just been published by Mr John Long was born in Edinburgh and became a frequent contributor to the Scottish press under the pseudonym of Lucas Cappe. He was gazetted in 1915 and a year later went to France as 2nd Lieutenant in the 8th Black Watch. He took part in the great battle of the Somme was seriously wounded whilst leading his platoon in the Arras advance on the 9th April 1917 and



Phot. by F. M. L. G.
7 St. L. G.
who e. ac. s. f. l.

Mrs Jessie Champion

The Foolish Little W. p. b. l. d.
e. tly by M. J. h. L. ne

died on the 10th a few days before his twenty first birthday.

The Master of Merlains Mr David Whitelaw's new novel (*Ward Lock*) is an ingenious and cleverly written story of sensation and mystery in present day London and Paris linked up with a strange romance of the French Revolution. Mr Whitelaw has completed another novel which the same firm will publish in the autumn.

One is apt to forget that W. Clark Russell was a poet as well as a novelist of the sea and the best of his stirring salt water ballads and verses (some of which won high praise from Watts Dunton) are included in *The Father of the Sea* which Messrs Sampson Low & Co are now publishing at 3s 6d net.

Messrs Simpkin Marshall are publishing immediately *The Happy Orderly* some further R.A.M.C. reminiscences by Corporal Ward Muir whose *Observations of an Orderly* is now in its third edition.

Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson are publishing *The Harlequinade* a new drama by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. The book will have a frontispiece and decorations by Lewis Baumer.

Mr Henry Rayner who has represented the Oxford University Press in the Midland Counties for more than a quarter of a century retired at the end of March to the quietness of home life. Mr Rayner was connected with Messrs Rivingtons for some thirty years before joining the staff of the Oxford University Press and thus practically his whole life has been spent in the book world. He carries with him to his retirement the good wishes of many friends.

The first volume of *A Short History of Rome* by G. Ferrero is to be published immediately by Messrs Putnam.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL PRIZE POEM COMPETITIONS

FOR SOLDIERS SAILORS AIRMEN NURSES AND OTHERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE AT HOME OR ABROAD OR IN HOSPITAL

RESULTS

These competitions have met with an extraordinarily large response. Many of the verses sent are marred by hasty workmanship but it is easy to understand as more than one competitor pleads that their writers have not much opportunity for careful revision and in some cases perhaps from this cause they gain in spontaneity what they lose in polish.

No. 1—BALLAD COMPETITION

It has proved so impossible to decide between the merits of the two ballads which are unquestionably the two best that we have pooled the first and second prizes of £2 and £1 and are awarding THIRTY SHILLINGS each to Lieut. C. A. Macartney R.F.A. of Oxfold Newbury Berks and V.A.D. Ward Mad Albert A. Vickridge (Red Cross Hospital Trunton) of 164 Bradford Road Bradford Yorks for the following

MARCHING TO ACTION

Dim seen before me lies the way
Dark stretch the fields to left and right
It wants another hour to day
Yet all the Eastern sky is bright
So quick the flashes leap and die
And we go marching silently
Our faces to the Eastern sky

How fiercely leaps the battle roar!
Yet overhead and all about
The night is silent as of yore
And rank on rank the stars shine out
With one that flames exceeding bright
A lamp of God a living light
A benediction on the night

And near me on a grassy hill
I see that Form roused up to bless
The Face that knows and pities still
Two thousand years of bitterness
And dark against the troubled sky
One moment seen and then passed by
Those Arms outstretched to draw me nigh

O Way dim seen my feet must tread—
O Cross beside O Star before—
The Spirits of the holy dead
Speak to me as they spake of yore
For this is what we sought afar
The Land to which all questings are—
The Way the Cross and then the Star

C. A. MACARTNEY
(Lieut. R.F.A.)

OUT OF THE CONFLICT

The ward is strangely hushed to day
The morning nurses sober eyed
Regard the screened space where they say
At midnight Number Twenty died
So many weeks of weary hours
He lay and heard our busy tread
As patient as the wistful flowers
That spent their fragrance near his bed—
So oft we saw in passing by
His questing glance his dreamful face
We shall regard resentfully
The stranger that must fill his place
What vision rapt him through the dim
Slow hours? Like wraiths upon the sight

All common changes seemed to him
Of dawn and day of eve and night
Lull brought its sounds of whispering feet
Its faces glimmering ghost by ghost
Yet scarce he left his dream to greet
Those comers who would mourn him most
For in his sight shone such a star
As after tempests loud and rude
To seaworn yet foretells some far
Relief a port of quietude
And homing to that bourn he heard
The call so many wanderers know
From meadows lulled by bee and bird
Where he was happy long ago
Where simple things were ecstasy
And life a game among the flowers
And very hurt and melody
Was healed by gentler hands than ours
Not jacinth wall and golden street
For chance so rapt has dying gaze
For him Heaven's wonder was the sweet
Lost wonder of his childhood's days
For chance he sought no blissful shore
No place with hosts of myriad blest
But just to live a child once more
His tired head on his mother's breast

Ah well to live all dreams come true
For those close days were little less
He leaves the warring world he knew
And rapture grew his peace
Could rest him then? But we must turn
To face the same sad fates again
For dead new convulsions discern
The same dream in the eyes of pain

ALBERTA VICKIDGE
(V.A.D. Ward Mad)



Theodore Goodridge Roberts, whose spirited story of Western Canada, *Jess of the River* (John L. & Co. review) in last month's *Bookman*. His new novel, a brilliant romance of old pirate days, *The Wasp*, has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The four PRIZES of TEN SHILLINGS each are awarded to Corporal G Rowntree Harvey of 84 Squadron, R.F.C. B.E.F. France, A. M. C. Christie Dispenser Red Cross Hospital Town Hall Torquay W. Curran Reedy Able Seaman H.M.S. *Southampton* c/o G.P.O. London and M. E. Morris Dispenser Red Cross Hospital Orestone St Mary Church Torquay for the following

A BALLAD OF THREE SHIPS

I watcht three ships come sailin
Come sailin in frae sea
An as I watcht I wonnert sair
If they had ocht for me

The first ship that cam sailin
The first ship o' they three
Brocht custom tae the painted jades
Stravaigin on the quay

The neist ship that cam sailin
The second o' they three
Brocht tae a bride her true love
But nae mune tae me

An then my ship cam sailin
The last ship o' they three
She brocht a dead man tae his mate—
O weary wis me

(C. ROWNTREE HARVEY
(Corp. R.F.C.))

THE BALLAD OF THE FLINT

The Flint it was our Weapon! The Circle was our Home!
The Tors closed in around us and we never dared to roam
The Flint it was our Weapon and we kept the Beasts at bay
When there came on us the Sea Men—the roving Northern Free Men
And closed in all around us as we fled in wild dismay!
They had Knives of Magic Metal! Their beards were flaming red!
But one there was a mighty man o'ertopped them by a head
He cried Well done my Vikings we will leave them limb and life
Take their cattle we require them—take their wives if you desire them
As for me who am your Captain now be mine the Headman's wife!

A groan came from the People (She was our Lyes and Ears)
The Phœnician blood flowed in her from down the long past years
Alone she stood there fearless O Stranger from the Sea
Take back thy hand and leave me my Eyes cannot deceive me!
It is Doom of Death I bring thee so be warned and let me be!

But he laughed a mighty laugh and he swore aloud by Thor
From thy cringing mate I take thee to be mine for evermore
For the magic of thy presence for the beauty of thy face!
Then they strode across the valleys to the Sea Coast and their galleys
And they took her bound amongst them to our shame and our disgrace

Then the Headman called the People—far and near they came in flocks
And a mighty tempest raging drove the galleys on the rocks
Bruised and spent we found the Sea Men (and we praised the holy Sun!)

In confusion there we found them and we seized and held and bound them
And we slew them there with laughter! Yea we slew them—all save *One*!

With a taunt the Headman mocked him as he cut the woman free
We will spare thee for the torture of the slowest death there be!
But the woman spoke out proudly I am Priestess of the Sun!
Come ye People all and follow to the Sacrificial Hollow
Where I strike the Blow of Vengeance! It is thus it shall be done

The Woman was our Priestess we followed where she led
To the Secret Hollow in the rocks where Human Blood is shed
And we cast the Victim down there—but he called her by her name
Is thy heart then as unyielding as the Flint Stone thou art wielding?
Or is it as our Northern Iron—which melts in fiercest flame?

I am Priestess of the Circle To the Headman I am wife
Dost thou understand O Stranger that our God must have thy life?
And he answered Strike then gladly—since my death comes by thy hand!
And I would thy Gods were my Gods—the only true and high Gods!
Then she smiled—and struck unflinching! (But we did not understand)

O Sun God of our People Whose Eyes and Ears I be!
My blow it has avenged Thee—thy Priestess now is free!
So I turn to Thor and Odin—They who guard the Northern form
Let my Stranger Lover meet me! In thy Valhall let him greet me!
The Flint (it is our Weapon)—to her heart she struck it home!

A. M. C. CHRISTIE
(Dispenser Red Cross Hospital)

THE TAIL OF A TRAWLER

The *Rosebud* out of Brixham was a trawler trim and tant
She made some steady running when she left old Brixham port
But farther in the Channel she tipped an even keel
And chanced a little measure with her skipper at the wheel
He humoured her and smiled oh she'd quaint coquettish airs
And awkward ways with submarines that ventured from their lairs
They knew her reputation so they hunted her in pairs

Her skipper was a seaman of an old west country stock
He may have been a little odd but sure as Harry rock
He knew the outer Channel nigh as safe as any chart
What he hadn't in his head he could soon find in his heart
He left his old time calling for a little larger fish
Than ever nets could trawl to fill a dainty breakfast dish,
He pined for real adventures—and they took him at his wish

She wasn't long in port before she'd make the sea again—
The *Rosebud* hated barnacles and showed it pretty plain
They let her have her own way so she sailed to take the tide
With creaking spars and rigging and weather at her side
Her skipper chuckled grimly at the chaser in her bows
And told a few good stories of some whens and whys and hows
But he never stretched a yarn more than decency allows

Though he may have thought of danger he'd never dreamt
of fear

As sometimes things looked awkward and the end loomed
grimly near

But as skipper of the *Rosebud* he learned a thing or two
Of fighting in the old way though it seemed a trifle new
He earned a reputation with the pirates of Zeebrugge
And played their wily cunning with all sorts of subterfuge
So they grew to fear the *Rosebud* though her tonnage
wasn't huge

She tripped around the Channel till one morn a sub-
marine

Turned up and started shelling, but she answered quick
and clean

And chuckled as her chaser closed and made a pretty
aim

His strategy was certain and his tactics not to blame
But the *Rosebud* soon was livened by a slightly better
gun—

She'd a tale of odds against her when the fight had scarce
begun

But the *Rosebud* out of Brixham was never known to
run

So she stayed and took her chances (which weren't exactly
great)

Though the dice fell out against her she never growled
at fate

Her harriers bowled her squarely in a most unequal duel
But the *Rosebud* stood and bore it though it hurt her
mighty cruel

Destroyers came to aid her to the pirates overthrow
They hailed her as she stumbled but she quick refused
their tow

And made her way to Brixham with her skipper dead
below

W. CURRAN RIDDY
(Alk. Serv. at HMS. Southampton)

MAD MOLLY OF THE MOOR

Have you ever seen Mad Molly as she roams the Moor
so wild?

With her hopeless eyes staring and her dark hair
all unbound?

Have you ever heard a crying like the crying of a child
As the peewits fly about her ever circling round and
round?

*(Oh! Molly, Molly darling are you grieving for
them still?)*

*The dead have long forgotten cannot you forget
them too?*

*Did you leave your heart for ever with them out
on yonder hill?*

*Forget them Oh forget them there is one who
loves you true)*

Did you ever see Mad Molly in the days that are gone by?
When her cheeks were pink and bonny and her step
so free and light?

Oh! her eyes were bright and bluer far than ever summer
sky

As they shone beneath a cloud of hair as dusky as the
night

Have you ever heard the tale of how a sailor home from
sea

Landed late one night at Plymouth with a pocket full
of gold?

How he started off across the Moor so glad of heart was
he

That ere another sun was up his love he would behold!

Did you never hear how ruffians three attacked that
sailor bold?

And slipped a rope about his neck and pulled the knot
so tight

How they left him there a hanging for his pocket full of
gold?

And 'twas there that Molly found him in the cruel
morning light

Have you never seen Mad Molly as she roves across the
hill

With her shawl all in a bundle like a child upon her
breast?

Have you never heard her whisper hush my baby
and be still

You shall stay and sleep beside him—but for me there
is no rest?

*(Oh! Molly, Molly darling are you grieving for
them still?)*

*The dead have long forgotten cannot you forget
them too?*

*Did you leave your heart for ever with them out
on yonder hill?*

*Forget them Oh forget them there is one who
loves you true)*

Oh! you still may see Mad Molly roaming sadly o'er the
hill

With her hopeless eyes staring and her dark hair
all unbound

You may hear the gabble of the peewits when the night is very
still

And the crying of the peewits is then a circle round and
round

M. J. MORRIS
(Dipl. in L.C. Hospital)

We specially commend and select for printing the
following ballads by Captain K. W. Jenkins, Private W.
Holden, and Private Ralph A. Joulter, and to each of
these competitors are sending a book by way of consol-
ation prize. The third of these, Mr. Joulter writes:

The Royal Fusiliers was rapidly written in the
cellars of Arris and sung at an impromptu concert in
those same cellars on the Saturday after Good Friday
1917. We went over the top on Easter Monday

MY DAUGHTER JEAN

I love my little daughter Jean
Because her face is always clean
And underneath her pinafore
Her frock is never smudged or soiled
Tears on her face are rarely seen
She's always good is Clarice Jean

Of course there are no days I know
When things are not just always so
When boots and buttons go awry
And ribbons make them wearier cry
While I hear say you should have seen
How very cross was Clarice Jean

But when she goes to bed at night
And Mother comes with candle light
Stepping softly on the stairs
To hear the children say their prayers
Before they creep the sheets between
How loving then is Clarice Jean

Her flannel-trousered knees are bent
Her hands are clasped her bonnet hurt
Lies on her neck till she has sent
Her love to God in solemn prayer
To Him Who listens all unseen
And watches over Clarice Jean

She prays for all the folk she knows
Father and Alan far away
From where the mountain heather grows
Pat and I etc. on holiday
And friends she's made where'er she's been
Are not forgot by Clarice Jean

She prays for all the soldiers lives
The workers and the sailors stern
The orphans and the lonely wives
Whose loved ones never will return
And Heaven's very still I ween
While God bends down to Clarice Jean

But soon upon the pillow white
Is laid her heavy little head
She soundly sleeps till morning light
While angels hover round her bed
So from my heart these words I mean
God bless my little daughter Jean

(R W Jenkins Captain Army Cyclist Corps Old
Park Farm Hutments Canterbury)

THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS IN FRANCE

We ain't in the fighting lines
We ain't with the guns
We never do no chasing
When the enemy he runs
But when Tommy wants his supper
And we ain't to the fore
There's a lot of blooming cursing
At the Army Service Corps

Our fighting ain't with bullets
But he ain't a bally fool
Who can drive a traction engine
Or a commissariat mule
We've got to get them forward
Them and all the blooming stores
Or it's what the where the what's up!
With the Army Service Corps

When the engines bend their axles
And the trucks have left their tracks
And whole spans of wicked stubborn mules
Are turning on their backs
When the wagons topple over
And you can't do any more
It's then O God of Battles
With the Army Service Corps

We're a working on the wharf
We're a toiling on the tram
We're a broiling in the sunshine
Or a dripping in the rain
We're a sweating in the store room
Or a sleeping on the floor—
It's eternal marching orders
In the Army Service Corps

There's a lot of decorations
That we never come across
And we've little chance of getting
Near a bronze Victoria Cross
But they'll make some decorations
And give medals by the score
To the man who'll make a time sheet out
For the Army Service Corps

(Private W Holden 732nd Labour Company No 1
Platoon B E F France)

THE ROYAL FUSILIERS

You may sail to Salonika you may tramp to Timbuctoo
You may stride through France and Belgium you may
march the whole world through
But you'll never find a regiment though you search for
years and years
That can in any way compare with the Royal Fusiliers

*For the whole world rings with their deeds of wondrous
fame*

*Written high on honour's roll is seen their glorious name
So clear your throats again my lads and give three
hearty cheers*

For the finest regiment in the world—the Royal Fusiliers

Our enemies may scoff at us and jeer at Britain's name
They may call us all contemptible and seek to work us
shame

But mothers wives and sweethearts, you may quickly
calm your fears

Remember there's a regiment called—The Royal Fusiliers

Our leaders are true gentlemen yet brimming full of fun
Our rank and file are the *élite* true soldiers every one
They're always in the forward line and never in the
rear

For every mother's son of them is a Royal Fusilier

(Private R A Poulter Home address 117 Russell
Avenue Noel Park Wood Green N 22)

We also select for special commendation the ballads
written by Bomb J Marley (Australians B E F France)
Ivan Adair H M Forage Depot (Dublin) Sidney
Robert Saunders A C (Dorset) Pte A R Munday
(Canadians B E F France) May E Kevin V A D
(Belfast) Lieut Jack Willis A I F (France) Driver T
Norbury A S C (B E F France) Sister Frances Waugh
(London W C) Corpl Austin B Kelly (B E F France)
Lieut W E S Owen (Scarborough) Pte N R Murray
A I F (Ealing) Lance Corpl D P Blunden (St Thomas's
Hospital) Sergt B S Llewellyn (Newport) P Allott
(Sheppey) Corpl C W Kent (Redcar) Pte J A Burton
(Woolwich) Corpl W Fielding A P C (Gillingham)
K Mary Prince W A A C (Brighton) Pte J Moffat
(B F I France) Fredk R Brown Able Seaman (H M S
Afridi) lte A O Mills (Wrexham) Driver Razzell
(Addlestone) Cadet Alex Inglis (Rhyl) A Eadie R A F
(Farnborough) Pte R C Bodker (Woolwich) R Lock
hart Bryden V A D (Glasgow) Pte H Baxter (Caister)
Lance Corpl F Downman (B E F France) Gunner
R W Fenton (St Albans) Pte J F Griffiths (Wrexham)
Pte R J Hill (Belfast) Pte S D (Egypt) Pte A W
Edmondson (B E F France)

No 2—LYRIC COMPETITION

The FIRST PRIZE of £2 for the best lyric is awarded
to 2nd Lieutenant Alan A Bland Italy (home address
Melrose Weston Road Gloucester) for the following

SPRING MEMORIES

Amid Spring's tangled traceries
All virginal she stands
Beneath the silver feet of her
She sees the woodland grass afire
With flaming buds of heart's desire
All drinking in the sweet of her
Like dew on desert sands
She stands amid the foam white tree
And beckons with her hands

I saw her stand but yesterday
Among the bursting buds
While overhead the swallows skimmed
And strange sweet perfumes filled the air
Now all the earth is cold and bare
Blue skies with sombre rain clouds dimmed
As past the whirlwind scuds
Sere leaves from every tortured spray
Swirl down upon the floods

She is gone nor all Spring's mysteries
Can bring her back again
Cone are the perfumed sun bathed hours
The grass ablaze with clustered flame
The woodland happiness that came
When Time was loitering mid the flowers
These things alone remain
Chill winds among the coppices
And sullen hiss of rain

ALAN A BLAND
(Lieut Italy.)

In the silent night it cries
O'er the stretch of shadow'd sands
And I gaze with troubled gaze
At the ever outstretched hands
Stretching evermore to me
Come and see! Come and see!

What is there? my heart replies
That you call me forth to view?
Do you urge me with your cries
To behold some treasure new?
That you ever call to me
Come and see! Come and see!

In the palms a soft wind sighs
With a strange yet cooling breath
Fools! Oh when will ye be wise?
Choose ye still the paths of death?
Listen! I will speak to thee—
Come and see! Come and see!

I leave your worldliness and seek
Him Who loves you as His Own
In the silence He shall speak
And shall give you joys unknown!
Saying evermore to thee—
Worship Me! Worship Me!

MONTAGUE HAYWARD TOLLER
(Private J. A. Linc.)

We specially commend and select for printing the following lyrics by 2nd Lieutenant W. L. S. Owen (Scarborough) Mrs J. C. Muir V.A.D. (Clevedon) and Private J. Moffat (France) and are sending to each of these competitors a book by way of consolation prize.

SONG OF SONGS

Sing me at dawn but only with your laugh
Like sprightly Spring that laugheth into leaf
Like Love that cannot flute for smiling at life

Sing to me only with your speech all day
As voluble leaflets do—let violets die
The first word of your lips is melody

Sing me at dusk but only with your sigh
Like lifting seas at solace—breathe so
All voicelessly the sense that no songs say

Sing me at midnight with your murmurous heart
And let its moaning like a chord be heard
Surging through you and sobbing unsubdued
(W. L. S. Owen 2nd Lieutenant 5th Manchester
Regiment Clarence Gardens Scarborough)

TO A HOSPITAL SOCK ON WASHING DAY

Sock of our armies old and worn and grey
Come let me wash thee where the waters flow
Boots of brave men have worn thy heel away
Scarce is a remnant left thee of thy toe

Yet though thy comely days are past and gone
I will restore thee with a fragrant soap
Rays of Port Sunlight shine as you have shone
On all poor socks that seemed devoid of hope!

Thus through alternate weeks of wash and wear
Darned and re-darned unyielding to decay
Make a brave show when things seem out of gear
Sock of our armies old and worn and grey
(Winifride Muir V.A.D. Edgcliff Marine Parade,
Clevedon Somerset)

THE MOTHER COMFORTING

Thus saith the Virgin Mother
Unto the Mothers weeping
Dark be the Night of Sorrow
The Angel Death is reaping
Yea and your hearts are heavy
Yet in the Ages Sleeping
My Son rose from the Dead
Your Sons are in His Keeping

(J. Moffat A.S.C. B.E.F. France)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Sergt William D. Dodd Canadian Division (B.E.F. France) Pauline Butc (B.E.F. Boulogne) Lance Corporal P. Blunden (St Thomas's Hospital) Lieut C. L. Newham (B.I.F. France) Leslie W. Aske R.N. (H.M.S. Colleen) Lieut H. C. Ianyon (Oxford) Pte J. Peterson (Shutland) Corporal F. B. Hewett (Barnes) Marguerite E. Volcker American R.C. (London W.) Pte F. J. Redd (B.I.F. France) D. (Canadian Army Medical Corps France) Nurse M. H. Davy (Higham) Capt H. C. B. Brown (Dovercourt) Driver R. A. Atholl Douglas (London W.) Florence Olsen W.A.A.C. (B.I.F. France) Lance Corporal C. Stevens (Cromer) Austin J. Small (H.M.S. Lianhua) Sergt Wilfred Cower (B.E.F. France) Race Ingelby V.A.D. (Northallerton) Lieut I. D. Cosgrove (Croydon) Lieut R. A. Fraise (Italy) Sidney Robert Saunders A.C. (Blindford) K. M. Prince W.A.A.C. (Brighton) Corporal A. B. Kelly (B.E.F. France) Lieut I. C. Wilkinson (Lutterworth) Pte H. J. Knight (B.E.F. France) Sergt Alwyn (Italy) Pte A. Bower (St Albans) Lance Corporal J. P. Little (B.E.F. France) Sergt B. S. Jewely (Newport) V. Y. M. (London W.) Chaplain Artillery (B.I.F. France) Sapper Loughton (Wickfield) Lieut A. Hanby (Lith) Lieut Slater (Newcastle on Tyne) Pte H. Quigby (Glasgow) Muriel I. Baker V.A.D. (Colder's Green) Gunner Frank E. Westbrook (A.I.F. Wilts) Dorothy Hall V.A.D. (Sheffield) Pte Peter Milne (Cromarty) Lance Corporal Sydney Jeffery (Burscough) Margaret Dick V.A.D. (Bolton) Pte H. Baxter (Caister) Sapper W. H. Blomfield (Norwich) Gertrude J. S. Fleming V.A.D. (Glasgow) Pte S. Hatherley (Ilkestone) Cadet A. Inglis (Rhyl) Sergt Major W. Machevin (B.E.F. France) Sergt David Davidson (Grantham) Pte H. O. Walker (Bangor) Lieut E. E. Cole (Woolwich) Sergt T. J. Lovegreen (Pirbright) Corporal C. W. Kent (Ridcar) Gunner R. W. Lenton (St Albans) Lieut J. T. Fox (Norwich) Pte J. I. Griffiths (Wrexham) Lance Corporal I. W. Morden (Salford) M. E. Morris (Torquay) Sapper H. Sykes (B.E.F. France) Gerald L. Coulson (H.M.S. Oxford) L. Corp Bicknell (B.E.F. France) Pte Aleck Ashcroft (Italy) Bdr F. McDougall (B.E.F. France) E. Leslie Cunston (Winchester) Reserve Sister Pat (B.E.F. France)

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY

BERTRAM SMITH

THE world of letters has lost a notable figure in Bertram Smith whose death at the age of fifty-one has occurred at his Dumfriesshire home. He was an unusual and distinguished personality. A considerable public watched with eagerness for his contributions to the *Manchester Guardian* and *Punch*

but he was himself seldom seen in literary circles. He was neither paragraphed nor lionised. Living in retirement he was not so well known as he should have been. Nevertheless a discriminating audience admired his work and through it had learnt to regard him with affection. The few who enjoyed the privilege of his

personal friendship knew how deeply that affection was deserved.

He was a humorous writer but his humour was entirely natural and peculiarly his own. *Days of Discovery* his most recently published book was in account richly reminiscent of his childhood—a series of engaging chapters which had they been a little less shrewd and skilful might have come straight from a child's brain. *Totty* and *A Perfect Genius* deal with the schoolboy. It is no secret that their scene is Loretto. Bertram Smith was a Lorettonian. These two novels are also illumined by the same characteristic: if a boy could write as well as does their author this is exactly what he would write.

These are just the hilarious incidents in which he would rejoice. The result is that youngsters and grown-ups alike devour these stories with gusto. So with Bertram Smith's two books on caravanning—*The Whole Art of Caravanning* and *Caravan Days*. He loved the life of the road. He had voyaged with his vans (of which he owned several) from the Solway to John o' Groats, the Border Country especially, St. Mary's Loch, Tweedsmuir, Eskdalemuir, Llanidloes, Yarrow—he knew well. Although a victim of ill health (he was consumptive) he had a great appetite for adventure and a boy's capacity for finding adventure wherever he wandered. Hence the same

high spirits, the same essential youngness infuses the essays on caravanning: there is no mistaking that the pen is the same as that which wrote the Loretto tales and the delicately gay account of childhood's escapades and wonderments.

It is difficult to convey in so short an account the full flavour of Bertram Smith's sheer *unusualness*. He was a big man both in mind and in body. His height was remarkable—he was well over six feet and broad shouldered and he had an unforgettable face—a face burnt by sun and wind with limpidly light blue eyes and a fine mane of iron grey hair. He was a Scotsman and had a fund of Scottish anecdotes. At Beattock where he lived he interested himself in farming and after the war broke out did an enormous amount of self-sacrificing work in popularising the tractor plough, taking part in food production committees, arranging for allotments, potato clubs and the like—a strain which ultimately killed him—for by rights he ought to have been playing the valetudinarian part of an invalid. But no one less like an invalid could be conceived. His malady had been serious for many years; latterly it caused him great suffering and weakness. But it was only a shadow in the background of a life beautiful with

warm sunshine. He was not only too brave but too proud to allow his illness to take the foreground.

His tastes were oddly wide. He was a sportsman and a farmer and an essayist and a fiction writer—and he had started his career in a Liverpool cotton broking office. He knew Wagner's operas intimately and never missed a Bayreuth festival. The Beethoven Symphonies were a favourite study of his and he wrote about them and about Wagner. *A Week of the War*—his resume of the military situation—was a most useful contribution to a small local newspaper. In pre-war days he acted every winter as the *Scotsman's* special correspondent at the Alpine curling bonspiel. Probably

no one else in the wide world could have made literature out of reports of curling matches, but Bertram Smith performed this feat to the intense joy of the enthusiasts. A shilling handbook of curling, written by him, was published a few years ago and is the only readable thing of its kind. He was the sole inventor of a method—an exciting one—it is true—of navigating the upper reaches of the manifestly non-navigable Scottish rivers. In specially built flat-bottomed punts he sailed (accompanied by a picked crew of old Lorettonians) down the Tweed, Annan, Nith and Esk with many an upset at rapids and waterfalls and much wading in shallows and even swimming in pools.

He resided in a house which



PL 119 W 4 M

Mr Bertram Smith

he had ordered to be built for him the sole proviso to the architect being that it should contain as many bathrooms as there were bedrooms. Summer and winter alike Bertram Smith always slept in the open air on a veranda. As a young man at Liverpool he had lived in a caravan, toting the Cheviot Lines by night and at weekends and attending his office by day. He amused himself with amateur theatricals and wrote several plays for private production. He wrote, composed and sang comic songs. He was a voluminous and witty letter writer. Although most of his essays little by little appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* and *Punch* he was an occasional contributor to *Country Life*, the *Sporting and Dramatic*, the *Liverpool Daily Post* and the *Glasgow Herald*. Stories by him had been printed in the popular magazines, but of late he had specialised rather in essays than in fiction. His two unpublished books, one a sequel to *Days of Discovery* and the other a collection of Scotch sketches will be looked for with interest. It is melancholy to think that they are the last work we shall have from a writer of such unconventional gifts and such rich promise.

THE READER.

BARTIMEUS

BY KILAXON (R N)

I ONCE heard a naval officer as he laid down his copy of an Olympian Review remark that in view of the fact that everything he read concerning his own job appeared so full of errors he supposed other specialised people must notice the same thing and that therefore everything written about anything must be nonsense. His conclusion may have been somewhat sweeping but it is certainly true that there is more nonsense written about the Navy than there is about most things. I suppose this is to be expected—as the Navy is a popular theme and an ignorant public will swallow a great deal on the subject if it is served up in a breezy and popular way. There are many authors who have the style and the skill and there are many officers with the technical knowledge and experience but it is rare to find both qualities combined in one person. Bartimeus if he was a civilian would still be an author and if he was not an author now he would remain a technically efficient officer. He passes the greatest test of all those a naval writer has to face the cold criticism of the ward room—expressed perhaps in the gushing encomium of a messmate.

I think this yarn here must be about the *Alsace's* ward room—it looks just like it. It's not half a bad yarn not silly anyway. Who? Oh yes—I know him. He was my team in the *Britannia*. Would never have thought he had it in him.

If a naval author can have that said of him by other officers he has reached the pinnacle of the Fleet's approbation and can turn with relief to the far easier task of appealing to the reading public of England.

Bartimeus was a known and well known author before the war but his admirers have multiplied exceedingly since it began. It was the same with Ian Hay and I suppose these two writers are now the typical literary representatives of the Services in the greatest war of history. Curiously enough they both represent their messmates in a way which certainly in the case of 'Bartimeus' has called forth the wrath of a number of critics. They say of Bartimeus (Mr Punch's Learned Clerk was a typical instance in his review of 'The Long Trick') that he is too idealistic—that all his

geese are swans and his battles victories—that he has shown us no bad side or unpleasantness in his characters—(I should at this point interpolate the fact that Mr Punch shortly after his review made the *amende honorable* in a neat little poem which reversed his previous decision). But what do these critics want? In the chapter of 'The Long Trick' in which Bartimeus

gives a really wonderful word picture of the sailor ashore taking us with him from London to the Northern Base would they prefer him to observe for us with the eye of a Zola or note with the pen of Boccaccio? Surely we have got rid of the unhealthy and decadent style—so called realistic—which was the pre war vogue? One of the mercies of war has been the tearing away of shams and the old childish trick of showing off we have got down to a simpler cleaner way of living reading or writing and it is noticeable that the war born authors are eagerly read though they show a fibre of Christianity so simple as to be almost pagan while the pre war literary butterflies—the froth of an hysterical and overcrowded civilisation—have slipped back into a decent obscurity. Ibsen is a realist of the Zola model—Shaw a clever man—but

Bartimeus is read as

Pickwick is read by a nation which likes to feel as it reads. Of course that's just what he would have done—I would have anyway. It is possible that the reader as he thinks in that strain is overestimating his own personality but there is no harm in that. No—the Navy is clean and athletic and if it is to be written about let it be done in Bartimeus way.

I believe the feature one notices most in his writings is the trick he has of making the reader feel that he is not only present but acting in and enjoying the scenes depicted. The scenes may be simple but they are real. The children's journey in the picket boat to the Ship's Party—the officers' gig's crew at practice—the 'scrap' in the mess on the ward room guest night—it is all silly and simple and ordinary but the reader looks up from the closed book with the tang of salt air in his nostrils and the glare of the electric lamps reflected from white enamel still dancing before his eyes—to sigh



Illegible text, possibly a signature or title.

Bartimeus

as he finds himself still in the close atmosphere of a city

The Army produces ten authors to the Navy's one. In peace time this may be because the Navy is a world to itself that trains children in a rigid technical groove and never gives them the chance to branch out in any side issues. But in war it is a result to be expected for the Navy is still composed of Regulars whereas the Army now includes every trade there is. Bartimeus is a Regular and perhaps if it had not been for the story which lies behind his pen name he would never have written us books at all. That story and the spirit of it—a spirit which never admits defeat—runs through every line that he has written. He gives us the types he knows and respects—the quick-brained, keen and laughing specimen of physical fitness that is the Naval officer of to-day and the wonderful, clever-eyed children that make the officers' wives. In the latter characters I think he is at his best—and it is certainly strange to think of the way in which women such as these leave their comfortable homes to follow the fortunes of their wandering husbands waiting patiently and anxiously (to quote from *I think A Full Ship*) amidst the smell of cooking in the entrance halls of Sheerness lodging houses. But then women are very incomprehensible.

There have been rumours that Bartimeus is to write a play—please Heaven he won't be collaborated with too much or improved by the producer. Let us have the Navy on the Stage without conventional artificialities

and let us see the real Navy portrayed with all its Custom of the Service and old world traditions side by side with its youth and cheerfulness. There is no greater subject and there is none more difficult. No author can do it justice unless he is himself one of the great Fraternity.

Robert Louis Stevenson in what is perhaps his most perfect essay tells us what he thinks our Admirals should be like—big-hearted simple children that love war as a mystery—and to misquote from Admirals All I think the writings of Bartimeus should tend to send the clerk back to his book-keeping and double entry with a better heart and higher spirit. The Navy has had to read a great deal of trash in recent years about itself whether laudatory or sneering and it deserves better recognition from the nation it guards. It does not want adulation or to be written of at all but the descriptions of Bartimeus—humorous, kindly and in its own spirit—are welcomed and approved. A Service which can indite such a delightful piece of reporting as

Have taken or destroyed all the enemy ships on this coast—as per margin—is not one with a reputation for talking so that an author who receives the seal of its approbation is to be congratulated on his skill in having pleased both his lay and his technical critics. As long as Bartimeus writes as he does for so long is he safe from the wrath of the Young Doe and the Indurubber Man and sure of the kindly oath and insult that greets a friend in every mess into which his wanderings may lead him.

TAFFRAIL

BY STANHOPE W. SERICE

AMONGST the literary figures that have emerged with distinction during the present war a definite place must be assigned to Taffrail whose books of short stories about sea life have sold in large numbers all over the Empire during the past two years. It is quite true that he began to write before that fateful August in 1914—for instance, his first book was published by the House of Cassell in the autumn of 1912 at the price of 5s and was entitled

All About Ships. But it was frankly and openly intended for boys—as also were two adventure stories of his issued in volume form by Blackie's in 1914 and 1915—*'The Boy Castaways'* and *The Secret Submarine*.

He also did a number of serial and short stories for Pearson's paper for boys *The Scout* before the outbreak of hostilities and, even as recently as January 1916, Phillips' published an

educational work of his which is now in its sixth edition on *Ribbons and Medals*.



Photo by Lafayette.

Taffrail

All these, however, must be fairly regarded by the critical bookman as short essays towards the great object. It was not until his *Pincher Martin O.D.* began to appear serially in *Chambers's Journal* in the first month of 1916 and in the second Pearson's issued his first collection of naval catches and stories *'Carry On!'* that he began to arrive. The autumn of that year saw the production of *Pincher Martin* by Chambers's in volume form. It also saw the publication of *Stand By!* a second collection of his naval yarns by Pearson's. And from that period Taffrail has never looked back.

No fewer than four other collections of naval yarns have been printed bearing his name. They have each of them borne an aggressively

maritime title— *Minor Operations Off Shore* *Sea Spray and Spindrift* and *The Watch Below*—and one at least of these has succumbed to the present time publishing difficulties and has been issued at 2s 6d instead of the popular 1s 6d. In November last year Messrs Hodder & Stoughton also produced a long and fascinating study of life in the Navy by him under the title of *The Sub* that side by side with *Pincher Martin* did much to establish his claims to be regarded in a serious spirit. It certainly showed that his work was first hand—that he had immense funds of observation and information—that he was a prodigious worker nay that the salt of the seven seas had practically penetrated the innermost marrow of his bones.

It also proved that he could not be dull no matter how apparently prosaic might be the aspect of life or work in the Navy that he chose to write about. At the same time I doubt if any one will claim that he has the complete gifts of a novelist. I even doubt if he will ever do a big novel. His literary art is seen at its best I imagine in the short story and in the sketch. When you get it in a long work such as *Pincher Martin* you are conscious that the canvas on which he works is narrow that the quality of suspense he cultivates is vivid but brief and passes in a few pages and that his sense of drama is at its highest in the roar of battle the thunder of the storm the fight with hostile aircraft and undersea boats and not in the long anguish that attends the true irony of life behind which is ever the laughter of the gods.

At the same time Taffrail is young. He has big qualities. He has caught quite furly and fully the attention of the public. He may broaden and deepen if he is not spoiled by his present success. I at all events should hate to think that I had gone over him with an inch measure when I should have gone around him with a line flagged for fathoms. He is certainly not regarded by thousands of naval men and sea lovers and rovers as *The Wizard of the North Sea* without good reason.

When the war broke out we really knew very little about the North Sea—in spite of *The Riddle of the Sands* and stories of the Dogger Bank and like areas by men like Cutcliffe Hyne. But our Navy assembled there or thereabouts. Big conflicts were threatened in that arena. The Admiralty would not let a word leak through about the vessels engaged there on offensive operations submarine extinction and the blockade. Worst of all the public suddenly realised how little they really knew about the men and conditions of existence on His Majesty's war vessels. Captain Marryat was out of date. *Bartimeus* had not then penetrated the multitude. The intimate peeps that Rudyard Kipling had given us had been smudged out of memory or obliterated by the hot red lights of land conflict. And yet our destiny and the hopes of our Empire were afloat on that one sea—the North Sea!

Well, it seems to me that that was the psychological moment that *Taffrail* was found by the public and a public was found by *Taffrail*. He not only knew the North Sea from every angle of the compass but he knew both the rough and the educated men that let their lives drift, as a shield for us across those dark

and treacherous waters. And he wrote about them and their quarrels their loves and their hates and the conflicts upon which they might be engaged with sympathy and knowledge—with toleration and humour with a sense of charity and pathos that made them and the whole North Sea drama intensely real to us in tensely alive.

Somehow you never get the idea that *Taffrail* is a writer of fiction. His is the slow sure method of the realist a building up of essential facts until the real explosive point is reached and then he is as graphic as the writers of the great sea sagas the arch masters of the novel of adventure and romance. And he can work on cameos. And his characters never lose their consistency the qualities of their virtues and vices their essential part in the general scheme of things.

It is not often that *Taffrail* indulges in any hints of self revelation in his books but I note that in the last *The Watch Below* he confesses

My hobby is writing but I am lucky if I get through a thousand words a day. I know one author who gets through 37 000 words a week. I cannot put pen to paper when the ship is at sea and sometimes I am not in a mood for it in harbour while often for weeks at a stretch I hardly have a moment to spare for anything except official literature.

I have also heard it said that he will not write about any of his own adventures in his stories that the only occasion upon which he broke his self imposed rule he headed the yarn *A Minor Affair* and then gave the details in the form of a very bald and prosaic letter to My dear Daniel which he began thus

It was merely an episode of a few light cruisers anything up to a score of destroyers and some sea planes quite a minor and a comparatively unimportant little business which elicited a long announcement from the Secretary of the Admiralty and must have proved rather a godsend to those newspapers whose readers were anxious for naval news in any shape or form. They made a certain amount of fuss about it and the naval correspondents were soon hard at work elaborating the simple statement according to their usual habit. Indeed the nautical expert of *Earth and Sea* with the very best intentions in the world even went so far as to devote a greater part of a column to the business. It is to be hoped his readers were duly edified but we who had taken part in the affair were merely rather amused!

A typical naval touch is this! A vivid illustration too of the real nian that is hidden behind the *nom de guerre* *Taffrail*.

It is not however quite correct to say that he will not write about any of his own adventures in his stories. Personally I believe most of the destroyer portion of *Pincher Martin* O.D.—except that part about Jutland—did actually happen to *Taffrail* and I fancy too I detect now and again in his naval sketches other echoes of his own adventures but I admit they never obtrude.

As many of his admirers are aware *Taffrail* is at present the commander of a torpedo boat destroyer somewhere at sea so the mystery of his intimate knowledge of life in the Navy need not necessarily be a mystery only a delight. He entered the *Brianna* training ship at Dartmouth in 1897, so it would not even be difficult for a reader with a turn for figures to estimate his age. He went to sea in the Channel Fleet in 1899,

and served as midshipman of H M S *Terrible* during the South African War. He was landed in North China for the Boxer business of 1900 and took part in the stiff fighting in and around Tien tsin. He remained in China till the end of 1902 and first served in a destroyer in 1903-4. He served in the Home Fleet till 1906 and then after a turn on a cruiser in China again he got the command of a destroyer a period on a battle ship while the early days of the war saw him set off in a new destroyer and he has served in destroyers ever since. In an ordinary way of course one would not emphasise these details but when one realises that the stories and sketches he has written mirror many of his scenes of travel (particularly China) this catalogue of achievement possesses a distinct value.

Nothing however will reveal the charm of the naval folks that pass in endless procession through his pages but personal acquaintance. Critics have said in their haste that they owe a little in character to Kipling's *Soldiers Three* and to W W Jacobs yes even to Dickens but they are wrong quite wrong. Taffrail has not read Kipling's *Soldiers Three* or any of Jacobs's books since he was a boy and his acquaintance with Dickens he will own himself is also very superficial—indeed he hasn't read Dickens for many years. No. They owe all their genuine vitality and charm to Taffrail. For that reason if you want to know the British Navy at first hand you must know and sympathise with the Wizard of the North Sea.

THE CENTENARY OF FRANK SMEDLEY

By S. M. LEE

DESPITE the ever increasing number of new novelists who demand a hearing and a place in the sun of public favour there are certain writers—not necessarily of the calibre of Dickens and Flaubert of a past era and fashion who still retain a niche in the memories of those who read their books in days of youth. Frank Smedley whose birth centenary falls this year is among the category. Regarded no doubt as jejune old fashioned by the many for his books are entirely early Victorian in portraiture and sentiment Smedley was nevertheless a born story teller with very considerable gifts of humour and character drawing and one able to delineate a dramatic and exciting incident with graphic power. He had the art of stamping his scenes and characters on an imaginative mind. Thus I found on one occasion when discussing Smedley with Mr Austin Dobson that the latter had a clear recollection of *Frank Fairleigh*—he quoted scenes and actually portions of dialogue from this book which he had not seen for probably fifty years. In the same way Mrs J B Bury of Cambridge recalled *Lewis Arundel* which she had not read since her early girlhood.

It is clear therefore that Smedley had some uncommon ability as a writer of vivid imagination. His art was the more remarkable in that his own life and experiences were in complete antithesis to the exciting and sentimental scenes he loved to picture in his stories. His books were compact of wild escapades and practical jokes in town and country duels and poaching affrays hunting and horse racing love-making and marriage that author was

a life long cripple and invalid who never did and never could indulge in any active exercise and adventure and whose physical afflictions barred him from marriage and family life. Cautious and activity permeate his novels sadness boldly pain and bitter regrets were the portion of the man. But his mind triumphed over matter and he lived entirely in imagination the life he would have led in the flesh had it permitted. He used to purchase the latest sporting guns fishing rods and riding accessories which of course were never used.

Fortunately Smedley was not hampered by financial difficulties or compelled to write for a living. His compensations for a sadly restricted life were a comfortable home and income and many valued friends and relatives. Francis Edward Smedley was the only child

of Francis Smedley a prosperous solicitor and High Bailiff of Westminster by his marriage with Frances Sarah daughter of George Ellison of Alfred House High Street Marlow and it was here in his mother's old home that the future novelist was born on October 4th 1818*. His paternal grandfather the Rev Edward Smedley Rector of Powderham and North Bovey Devon was for over forty years (1774-1820) a master at Westminster School. He was the author of a long poem *Erin* and other work. He married Hannah daughter of the eccentric George Bellas Registrar in Doctors Commons and a domestic tyrant who treated his wife and daughters as slaves.†

* The house is now converted into the Post Office of Marlow.
† See below *The Sexagenarian* 1817.



Frank Smedley

From a portrait signed by himself

Bellas was the ancestor also of George Bellas Greenough, President of the Geological Society and Guillermo Billinghurst the late President of Peru as well as of Frank Smedley. Frank Smedley's uncle the Rev Edward Smedley was also an author of some note and editor of *The Encyclopædia Metropolitana* (he married Mary Hume (grandaunt of Lewis Carroll) and two of his daughters Menella Bute Smedley and Elizabeth (Mrs Hart) attained success as writers.

At his birth Frank Smedley was a child of normal development but in his early infancy he was attacked by a strange paralytic disease—the result either of a fall from his nurse's arms or a carriage accident—which retarded his growth and affected all his bodily faculties. Its progress was insidious and in time in addition to injury of the spine he lost the entire use of his legs and was compelled to utilise a wheel chair for any movement indoors or out. From his youth too he had to wear a sort of undercoat made of steel to support the feeble body. His boyhood was consequently a sad and lonely time for school was impossible and he was debarred from participating in the vigorous sports with companions of his own age for which he yearned. He lived at 12 Ely Place and later at 40 Jermyn Street. In 1832 at the age of fourteen he was sent to a private tutor the Rev George Millett at 89 Montpelier Road Brighton but the boy's physical disabilities were soon found to be incompatible with intimate association with even a few young and active contemporaries and he was removed after some months. But his short time in Brighton was the cause of important results owing to his powers of observation as will be seen presently. His education was completed by his second cousin the Rev L. A. Smedley at Chesterton Vicarage near Cambridge another member of the family who indulged in literary composition.



Millicent Ursula Smedley
(Mrs. Crompton).

The original of *Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil* in Smedley's "Lewis Carroll".
From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Ashmole.



Menella Bute Smedley

The original of *Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil* in Smedley's "Lewis Carroll".

The next few years were the darkest of Frank Smedley's life. He could not follow any profession; he was much alone as his father and mother were engrossed respectively in business and social duties; he was thrown back upon his vivid imagination mainly for mental occupation. His chief pleasure he found in writing long letters to

three sympathetic girl cousins. They were Menella Bute Smedley, Millicent Smedley (later on the wife of Mr J. G. Crompton of Derby) to whom Frank Smedley was much attached* and Fanny married to William Walton. It was these young ladies who proposed the means for Smedley's mental alleviation and the right outlet for his abilities and consequently a real interest for his limited life. They perceived that their cousin wrote excellent letters full of humour, observation and graphic description and suggested that he should put together some sketches of incident and character based on his own experiences of life and people. His experiences had been few and constrained certainly but the most eventful having occurred during his brief stay at the private tutor's at Brighton he proceeded to describe his life there. This was the origin of *Frank Fairleigh*. The sketches under the title of *Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil* commenced to appear in *Sharpe's London Magazine* in May 1846 and attained immediate success and popularity. At the request of the editor the sketches were converted into a tale and extended to a length far beyond the original intention of the author.

The characters of *Frank Fairleigh* were nearly all drawn from life excepting Cumberland and Wilford. Mr Millett the private tutor at Brighton figures as Dr Mildman of (Bright) Helmstone. Freddy Coleman was drawn from Frederick Charsley Registrar of Fton. The incident of the practical jokers ringing the Curfew and alarming the inhabitants of

Hillingford by rumours of fire is said to have occurred at Beaconsfield. Frank Smedley in a letter to his cousin Mrs Walton makes some mention of his first book.

You are right in your conjecture about the original of Clara Saville altho I have gone beyond truth when I talk of faultless features etc. the trustful look observable in the eyes of a dog was a peculiarity and a very endearing and touching one in the expression of the original. The entire character is in great measure sketched from hers tho' not exclusively, or too closely I can scarcely say (for I am still at work upon her, and my puppets often slightly alter in the making, assuming as it were in spite of me, a sort of individuality of their own) how like or unlike it may turn out, or how I may

* His poem 'For M.S.' in "Catherine's Journal" is all

succeed in drawing a woman's character at all. Sharpe wants me to publish Frank Fairleigh in monthly numbers and Phil is anxious to illustrate it but I have as yet come to no decision about it. Everybody tells me my head will be turned by all these fine things but I do not believe them for it feels pretty much in the same place as usual.

When Frank Fairleigh was reissued in sixteen monthly numbers with green covers now very rare it was illustrated by George Cruikshank whose thirty fine designs also appeared in the first edition in book form 1850 and in subsequent reprints. Frank Fairleigh was naturally inscribed to the author's cousins Millicent and Menella Bute Smedley who had been the means of leading his steps to a literary career.

He became editor of *Sharpe's London Magazine* in November 1847 and his second novel *Lewis Arundel or the Railroad of Life* commenced to appear there in the following year the tale was subsequently issued in monthly parts and published in book form in 1852 with admirable illustrations by Phil. It is a gauge of Smedley's immediate success that his two first books



Grove Lodge Regent's Park
The illustration is by Phil.

should have been illustrated by the two most popular artist engravers of the period.

Although written during pain and illness *Lewis Arundel* is undoubtedly the author's best work and has considerable value as a vivid and faithful picture of life and manners and mental outlook during the early Victorian era. Every detail is reproduced with the minuteness of an Arnold Bennett of a later time. The unending flow of amusing and dramatic incident the wealth of humour the clever character drawing place this book in the first class of its category—the novel of social life of a period.

It is possible that the amusing incident of the *Persian Prince* hoax in *Lewis Arundel* may have suggested the almost identical and completely successful joke which was perpetrated in real life by a party of young Englishmen upon the officers of H.M.S. *Dreadnought* some years ago.

In 1853 Smedley published a shorter novel *The Fortunes of the Colville Family* and during the following year he edited the short-lived *George Cruikshank's Magazine*. He also wrote for *The Comic Times* and *The Truth*.

He was still living at 40 Jermyn Street and when in the country at Nyn Park, near Northaw a beautiful



Beechwood Marlow
Photography by F.M.N.H.

place with charming gardens the house built in 1774 succeeding the sixteenth century building occupied by Ambrose Earl of Warwick. Smedley loved his country home and the charming scenery of Hertfordshire. He took daily drives in his pony carriage. Nyn Park and the surrounding country inspired most of the rural descriptions of his books. *Heathfield Park* in Frank Fairleigh *Broadhurst Park* in *Lewis Arundel* and *Coverdale Park* in *Harry Coverdale's Courtship* are all in Hertfordshire.

This last novel *Harry Coverdale's Courtship* was as the author put it a sort of *enfant terrible* and it caused him much trouble and anxiety. Originally designed for a short story it grew into a long novel after many delays. It commenced to appear in *Sharpe's London Magazine* in 1853 but when Smedley's editorship of that journal ceased at the advent of a new proprietor his serial was concluded by the new director in a very summary and original manner. It was not until 1855 that the story was resumed and published in monthly parts and book form with excellent illustrations by Phil.

Throughout the composition Smedley was in a state of health getting worse and worse. Writing from 9 Lower Rock Gardens Brighton in December 1855 to Virtue the publisher of all his books he said

The H.C. affair must be left thus. I am still unable to work but I write a few lines every evening. Whether



Grounds of Grove Lodge
Regent's Park.
Photograph by courtesy of Mr. Sigismund Goetz

by this means I shall be able to finish in time for January I cannot yet tell as my head varies so much from day to day My illness is pronounced irritation of the brain from overstraining of it

The story was warmly received by press and public for the author had now an acknowledged position in contemporary literature but Smedley whose health was worse than ever was dissatisfied with his work and apologised for its lame and impotent conclusion in his preface Though not so good as Frank Fairleigh and Lewis Arundel Harry Coverdale's *Courtship* is another excellent picture of the social life in town and country of the decade of the fifties and full of humour as for example in the scene of Mr Crane at dinner (Chapter XLVI)

Frank Smedley was a poet as well as a novelist He belonged to the school of Hood and Barham for he ranged from comic and nonsense verses to those of the most wistful pathos He could write in the quaint metres and bizarre rhymes of

The Ingoldsby Legends with the facility of their creator Take for instance the opening lines of Smedley's *Maude Allingham*

There is weeping and wailing in
Allingham Hall
From many an eye does the tear
drop fall
Swollen with sorrow is many a lip
Many a nose is red at the tip
All the shutters are shut very tight
To keep out the wind and to keep out the light
While a couple of mutes
With very black suits
And extremely long faces
Have taken their places
With an air of professional *esprit de corps*
One on each side of the great hall door
On the gravel beyond in a wonderful state
Of black velvet and feathers a grand hearse and eight
Magnificent horses the orders await
Of a spruce undertaker
Who's come from Long Acre
To furnish a coffin and do the polite
To the corpse of Sir Reginald Allingham Knight

In his novels Smedley depicted his ideal life the sports and adventures he would have enjoyed It was only in his serious poems that he sometimes voiced the sadness and pain of his actual life and passionate regrets for unattainable desires

Oh give me rest! for youth is gone
And middle age comes darkly on
Experience has been hardly bought
Ambition palls and Fame is nought
With chary measure Faith is given
And hope is dead and I love in heaven
I pant for rest

Alone dark thoughts assail my breast,
Wild wishes sad regrets which tear
The heartstrings with a fierce unrest
That mocks the calmness of despair

And it's oh and alas! for the hopes of youth
When they for ever depart
And it's oh and alas! for the hopes of youth
When they come to a broken heart

Too late too late what a world of fate
Do those simple words contain
To strive for years thro' a vale of tears
A broken heart to gain



Frank Smedley

Smedley collaborated with his friend Edmund Yates in a book of nonsense verses entitled *Mirth and Metre* 1855 After Smedley's death a selection of his poetry was published in 1867 under the title of

Gathered Leaves prefixed by a very sympathetic tribute from the pen of Edmund Yates In 1867 another little volume of verse *Last Leaves from Beechwood* was issued from Enfield with a note by Smedley's devoted friend William Brailsford This completes the record of the author's work

In September 1855 the Smedleys gave up Nynark and Frank stayed for a time at 1 St George's Place Canterbury and in Brighton before moving into Grove Lodge Regent's Park which his father had inherited from their cousin George Bellas Greenough The latter had built the house in 1823 when the Crown granted him a lease of a portion of Regent's Park which was separated from the main estate by the formation of the Regent's Canal Consequently Grove Lodge was and is one of the most delightful houses in London for the five acres of ground comprise in the main winding woodland walks with picturesque glimpses of water In this unique *rus in urbe* Frank Smedley found great pleasure for he was able to take exercise in his wheel chair without leaving the privacy of the property The many arbours in the grounds still remain to mark the favourite spots he liked to visit and the library on the west side of the house communicated with his own bedroom so he was able to see his friends with ease* But these pleasant years were not for long In the spring of 1859 his father Francis Smedley died and the same year he lost an aunt and his favourite cousin Millicent He wrote

I have been very ill I have a great deal on me which must be done and very little strength to meet the demand but God knows what is best for us and I am well content to leave the matter to His will and guidance

During the last four years of his life Smedley spent the summer at a house called Beechwood he had purchased in Marlow and he delighted in the beautiful surroundings of his native town He is still remembered

* Though a fine house in the Smedleys time the place has since been enlarged and much improved It is now called Grove House and occupied by Mr Sigismund Goetz who has converted the former stables into a studio It is of interest to note that this house is described by R L Stevenson under the name of Rochester House in *New Arabian Nights* the incident where the President of the Suicide Club meets his death in a duel with Prince Flomzel in a secluded corner of the grounds now the site of the rose garden

in Marlow as one with a nod and smile or jest for all who saluted him as he passed along the streets in his wheel chair. During the winter and spring months he lived with his mother at Grove Lodge. His end was sudden. On April 28th 1864 he entertained Edmund Yates and other friends to dinner and seemed brighter and in better health than usual. Three days later Frank Smedley was found by his servant in a state of stupor speedily followed by a succession of epileptic fits. In the evening of May 1st 1864 he died at the age of

forty five. His body was removed to Marlow for burial and there between the church and the river he found that eternal sleep and rest he craved.

The weary heart will ache no more
For death is rest

But he had carried out his own precept

All true honour lies
In a life long sacrifice
Stars shine clear above the skies
Conquer fate!

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

MAY 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Judge THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square L.C.4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric

SPECIAL NOTICE—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses, the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3) competition both for the current month and the month following as below

I—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best note in not more than one hundred words on What I Think of Standard Books.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on Pleasures I Can Have for Nothing.)

IV—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL

I—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss I. L. Watts of Bedford College Regent's Park N.W.1 for the following

TO AN OLD WOMAN AT DAWN

Short is your night of silence and of dreams
The lights grow faint and the white mist is torn
And here the panting young sweet Rose of Morn
Divinely gleams

You pass along the dingy City street
And tired droop your sunk lack lustre eyes
And oh! to give you back Dawn's old surprise
When Life was strange and sweet

Lost is the City of your dream—of old
You find no more than I do when where
He took your hand in his and all the air
Was turned to dust of gold

Yet you may find the splendour that has flown
A thousand years from now—the crowd the lights
In some wild City of forgotten nights
That we have never known

I. I. WATTS

We also select for printing

MOTHER DOLOROSA

Mother of sorrows now the twilight fades
And women's voices rise in evening song
And low chimes summon those who love thy praise
To praise thee—Ah! the piteous night is long
To war robbed women lone with hearts that bleed
Come to these Mother when the world lies dark—
Be comfort to white headed mothers bowed
With loss of sons relief to young girls stark
That know not tears grieving with stricken soul
For stalwart lovers broken brittle slain
And pitying solace to young mothers who
With courage infinite hide infinite pain
Creating their fatherless with brave sweet smile
All tender Mother these have need of thee
Sorrow and Memory haunt the night deep gloom
Be near them in their hours of Calvary
(Veronica Murphy Melford House Tipton Foliot
South Devon)

MY ALLIANCE

A little patch of virgin soil
Allotted to my care
A call to days of strenuous toil
To make a garden there

I bring my purpose to the task
My spade my rake my hoe
And in my ignorance I ask
Advice from those who know

With stores of knowledge thus supplied
My venture is begun
And though mistakes rebuke my pride
Each day some bit is done

Now Nature knows both my intent
And limit of my skill
So all her powers are kindly lent
To prosper what I will

The elements in strength combine
To aid the hand that sows
And soon this little patch of mine
With life and beauty glows

I link to heaven my bit of earth
By work and sacrifice—
And lo! a garden leaps to birth—
Offspring of Paradise

So all that is allotted me
My will my skill my hours
If linked to heaven may gardens be
Crammed full with fruit and flowers

(Richard Tucker Victoria House Tavistock)

LAMENT

Last summer time upon the hill
We used to roam my love and I
And oft would pause beside the mill
To watch the water rushing by
Oh! daisies did you see us pass
With joyous feet upon the grass?

I would not hear the drum which bid
Him march away that sunny morn
But flung my body down and hid
My face among the yellow corn
Oh! poppies come and whisper low
And tell me did you see him go?

Be silent mill—I cannot bear
Your ceaseless chatter and your roar
And daisies droop your heads I fear
I dare not see your faces more
For I have heard the solemn knell
And tolling of the passing bell

(Margaret Burdwell 92a King's Road Kingston on Thames)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Phyllis Marks (London N W) N C Hermon Hodge (Reading) Helen K Watts (Brighton) John Wayne (Leighton Buzzard) Emsal (Dublin) Ivan Adair (Dublin) J A B (Highgate) Irene Wintle (Dorset) Monica Chapman (Bounds Green) May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich) Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate) Ethel Hawker (Bournemouth) Thomas R Bishop (Croydon) Jeffery Ritley (Derby) Doreen Dillon (Catford) Mary Somerville (Selkirk) Alexander Smart (Aberdeen) P A (Sheppey) Sarnicol (Merthyr Tydfil) R Scott Frayn (Skipton) T Kent (Southampton) Honor Drury (Southampton) Margaret Brown (Calne) P Marshall Hill (Doncaster) S M Duffin (Bangor) Mary E Steel (Darlington) B E Stevens (Washford) Faith Hearn (Christchurch) Louise Georgina Stewart (Edinburgh) Gara Wilhams (Penrith) T J Bayliss (Southfields) Amy E Evers (Stourbridge) E Mary Pennick (Devonport) E J Pratt (Ontario) Florence Olsen (BEF France) Tudor Howell (Middlesbrough) Freda H L Clift (Salop) W H Bloomfield (Bayswater) M I K Carruthers (Oxford) Winifred Tasker (Llandudno) T G Wilkinson (Lutterworth) C A Renshaw (Sheffield) Beatrice Skiltow (Forest Gate) V V Mathews (London WC) Eleanor Preston (Bedford) K (Catford) Peggy Lawford (Newton Abbot) Dorothy James (Ottawa) L M Springall (Cambridge) J A Finlay (Aberdeen) Lysaght Auxby (Burnham) Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate) Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth) Pauline Bate (Blessington) M C (Colchester) Eric Antony (Wandsworth) Esmé Vivien (London SW) E K N (London,

WC) Noëlle French (Mount Talbot) A L G (Bounds Green) Freda Clarke (Rugby) George R McKeth (Iowa USA) Violet Walker (Whitehaven) Cyril G Taylor (Bellaghy) F W Kuliche (Walton on the Hill) G H Browning (Watford) May Barham (Bassaleg) Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter) W S Lockhart (Port Sunlight) B I Evans (Stroud Green) V M (Manchester) Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool) Elsie Simmonds (Manchester) Frank H Humby (Sidcup) Frances Helen Jackson (Lincoln) William C Pocock (Lincoln) A A S (Strawberry Hill) T Disney (Bristol) Wilfred W Kershaw Ethel E Mannin (Wimbledon) Rachel L Manners (Stamford) Anthea (Seaton) Robert Barton (Plaistow) Ruth B Robinson (Hunstanton) B Dickens Lewis (Crickhowell) Annie Smith (Great Harwood)

II —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Irene Lalonde of 14 Forester Road Bath for the following

THE GREAT HUNGER By J BOJER
(Hodder & Stoughton)

I've got a pain inside
H S LEIGH *Only Seven*

We also select for printing

A NEW WAY OF HOUSEKEEPING

By CLEMENTINA BLACK (Collins)

There are forty feeding like one
W WORDSWORTH

(A Eleanor Pinnington The Blind School S David & Hill Exeter)

THE STORY OF A SUCCESS

By P H LEARSL (Maunsell)

I've bought some bacon
ED LEAR *Feloga*

(Joyce Rood Langbaugh Yarm Yorkshire)

A SPORTING OFFER By FLORENCE WARDEN
(Ward Lock)

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse
SHAKESPEARE *King Richard III* 1 4

(Rev F Hurn Howlands Castle Hants)

III —The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best six lines of original verse to the British housewives is awarded to H W Mottram of 27 Moscow Court Queen's Road W 2 for the following

Carry on they said—with a smile you bore the brunt
You faced the surly shopman and the queue
You made the most of rations and bravely held your front

Though the grumbles and the growls were not a few
But when victory is ours there'll be a history planned
Of the battles that were won in the kitchens of the land

From the numerous replies received many of them very good we select for special commendation the twelve by W Sutherland (Sunderland) Violet E Dismore (Southend) Maud Sutherland (Bromley) Dowager Countess De La Warre (Easter Duddingstone) Richard Tucker (Tavistock) Lily W James (Banbury) Private R C Bodker (Woolwich) R A Finn (Surbiton) Edward H Forster (Thorne) Caroline Coxhan (New Malden) W F Crossland (Sheffield) Joan Palmer (Bournemouth)

IV —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to William Saunders of 102 Comiston Road Edinburgh for the following

SOME SUGGESTIONS IN ETHICS
By BERNARD BOSANQUET DCL LL D
(Macmillan)

The real value of Dr Bosanquet's latest book lies as the title would imply in its suggestiveness. It makes the reader think whether he will or not. Largely a study

AN AMAZING RECORD.

The Progress of Pelmanism.

AMONG the many notable achievements of the past three years the triumphant progress of Pelmanism stands out as wonderful in every way.

Three years ago Pelmanism was an idea known only to a few. To-day it is recognised as a new force of tremendous possibilities—a force that is swiftly conquering the world.

That this is no empty phrase is proved by the amazing record of things accomplished in every field of human effort by the aid of this remarkable system of mental training.

Take the Army and Navy. Over 25,000 officers and men—including 83 Admirals and Generals and thousands of Colonels, Commanders and other officers—have adopted Pelmanism and are daily reporting promotion, distinctions and other advantages as a direct result. The number of officers who attribute their rank and their MC, DSO, etc. to Pelmanism runs into hundreds. The Pelman Course should be nationalised, writes one British General. Every soldier who takes his profession seriously should Pelmanise, writes another General.

Business men are achieving what was heretofore regarded as impossible by the aid of those famous little grey books in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained.

Businesses have been rapidly doubled and trebled and incomes enlarged in proportion by those who have been quick to realise what Pelmanism means to an enterprising and ambitious worker.

Clerks, salesmen, typists, shopkeepers are similarly finding the study of the little grey books leads with certainty to bigger salaries and turnover. The Pelman Institute has received thousands of letters reporting increases of salary up to 100 per cent, 200 per cent and in a few cases 300 per cent and more.

Professional men (including Solicitors, Barristers, Doctors, Auditors, Accountants, Journalists, Clergy men, etc.) report in terms of gratitude and satisfaction. Many who began the Pelman Course in a mood of avowed scepticism became enthusiasts before the end of the Course.

I thought Pelmanism was quackery, writes Sir James Yoxall, M.P. Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first.

I started as a sceptic, says Mr. George R. Sims, the world famous journalist. When I finished I had become not only a believer but a disciple.

Under a business government, says a famous London Editor, the Pelman System would become a part of our national education.

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Hundreds of Pelmanists describe the Course as the best investment I have ever made. A single one of the little grey books would be cheap to one at £100 is another remark often made.

Before taking this Course, writes a business man, I would never have believed it possible to reap such wonderful advantages in money, position and economy of time and work.

Truth says after investigating the records of Pelman students. Not one has expressed dissatisfaction. On the other hand, there are very many who have found the results exceed their most sanguine expectations.

If the full significance of the facts set forth were fully recognised the doors of the Pelman Insti-

tute would be literally besieged by those anxious to plant their feet firmly on the road to success. (Truth)

EASILY FOLLOWED BY POST

Pelmanism is not an occult science. It is free from mysticism. It is as sound as solar and as practical as the most hard-headed common sense business man could desire. And as to its results, they follow with the same certainty with which muscular development follows physical exercise.

It is nowhere pretended and the inquirer is nowhere led to suppose that the promised benefits are gained magically by learning certain formulae or by the cursory reading of a printed book. The position is precisely the same again as with physical culture. No sane person expects to develop muscle by reading a book. He knows he must practise the physical exercises. Similarly the Pelmanist knows he must practise mental exercises.

There are thousands of people of all classes who would instantly enrol for a Pelman Course at any cost if they only realised a tithe of the benefits accruing. Here again a Pelmanist may be cited in evidence. If people only knew, he says, the doors of the Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants.

Who can afford to hold aloof from a movement which is steadily gaining the support of all the ambitious and progressive elements in the Empire? In two consecutive days recently two M.P.s and a member of the Upper House enrolled. Run through the current Pelman Register and therein you will find British Consuls, H.M. Judges, War Office, Admiralty and other Government officials, University Graduates, Students, Tutors, Headmasters, Scientists, Clergymen, Architects, Doctors, Solicitors, Barristers, Authors, Editors, Journalists, Artists, Actors, Accountants, Business Directors and Managers, Bankers, Financiers, Clerks, Ladies and men and women of wealth and leisure as well as Salesmen, Clerks, Typists, Tradesmen, Engineers, Artisans, Farmers and others of the rank and file of the nation.

OVER 250,000 MEN AND WOMEN

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. It is directed through the post and is simple to follow. It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind just as physical exercise develops the muscles.

The improvement begins with the first lesson and continues increasingly right up to the final lesson of the Course. Individual instruction is given through the post and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

Mind and Memory (in which the Pelman Course is fully described with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free together with a full reprint of Truth's famous Report and a form entitling readers of THE BOOKMAN to the complete Pelman Course at one third less than the usual fee on application to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Write to-day and learn all there is to know about the little grey books and the wonderful things that other men and women are accomplishing by their aid.

OVERSEAS ADDRESSES—Melbourne 46 Market Street
Toronto 15 Toronto Street
Durban Club Arcade

in relative values the author at once gets down to fundamentals. Such chapters as *Living for Others* which almost immediately resolves itself into an examination of the principle of *Dying for Others*. *Value and Goodness*. *The Reality of Evil*. *Punishment and Stupidity* are each and all essays in such aspects of the very basis of morality as cannot now be ignored especially in connection with the coming period of reconstruction.

We also select for printing

PEACE OF MIND

(Melrose)

It is a fascinating title in these days of *Sturm und Drang* reminding us there is a peace which the world cannot give and which may be ours even in the darkest hours of stress and turmoil just as one may turn from the noonday glare of a July sun into the quiet of some old dark church. The books which have brought peace to our author's heart are not those in which every man would seek peace. However there is no shrine but has its pilgrim remarked Sainte Beuve and so we must leave our essayist to his chosen few.

(S. Hunter L.L.A. 14 Avondale Road Chesterfield)

THE WANDERER ON A THOUSAND HILLS

BY EDITH WHERRY

(The Bodley Head)

All who are interested in China should certainly read this book for besides being unusually well written as a

novel it contains very vivid and realistic descriptions of the life ways and habits of the Chinese. The heroine Tung Mei is a typical specimen of her race—half childish half cunning intensely superstitious and her passionate love for a little English boy whom she adopts forms the basis of the story. In her chequered life Joy and Sorrow follow fast on one another's heels but in the end Sorrow wins and the book ends on a note of tragedy.

(Mary C. Mair 142 Broadhurst Gardens Hampstead N.W.6)

Limits of space prevent us from printing more but we select for special commendation the twenty two reviews by J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool) Vincent Hamson (Strand W.C.) B. M. Tylec (Bath) Arthur Davidson (Glasgow) A. H. Boylan (Eastbourne) Glenny Smeal (Edinburgh) E. Kathleen White (Hammersmith) H. Leonard (Skipton) Francis Hews (Swansea) M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth) Elsa Cellert (Bradford) Elsie D. Pedley (Halifax) C. Dawson (Llandudno) Florence Parsons (Altrincham) Laid Coggin (Horsbarnham) J. J. Freeman (Shepperton) M. A. Newman (Brighton) Frederick Willmer (Ramsey) Evelyn Ida Smith (Accrington) Ethel Webster (Bristol) Maud Montagu Bruce (Sunningdale) M. E. Rotton (London N.W.)

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. John Adam 23 Tanza Road Hampstead N.W.3

THE REAL SWINBURNE *

BY COULSON KERNAHAN

CONTRASTING the picture of Swinburne in the book before us with that recently drawn by Mr. Edmund Gosse in the *Life* one cannot more aptly indicate the difference between the two portraits than by quoting a poignant and beautiful stanza penned in the early nineties by Mr. Gosse himself:

Life that when youth was hot and bold
Leaped up in scarlet and in gold
Now walks by graver hopes possessed
In russet and in silver dressed

In Mr. Gosse's picture we see the torrent of Swinburne's earlier life dance and swirl between rocky banks and against a summer background of scarlet and gold. In that drawn by Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton Rickett we watch the same river serenely pursue its way past autumn meadows of russet and silver to its nearing and destined end where

even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea!

There is and should be here no clash of aims or of interests. It is true that Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton Rickett venture some frank criticisms first of Mr. Gosse's picture of the later Swinburne and secondly of the failure (as they hold it to be) on Mr. Gosse's part to do justice to Watts Dunton. That Mr. Gosse's unfailing courtesy and urbanity will be in the least ruffled thereby no one for a moment supposes but that some who feel strongly on the matter—whether seeing eye to eye with Mr. Gosse or with his critics—will

* The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne: With Some Personal Recollections. By Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton Rickett. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray)

take up the challenge and a heated controversy ensues is quite probable. Any such possible or probable controversy and the upshot are at the time when these lines are penned on the knees of the gods—of Grub Street—and there they may conveniently be left.

Having thus from our crow's nest look out signalled breakers ahead! and indicated the quarter whence they may come we turn to examine the cargo of letters carried in the ship which is captained by Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton Rickett. First a glance at the captains' certificates. Mr. Hake whose death while the work was in progress is to be deplored had known Swinburne long and intimately even before the time when as Watts Dunton's personal friend and trusted secretary he was to the last more or less in daily communication with Swinburne. Mr. Compton Rickett is of a younger generation. After leaving Cambridge where he took his I.L.D. he became a lecturer on English History and English Literature at Oxford and at London University. Since then he has written several books notably *The Vagabond in Literature* to which George Meredith paid high tribute. *William Morris: A Study in Personality*, and in collaboration with Mr. Hake *The Life and Letters of Watts Dunton*. Moreover, a frequent visitor at The Pines during what Mr. Gosse would probably hold to be the years which the locust hath eaten!—those in which Swinburne lived with Watts Dunton—Mr. Compton Rickett writes with inner knowledge which lends weight to what he says.

Asked whether the publication of these letters of

Swinburne adds anything of high import to the Literature of Letter writing one's answer must surely be No. Except for a penetrating and illuminating criticism of Rossetti's Poems the literary value or interest of the letters is not great. But some of us remembering the long ago days in which we read our Swinburne just as a hundred years hence the poetry loving youth and maiden will read him and will picture him to themselves as we pictured him then—the Singer of the Sunrise and the Sea the Lover in love with love and crowned with immortal youth—to those of us who once so thought and perhaps still so think of Swinburne these letters will be accounted fascinating. In some of them we see Swinburne examining his own features as it were in the glass tilting the mirror this way and that to get another angle of vision. In others he lays bare the springs of impulse the sources of his passionate likes or dislikes the secrets of his weakness and of his strength. In not a few of them those addressed to Watts Dutton and in which retelling his Eton days Swinburne speaks of himself as your minor—we see the sparkle of his delightful humour his radiating sense of fun and glimpses of the Peter Pan boy heart which lived on in him to the last.

It is the light which first in the Introduction then in the Letters, and lastly in the admirable chapter

Swinburne at The Iunes is thrown upon Swinburne's personality, not the light which Swinburne himself throws upon the subjects he discusses, which gives the work such interest. Only perhaps by those who knew the poet personally can the full measure of the vividness and faithfulness of Mr Hale and Mr. Compton Rickett's picture be realised. They make no attempt to conceal their affection for Swinburne as a man, their reverence for him as a poet. But wherein they have served his memory, and greatly, is that they have resolutely forsworn that besetting sin of the biographer—indiscriminating eulogy.

When an author goes out into the wilderness to write the life of a great man it is as if a devil is personified almost as mankind's ancient enemy—the devil of Eulogy—leads him to some high place to tempt that unhappy author and his still more unhappy subject over the precipice of Eulogy. There has been no such menace to the reputation of certain great writers who might be named as the Eulogy-miscelled Life penned by a misguided admirer. Cut thee behind me Eulogy! may well have been on the lips of the authors of *The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne*. As a result we are shown Swinburne as he was and more or less nakedly but not one hastens to add in the sense in which Mr. George Moore has so pictured him. Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton Rickett show alike what was great and what was small in Swinburne. They show him tempted and lured to his own undoing by the same High Devil of Eulogy of which we have spoken. They do not even spare us the picture of him for once succumbing to the promptings of that peculiarly contemptible 'deviling' or 'devilette'—spite—as when Swinburne seeks to bind his publisher Mr. Chatto to accept no more work from Robert Buchanan for *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It is one repeats the sincerity and the impartiality with which the authors write that give this work its value. They neither gloss over what

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was weak nor exaggerate what was commanding. They show Swinburne his failings notwithstanding as a great gentleman no less than a great genius and in his later days at least a personality of singular loveliness. So too with Watts Dunton. They claim for him no more than his due: they admit that he too had his weaknesses, and that where these weaknesses coincided with Swinburne's they intensified by reaction the poet's own shortcomings.

The lines in inverted commas are from the Introduction. Turn to the final chapter—Swinburne at The Pines—and you shall find these reactionary influences significantly illustrated.

A visitor had let fall some remark about Hazlitt's critical work and Swinburne's face assumed an expression of frozen anger.

We don't mention Hazlitt's name here, said Watts Dunton in a hurried whisper as if reference had been

made to an objectionable neighbour. Neither I nor Swinburne care to talk about him on account of his abominable treatment of Coleridge.

One admits that to a writer who as in Mr Compton Rickett's case has a keen sense of humour and has occasionally contributed to *Punch* the temptation to put this comical incident on record must have been well nigh irresistible, but was it not a little cruel thus comically to recall Alice in Wonderland and the Mad Hatter?

An unsuccessful author who was both parson baiter and cynic once said in our hearing that the four and only creatures without a conscience were cats, spiders, editors—and clergymen. Had he phrased it without mercy instead of without a conscience on would be tempted in the case of Algernon Charles Swinburne to add—and some biographer.

New Books

POETRY AND VERSE

Two volumes of poetry to seven of verse is not at all a bad proportion. One knows what to expect from Mr Sturge Moore and that is something individual, arresting, haunting. *The Little School* fills our happiest expectations. Here are little songs such as a child might sing to himself before ever the shades of the prison house begin to close upon him. They are songs of innocence with a radiant and lovely fancy. There is a deal of the young lamb's heart amid these songs and no hint that it is a grown man remembering. All is fresh and sweet as gardens of childhood long ago. One lingers over the poems like a lapful of flowers not knowing which to take for sweetest where all are so sweet. Perhaps the Tale of an Ass is loveliest of all but it is complete in itself and must not have a petal plucked away. Here is something taken quite at random to give people who do not know Mr Sturge Moore a taste of his quality. This is Lullaby II.

Stripped thee when thou hast and girl
Thy clean night shirt
Leap into thy soft snug bed
Lay down thy head
Sleep and in thy white cot be
A picture for the stars to see

Cling not to the game that's dead
Be glad instead
After all thy falls and frowns
That silence drowns
All that any star might see
To make such clear light sad for thee

Sleep sleep
Down down
Through silence good and deep
Down down
Sink as through a well each trace
Or of spite of sulk or frown
Dying out from thy still face
Till asleep thou dreaming be—
A sight to charm the moon on high
And hold her longer in the sky

This beautiful poetry is made up nearly all of one syllable words, small and pure as a violet or a dew drop.

Our second poet is new to me as a poet but *The Wide Garden* gives assurance of Mr Herbert Tremaine as a new poet, a poet of sensitiveness and tenderness. His inspiration is often Irish and the feel of the poems is Irish.

¹ *The Little School* By Sturge Moore 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)

² *The Wide Garden* By Herbert Tremaine 3s. net (Daniel)

but one is not always sure of the words—kittiwake for example—is the word known in Ireland? And he evidently pronounces Ballinasloe as Ballinasloo to judge by the rhyming. These things are nothing of course but they suggest an Irishman who has not lived in Ireland nor been much in association with Irish people. He has ears to hear the crying of little and oppressed creatures and he has knowledge of the beauty that is in the world and the woodlands and love and the heart of man and God. Many of his poems sound as a cry for he is full of pity. Here is something which represents him fairly if not quite at his best.

THE LITTLE HOURS

When the angel whom men call Death
Has set us down in his wherry
And soft as the flight of a breath
We have forded that cloudy ferry
Oh dearest most true and most kind
When our fears no longer lie on
Our hearts nor the veils on our eyes
When our love no longer is blind
When our hopes no longer are base
What house shall we choose in Zion?
What field in Paradise
For our dwelling place?

Not a mansion of moonstone and gold
Not a silver and sapphire tower
With the shining base of it shoaled
In a meadow of asphodel flower
But rebuild'd of starry stuff
A little house such as this is
Green girdled with rooms that are few
A house that is little enough
For the losing of no footfall
For the merry blowing of kisses
Where suddenly longing for you
I shall hear you call

After all—I have a third poet. Mr Olaf Baker. *The Questing Heart* has the tumult of youth. The poems are extraordinarily personal. They are passionate and sensuous—and they are full of vitality. He is a young soul in revolt and the revolt is extraordinarily interesting. We shall hear of Olaf Baker again. Sometimes he has a liquid passage which he might have captured from one of the woodland birds he loves as in *A Lesser Poet*.

Like his the low and liquid notes
That issue as the light grows less
Where the dead leaf for ever floats
On the grey pools of quietness

³ *The Questing Heart* By Olaf Baker 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine MacDonald)

For in The Market on the Hill

And while you trade within your ring
Of preferential tariff walls
For us the heron stoops her wing
Along the lower waterfalls

All night for you the furnace keeps
The rhythm of heat the beat of death
While past your sweating windows sweep
The wind's long sanctitude of breath

Yes Olaf Baker is a poet. A word in his ear he should beware of Cockney rhymes.

Miss Beatrice Chase has made her own of Dartmoor and her "Corse Blossoms" contain many felicities. She has a sense of beauty and of music a clear simple varied coloured vocabulary and she has watched the moor with love through all its changing moods. Many of her verses have considerable charm and the pictures make one envy Miss Chase and her delightful Dartmoor cottage.

Mr E. V. Rieu in "The Tryst and Other Poems" shows a real love of beauty and an aptitude for dignified even stately lines which make him at home in the sonnet but the fire that would fuse this pleasant verse to poetry is lacking though now and again there are glimpses of it.

Mrs. Allhusen wrote beautiful stories. "The Rose Garden" was worthy of its name. Her verse what an allurements it has for those who can do so well in prose has a gracious air. The lover of beauty and the refined and sensitive spirit attuned to all the music of the world are in this collection of her verse. "April Moods" There is considerable beauty in the thought very often as there is melody and charm in the words.

KATHARINE TYNAN

MR ASQUITH'S PARERGA *

Mr Asquith is (so far) the last of a distinguished line—the line of prime ministers with scholarly tastes and bookish enthusiasms. Indeed it is worthy of remark that the three sometime premiers now living are all conspicuously literate. Lord Rosbery has some excellent volumes to his credit and is remarkable also for the books that he ought to have written and hasn't—notably the life of Disraeli. Mr Balfour has addressed the British Association on science the English Association on literature the Scottish theologians on religion and has published weighty treatises and lighter essays including one on Handel whose music we are told he plays with philosophic gravity on the English concertina. Mr Asquith a distinguished scholar of Balliol has spoken with authority to the Classical Association on classics to the University of Glasgow and Edinburgh on the history of university education to the Royal Society (of which he is a Fellow) upon its comparatively cheerful past and to the assembled learning of Winchester in a speech writ in choice Latin with a final diversion into Greek. The torch is still in his hand. Will it ever be handed on?

What is to come we know not but we know
That what has been is good!

The present volume collects the non political orations he has delivered to various audiences during the last twenty five years. His subjects include Biography Criticism Archeology and general literature together with the careers of notable men upon whose lives he has had to pronounce *oraisons funèbres*. Of all living statesmen Mr Asquith is the one who can best bear the dry light of print. Mr Birrell is excellent indeed but altogether slighter. Mr Balfour's lengthy sentences with their saving clauses and parenthetic fine shades sound quite intelligible when he is speaking but are apt to be awkward.

* "Corse Blossoms from Dartmoor" By Beatrice Chase 2s net (Longmans)

* "The Tryst and Other Poems" By E. V. Rieu 3s 6d net (Oxford University Press)

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and illucid on paper. There are others whose fervid utterances have all the appearance of oratory till we come to read them and find that the hot air has become a very perceptible frost. Mr. Asquith's personal example through so long a time might have been expected to raise the general level of Parliamentary speaking, but to suppose that would be to assume that politicians are teachable. The fact of course is that

When in the House Mr. Asquith
If they vote a bill and call it
They've got to say that it is
And vote just as the leader tells them.

You will find, if you are curious in such matters, Parliamentary utterances bristling with false conceits and wrong cases. Is it mere pedantry to bother about such things? Possibly. But this is the point: the gentlemen of England who gaily murder the English language would feel ashamed for ever if they made a false quantity in it. We shall hardly flourish and declaim or whiffle that English is no language for a gentleman. Indifference to the beauty of our Imperial tongue cannot but render it central even in Imperialists, no matter how fastidious they may be in the parlour of the public schools.

Mr. Asquith's sense of formal beauty in phrase and sentence is singularly acute. You can detect it in the least premeditated utterances of daily life as often as in the considered criticisms printed in this volume. Nothing has been so wide and catholic as the present pages in history, but here no more echo of their writers. Upon imitation he has himself something to say in the address entitled "Culture and Character." No doubt he is like the Stevenson he quotes: has played the scholastic game to many masters. But without injury to his own originality, for as it is, Stevenson's famous essays are apt to forget the writer who imprints them from the discipline of imitation are those who need it least. Some qualities of excellent writing, however, are imitable by all and any of us, and Mr. Asquith may be taken as a model of three great excellences: lucidity, economy and balance.

In such occasional addresses as are here reprinted the matter is apt to be somewhat vague and general and open to the discussion that politeness prevents it from ever receiving. I find myself stirred up to question by Mr. Asquith's view of criticism. I find the critic an interpreter who must have no strong views of his own, who must not deal in sentences of excommunication and threats of anathema, who must not usurp the mantle of the prophet. Criticism in its best and largest sense, he writes, must be impartial. I suggest that the requirements are impossible demands. Mr. Asquith's view of criticism is he is forced himself to recognise, well illustrated by Carlyle and Ruskin and Coleridge and even Matthew Arnold. The only sort of writing that could answer to Mr. Asquith's description is the bland reviewing printed in the timid papers afraid of offending the advertisers. There never has been a critic of the front rank who did not deal out prophecy and exhortation and anathema. Criticism

in its best and largest sense must be as personal as creation, or it will be neither large nor good. Criticisms are men of strong personality, just as the most memorable actors are those with the most pronounced individuality. The distinction that Mr. Asquith tries to draw between the critic and the creator is purely the artificial. The critic is in fact a creator, but with this difference, that the creator is artist, derives his impulse mainly from life, and the critic is critic, derives his impulse mainly from art. All art is in a sense a criticism of life, for it represents the artist's view of things, and the greater the artist's native force of character the more valuable is his view, even when his greatness has to be paid for by the occasional exorbitances and extravagances that are the inevitable defects of originality. Whether the book be *Paradise Lost* or a criticism of *Paradise Lost*, it is the man behind the book that counts.

Behind Mr. Asquith's own speeches there is certainly a man, and behind these addresses in particular a man

of wide reading and persuasive charm. The literary and historical papers have this authentic quality of good criticism: they stimulate the reader to renewed enthusiasm for the best, and they offer in themselves a model of sane and measured utterance.

CLODCE SAMPSON

DREAM CHILD COME TRUE*

To separate the different threads of interest that are so skilfully woven into the texture of *Dream Child Come True* is to form an essential part of it—there is the delicately handled love story of Clyn Bosinquet and the gentle spectacle Mary Clayton, daughter of the vicar and everybody's slave at the vicarage; there is the love of the beautiful friend Luttrell for Clyn, who is alternately attracted to her and repelled by her independent modern girl manners and opinions. It is Mary's exquisite simplicity and old-fashioned femininity that appeal to Clyn, her brave indifference to poverty and shabbiness, her child-like joy in small pleasures and gratitude to those who give them to her. There is the reluctant love of the eminent specialist Dr. Bond for friend who works as his retainer, and comes very slowly to a realisation that he has more than in an emotional respect for her as a competent business assistant. Your interest is taken too in the lives and character of the vicar and his wife, of the proud Miss Lippington and her companion Miss Holt, of the kindly old widow Mrs. Fosse, Charles, trying to turn her early professional career and hampered with a large and young family—a whole little world of varied men and women whose stories blend inevitably with the central narrative about friend sister Alice and her husband Harry Bosinquet, the brother of Clyn.

Alice's early ambitions had been as true and thoroughly suburban. She had looked forward to a house in Lanchester Road and three children. When she married Harry Bosinquet, he had a house that was larger and pleasanter than any in Lanchester Road, but the years passed and he remained childless. She had wealth and the love of her husband and had grown deeply in love with him and reconciled to his methodical habits and quiet insistence on having his own way in things. She had all she could desire except children of her own. Presently she grew weary of comforting herself with dream children whose little figures haunted the loneliness of the big house and began more and more to yearn to satisfy her heart hunger by adopting the children of some body else. She ventured to propose this to her husband but he was emphatically opposed to it. She found occasions to return to the subject and plead again and again, but his mind was so made up that though he was kind and understanding, he refused even to discuss it. When there seemed no hope of his yielding, the good natured blundering of Miss Lippington was largely responsible for bringing about the desired event, and two of the impulsive Mrs. Charles' children changed hands and became Alice's by adoption. Then after she had buried in perfect happiness, had given all her heart to them and they had learned to love her as their mother came the poignant danger of losing them for the irresponsible Mrs. Charles, getting on well in Paris, had changed her mind and thought she would like to have them back again.

Not a novel of the conventional brand, but no novel could be more engrossingly interesting. It has delightful touches of humour, the pathos of it is real and unforced, its people are real and their characters are sketched in with knowledge and with most sympathetic insight. No more natural children than Peter and Dove ever lightened the pages of a book. The appeal of the story is to readers in general, but the charm of it centres on Alice and the children, and child-lovers in particular will delight in it.

H. H.

* *Dream Child Come True* By Marjory Royce, 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

A POET'S PILGRIMAGE *

Mr Davies shows in this book—as he has shown in others—that a good poet can write good prose—and the exceptions to this rule are more apparent than true. A real poet will not write bad prose—but an indifferent poet will sometimes write intolerable prose. That fresh, self-perception, that directness and simplicity, that to him is of spirit which give distinction to Mr Davies' verse give distinction to this book also. The subject of the book does not seem at a glance a propitious subject. And though he records the experiences of a walk through South Wales and part of the West of England, he deals little with picturesque natural features, but rather with mud-larks, streets, miners, hard drinkers, pedlars and vociferous children. Through these vast, snake-like moors Mr Davies walks like a coliph in his own saying of himself:

My mind to me a kingdom— and extending his mental sovereignty over the people and place thus travels. He is a stranger come down to earth with the view of it with the curiosity due to one familiar with a world longed for. He is easily at home and people at home with him giving him—and the reader of the book—a good deal of talk of themselves of their wishes, their joys, their sorrows, their tragedies. No doubt, he says with a little of the

my face had a pleasantness that people had to see a pleasantness which unfortunately no artist or photographer has adequately caught. He meets a man whose dejection is striking and the old, old, old emotion is poured out. I have been happy in the new world and that is why I am here now when I see the lightning or the wheel in a field. Mr Davies' comment is delightful.

I was a little of the old world and I was a little of the new world. I was a little of the old world and I was a little of the new world.

He is a little of the old world and I was a little of the new world. He is a little of the old world and I was a little of the new world. He is a little of the old world and I was a little of the new world.

After a long time I was a little of the old world and I was a little of the new world. After a long time I was a little of the old world and I was a little of the new world.

but is less delightful than his verse—comment

Only one Judas here
But cry woman

Said we O Lord I will not let thee go
Till thou shalt call me thy Son
Nay, I will not let thee go
Till thou shalt call me thy Son

Without a change of time without any consciousness of it he turns to the purest beauty

After leaving the impulsive young man my restless side by side with the river Wye. It was a full moon, I felt it—on a clear time for his own and a number of his. He was seen on the bank but I did not see him. He was the sun came forth now and then and I did not see him. Wye being like a silver blade in a green handle. I had this beautiful companion with me all the way from Monmouth to Tintern a distance of ten miles and son times singing and sometimes quiet and showing in intricate long far all the time.

Part of the singular attractiveness of *A Poet's Pilgrimage* comes from the fact that the author is not travelling simply in Wales, but in his own mind, remarking candidly the features and lights and shadows of his personality and scattering autobiography over all the book like dew. And so he speaks of sea rovers of his own childhood and relations of people he has not seen for many years of the woman who frightened him when he discovered the secret of her eternal skull cap of the situation of Newport and its view and of those places.

* *A Poet's Pilgrimage* By W. H. Davies 6s. net (Melrose)

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the music of whose names he has made one with the music of his verse

Can I forget the sweet days that have been
The villages so green I have been in
Llantarnam Magor Malpas and Ilanwern
Liswery old Caerleon and Albury?

The verse was written years ago and is to be found in *Songs of Joy*. The appearance of some of these places in the present volume shows how faithful is the poet's affection for the elements of his own spiritual memory and how finely a writer may carry on from poetry to prose, a by no means exhausted impetus.

JOHN FRELMAN

THE BRITISH IN CAPRI, 1806-1808*

Most persons know that Tiberius according to Suetonius indulged in many abominable practices at Caprea, and that in our own time Wilhelm II had a villa there. But that the British ever occupied this island sacred to imperial retirements will probably come as news even to fairly well informed students of history though it is possible that admirers of the talents of that rising young novelist may remember that Mr Compton Mackenzie wrote *Cuy and Pauline* there. None the less it is a fact that in June 1806 Sir Sidney Smith captured Capri for King George III that the beautiful island remained in our possession for more than two years and that in October 1808 when Joachim Murat was King of Naples a French force of 3,000 men under General La Morue wrested Capri from our military governor there Colonel Lowe. The commander under Colonel Lowe of Anacapri during the two years of British occupation was Captain Richard Church a young soldier of Quaker origin in whose papers Sir Lees Knowles the historian of this episode in our Napoleonic wars largely relies for his brisk and graphic narrative of events. Those who like to wander in the byways of history and to trace the early careers of two famous men one Sir Hudson Lowe the considerate and vividly maligned gaoler of Napoleon the other Sir Richard Church the commander of the Greek armies in the War of Liberation should make a point of reading Sir Lees Knowles's informing and entertaining volume. It is full of good things and contains no padding.

CECIL RHODES MAN AND EMPIRE MAKER†

William Collins used to describe the official life of Charles Dickens as 'The Life of John Doster with Occasional Anecdotes of Charles Dickens'. In similar fashion we might fairly call Princess Radziwill's study of Cecil Rhodes 'A Lancashire of Alfred Milner interspersed with Depreciations of Cecil Rhodes'. Whether Viscount Milner actually occupies as much space in the Princess's book as Cecil Rhodes we are not prepared to say but certainly he seems to loom as large. What is too the sometime High Commissioner is presented in every instance as the same selfless level-headed courteous patriot gifted with indomitable patience and long views the Empire maker is credited again and again with brutality dissimulation jealousy vanity and irascibility his very patriotism so the Countess will have it being largely tinged with mere vulgar megalomania and with an absurd belief in the omnipotence of money. Rhodes's political bankruptcy was due it seems to his fatal weakness for retaining about him and allowing to act for him the very queer customers with whom he was associated in his mining days men whom he despised but whose flattery he could not do without. Whether so belittling a view of Rhodes is a true view is more than we can say. Nor can we gather what authority Princess Radziwill has for setting forth this

The British in Capri 1806-1808 By Sir Lees Knowles Bart. 15s net (John Lane)

† Cecil Rhodes Man and Empire Maker By Princess Catherine Radziwill 12s net (Cassell)

view. Whether she was an intimate friend of Rhodes or only an acquaintance does not appear. Certainly it may be regarded as uncommonly strange that in a biography written with such obvious bias against its subject no letter or other document signed by him should be quoted. Various recondite ways have been discovered of writing a man's life but this surely is a new method with a vengeance. On one famous occasion Dr Johnson having vainly endeavoured to interrupt the eloquence of a lady who would persist in praising him to his face was compelled to silence her by asking her what her flattery was worth. In this case of Princess Radziwill versus Cecil Rhodes we should very much like to know what the lady's dyslogistic expressions are worth. W. A. L. B.

THE INDIAN RENAISSANCE

The Indian renaissance has reached a stage where even the most superficial traveller cannot help noticing signs of it wherever he goes in India. New life is coursing through the entire body politic. Movements of all sorts—literary artistic social moral and spiritual—are being constantly ushered in.

The author of this book*—an American journalist—was told by Sardar Jogendra Singh—the genial editor of the *Last and Best* (Simla) and the author of several fascinating novels—that contact with the West has awakened (in India) once more national emotions and a passion for high matters of human progress. The Sardar went on to relate that *maya*—the spirit of illusion—is gone. A great movement for social good has been initiated. The Indian heart has been set aflame with deep religious social and political questions.

This Sikh writer and reformer called the attention of the American newspaperman to the new literary movement in India. People in provinces like Bengal and Bombay who have been in contact with the British for over a century have already turned from rivers of English literature to freshly found fountains of their own. The creations of men like Tagore retain the loveliness simplicity and fine melody of the old but (are) animated by a new and positive influence.

Sardar Jogendra Singh informed Mr Mackenzie that Dr Mohammad Iqbal has initiated a new era in Urdu poetry. This poet does not sing of self-effacement but holds forth self-affirmation as essential to self-preservation. The American journalist ought to have been told that Iqbal has written a patriotic lyric *Hindustan Hamara* (Our India) which the reviewer has heard sung in all parts of India and by Indians in Britain and the United States of America.

Mr Mackenzie had a glimpse of the progress that is being made in many parts of India held and ruled by Indians variously styled Rajs Maharajs Nawabs etc. He gives a brief account of Jikanir a State nearly twice as large as Belgium. He describes the present Maharaja as tall broad shouldered handsome ever affable and easy for all to approach yet maintaining a dignity which brooks no familiarity. He was eighteen when he took over the reins of administration in 1887.

Railways modern schools an up-to-date hospital a model prison electric lighting sanitary improvements water supply systems and beautiful public buildings testify to his energy and progressive spirit. The author states that sanitation is a hobby of His Highness and that he is said to have great architectural ability. He has trebled the revenue of the State and contemplates employing measures that will greatly increase the prosperity of his subjects. He believes that the greatness of a ruler lies in the greatness of his people and has voluntarily set up a representative Assembly which he is steadily developing.

The Maharaja of Jikanir is one of the Indian Sovereign Rulers who came to fight personally for the King Emperor.

* The Awakening of India By De Witt Mackenzie 2s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton)

second a voice from the battlefield's edge the third a voice from the study's desk

The Questions of Ignotus are universal. Ignotus persuaded that mankind needs a religion like that which Jesus is believed to have founded, yet holds that all existing churches and chapels are far astray in their principles of creed and conduct. Ignotus ranges forth many nails and duly hits them on the head without resultant carpentry of construction. In general language, with store of apt quotation, this writer achieves the indictment of a nation. All the pulpits and congregations of Britain are out of touch with reality. When those chapters originally appeared in the *Manchester City News* (beginning with the conundrum—*Why are the pews empty?*) thousands of letters were received from men and women of all schools of thought. What Ignotus seeks for us is

The original Christianity which could unite in morals virtue and hopes the whole rational world. Thus all be the foundation of a Universal Church.

Ignotus speaks up for the masses in many a pungent paragraph and perhaps his criticisms are nearest to rebuilding when they demonstrate the fiscal waste and opportunity in England's Sunday Schools. As for Church

The clergy blame the people. The people blame the clergy. They are equally and irreconcilable in the worst of enemies. In a street of one sixty houses the death rate is fifty per thousand and the infant mortality ten times higher. When the fever comes in England it kills forty thousand men. If I met at a list of all the preachers to be killed, I would hearken and from such I should try to derive benefit. The only might seen almost grotesque. They all differ, but that is not my fault. From

the day that I turn myself back in the logy. I have been on the quest for light. The Religion I want will not consist of cat herol or elementary truths and my faith requires firm r f undat n than a convenient ill so nd ng text. Believe and thou shalt l e s e e I read n fl m igh, but what shall w b l e e? I l un l ed and v nty diff e nt Christian sects do n t inform me.

Clergy and students such as Fr. Less and Fr. Adner have to reckon with this kind of utterance. To love the style is not easy for the scholar. Still parsons should read *The Questions of Ignatius*. The book represents the rough and tumble in the midst of which lies their commission.

The seventeen Church of England chaplains small blame to them, writing as most of them do from the trenches—present us with papers which overlap. Here it times we find Ignotus's proletariat expressing itself vitally, if not explicitly, through the jocular Thomas Atkins. A world that laughs at itself is still young.

Let no one think that Canadians have come to believe in the British Expeditionary Force as a host to nationality. There is another side to the picture and it is not bright. There are more heroes than units in the Army. (MacNeill)

Warfar is just an avg of many. The combined circumstances of this life definitely make a difference. — (BARRY)

Tommy condemns the Church of England system

I cannot understand what it all about. Our present has been remote unreal divorced from the present needs. And they say the Church does not tend to the future for what they now believe is the spirit of Christ. —(BARRY)

Mr Worsley in view of all this misunderstanding
inclined to a straight but narrow path.

of language (even when delivering a disembowelling stab at theology) his well defended claim for plenary authority within its own lines of history as development his courage his faith in mankind and in the overcam of the song of struggle as heightened music make this book a treasure for collectors searching out thought that feeds and that strengthens consciousness of the reign of law Turning from the other books here mentioned to Dr Gardner's first thirty pages is like hearing after a day's tempest in a valley the waterfall lending its sigh of calm persistence to a night hush of beauty This is—in spirit the reasonable religion of humanity as high as we yet know it—the soul of evolutionary aspiration the essence of duty towards which Ignatius gropes And yet we find Mr Gardner as a professed modernist amazingly conservative of form He considers progress intensive For him (so far as this book shows) small sympathy with Roman Catholicism less with Nonconformity the living Church of England must be preserved as a sort of historical and perpetual sacrament for the nation True

Of all appeals in our own days, the appeal to mere authority is the most hopeless. The life of Christ in the visible Church is not at all infinitely lower level than was the life of Christ in the historic Jesus.

However the historic Jesus ultimately includes the Church which stands in the future for Immanence and Transcendence the life and death of the actual Jesus being proof foundation of both doctrines. The experience of England and America points away from the dangers of barren individualism. On all sides of us this belief in the Church is growing. Established creeds must be revised (not abolished or replaced by new fangled forms) and reinterpreted in only by the ethics of their contents.

We can take more without scrutiny the views held by the Bishop of Nice [about the life of Jesus] than we can accept an unqualified authority as to the antiquity of the earth.

The materialist Church of the Middle Ages supported itself on four doctrine now effete: the miraculous birth, the physical resurrection, apostolic succession, transubstantiation.

With the full historic fact and necessarily its correlative the taking away of original sin by the actual death of the Saviour on the Cross.

These three books (of which only the last belongs to literature) illuminate each other. We may be allowed to hope that the several authors will make a point of studying their colleagues' plays. It would be interesting to hear a trenchant old modern warrior discussing subtle modernism like Dr. Cullner's.

One general remark is here advanced principally and respectfully for the consideration of the teacher whose

Exploration Evangelical has already carried so many minds towards greater breadth in interpretation. If Christianity is no longer to be regarded as cathechismic may not ethics develop Christ's religion as illustrative (the flushing of the lily that more fully lights every man) rather than as strictly originaive—the Jesus life and teaching rather an incandescence (spontaneous brightening, warming, self-revealing of man's nature in something analogous to cave existence) than an exceptionally operated incarnation from without? We may yet come to acknowledge amply the divinest fact of history as this—Christ was *simpliciter et naturaliter homo*. Professor Gardner has made it clear that he would not look upon such a statement as connoting Unitarianism.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON

PILGRIMAGE *

Quite recently I read again in Dent's Wayfarers Library Mr Lawrence's *Pilgrimage* a tale of real quality and coloured with fantasies gathered upon the haunting shores of mediæval times. All this Mr Lawrence handles with unerring art and simplicity. His monks and his ladies and the choirs of rustics in the background are living

* Mrs Hente By C E Lawrence 6s net (Collins)

AIRFARE OF TODAY AND OF THE FUTURE*

Those who want to know something about aeronautics should in no account overlook Mr Edgar C. Middleton's little manual on *Airfare*. When they have read this very instructive book the work of a late Flight Sub-lieutenant they ought to have a very fair idea of the actual conditions of warfare by aeroplane. The author describes the surface of the earth from the point of view of map-reading and the climatic and geographical conditions of flying, the progress made in the new science by the Great Powers up to the outbreak of the war, reconnaissance and photography, Airships and Zeppelins, Kite Balloons and Dirigibles, Wireless and direction of artillery, fire-bomb raids and aerial combat, and he discusses all these matters in a manner very lucid and agreeably free from needless technical jargon. It is a pity, however, that he omitted to get a friend to read his proof sheets, for Mr Middleton possesses more command of his subject than he has of the English language and occasionally indulges in awkward fustian of converting active participles into passive ones. He talks, for instance, of an 'oblivious distance' when he means a forgotten distance and of a 'present danger' when he means an anticipated danger. These literary defects are not however of very great importance, what is of importance is that in the compass of less than two hundred pages Mr Middleton has contrived to pack quite a store of information regarding the latest arm of the war service.

ANIMA POETAE†

Under a melodious Latin title and between covers beautifully decorated by Mr Sturge Moore with an emblematical rose Mr Yeats offers us some fruit of his meditations. We gather them eagerly, hoping to get from them knowledge of his most interesting mind. But we are not destined to be satisfied, for these reveries are hardly revelations or revelations only for such few as have followed like paths of thought. For the rest of us Mr Yeats's mind is like a country of delicately coloured clouds of which the forms are beautiful but dissolve and change too quickly ever to be fully apprehended. Only now and again is an outline definite and stable enough for our own more solid minds to rest on.

In his first essay *Anima Hominis* Mr Yeats if I have understood his thesis aright would persuade us that the artist puts into his art not his self but his anti-self, the opposite which in his divine discontent he is always seeking to realise.

When I shut my door and light the candle I in it a Mar morean Muse, an art where no thought or motion has come to mind because another man has thought of it, its nothing different for now there must be no reaction, action only, and I begin to dream of cycles that do not quiver before the bayonet, all my thoughts have ease and joy. I am all virtue and confidence. When I come to put in rhyme what I have found it will be a hard toil, but for a moment I believe I have found my self and not my anti-self. It is only the shrinking from toil that convinces me that I have been no more myself than is the cat the medicinal grass it is eating in the garden.

But is this antithesis between self and anti-self really sound? Is one more essentially self than the other? If the meanest of us has two soul sides, surely the poet has many and each authentic. Poets become what they sing, and the becoming must precede the singing, but the change is intensified and momentarily established by the act of song. Of the Yeatses we know the lyricist, the alchemist, the dramatist and the dramaturge, the impatient satirist, is one more truly Yeats than the others? Or are none of them the real Yeats at all but the manifestation of one of his many anti-selves? We believed that in his successive writings from *The Wanderings of Ossin*

to *Responsibilities* we had been watching the development of a personality, but he tells us that it was only a procession of masks. It may be so, but I cannot help feeling that he speaks more truly through his poetry than through such a medium as these essays, that he is a better artist than psychologist.

In the second part of his book *Anima Mundi* he tells us some of his secrets, how at one time by laying beside his bed certain flowers or leaves he could evoke visions, how the experiences thus obtained tallied with those of other inquirers and were found to be confirmed in the writings of the old alchemists.

The thought was again and again before me that this study had created a contact or mingling with minds who had followed a like study in some other age, and that these minds still saw and thought and chose. Our daily thought was certainly but the lint of foam at the shallow edge of a vast luminous sea. Henry Mon's *Anima Mundi*, Wordsworth's immortal sea which brought us hither, and near whose edge the children sport, and in that sea there were some who wam or sailed, xploring what I rhaps knew all its shores.

He himself is an insatiable explorer and we cannot follow him on all his voyages, but often when we think we have lost him in the mists of the distance, the beacon of beauty offers us guidance if we can but take it, and sometimes the flashlight of a whimsical humour illumines the way.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

Novel Notes

THE WAR WORKERS By L. M. Delaheld 6s net (Harcourt)

This story of the group of Voluntary War Workers in the Great Midland Supply Depot at Ousesternham reads so much like truth that if Miss Delaheld had not warned us in a prefatory note that its scenes and characters are imaginary we might have hesitated to catalogue it as a novel. The varied characters of the girls are so intimately and sympathetically drawn and their whole lives in the hostel and on duty away from it pictured with such easy vivid lifelikeness that you can not easily perjure yourself it all has no actual existence outside these delightfully entertaining pages. Miss Delaheld is shrewdly observant, she touches in the files and weaknesses of her girls and women (the men even Dr Prince and John Trevellyan play only comparatively small parts) with a pungent satirical humour, but there is no lack of understanding and of kindly human tolerance behind her satire, and if she laughs at the vanities and petty jealousies of her band of workers she moves you also to admiration of their cheerfulness under hardships and exacting duties and their essential kindness and loyalty to each other. The dominating figure in the book and at the hostel is the young aristocrat, self-sufficient Miss Vivian—the Director of the Supply Depot. Her masterful personality so obsesses her willing staff that with the exception of the acute little Miss Jones who sees through her from the first all the girls are for ever breasting into praise and adoration of her ability and the ruthlessness with which she often needlessly overworks them and herself and are slower than the reader to recognise that she is not actuated by a passionate patriotism but by an ecstatic sense of the importance of her official position, by a love of exercising authority, of being admired, of feeling indispensable and as Dr Prince is goaded into telling her bluntly of getting somewhere where she can be in the limelight all the time. There is just as much in the way of plot as might come naturally into any life, and the cleverness of the book is that it so thoroughly interests you in its people that the plot does not matter and you are scarcely aware that there is one. Miss Delaheld has served in the V.A.D. and though her characters are imaginary the detailed realism of this brilliant and amusing narrative convinces you that she has put much of personal experience into it.

* *Airfare of Today and of the Future* By Edgar C. Middleton 1s 6d net (Constable)

† *Per Amica Silentia Lunae* By W. B. Yeats 4s 6d net (Macmillan)

THE TIDEWAY By John Ayscough 6s net (John Long)

Here are fifteen short stories and studies in temperament sturdy and fragile ranging in scope from a powerful Sicilian tragedy like *The Sacristans* to such airy trifles as the literary courtship in *A Prelude in Prose* or the rather tiresome railway carriage argument in *By the Way*. The author's skill in the subtler shades of characterisation is shown to excellent advantage in the opening story of the two sacristans which tells of the poisoning of Maso the miserly dirty and very old sacristan by his unscrupulous rival the smart youthful and highly scented Tito. Mr Ayscough writes with a delicate and sensitive touch and his book is eminently one for the reflective reader.

THE COSSACK By Valentin Mandelstamm Translated
from the French by Mariette Rovan 55 net (Jarrol 19)

This striking war story of the Russian tells mainly the tragic story of a village girl from pre-war days when she is sought in marriage by an unpleasant German who travels her district of Volhynia with ironmongery. The German is most persistent despite Natasha's undigested distaste for his society and when he finds his suit refused turns nasty and hunts at the approaching war and conditions in which she might be glad to change her mood. Then comes the invasion of Volhynia and the flight of the villagers. Only Natasha and her father are left. The threatening ironmonger Fritch duly returns as a virulent and vindictive Feldwebel who digs up old weapons (which he himself had buried) to prove Natasha's father a traitor. The old man is shot and the house burnt down. Natasha—no thanks to Fritch—escapes and confident that the day will come when she shall be avenged goes off dressed as a boy. Rescued by some Cossacks she joins with them and becomes soldier servant to an officer whose letters to his lady love continue much of her story. How Natasha attains her end is told simply and forcefully. It is a cruel, terrible and touching tale—one that will sadden many readers anew with a sense of the great appalling tragedy of Russia's collapse in the moment of her seeming rebirth.

THE HOUSE OF SILENT FOOTSTEPS By Armin (1
(9 (Stanley Paul)

The silent footsteps cause a creaking on some stairs where no stairs seem to be and in the end prove to be connected with the wild doings of some gentlemen burglars who have gone into their business for the love of excitement or—the hope of wealth. Thus it is the usual perfectly unmoral story of charming sinners who gain sympathy in place of deserved disgrace. The author's style is staccato and the characterisation nil—indeed the story depends *solely* on the effect of the adventurous risks run by the thieves who steal into the houses of their friends and carry away priceless jewels, curio's and plentiful of gold plate. The burglars call each other by such nicknames as Sphinx, Lightning, Thunder, Count and when they start on amorous adventures start their wooing in dominating, and forceful fashion with kisses and embraces—a method which is shown to be quite successful. The author knows how to keep the reader's interest alive but the killing of the Sphinx is in all the circumstances an error of judgment. This strongest coldest headed and most determined of the gang in his flight had reached safety yet being pursued he loses his wits runs up and down stairs leaves secret places open and then sends a bullet through his unnecessarily bewildered brain. Even puppets to be for a while convincing should live up to their reputations. However such a book is but the story of an hour no matter how it ends.

THE ISLAND MYSTERY By George A. Birmingham (6
net (Methuen)

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of Megalia cedes the island of Salissa (which incidentally is not his to cede) and all Miss Donovan has to do is to take up her residence in the royal palace. When it is mentioned that Salissa lies somewhere in the Mediterranean and that Miss Donovan takes possession in the year 1914 it will be seen that the plot has plenty of scope for thrills. It is perhaps a pity that more attempt is not made to keep the nature of the island mystery a secret. The coloured wrapper gives a vivid representation of a U boat while the opening chapter starts off with the significant disclosure that the island of Salissa is honeycombed with caves so that the element of surprise is missing. The story however does not depend for its success on the unravelling of the mystery but on the author's liveliness and wit and all lovers of *Spanish Gold* will want to make the acquaintance of this new island of caves and the amusing group of people marooned thereon.

SIMPLE SOULS By John Hastings Turner 6s net (Cassell)

This is the story of a duke and a girl from Bermondsey. Molly the girl from Bermondsey works in a boot store and fills her spare time with novelettes, dreams and ideals. The duke also has his ideals and tries to live his life according to a simple creed of his own which he adheres to even in his town house in Piccadilly. Fate brings these two people together and the story begins. It is a romantic tale brightly and wittily told with a strong love interest and plenty of unexpected happenings.

MULBERRY SPRINGS By Margaret Storrs Turner 6s (Fisher Unwin)

Mr Unwin has added to his First Novel Library *Mulberry Springs* an uncommonly good first novel by Miss Margaret Storrs Turner. The story which is written in an easy finished style shows considerable strength in character drawing. Marie Louise the fascinating and erratic daughter of an erratic and fascinating father has two ambitions—to see England and to marry an Englishman. Stranded in England she makes her way to Gloucestershire to an old friend of her father's—a Dr Bolt who is medical director of a promising new spa called *Mulberry Springs*. The arrival of beautiful penniless Marie Louise at the spa causes Dr Bolt some perplexity which he solves by entrusting her with the duty of entertaining the patients. There is romance and plenty of it at *Mulberry Springs*. Marie Louise is delightful she has her failings and it is odd that her thoughtless attitude towards all outside her immediate circle of interest does not make us like her less. She is irresistible in spite of her failings.

SANDS OF GOLD By Kathryn Rhodes 6s net (Hutchinson)

With its scenes set mainly out in the Egyptian desert this new romance by Miss Kathryn Rhodes presents the somewhat strange story of what happened as a sequel to a stupid piece of youthful practical joking. Keith Preston a young doctor who has devoted himself to the distasteful task of attending on the insane goes out to be assistant to the old Dr Phillimore who runs the sanatorium at El Hanum. Dr Phillimore has a somewhat strange mannered daughter with whom Keith does *not* fall in love. He has already met his fate at Cairo en route—though there is something in his past which makes it as impossible for him to think of love and marriage as it is impossible for him to escape from the invidious distinction of being a mad doctor. Among the patients at the sanatorium is a handsome young Greek something of a musical genius who is responsible for much of the action of the story. Somehow there is something distasteful if not repellent in making a man under restraint for mental trouble the hero of a love passion and this matter distinctly jars on the reader and serves to mar interest in a story which is more notable for its general desert atmosphere than for any convincing psychology of the people who play the principal parts in it.

THE DEVIL'S STAIRS By Mrs. Stanley Wrench 6s net (Duckworth.)

In her new novel Mrs Stanley Wrench has a serious theme and deals with it in a serious fashion—a theme which needed considerable skill in the treatment to prevent its slipping into mere unpleasantness or mere melodrama. Barbara Holsworthy the supposed eldest child of a Midland farmer is the central figure of the story. Fear that she may be carrying on with the Squire's son makes her grandfather make known to her her true origin and so indirectly influence her subsequent career. A young woman of individuality and character she has been the mainstay of her shiftless mother and when she determines to go off and earn her living things at the farm go from bad to worse. Meanwhile a certain foxy lawyer has been slowly maturing his plans which include the disposal of Barbara's future—and thanks to his patience lies unscrupulousness and scheming the young woman who detests him finds herself compelled to marry him. She has however stipulated for a postponement of the wedding and in the interval meets the man—husband of a woman hopelessly insane—with whom she falls in love. Thus though she marries the scheming lawyer her first child is not his to this extent her mother's history repeating itself. Then follow the murder of her supposed lover and a convenient railway accident. Though there are many of the stock properties of the melodramatic novel in Mrs Wrench's book it is well above the standard of ordinary sensationalism—and its rustic characters are excellent.

The Bookman's Table

UNDER ONE ROOF By Mary Cholmondeley 4s 6d net (Murray)

The Roof of which Miss Cholmondeley writes is that of Hodnet Rectory in Shropshire. The little gabled house on the low hill where some of us were born where we all lived as children where Father too had lived as a child and his father and grandfather before him. There we grew to men and women. There Hester's short life was spent. There Mother died. Then in five simple chapters—Father—Mother—Ninny—

Hester and Hester's Work—we read of and see the family life of the large happy Cholmondeley family and at the same time we get glimpses of an earlier period. One of these glimpses fills with some envy a reviewer in this present year of railway restrictions and strap hanging. It is a glimpse of Miss Cholmondeley's grandmother who when she wished to take a journey hired a truck caused her chariot to be placed on it and in her chariot took her seat with her four sons round her no doubt clad in the blue coats and long white duck trousers in which she made so many sketches of them. The lady did more than this for announcing that she had a right to sit in her own chariot she refused to pay for a railway ticket and the officials never succeeded in making her do it. The four

pencil sketches as the author calls these chapters are poignant and full of charm and the little volume goes to swell the circle of book friends which comparatively recent years have given us—a circle which includes Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvie* and Gosse's *Father and Son*. Such intimate sketches when written without affectation or self-consciousness form what one might term a little garden in literature fragrant and precious.

MIND AND MANNERS 2s 6d net (Simpkin Marshall & Co)

I blushed for the woman in the bus this afternoon. Refusing to sit down when a man offered her his seat. And what a way to despise the courtesy. 'Thank you I'm quite capable of standing.' So begins this lively comment on everyday subjects. The volume is small,

but the range is wide. It includes manners in money matters manners with servants manners in the use of mourning garb and signs manners in family life in dress in speech in hospitality. It includes comments on swearing dining smoking (the cigarette is the fan of the twentieth century) travelling. The author is genial as well as critical and her observations are a curio, as her comments are apt. In diary form she notes the passing incidents from day to day and if we like we may be instructed but at least we are amused.

THE MILL AND OTHER POEMS By Edith M. A. I.
15 net. (St. ckw. 11)

This is so obviously a first book by one who has a real love of poetry but has not yet mastered the difficult art of writing it that we are not inclined to be overcritical. The verses are sometimes charged with sentiment and feeling and though fault of technique and inadequacies of expression are such as Miss Axlvy will recognise for herself when she looks through the book by and by in the light of a little more experience.

TOWARDS THE DAWN AND OTHER POEMS 15
(Gilbert Schar 1931 n1 71 115)

This is Mr. Gilbert Thomas's fourth or fifth volume and it not only maintains the reputation the "Three Wars" of him but adds something to it. The poet tragically the war has moved him profoundly but it has not had in his faith in God or in man. He carries the banner of his ideal torn but flying through the storm and the darkness and looks still for some faint glimmer of his view morning out of all this night. There is perhaps too much of bitterness and despair in "The Sword of Duellist" its power and outspoken sincerity are irrefragable but it is less characteristic of Mr. Thomas than are the tenderness and quiet pathos of "The Unquarrelled Hope" or the note of courage that he strikes in "The Death Storm." But none of the poem is more beautiful to me of him nor more beautiful in thought and expression than the sonnet on "Spring in War Time" with its delicate fancy that to punish the sin of the warring world God might withhold his gift the year and spring from us.



Mr Gilbert Thomas
From a drawing by William McCanon.

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loveliness to the earth and then when May came as ever
with bud and blossom and the song of birds

I could bear
Amid the world's red guilt and black despair
Thy wrath I craved but not Thy mercy Lord!
Oh spare me from this year's unfolding grief
For every flower is a sword's gleam!

Mr. Thomas is a poet with a delicate sense of the magic
and music of words—moreover in the old phrase he has
a message and one that is worth delivering.

A BOOK OF REMARKABLE CRIMINALS By H. B. Irving (1 net) (Cassell)

The strange fascination of this book is undeniable. Crime and the criminal play a very large part in popular fiction; the reality is naturally far more interesting than the imitation; nor is there anything morbid in the interest we take in them. It is the criminals themselves that intrigue us even more than their villainies—we are consumed with curiosity about these human beings so exactly like ourselves who yet in certain of their actions are so unlike. Pease was a thief and a murderer but he had more family affection than is felt by many law-abiding good men; he broke moral and other laws seemed to have no sense of the sacredness of life in general but wept genuinely and could be genuinely sentimental over the natural deaths of his friends and relations. He retained much of the primal simplicity of the race as well as much of its primal barbarity. Pease is the chief and in many ways the most baffling of Mr. Irving's remarkable criminals and the masterly study of his career and character and the companion studies of some dozen other of his outcast tribe are among the subtlest and most brilliant psychological studies in this kind that we have read.

SONGS FROM DUBLIN CITY By Ivan Adair (1s) (Dublin: Talbot Press)

There are very charming things in this little book of songs—each one of them has a thought at the heart of it and seems to sing itself spontaneously in the simplest fewest possible words. They have grace and tenderness and there are quiet depths of unstressed emotion in such verses as: For the Blind

Jesus when the lonely dark
Presses on thine like a cloud

in A Singer in a Dublin Street Pease and On the Eve of All Souls and fancies of a simple flower like beauty as this in Snow Drops

Little sisters of the star
Daughters of the virgin snow

Ivan Adair has the true singer's gifts and we shall look with interest and expectation for more of her work.

IRELAND ITS SAINTS AND SCHOLARS By J. M. Flood (2s 6d net) (Fisher Unwin)

This is only a slender little volume but still the wonder grows that so small a book should carry such a burden of solid information. In the modest preface the author says that the book is only intended as an introduction to the study of larger and more ambitious treatises. That it will serve this purpose is beyond a doubt but for the busy reader it will also be much more. The glorious period of Irish history dating from about 400 A.D. is little known and but few realise the debt they owe to those men of the Irish race who kept the fire of culture burning when it was all but extinguished throughout the rest of Europe. The present volume gives a splendid idea of the magnitude of the subject. Copious illustrations prove the validity of the claims to ancient learning and some of the illuminations reproduced from the Book of Kells fill one with amazement. French and German scholars agree that for delicacy of design and skill in execution these designs are unsurpassed. The bright promise of these early years has been shrouded in gloom but it is the undying hope of Ireland's children that one day she may be again the spiritual inspiration to a reawakened world.

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The portrait of Francis Thompson on our cover was drawn by Mr. Neville Lytton on August 30th 1907 and the original is in the possession of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. It is reproduced by kind permission of the artist and owner. This portrait and the two others in this Number appeared in the Life of Thompson by L. Verard Meynell and in the Collected Edition of Thompson's works both published by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

Mr. Elkin Mathews has in the press The First Poems of Alexander Robertson—a Corporal in the 12th York and Lancaster Regiment who was killed in the earlier days of the war and whose first book of verse Comrades is in its third edition.

Mr. Frederick Chapman who has just passed away in the fifty-fifth year of his age was for nearly thirty years closely associated with Mr. John Lane. He was manager for the first few

years of its existence of The Bodley Head and for over twenty years was the chief literary adviser. Mr. Chapman was a ripe scholar, a true linguist and a man with profound knowledge of literature, art and archaeology. Owing to his modesty he was not widely known to the public but he was honoured by a large circle of private friends. The publications which bear his name are few. Architectural Remains of Richmond and Ancient Royal Palaces In and Near London are the most authoritative works on these subjects but perhaps the work he was most proud of is his masterly Introduction to and Translation of A Queen of Indiscretions the Tragedy of Caroline of Brunswick Queen of England by C. P. Clermont. His editing of the English edition of Anatole France was a good deal more than the mere writing of introductions and selection of translators for in not a few cases the translation was from his own pen. Much of the encouragement which young writers have received at The Bodley Head has been due to Mr. Chapman's appreciation and recommendation.

Mr. Edward Baker the well-known Birmingham bookseller writes us with reference to Mr. S. M. Ellis's article on Frank Smedley in last month's BOOKMAN and sends for our perusal five interesting autograph letters from Smedley to his cousin Ellen Grantoff. They are all concerning his everyday

life his literary work his visits to certain theatres and to the Great Exhibition of 1851 his reading of the manuscript of a novel by one of his cousins on which his comments are more candid than flattering—and are written in the blend of facetiousness casual gossip and playful sentiment that are characteristic of his novels. Mr. Baker has also on sale a first edition of Frank Furlough with an inscription that is all in shorthand except the words

Ellen with Franks
and a first edition of
Lewis Arundel inscribed
Ellen Grantoff With
Frank Fairleigh's love
October 11th 1855

A new and enlarged edition of From an Outpost and Other Poems by Sergeant Leslie Coulson has just been published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

In response to many requests Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are reprinting from the BOOKMAN Christmas Number For Remembrance Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War by A. St. John Adcock. The article will be amplified to more than three times its original length and will deal with the work and careers of some forty of such poets in

all. The book which is to be illustrated with photogravure portraits will be published early in the autumn and as in consequence of war restrictions the edition will have to be limited orders for it should be placed without delay.

Mr. Stephen Wheeler sends us the following interesting note:

A question asked by the *Daily Chronicle*—do any Germans read Landor?—may be answered in the affirmative. A translation by Eugene Oswald of select 'Imaginary Conversations' was published at Paderborn in 1878 and nine years ago Dr. Robert Schlaak of Berlin brought out an elaborate disquisition on "Gebr." That some Germans therefore may have read Landor's remarks on Bonaparte is quite possible. But they are less

likely to recall what he said about their own sovereigns. Writing in 1808 when he was serving as a volunteer with Don Joachim Blake's army in Northern Spain he referred to the King of Prussia in whose family there never was a gentleman. The only known copy of Letters to Riquelme (in which this observation occurs) is at South Kensington. Its custodians have taken the precaution to stow away an equally rare volume by

Landor in the vaults of the Victoria and Albert Museum lest a German bomb should drop on it. Perhaps they would be wise to put Letters to Riquelme out of the enemy's reach.

Mr. Harold Brighouse's one-act patriotic play

The Maid of France has been enthusiastically received on its production at the Greenwich Village Theatre in America. Among the distinguished persons present were Lord and Lady Aberdeen who are keenly interested in war work. At the close of the performance Lord Aberdeen spoke from the stage on the cause of the Allies and made special reference to the delightful allegory in which Mr. Brighouse shows how the spirits of France

and England are joined in a common brotherhood. As the *New York Sun* puts it: Lord Aberdeen made most of his address a eulogy of The Maid of France.

We learn with much regret of the death of Mr. W. Hope Hodgson. He was living in the South of France when the war began but at once came home, and obtained a commission in 1915. In October 1917 he went out to France, as a lieutenant of artillery and was killed in action on the 17th April last whilst acting as observation officer. Earlier in the same month he and another officer with a few NCO's had stemmed a rush of the enemy who had broken through their line right up to the guns. They fought a stubborn rearguard action across three miles of country under a hail of machine-gun and rifle fire. As a start in life he



Phot. by G. & F. L.

Mr. Leonard Merrick

wh e w l k Whil I I gh d M H dd & St ght
j bl bl gl d l ly Th f t l i th llect d dlt
f M Merr k l d t l C r d l S l f bl Yo th
with l i d il ly Si J M B l w p bl h l by the sam
f l t th Th J ly Ho w will t in l i l l l st ated
tuel I d M l k d bl W k by R Ellis R b r t

spent eight years at sea and went three times round the world then he entered upon a literary career and was for ten years an author then the war called him into the Army and for two years and a half he was a soldier and now he died a soldier's death. Mr Hodgson made his first success with his first book *The Boats of the Glen Carrig* a powerful eerily imaginative romance of the sea which was published by Chapman & Hall in 1907. The best of his novels and short stories with which latter he won a considerable vogue apart from his books in the English and American magazines were in this kind. His most recent books were *The Nightland* a bizarre fantastic ably written story of the unknown and a collection of light humorous stories *Captain Gault* both of which were published by Mr Tuckey Nash.

Cups and Cuitars a new book of verse by W. R. Titterton will be published this month by Messrs Cecil Palmer & Hayward. Mr Titterton has had a very varied and sometimes exciting experience as author and journalist. After serving as a clerk in the Civil Service and in the I.C.C. he went to Paris as an artist's model and on his return in 1905 started to write articles for the *Daily News* and other papers. He has written dramatic criticism and causeries on things in general for the



Mr W. R. Titterton

News, *The Daily Witness*, *P. M.*, *London Opinion*, *Evening News*, *Vanity Fair*, *Daily Sketch* and was until lately assistant editor of *Freeman*. His first book was a volume of verse *Love Poems* published in 1906 and his second a book of essays

Studies in Solitary Life which followed a year later. Some of the most whimsical of his prose.

An Afternoon for Philosophy came out in 1908 but he counts as his best book *Me as a Model* which relates his Paris experiences and making its appearance at the end of July 1914 was snowed under by the war.

WAR BOOKS

Captain Ball V.C. By Walter A. Biscoe and H. Russell Stinnard. With a Foreword by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George M.P. 6s. net (Herbert Jenkins). This is the story of Britain's most famous aviator who won the most wonderful series of victories yet achieved by a flying man of any nation and died fighting fearlessly against overwhelming odds before he was one and twenty. So fine a story is rightly told in the simplest possible form and largely from his own unaffected boyishly high spirited letters. There could not have been a keener fighter the sight of Hun machines in the air took him up on the instant. He completely destroyed well over forty enemy aeroplanes and brought down double that number. He had no small hatred of his opponents but was all through as chivalrous as any knight of old and so incurably human that again and again you find him writing



Photo by Leonard Taggart

The late Lieutenant
W. Hope Hodgson

home in this strain "I only scrap because it is my duty but I do not think anything bad about the Hun. Nothing makes me feel more rotten than to see them go down but you see it is either them or me so I must do my best to make it a case of *them*."

Oh, won't it be nice when all this beastly killing is over and we can just enjoy ourselves and not hurt anyone. I hate this game but it is the only thing one must do just now. Bill has a high and lasting place in the history of the war and those who must carry on the work he was doing will find inspiration in the great example of his brief but glorious career. The book is well illustrated with a number of photographs.

The Genesis of British War Poetry By W. S. Murphy 3s. 6d. net (Simpkin). There is much that is interesting, much that is very suggestive and stimulating in Mr. Murphy's study of the national character of the British which is finding expression in certain of our recent war poetry. Something of its deep detestation of the mere brutality of war and of its passion for democratic ideals may be traced all through English poetry from the time of Langland downwards but it is only now that what was a more or less intermittent undertone in our literature has gathered force and grown into the dominant theme. There is a notable passage in which Mr. Murphy describes Richard Whiteing's *No. 5, John Street* as one of the few important books produced in the last decade of the nineteenth century and justifies himself in ranking it as a book of prophetic significance. This admirable study is intended as introductory to an *Anthology of War Poetry* which its author has in preparation.

The Heart of Alsace By Benjamin Valotton 6s. net (Heinemann). Those who cannot understand the passionate resolve of France to free Alsace from its conquerors and those who tell you easily that Alsace is as much German as French that many of its people speak German that after all these years the province might as well be left in the hands of the Hun should read this book by the author of *Potterat and the War*. M. Valotton is a French Swiss, he lived for twelve years in Alsace and has made his story of *The Heart of Alsace* out of his personal recollections. It tells how a Frenchman born in Switzerland went as tutor to an Alsatian family and pictures vividly and intimately the people Alsations and Germans with whom he came in contact and the daily life he lived among them. He had gone there believing

that the tales of the secret loyalty of the Alsations to France were pretty sentimental romances but by degrees as he won the confidence of his employers and neighbours he came to realise that they were not reconciled to the alien yoke but only enduring it silently till the day came that should free them from it. A poignant deeply interesting story and one that seems really to lay bare the heart that a long suffering people has learned the danger of wearing on its sleeve.

The Happy Hospital By Ward Muir 1s. 6d. net (Simpkin). Mr. Ward Muir served for over two years as orderly in a London military hospital and this series of stories and sketches of the lighter side of hospital life is supplementary to his *Observations of an Orderly* which has already met with a very considerable success. One speaks of its stories as showing the lighter side for they win your sympathy and are the more moving because they are written in the whimsical spirit that is characteristic of the maimed and broken men whose tales they tell. Mr. Ward Muir has a fine art of reticence and if he gets you laughing at things that ought to seem sad it is the sort of laughter that has tears in it.

Twenty Poems from Rudyard Kipling 1s. net (Methuen). This selection of Mr. Kipling's poems includes some old and tried favourites and some that are now for the first time gathered in from the newspapers where they have appeared during the war one such being *For All We Have and Are* which is of the very few great poems the war has occasioned. So much of Kipling's best for a shilling is a boon for which many will be grateful.

The Silver Lining By Harold Brighouse 6s. net (Hodder & Stoughton). The story of John Ross a successful Manchester merchant who at forty five none too happily married and with an unsatisfactory son and daughter is awakened out of his humdrum life of toilsome money making by the revival within him of a youthful ambition develops into a realistic romance of the war. The change that comes over Ross dates from his meeting with an old friend of his art student days. He had long since abandoned art but this meeting revives dormant impulses makes him aware of his weariness with the life into which he has drifted to such purpose that he presently takes enough money for his immediate needs and literally runs away from home leaving a deed by which he transfers all interest in his business to his wife. Free

and a wanderer in Wales he falls in with a motley society of Bohemian artists and looks like making something of a joyous hash of things when the war comes and opens a way of salvation to him. He discovers that it has opened a way of salvation to several others when he returns to find it has made a man of his shiftless son and a useful woman of his daughter. It has turned the girl he had met and loved in that bizarre Welsh community into a Manchester tram conductor and has removed the man to whom he mistakenly supposed she had given her heart and in learning this he learns also that her heart is his. Only his wife is unchanged—he had left her philandering with a local lawyer and had her philandering still and unwilling to take her husband back in exchange for her lover. A well imagined delightfully written story that ends by showing the silver lining of the cloud of war.



Mr. Compton Mackenzie

THE BOOKMAN
S I M M S K I M I K I

A Subaltern's Musings
By Hamish Muir

3s 6d net (John Long.) A collection of verses written before and since the war by a young Scot who as a lieutenant of the Black Watch fell in the advance on Arias in April last year. There is no lack of poetic feeling in his songs and much of promise that can never now be fulfilled. Again and again in his war verse he seems to reveal a calm premonition of his approaching end as in the *Envoi* addressed to his home folk in August 1916.

Be proud—Thank God I go overwhelmed with pride
My hackled bonnet
Bids me be proud—Pray on the Other Side
No stain be on it

Soldier Poets 10s net (Erskine Macdonald.) Some of the most notable of the war poetry is included in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's two series of *Soldier Songs* to which over sixty soldier poets have contributed and the two series are now combined in this single volume which tastefully bound as a gift book is sure of a wide welcome.

Down Plug Street Way By George Coodchild 1s 6d net (Samplin.) Fact and fiction are blended in this collection of stories and sketches but the fiction is imaginatively true and is essentially real as the fact for Mr. Coodchild is one of those who have been through the grim inferno on the Western front and his stories are written out

of his own experiences. No soldier has given us glimpses or more convincing pictures of what modern war means to the men who have to make it than are to be found in *Zero Five*, *Shell Shock* and the opening sketch *Down Plug Street Way*. Elsewhere you have other aspects of modern warfare dramatically presented—the tragedy, humour, pity and devastation of it. Panton's *Lead* is a striking and intimate revelation of the power that a common danger has to wear down petty resentments and misunderstandings and draw men together in bonds of good fellowship, passion and drollery are quaintly and effectively mingled in

the tale of *Wilkin* and Mr. Fulborough *Makes Cood* strikes a wonderfully human note out of dull and inhuman circumstance. A distinctly good book imaginatively written and alive with interest.

The Cause Poems of the War By Laurence Binyon 5s net (Ellin Mathews.) There are at least five or six poems in this volume that will rival it with the best of the many such books that these last four years have given us. They are one of honour—for the Fallen.

They shall grow not old—as we that are left grow old
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn

but they shall remain

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust
one of consolation to *The Persevered*—a poignant tribute to the Red Cross workers. *The Healers*—the only poem worthy of its theme that has been written on Edith Cavell—and a ballad on *The Men of Verdun*. To which should be added the *Ode for September*, written in the

dark days of the great retreat Mr Binyon's verse has always strength and dignity there is no drumming and fife in it but there is thought and vision and a restrained deliberate music that suggests more of the terror and splendour and pity and inner significance of war than cruder instruments can express

'Why Don't They Cheer?' and Other Canadian Poems By Robert J C Stead 3s 6d net (Fisher Unwin) The Fighting Men of Canada By Douglas Leader Durkin 2s 6d net (Erskine Macdonald) Two books of vigorous and stirring verse by Canadian writers and containing some of the best ballads and lyrics that have been written in honour of Canada's fighting men Mr Stead is well known as the poet of the prairies and as Dr W L Allison says in an Introduction is the only singer of any decided merit that the Canadian West has yet produced His patriotic poems reach a high level He interprets with unforced emotional intensity the attitude of those who with hearts too full for cheap acclaim see the lads they know march off to battle and raise no shout to urge them on their way and it would be hard to go beyond the feeling and simple pathos expressed in He Sleeps in Flanders There is fire and glow of patriotism in England The Call and We Were Men of the Trench and the poignancy and heart break that is the other side of patriotism in The Soldier's Wife Altogether a very notable book of verse inspired by love of country of humanity of freedom and by a man's honour of those who have proved themselves men Much of the same quality in thought and sentiment has gone to the making of the gallant songs in

The Fighting Men of Canada There is a lusty swing a martial stride in their measures that is in keeping with the spirit and indomitable ardour of the hopes and heroism that are their themes Mr Durkin uses the vernacular with clinching effectiveness in such rousing things as Carry On! The Rip o Hades and The Misfit as well as in some of the stories in verse—and some as good as any in the book—that turn from the war to the rough life in the Canadian wilds In other moods he can clothe a lofty idealism with stately language and sonorous melody as in The Mother Soul or put a terse and biting study of human character into a quietly satirical little sketch like that of The Sisters

On Heaven, and other Poems By Ford Madox Hueffer 3s 6d net (John Lane) The

Judgment of Valhalla By Gilbert Frankau 3s 6d net (Chatto & Windus) There are deep fundamental differences between the war poetry written by civilians and that written by men who have been under fire The former are more readily taken with the daring and the heroism of the fighting man and the splendour of the ideals for which he is fighting The latter are preoccupied with the horror squalor agony of the things they see the chaos and barbaric renaissance in which they are immersed They leave the looker on to sing of their ideals their courage their heroic self sacrifice their hearts know of these things and they occasionally reveal them in some song or story of a chivalrous comrade but for the most part it is the day's grun work the day's pain the folly of all the waste and suffering around them that move them to write It is so on the whole in these poems that Mr Hueffer and Mr Frankau have written on active service They are compact of irony pathos a dourly humorous philosophy and the starkest realism of description Lieutenant Hueffer has seen

Dust and corpses in the thistles
Where the gas shells burst like snow

and when he muses on the people sleeping under quiet roofs at home he remembers other sleepers

Oh quiet comrades sleeping in the clay
Beneath a turmoil you need no more mark

and there is a wry rebuke for the super patriot in the parable of the two soldiers he meets sometimes here in Hell His Heaven is as curiously materialistic as Lieutenant Frankau's Valhalla where the dead soldiers sit at banquet like the gods of old The dreadful inner significance of the war stares out upon you from The Deserter The Song of the Red Edged Steel The Song of the Gunner Dead A lofty ideal of duty and stoic courage underlie this and all Mr Frankau's verse the unforgivable sin is cowardice though there is pity if not pardon for that There is everywhere the naked truth a fearless stripping of

The glamour from this outrage we call war and no reader will feel like glorifying it when he has been chilled by Mr Frankau's passionate and terrible denunciation of this dirty loathsome servile murder job in The Other Side The poetry in both books is none the less real because it makes no compromise with the wrong and wretchedness it pictures

From Bapaume to Passchendale By Philip Gibbs 6s net (Heinemann) A continuation of Philip Gibbs's great story of the war on the Western Front It brings the record down from the

beginning of 1916 to last November. No correspondent has done more brilliant work than Mr Gibbs, and this series of his books will take its place among the permanent histories of our time.

The Ministry of Angels. By a Hospital Nurse 2s net (Bell). Written before the outbreak of war, this is only to be placed among war books because it is now published in the earnest hope that it may be the means of bringing comfort to

some of the millions in many lands who are now mourning their dead. It is no orthodox utterance of faith in a future life, but a record of actual communion the writer has had with spirits of the departed, of how with her own eyes she has seen the soul passing from the human body in the hour of death, not once but as a matter of common experience while she was engaged on her hospital duties. Not a book to criticise, it is written simply and earnestly, and it is for each reader to use his own judgment on the evidence offered.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY

HERBERT TRENCH

THE collected edition of a favourite poet ruses mixed feelings that are not easy to escape. It finds us as reluctant to approach it as the peroration to a great address. It is all very well as the touch of completion to a career of achievement, but it offends us as a declaration that a pleasant partnership is at an end. We had come to feel sharers in the effort as well as in the glow and the reward. We have built prophecies on it, have looked into its pools of enchantment for reviving the illusions of a youth well lost, have flattered ourselves with the dream that had we been of the elect of Apollo it is thus and thus we would have sung. For this is half the mission of true poetry, that after the first natural chill of envy it puts us into the mood for conception with no hampering sense of incompetence. The ironic and incongruities of existence fade away in a cloud of harmonies and leave behind only that blend of longing and half fulfilment which belongs to poetry as to the deeper kinds of music.

Mr Trench is at the age when Shakespeare died, and he has known something of the hazard and the traffic of the stage. Honours in the final schools at Oxford, long service at the thankless mills of educational administration and a pretty wide orbit of travel stood out as the landmarks in a life more eventful than that of poets as a rule until the war came and swept his two sons into it. In this career making so much for thought and inspiration, even his venture upon the

world of the theatre seemed to work into the scheme of things, for as one remembers Mr Trench showed himself jealous for the honour of our national stage, and there was no ruling of eyes pools in a management that kept well within the bounds of poetry. Many who have forgotten what he did for the classics and for the more imaginative of contemporary playwrights will dwell with agreeable recollection on a certain fine production of *The Blue Bird* during that reign of his at the Haymarket. For though we English were late in the field, and by that time the Flemish master's fury tide was touring Russia with sixty companies, Mr

Trench made his version memorable by its wealth of legitimate symbolism and numbing beauty. Too many Maeterlinck productions have promised us mystery and left us with nausea and heartache from their diction. Mr Trench's fancy stamped an engaging story with all the appeal of a lovable reality.

Mr Trench was born to create, not to interpret other men's imaginings, and though there must be much that is generally familiar in these volumes,* they will assuredly come with the force of a quiet and humane revolution. Rightly foremost of it all is the poet's rendering of an Irish saga from a pre-Christian era, one that has left a trail of glory over the folklore and the poetry of western Europe and remains a defiant monument.

Collected Poems of Herbert Trench 2 vols 10s 6d net (Constable)



Photo by Dover Street Studios.

Mr Herbert Trench

THE READER.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

ABOUT Francis Thompson in his life time there were disputations. He came a major poet in a time of minor poets. The major themes were not generally appealing unless one had religion. The themes were minor like the treatment. It was a very pleasant time of mainly small singers into which this new planet swung and many a one was doubtful. We know from Thompson's *Life* that the reception of *New Poems* was very chilly. The enthusiasm for the *Hound of Heaven* and the *Sister Songs* had cooled. It was quite the correct thing for a critic to rap the poet sharply on the knuckles for his extravagant vocabulary or to dismiss him with a shrug as an overpraised person and the poet of a coterie.

Perhaps it is not well for a poet when his way is made too smooth. The other essential poet contemporary with Francis Thompson W. B. Yeats—I can answer for it found no smoothness in the first steps of his road in his own country. But Mr. Yeats has the faculty of getting home on his self-constituted critics. After the surprise of the first onslaught the poet waking from his dreams sent a shaft at his adversary which got him in a vital part. It was a rapier against a bludgeon for I admit or submit that Mr. Yeats's adverse critics had no claim at all to be called critical.

It was Yeats's personality certain mannerisms entirely genuine and unconscious added to his terrible capacity for hitting back that exasperated the plain man. The plain man was perhaps never aware of Thompson at all. If he had been he would not have wanted to attack him for the poet had a personality entirely disarming. He was appealingly humble with an occasional flash of arrogance. He was extremely human. His mustard coloured suit his short clay pipe the evening paper in which he studied the records of cricket would have mollified the plain man. Never was one who sat on the heights so lowly so simple so eager to admire. About his human personality there was nothing of the white blackbird.

Lionel Johnson complained that he had sinned against the English language in those strange, magnificent,

difficult words he loved to make use of. Probably the words annoyed the critics as much as Mr. Yeats's love lock or his odd mannerism of stopping short in the middle of a room and looking down at his feet if you happened to be introduced to him. When the *Wanderings of Oisín* or *Uisneach* as Mr. Yeats prefers to call it now first appeared a red haired Dublin journalist said taking up the book from my table. This fellow thanks too much of himself and I am going to slate him. His criticism did not leave much unsaid. Well doubtless the critics or a section of them thought that the gorgeous and resounding vocabulary of Thompson's *Odes* pointed to the fact that the poet thought too much about himself. Whereas dealing with mighty subjects he was making new words or compositions of words to express his thoughts as though a painter of sunsets had made new mixings of carlet and gold and rose and sapphire. But the sifting of Time has been quick in Thompson's case. Out of the clouds of doubt he has come sailing like the moon. Hardly anyone now would care to question his place in the galaxy.

One looks back now with an odd sharp regret to the days when a meeting with Francis Thompson was a common everyday matter. He was of the great talkers and he would walk up and down the drawing room at Palace Court clutching his dirty little pipe between his fingers while he poured out his flood of argument. Coventry Patmore thought his prose better than his poetry and his talk better than either but Patmore loved to startle. He was perhaps hardly in earnest in these opinions. I'm afraid that we used to poke fun at the poor poet a fun which was perfectly aware that its object was a genius. He took the fun very well. I hope it kept well within limits. He had such queer odd unworldly ways that one had to poke fun at him. He had written one of his poems for me. *The Fall of the Leaf*. I had had at least one long precious letter from him before I was married. He had been humbly and simply delighted with my praises of his poetry. But in those years, when we met constantly at Palace Court and he came to see me



Francis Thompson
at the age of eighteen.

From *Life of Francis Thompson* by Everett Meynell
(Burns & Oates).



7 Winckley Street
Preston

the birthplace of Francis Thompson

occasionally I don't think I got any real personal touch with him. Perhaps I did not try. But looking back from this distance it seems to me that he was preoccupied with the Meynell family. There was one man and one woman and one family of children for him in the world and all the rest were moving shadow shapes that come and go. The Meynell children used to play tricks on him in a perfectly affectionate way. If he discovered the tricks—I think the real deliciousness of them was his unconsciousness—he never resented them. I don't think he thought they could do wrong. Had he a sense of humour? I have no memory of anything which indicated its possession. He was the cause of humour in others. The childlikeness of his adoration for his friends made one smile while one applauded and appreciated.

Once he discovered or was told that I possessed in common with Mrs Meynell a liability to a certain disagreeable form of headache which he called hemicranial headache. A doctor has assured me that it is the true *migraine* well defined by the white flashing before the eyes which takes the form of fortification figures. It is nice to know that one has the true *migraine*. Well my property in the headache being mentioned Francis Thompson flashed round on me like a fortification figure. I

knew anyone but Mrs Meynell
've that headache' he said

almost truculently. Every one assured him that I had. They had known it from long experience whereupon he conceded ungraciously that Mrs Hinkson might have some such headache with an air of warning others off.

He never minded when Mrs Meynell arriving an hour late for lunch with him in her train would come in with profuse apologies. Oh dear K. T. I am so sorry. Francis would not get up although the children have called him at intervals of five minutes ever since nine o'clock this morning. He did not extenuate his habits. That calling at five minutes intervals was a teasing prank which the Meynell children thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs Meynell with her air of

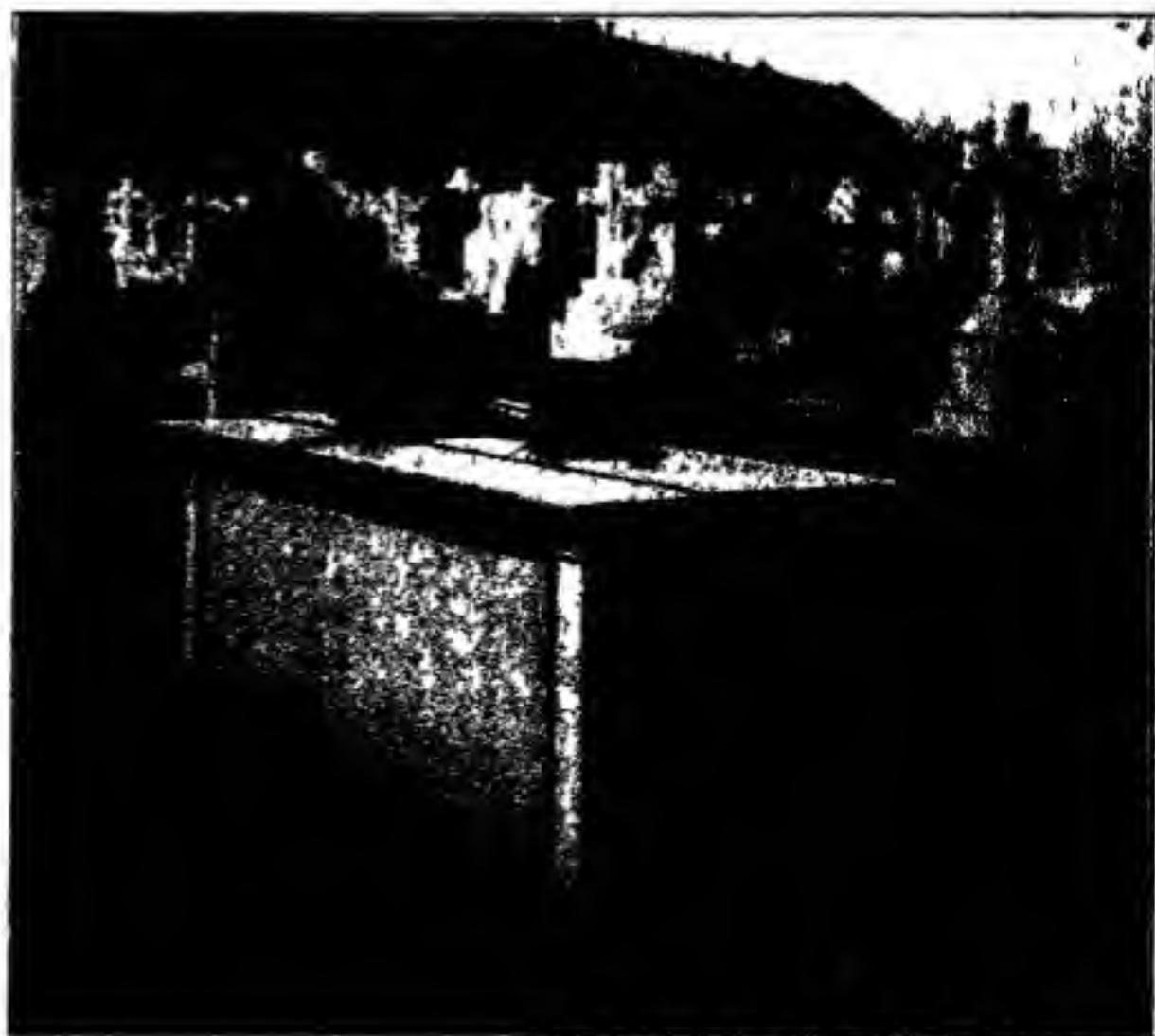
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised

would shake her dear head over those pranks although occasionally one would be rewarded by the fresh delightful pearl of laughter which one used to be in wait for. When it was caught it repaid one for some failures. It was never missing for the sallies of a child like her godson Toby who is now in the Palestine campaign after a year in the Struma Valley.

Francis Thompson was in fact a strayed angel. Behind his mustard coloured suit and his little dirty clay pipe it was

Turn but a stone and start a wing

You can see it well enough in the portrait of him at the age of eighteen which is prefixed to the *Selected Poems*. He ought to have been caught into a mediæval monastery where he could have spent his life as a mystic among mystics contemplating the Supreme Beauty. But perhaps in that case the poetry would have lost the human element learnt through much suffering.



The tomb of Francis Thompson
at Kensal Green

Inscribed with his own line, 'Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.'

Like Lionel Johnson he was a complex bundle of nerves. Like him he seems to have come of a family which had little perception of his needs and his value to human kind. Having said this I am conscious of an injustice to Lionel Johnson's family who I imagine were but aloof from their poet. With Thompson the matter was graver. Some of his family found a dangerous sensuality in the white fire of *Dream Tryst*. Think of it! Was ever such profanation? Why the poem might spring as a living fountain in the Courts of Paradise before the Face of the Most High. Could anything be purer?

The breaths of kissing night
and day

Were mingled in the
Eastern Heaven
Throbbing with unheard
melody

Shook Lyra all its star
chord seven

When Dusk shrunk cold
and light trod shy
And Dawn's grey eyes
were troubled
grey

And souls went palely up the sky
And mine to Lucidé

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine
Her eyes were clear her eyes were Hope's
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain drops
From her sweet soul below



Mr Thompson of Fleet Street
F m L f f t i t h i b y f d M y n e l l
(B R O I)

The chambers in the house
of dreams
Are fed with so divine
an air
That Time's hoar wings
grow young therein
And they who walk there
are most fair
I joyed for me I joyed
for her
Who with the East
must girt about
Where our last kiss still
warms the air
Nor can her eyes go
out

Curiously enough the image of the first lines of this unearthly love song, so far removed from the things of sense, was the image of an Irish peasant who being bidden to come early to the hay cutting said 'I'll be there when the night kisses the dawn.'

Dream Tryst The Hound of Heaven and In No Strange Land in these if he had written nothing less is warranted Francis Thompson's right to stand by Shelley in English poetry. That strange air of his in a world hung with mists

and dreams! To his sickly body racked with more pain than anyone guessed opium brought her poppies. They never degraded the poet in any serious sense. His songs of experience are songs of innocence. As for the strange cloudy web which lies over his poetry veiling its splendour in mystery why Thompson ate opium that the sober world should rejoice in his dreams for ever.

ENGLISH POETRY

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY

IT is almost inevitable that the title of Sir Henry Newbolt's book* should remind the reader who takes it up of two famous things of Browning's: the story of the Legate who having seen many leaders of revolt saw one more and Childe Roland. But as the Legate went to his task with a cheerful mind and as the reviewer is not in the position of the Childe but only in that of a spectator of what is not told in the poem there is no reason for despondency at least when he begins his perusal.

The division of the parts of such an adventure as a *New Study of Poetry* is of considerable importance. The twelve chapters of the book deal successively with the main question 'What is Poetry?' with 'Poetry and Rhythm' with 'Poetry and Personality' with

* A New Study of English Poetry 10s 6d net By Henry Newbolt (Constable)

Poetry and Politics with 'The Poets and Their Friends' with what we may call illustrative studies four in number of Chaucer Shakespeare Milton and the Ballads with 'Futurism and Form in Poetry' with 'Poetry and Education' winding up with a finale on 'The Poet and His Audience.' Undoubtedly this gives an ample range of subject and in a certain sense one that could only be properly reviewed in a volume as big as the volume before us. Every chapter and almost every page presents more or fewer theses for discussion. It is certainly not extravagant to say that almost every paragraph contains at least one. Taking points from each heading 'Is consciousness naturally the sphere of freedom?' Some of us would be very glad if it were. Is the dictum 'Where a metre already well known is used by a new writer it often passes unrecognised' truth or a wide over statement of the actual fact that

new writers often give new colour and tone to known and still unmustakable metres? Is it the case that

the world has so changed that neither a purely Greek nor a purely mediæval method could make any claim to give it the poetry which it needs? Or does the unchanged and unchangeable element in humanity

need every pure expression of poetry that has ever been given or reached? To awaken stimulate and change human feeling is the great function of poetry. Is it? When Sir Henry finds in Chaucer not as most have done the freshness of morning but a kind of late afternoon sunshine has he or has he not failed to observe that it is so to speak the afternoon of the morning? that the morning is still present but is coming to an end? In his Approach to Shakespeare (less ambiguously his study of Richard II) which is mainly not wholly historical has he not incurred his own blame in an earlier chapter The Poets and Their Friends (which is meant in the sense of Save me from etc) on the antiquarian student of it? Has the present generation definitely decided by deed poll or other method not to number Adam and Eve among its ancestors as he tells us it has in his study of Milton?

To select any more instances might be wearisome enough must have been quoted to show that Sir Henry's book is full of decidedly positive propositions most if not all of which whatever may be said for them invite not to say provoke a good deal to be said against them. Indeed this categorical quality is quite frankly avowed. It is true that the first page of the Preface states that

the book claims only to be suggestive not authoritative. But this is followed by another statement that

the argument appears entirely convincing to the writer. Of course these two statements are not contradictions in terms but a slight acquaintance with human nature will enable the reader to see that when the suggestive and the entirely convinced ride one horse the suggestion will on the whole ride behind the conviction. What then is the argument? It is of varied kinds as the mere sketch of the chapters will show but the chief thesis which it sustains is put definitively at page 7. Poetry is the act of expressing an intuition in words—a proposition forthwith qualified as in a strictly limited sense but fundamentally true.

What prose is we have not found quite so sharply defined but it is said to deal with comparisons classes generalisations made by logical and scientific action. Some expansion must no doubt be also allowed here for the actual description would exclude an enormous proportion of prose putting prose fiction (see below) as debatable ground quite out of the question. But the view that poetry is —*per se* and essentially—

the expression of an intuition seems to be maintained throughout though it is illustrated or diversified in all manner of ways and ends by discussions of the views of Signor Croce and Mr. Masefield. Yet on the very first page there appears, and throughout the book there constantly emerges, another point, object or thesis which seems to be more at the author's heart than his general (and it must be admitted exceedingly vague) definition. This object is the defence—one might almost say the glorification—of the poetry of the present day which he tells us is unsurpassed [and you not eminent? 'remarkable' or any moderate

word of that kind but unsurpassed] for spiritual depth and intensity as for rhythmical beauty.

Now it may be that among these changes of the changed world which Sir Henry signals and welcomes, is a cancelling of the old prescription of the single eye but there are some of us who still rather believe in it. If you have one eye on a New Study of Poetry and the other on a Study of New Poetry with intent to prove this latter unsurpassed it will go hard but you will suit your general to your particular object and perhaps thereby obtain rather an oblique view of either if not also a rather blurred one. As to the actual merits of contemporary poets it is quite unnecessary and would be disagreeable to canvas the list which Sir Henry Newbolt selects for his special incense. It is sufficient to say of two of them at least—Mr. Bridges and Mr. Yeats—that it would be difficult for him to outgo the present writer in admiration. But when you say that

the poets (not merely these two) of the present day are unsurpassed in rhythmical beauty do you not rather discount or at least tie down beforehand say your chapter on Poetry and Rhythm? You may wish to be and try to be as you ought to be a judge but all the time you have got in your pocket an advocate's brief for Mr. Maurice Hewlett and others.

Nor let it be thought for one moment that the special selection of poets of the present day is made an objection. One may be very bold and say that any special attention to or rejection of any period of poetry when allowed to exercise influence in the same way (let us refer to the dictum quoted above about pure Greek and pure mediæval poetry) is likely if not certain to produce the same effects of diplopia and amblyopia and to make a new study of poetry a new failure to find the whole. Only when you have succeeded in finding and enjoying the poetic moment which are in Hebrew and Greek in Latin and early Modern European in all later Western tongues—and in Eastern too as far as translations tell us—will you be at the point of view.

But it may be said. This book does try to do this. It is altogether unfair to shift the adjective from study to poetry. And undoubtedly there is a general object of quest. But will the conception of poetry as

the expression of an intuition help us much in questing? That it lands us in the old prose poetry quarrel is not fatal though one may remark that it is odd after Sir Henry has allowed that a novel is essentially poetry to find him taking so far as one has noticed no example of poetry from novels at all. Let that pass. Is the definition of poetry as the expression of an intuition—even with the addition of personal and of some other non fundamental limitations—satisfactory? No doubt it is the expression of an intuition or at least ought to be. But is every expression of every intuition poetry? If not what are the further limitations and *differentiæ*? There are of course attempts to answer in the book but none that we can see arrives at a real conclusion—at anything that is to say, which will tell us how to know poetry when we see it and how to separate from it what is not poetry.

So here on the general as on the particular we are back in the old deserts of doubt and dilemma and the Legate has only seen one more leader of revolt and the Dark Tower is not achieved.

OZIAS HUMPHRY *

UNTIL the famous lawsuit of last year brought him back for a while into the limelight Ozias Humphry was nowadays practically unknown to all except art dealers, some art critics and those lovers of art who inhabit the inner circle. He did not deserve to be so much forgotten, but better men have shared the same misfortune. So far gone was he that we not only no longer remembered that the huge canvas of the two ladies Waldegrave was painted by him but even that the ladies were the two of Waldegrave and as a painting by Romney of Mrs. Siddons and her sister it was sold at a fabulous price to an American millionaire. For a little time all went well and the millionaire was contented with his bargain. Then somebody convinced him that the picture was not a great work of art because it was not by Romney and peace negotiations failing he brought an action to have the thing taken back by the former owner and his money returned. Distinguished experts one after another went into the witness box and emphatically swore that they knew from internal evidence it was an excellent example of Romney's genius. On the other hand expert after expert

swore from internal evidence that whoever else might have done it it was not from the brush of Romney. The fact that the weight of such testimony was strongly in favour of Romney ought to have a chastening effect in modifying the cockiness of all experts for ever but of course it will not. The probability is that the millionaire would have lost his case, the picture would have retained its enormous value and gone down to posterity as a famous example of eighteenth century art but it happened that Dr. Williamson had for some years past been engaged on a monumental study of the life and works of Humphry and in the course of his researches had come upon Humphry's original and duly initialed sketch for this painting in the archives of the Royal Academy and the production of that sketch

in court put the question beyond dispute. The millionaire won his suit and the picture being demonstrably not a Romney there was an immediate slump in its value. For art lovers were then able to recognise all its imperfections.

Yet in his own period Ozias Humphry was a man of importance and of fame. Moreover that he is by no means so far from the limelight as the easy ridicule of his Waldegrave canvas seemed to imply will be at once obvious to any one who looks into the two hundred and more of his



Ozias Humphry

Portrait of a Man

From the portrait by George Dance, R.A.
From Life and Works of Ozias Humphry (John Lane)

Ozias Humphry

* Ozias Humphry R.A. By George C. Williamson Litt.D. With numerous illustrations in colour, photo gravure and black and white. 63 3s. net (Lane)

portraits that are beautifully reproduced in Dr Williamson's portly and handsome volume. He was one of the ablest miniature painters of the day, says Dr Williamson, possessed of an extraordinary ability for taking a likeness with a charming sense of colour accurate in draughtsmanship and skilful in arranging a natural easy pose while although his miniatures are not as strong or as forcible in their general characteristics as those of others who were his rivals yet they are always remarkable for skill in craftsmanship for dainty grace and for delicate and pleasing colouring. For any unacquainted with Humphry's work this praise is very amply justified by the miniatures reproduced. He was less successful with his large and ambitious attempts but as a miniaturist he ranks with the highest. At its best there is character as well as beauty in his work and this is particularly so in some of the portraits that he left unfinished for it appears to have been a weakness with him to mar his effects slightly by an overelaboration of detail and background but none can deny the genius for portraiture that is revealed in his miniatures of Mrs King, Sir William Lemon, Mrs Nesbitt, the Duke of Dorset, Warren Hastings, his sketches of Hastings' wife, of Colonel Duff, of John Hoole, of Dr Johnson and even one or two of his larger oil paintings.

There is nothing very unusual in the narrative of his career but one's interest is taken in him for he was a man of considerable force of character and his profession brought him in touch with many of the leading and most interesting men and women of his era. He was eminently practical and one would judge not imaginative enough either to idealise or to see more of his sitters' characters than appeared on the surface. His first love affair was an amusing comedy of love and money and did not end happily because he had not both to offer. Later he seems to have had an inclination to marry another lady for money only but he ended in never winning a wife. Extracts from his correspondence show him to have been shrewd, good-natured, obliging with a real affection for his mother who was a sensible capable business woman engaged in the Honiton lace industry. He had personal dealings with Dr Johnson and a letter to his brother contains a striking sketch of his first impressions of the great Panjandrum of literature.

The day after I wrote my last letter to you I was introduced to Mr Johnson by a friend. We passed through these very dirty rooms to a little room that looked like an old counting-house where the great man was sitting at his breakfast. The furniture of this room was a very large deal writing desk, an old



John Flaxman

From a miniature by Humphry
Willet
From the Life and Works of John Flaxman
(John Lane)

walnut tree table and five ragged chairs of four different sets. I was very much struck with Mr Johnson's appearance and could hardly help thinking him a madman for some time as he sat waving over his breakfast like a lunatic.

He is a very large man and was dressed in a dirty brown coat and waistcoat with breeches that were brown also (though they had been crimson) and an old black wig. His shirt collar and sleeves were unbuttoned, his stockings were down about his feet which had on them by way of slippers an old pair of shoes. He had not been up long when we called on him which was near one o'clock; he seldom goes to bed till near two in the morning and Mr Reynolds tells me he generally drinks tea about an hour after he has supped. We had been some time with him before he began to talk but at length he began and faith! to some purpose! everything he says is as correct as a second edition and it is almost impossible to argue with him; he is so sententious and so knowing.

He goes on to give something of their conversation in the course of which Johnson scornfully defended Joshua Reynolds from a suggestion that he was probably not pleased to be overlooked by the Court.

Not at all, said Johnson. When he was younger he believed it would be agreeable but now he does not want their favour. It is no reflection on Mr Reynolds not to be employed by them but it will be a reflection for ever on the Court not to have employed him.

Reynolds had been one of Humphry's early friends and mentors. In turn Sir Thomas Lawrence owned his indebtedness to Humphry and called himself one of his pupils. Cosway, Flaxman, Dr Wolcott (Peter Pindar), Romney and Blake were also among his friends; he seems to have had a genuine admiration for Blake's work as a painter and was the means of helping him to commissions. But he was not the sort of man to retain many friends; he was temperamentally better qualified for losing than for finding them.

Humphry was never at a loss for words in which to praise his own work but in that he was no worse than Blake himself or Whistler or many another. He was quite aware of the genius he possessed, says Dr Williamson,

and had been a little spoiled by the praise which he had received so early in his career and by the way in which Reynolds had made a fuss over him when he first came to town. Indeed he showed in very early days signs of self-conceit which were eventually seriously detrimental to his career and he also possessed a very quick temper and love of argument and had a hasty resentment of any implied slight.

All which made him an uncomfortable and a troublesome acquaintance.

Mary (Polly) Wilkes
Daughter of John Wilkes.

From a miniature by Oakes Humphry
Collection of J. P. Morgan

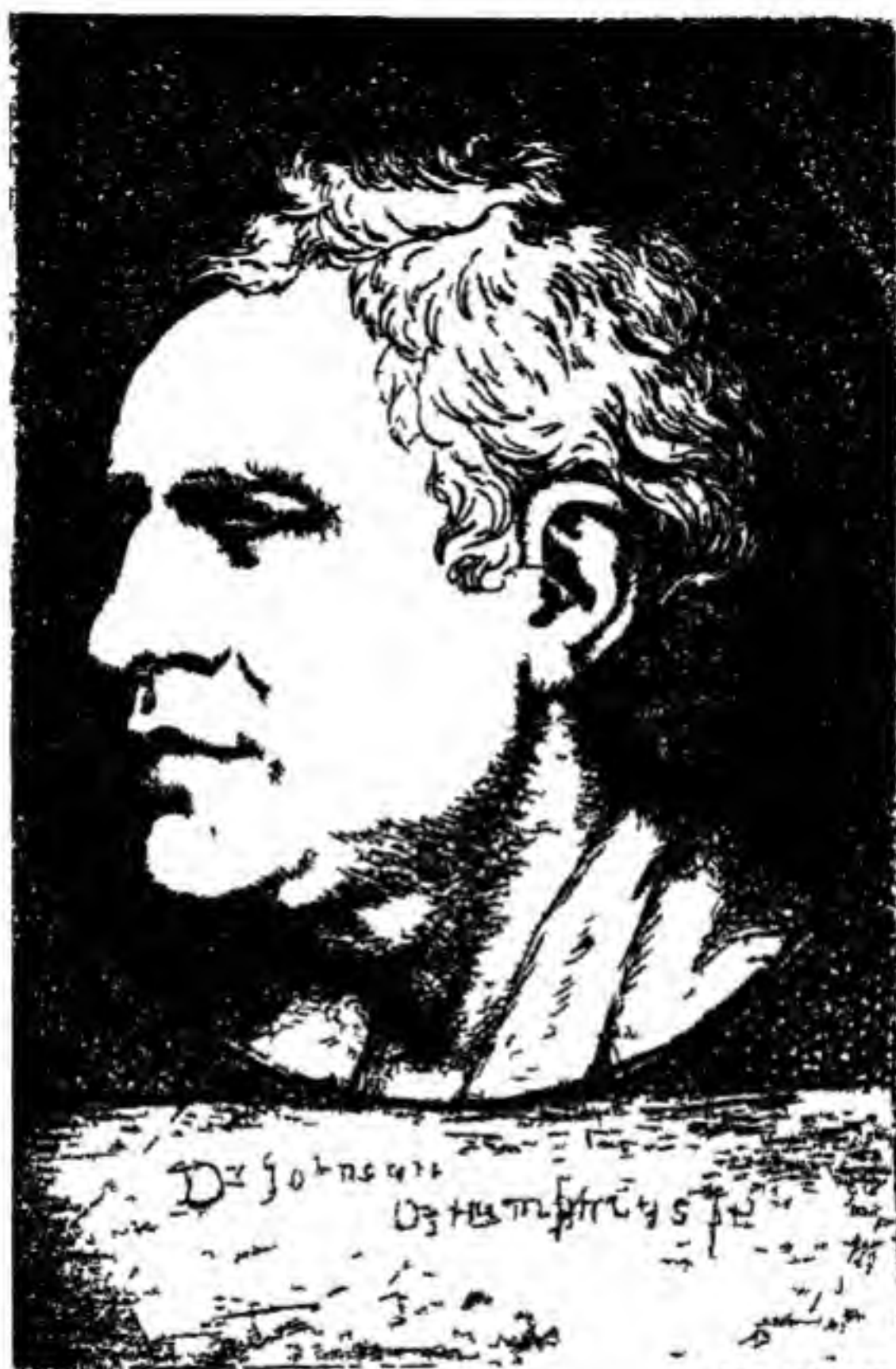
Photo. Kelly
From Life and Works of Oakes Humphry (John Lane)

things a biographer may be thankful for since they enable him to get more movement and colour into his book than would be possible if he were telling the story of a modest and more equable spirit. It is to be granted also that there is enough of excellence in Humphry's miniatures and drawings to justify a reasonably good opinion of himself and that he was frequently prompted to that opinion by the extravagant laudations of some of his contemporaries. When he returned from Italy in 1777 he was hailed by Peter Pindar (and though Peter has dwindled now to a nobody he wall'd in glory then) with some verses that rise to this ecstatic close:

Let rapt Italia boast
a Guido's name
Correggio's Titian's
art with wonder
see
To Britain Fortune
grants a loftier
fame

And blends the excellence of All in Three —

which was none the less flattering for being an adaptation of Dryden's glorious tribute to Milton. At the last Humphry would seem to have had doubts for just before he died he said to his nephew: "As soon as I am dead go to Jack Taylor at the *Sun* office in the Strand and he will not let me drop into the grave without saying something I find in my memory



Dr Johnson

A d w i by O a H p h y (l g l k w)
F t h t h g b y M l i n
F m L i f d W k f O l H p h y (j h l)

But his expectations were only partly realised, for though Taylor did not forget the genial and generous side of his character he faithfully registered Humphry's follies and his weaknesses including the fact that he was a little too fond of interlarding his conversation with accounts of his connection with nobility and seemed to think nothing worth recording that was of plebeian origin.

We congratulate Dr Williamson on rescuing from comparative oblivion a man who is at any rate worth remembering and on finding among the dust of forgotten things material for so full and interesting a biography. He has done his work admirably and with a most conscientious thoroughness. A series of fifteen appendices give the amplest possible lists of the artist's works details con-

cerning his books and notes about the people who sat to him. If Humphry could revisit the glimpses of the moon and look upon this stately and beautifully produced volume devoted to his life and achievements he might well be excused if he retired again into the shades convinced that the good conceit he had of himself here below was triumphantly vindicated at last.

MARTIN'S SCRIBLERUS

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

JUNE 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square E.C.4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric

SPECIAL NOTICE—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses the Editor cannot undertake to return them

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following as below

I—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric

II—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature

III—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on Pleasures I Can Have for Nothing

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best topical parody on any well known Fairy Tale in not more than a hundred and fifty words)

IV—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review

V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY

I—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Rachel Swete Macnamara of Rastefin New Milton Hants and Mrs Carlisle of 22 St Petersburg Place London W 2 for the following

ARAN LOVE SONG

Listen awhile agra before I let you go!
Never a soul to hear but the gulls with breasts of snow—
Over the sea in the morning but back to the rocks by night
Just as my love comes back to yourself my heart's delight!
Listen awhile agra!

Listen awhile agra before I let you go!
Desolate bleak and grey are the rocks and the sea below
But down in the long black cracks the delicate fern grows green
Just as my love lies hid that only yourself has seen!
Listen awhile agra!

Listen awhile agra before I let you go!
Often the mist comes down but the isle is there you know—
There tho the fisher seems to lose it from the sea,
Just as my love for you is always there machree!
Listen awhile agra!

RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA

A LETTER FROM FRANCE

Green grows the grass they say my dear
Where you are laid to rest —
I wonder if at head and feet
The alien flowers blow fair and sweet?
And little breezes kiss and meet—
Where you are laid to rest?

Christ's Cross alone they say my dear—
Where you are laid to rest —
I wonder if our souls can share?
And if this cross I have to bear
Is lighter for the cross out there
Where you are laid to rest?

Soft Silence falls they say my dear
Where you are laid to rest —
I wonder if though far away
From this poor heart which breaks to day
One little sigh may go—and stay—
Where you are laid to rest?

MRS CARLISLE

We also select for printing

A FAREWELL

What can I give to him who holds my heart
For ever in his keeping come what will—
What can I send into the fields of death
To keep him from all ill?

Beloved take my love that it may be
As fragrant lilies compassing your way
Lighting the gloom and whispering of peace
At no far distant day

Beloved take my prayers to be your shield
When you go forth into the bitter fight
For I cease not importuning high Heaven
To guard my peerless knight

Beloved take my life that waits for you
To crown it with your priceless gift of Love
If in God's mercy you come back to me
If not—why then above

(Phala London W)

PARTING

Is it a little thing
That I must go
While your arms cling
Around me so?

Is it a little pain
To bid Farewell?
When we shall meet again
I cannot tell

Is Love a little fire
That soon will die,
A brief desire
A kiss a sigh?

And are these little gleams
To light my loss
That Time and Space are streams
My love can cross?

Love heals the wound it made
Partings and pains
Absence and Grief will fade
But Love remains

(2nd Lieut G. N. Goodman 1st Carr Bn Somerset
L.I. Rawalpindi India)

ALMOND BLOSSOM

When God first thought of butterflies
He smiled and tossed the fancy down
Among the waiting souls of babes
Who lay upon the floor of Heaven
Playing with Mary's Crown

They caught the thought and kissed it soft
Then carried it to Mary's knee
And blew it high with laughing lips
Wafted it to her Mother breast
Where as she bent to see

The thought took warmth of human love
Took memory of bitter sweet
And floated free of eager hands
Through rose of Dawn down to Earth's dust
To rest on Spring's bare feet

(Muriel I. Baker 94 Hampstead Way (older's Green
N.W.4)

Several poems that arrived much too late for our Special Prize competition for soldiers sailors etc (results of which were given in our May Number) have been included in this month's Lyric Competition. We specially commend the lyrics by Mrs. M. I. K. Carruthers (Oxford) Mary C. Mair (Hampstead) May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich) Alice W. Linford (London N) A. G. McClellan (Edinburgh) L. C. Twitchett (Forest Gate) Margaret Ormiston (urle (London S.W.) V. V. Mathews (London W) Sergeant Martin Hill (France) Phyllis Marks (London N.W.) Noelle French (Mount Talbot) Zoë Provis (Warrington N7) Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton) Honor Drury (Streatham) W. J. Penuick (Devonport) Ivan Adair (Dublin) A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich) Alice May Scrymgeour (Newport on Tay) Irene Wintle (Northland) Brenda Bernex Ficklin (Washford) Reginald Gray (Darlington) K. (Catford) T. G. Wilkinson (Lutterworth) Ben Ami Abrahamson (Manchester) F. C. Loveday (Woodford Wells) V. Heckstall Smith (Carisbrooke) Joyce O'Dwyer (Birmingham) K. M. Prince (Brighton) Isabel T. Gogarty (Forest Gate) A. C. Nugée (Pershore) M. I. B. (Huddersfield) W. Rentall Head (Eastbourne) W. M. Fleming (London W.C.) P. Whitehouse (Belsize Park) E. B. Manning (Penzance) Mrs. N. Heard (Parkstone) R. T. O. (Wanstead) Agnes Short (Kensington) M. H. Davey (Hemel Hempstead) Dolly Payne (Newby) Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate) F. D. Woolbright (Chelsea) J. C. A. (Glasgow) Margaret McIntyre (London) Kathleen Mounsey (South Croydon) W. K. Smith (Enfield) M. L. Gledstone (South Croydon) Nora Harding (Lowestoft) Ena D. Reynolds (Newport) Private L. D. Cosgrove (Lee) Christine Chaundler (Biggleswade) J. Smith (Batley) B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle) Mrs. Arthur Groom (Palmer's Green) Edith E. Hammond (Edinburgh) Private H. Baxter (Caister) Faith Hearn (Christchurch) Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate) Anna Walker (Sleight) Margaret Brown (Calne) Doreen Dillon (Catford) Maud Sutherland (Bromley) Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield) Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool) Margaret Brooking (Gloucester) J. L. Carr (Leamington Spa) Pryce Roberts (Cardiff) Florence M. Ward (Birmingham) Emilia Berrington (Bournemouth) Fredk. J. Mathias (Cardiff) Ruth B. Robinson (Hunstanton), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston), L. Corporal

H. C. Smith (Canterbury) Anna G. Lang (Cardiff)
M. B. (Stowmarket) C. Pendlebury (Stockport) May Cross (Gillingham) Lila C. Buchanan (Edinburgh)
E. Legat (Sandgate) Audrey Haggard (Liss) Eva Mayo (Coventry) Beatrice R. Hillyard (Lxeter) A. E. M. Bayliss (Stroud) W. Graham Waugh (Stirling) Elsie M. French (Bristol) Corporal C. W. Kent (Kedon) Vera Hill (Kensington)

II —The PRIZE OF HALL A CUMINA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Linsdown of 33 Hartfield Road Eastbourne for the following

THE POSITION OF LEECA HARRIER
BY LEONARD MERRICK (Modker & Stoughton)
She was sitting you see on Ann's knee
I LAN BRID: Im's Dunn's doing

We also select for printing

CLAUDE'S BACK BY CLORIS SIMS (Jarrol)
Her eye his outline I will answer it
SHAKESPEARE *P. nes is I Juliet Act II Scene*

(Miss I. Wilson 11 Lynne Regis Road Banstead Surrey)

PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION (Ischer Unwin)
Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men
Could put Humpty Dumpty together again
Nursery Rhyme

(Mrs. Annie Browning Strathcona St. John's Cheltenham and Mrs. Barnes (Crimm Southern Lodge St. Andrews Life)

IMPOSSIBLE FLOTTI BY ARS C. WILWYSS (Con talk)
Men have heard
Do not wene th' he r shoulder
SHAKESPEARE *Othello Act I scene 3*

(Miss Robinson 11 Inn Lea Road Weston Bath)

MIND AND MANNERS (Simpkin Mar 111)
We've grammar and spelling for two
All birth and position for twenty
W. S. CUBERT *I Luth*

(Theodore D. Lowe 11 Stevenson Drive Iangside Glasgow)



John Hoole
Translator of Tasso and Ariosto

Study for a portrait by Humphry
(Collection of Mr. Francis W. Lesley).
From Life and Works of Orazio Humphry (John Lane)

III—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best essay on What I Think of Standard Boots is awarded to Private F G Mitchell 1134 Rest Camp Dublin for the following

WHAT I THINK OF STANDARD BOOTS

My thoughts on Standard Boots are perhaps rather biased being influenced by the usual Quartermaster methods of fitting the Army type and painful impressions gained on long route marches. Hence my very grave doubts of the practicability of similar boots for Miss Vigour the walking champion and Miss Flighty who may be quite the reverse. Nor yet again can I imagine Mr Teller of The City and Suburban in boots similar to Mr William Smith of The Drainage Scheme. The difficulty with Standard Boots is the unfortunate absence of Standard feet.

This Competition has proved extraordinarily popular and several other replies are very good. We specially commend the essays by Ivy Wilson Maxwell (Ramsey I of M) Olive Scholes (Oldham) M D Croarke (Rochdale) V V Mathews (London W) S A Griffiths (Ferndale) Edward H Forster (Doncaster) Amaryllis (Bournemouth) D Hare (Bath) H F Leeke (Twyfe) Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool) E J Corke (Halifax) B Hawkins (Stockbridge) W F Crossland (Sheffield) M E Rotton (London NW) T F Brogden (Scarborough) Alfred J Owens (Braintree) Mrs S K Vesey (Glenfarg) M M Boone (Putney) E B (Pentre) P Allott (Sheppey) C Dawson (Llandudno) A M Basham (Bassaleg) Kathleen Goyne (West Green) L-Corporal T W Morden (Seaford) A Racer (London SE) S M Isaacson (Campden Hill) Jessie Jackson (Beverley) Katherine J Wood (Birmingham) E A Pearson (Fleet).

IV—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Elsie M Meredith of 4 Queen Anne's Bideford Devon for the following

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE BY MRS GEORGE WEMYSS (Constable)

This story has the whimsical humour and sympathetic insight of one who having studied human nature knows that to understand is to forgive and knows also how to instil into her readers her own kindly generous spirit. Even Hope ungrateful and shallow as she is rouses no anger but only pity for her shortcomings while John and Joanna his wife impractical in all save their religion which has for its key note love are themselves so lovable as to make us feel that a world full of such Impossible People would be a finer and better place to live in.

We also select for printing

THE NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS BY GEORGES DUHAMEL (Heinemann)

In this beautifully tragic book a French surgeon unveils the soul of the wounded soldier. Despite its stark realism its ugly detail of environment and suffering this work with its simple pathos and reverence has undeniable charm. The Death of Mercier is the masterpiece of this epic of pain in a hundred new and grotesque forms.

I saw his corpse weep. From those dead eyes great tears ooze slowly as if to weep throughout eternity. Such poignant simplicity will touch even war hardened hearts and give us pause—it is the corpse of Europe which will weep throughout eternity.

(Sidney S Wright 12 Swanley Lane Swanley Kent)

PROSE PAPERS BY JOHN DRINKWATER (Flinn Mathews)

Mr Drinkwater looks to art as the only basis of a reformed civilisation. His suggestion of a peaceful Europe governed by artists may sound rather comic to most of us but it is characteristic of his insistence on art as being closely related to life and on poetry as being the only remedy for the spiritual lethargy at the root of all injustice. Here there is no straining after effect only the distilled essence of concentrated thought in its simplest expression. Whether his ideas appear midsummer madness or inspired truth one cannot deny the pure severe beauty of his style.

(Miss J Sturges Walton by Clevedon Somerset)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by G E Wakerley (West Bridgford) Jessie Jackson (Beverley) Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno) Lettie Cole (Pontefract) H W Mottram (London W) Corporal G R Harvey (B.C.F. France) William H C Matthew (Edinburgh) Frances M N Tall (Harrogate) Cunner Kane S A (Edinburgh) Constance Slater (Birmingham) B C Hardy (Putney) Ethel Webster (Bristol) M J Dobie (Mouldsworth) C Burton (Upper Norwood) Arthur Davidson (Glasgow) Helen M Jordan (Cheltenham) E M Plet (Manchester) M Duxbury (Blackburn) Alfred Green Harewood (Skipton) Isabel T Gogarty (Forest Gate) J A Jenkins (Liverpool) M A Newman (Brighton) A E Gowers (Haverhill) Mary Gales (Blackheath) N Sheridan (Bromborough) Dora E Kennedy (Edinburgh) William Saunders (Edinburgh) M Rourke (Manchester) D Hare (Bath) Evelina San Garde (Accrington) Frederick Willmer (Ramsey).

V—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss E Scott Hopper 25 The Crescent Whitley Bay Northumberland

New Books

SWINBURNE AND LANDOR*

That Swinburne was wont to assign to the author of Gebir and Imaginary Conversations exalted rank among the greatest of writers and best of men should be well known to any one who is interested in the works and days of either of them. The younger poet's enthusiastic admiration of Walter Savage Landor found frequent utterance both in verse and prose. The Hellenics had enthralled him when he was a boy of twelve. In the spring of 1864 he went to Florence to offer personal homage to the old demigod with the head and heart of a lion—then in his ninetieth year and within a few paces of the grave—who had penned those exquisite idylls. Nor till Swinburne himself drew near to the river we must all cross was evidence ever wanting of his unaltered allegiance.

* Swinburne and Landor. A Study of Their Spiritual Relationship and Its Effect on Swinburne's Moral and Poetic Development. By W Brooks Drayton Henderson 8s 6d net (Macmillan)

to what in the dedication of Atalanta in Calydon he had declared to be the highest of contemporary names. Forty five years after his Florentine pilgrimage and only a few weeks before his last illness he was thanking me profusely for a much valued gift—a little volume of reminiscences printed for her friends by Rose Aymer's niece and at the same time he told me the right version to his mind of a disputable line in Landor's elegy.

But while it is an easy task to demonstrate the general tone of Swinburne's regard for Landor the degree to which that feeling affected his views of life and art politics and morals cannot be so quickly determined. Merely to hunt up parallel passages and such like coincidences will not suffice. Landor though he rather prided himself on his dexterity in such investigation would have been the first to deny that they serve to show the influence exerted by one man of letters on another. Dr Henderson wisely adopts the plan of tracing the growth of Swinburne's mind and inquiring at each successive stage what

the impulse was whether received from Landor or from others which would chiefly account sometimes for an altered attitude to problems of the universe but more often perhaps for a firmer faith in early and even juvenile inclinations and ideals. The result arrived at may be briefly summed up very much in the author's own word. "Swinburne he maintains was in agreement with practically every tenet of Landor's philosophy. He realised in Landor the ideal achievement of his own type. The two men stand together individualists each in his own way, averse from the multitude yet defenders of popular freedom. We are asked to see in *The Queen Mother* the first fruit of Swinburne's devotion to Landor—a passionate love of liberty and contempt for tyrants. In *Poems and Ballads* and yet more certainly in *Atlanta* may be seen how Landor stimulated his disciple to manly song. When the erotic theme began to pull and Swinburne was in quest of an ideal that would release him from the bondage of oppressive love, his spiritual relationship with Landor seems to have been one of the paths to its discovery.

On such lines and to this conclusion Dr. Henderson elaborates his theme with an insight and sympathy which are certain to win attention. At the same time a suspicion may arise that Landor's works are not so well known to him as Swinburne's manifestly are. He suggests that Landor's *Hellenics* may have acted as an incentive to the composition of erotic in the *Poems and Ballads*. Whatever the phrase may imply so far as Swinburne is concerned no one who has read the *Hellenics* would endorse the insinuation that *The Hamadryad*, *Corymbus* and *Callirhoe* and the rest are spiced with something not quite suited for the young and innocent. But what is yet more amazing is the explicit statement that among Greek writers Landor singles out *Aeschylus* for his most assured and complete devotion, with the added inference—so it is not with the highest that he allies himself—not with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Milton. Nowhere has Landor placed *Aeschylus* above or even on a level with Homer, while as for the remainder of the indictment a single passage in which he speaks in his own person will expose its remoteness from fact.

There are four passages in *Atlanta* trying to transcend above all others, and I will mention them in the order of list: the colloquy of Achilles and Erichon in the *Iliad*, the entreaty of Ulysses and Ajax in the *Metamorphoses*, the first book of *Paradise Lost* and the battle in *Marmion*. But there are single acts in Shakespeare worth all these put together.

And elsewhere of Shakespeare speaking again for himself he says: "whose poems are worth all that have been composed from the creation to the present hour. Of the glorious Ghibelline he wrote: 'Only think that I am suspected of undervaluing Dante!' Never was man excepting Shakespeare alone so intensely a poet."

One or two small errors may be noted. It is disconcerting to be told that *Fra Rupert* is a part of Landor's trilogy on Ippolito di Este. Ippolito (not Ippolita) di Este is the title given to fragments of a tragedy the bulk of which Landor destroyed in his wrath, and the scene is laid in Ferrara in or about 1505, some fifteen years before Cardinal Ippolito's death. *Fra Rupert* called by Petrarch *Fra Roberto* flourished infamously at the court of Queen Giovanna. "God defend us," said Landor, "from the horrid sound Joan of Naples." The trilogy therefore, of *Andrea of Hungary*, *Giovanna* and *Fra Rupert* belongs to the fourteenth century and has nothing to do with the story of Ippolito di Este. Again in the first chapter Dr. Henderson quotes a verse from one of Landor's shorter poems and would have us accept it at its face value as proving him temperamentally a classic. That is not a felicitous phrase but what is certainly misleading is the remark that the poem in question is among the *Miscellanies* of 1846. Landor's seventy-first year. Dr. Henderson forgets that it may also be found in *Forster's Biography* of Landor where it is assigned to the first years of his first residence in Italy, that is to some time between 1815 and 1821. Nor is

it correct to cite the *Epistle to Louis Napoleon* printed in *Dry Sticks* (1858) as evidence that about the time when that unlucky volume came out Landor was relenting a little from his earlier denunciation of the Emperor. The *Epistle* was written in 1855 and first appeared in the columns of the *Examiner* in May of that year.

STEPHEN WHEELER

THREE POETS*

There is in the new American Army, and already on this side of the Atlantic at least one poet worthy, as I think, to be named with our own Rupert Brooke and Robert Nichols. Mr. Lawrence Mason, a professor of English at Yale, who in his friend's absence has seen his book *Tower of Ivory* through the press is anxious lest Archibald MacLeish's work should be judged merely on its superficial merits. He fears that the casual reader might unless forewarned read these poems for their lit and melodic charm alone without ever penetrating beneath their surface. Such an apprehension is surely groundless. He would be a very casual reader indeed who should justify it. It did not need Mr. Mason's preface to make us aware that Mr. MacLeish is one of those so frequent in his generation who have reacted from the old material and intellectual view of life towards a predominating idealistic conception that against all the riddles of endless speculation and brutal experience there is an impregnable tower of refuge into which man may enter in the spirit and find there the true value and eternal verities which alone can make him victorious over the world. This idealism appears everywhere in Mr. MacLeish's poems, very explicitly for instance in *My Body and I* when the body's question is to how the poet will get on with out it, the poet replies:

I'll be long summer under
And dream you gain

Body that is is subordinate to and conditioned by spirit. So in *Our Lady of Troy* a poet I must play when the arrogant scholar has called up Helen by the sheer power of his mind, the vision confounds him and his admiring fellows by breaking into speech and proclaiming herself the eternal beauty, the world's insatiable desire, a speech which must be quoted at least in part as a fine example of the poetic charm of which Mr. Mason speaks, a charm which certainly does not conceal the underlying idea but rather reveals it, and is indeed interfused with and inseparable from it.

I am the pain of young men memories
Of beauty that they never knew and love
They never suffered I am love that flames
Some time at twilight when I find my old names
Of beautiful dead women make a tune
Take last Srenice I must die
Your vision I will I shall wait for what
A fallen I of dual the living man
Of your idling look at the sky
I feel I am here seeking in my mind
Ye be in leave gain I will be
Of woman that in memory like a woman
The thing am I— for the world has dreamed

Admirable in itself this is admirably contrasted with the virile Gothic speech reminiscent of Browning which is put in the mouth of the German student.

Tower of Ivory is full of such haunting music. It is a great pleasure to find such love of beauty in modern poetry where one is becoming sadly accustomed to look rather for the merely strange or for a hectic and question-begging pursuit of truth. A perfect piece of Parnassian artistry is *A Sampler*:

Sh. studies quaint and raderies
My lady of white hands
With fishes from the China seas
And beasts from foreign lands

* *Tower of Ivory*. By Archibald MacLeish. 4s 6d net (Milford)—*Reed Voices*. By James B. Kanyon. \$1.25 (New York: James F. White & Co.)—*Waith and Wrack*. By Duncan J. Robertson. 5s net (Longmans).

Equally tuneful and with the predominant idea fully developed in it is *Realities*

The people of the earth go down
Each with his wealth of dream

But I must find room for one of Mr MacLeish's fine war sonnets I choose *Morturi*

Not as Ulysses overwise with age
Shall we sail out beyond the westward gate
Into the unknown seas Not destinate
And weary of man's seeking and the mage
Of subtle changing earth and that vast sky
Where wonder walks shall we sail curious
To do the last adventure? Oh not thus
Not satisfied with living shall we die
But we shall meet Death running with our lips
Still glad of the morning and with widening eyes
Still thirsty for the light we shall surprise
The secret under that old hooded Fear
And touch that face with eager finger tips
And find but change who crowns with youth the year

No such distinction as this belongs to the verse of Mr James B Kenyon another American poet who however expresses familiar ideas in a pleasant and accomplished way For the sake of its brevity I quote this characteristic quatrain

Find thine own voice and utter thine own heart
Be thine own prophet of the misty years
Be more of nature thine and less of art
Keep sweet the fount of laughter and of tears

Mr Kenyon puts his own precept into practice

Mr Kenyon has published several volumes *Waith and Wrack* is apparently its author's first But Mr Duncan Robertson has been writing poetry for thirty years and his work seems on the whole to belong to the later nineteenth century rather than to the twentieth There are notes in it that remind one of Swinburne of Henley and of Kipling None the less is it individual and authentic Mr Robertson's supreme virtue a virtue natural to a native of the Orkneys is the rare power—the power which made Longfellow for all his banalities a poet—of recreating the greyness the eternal music and the fitful lights of the sea Those who care for the combination of clear cut virility with a sense of the infinite—those that is who care for what is most characteristic in our literature should read *Waith and Wrack*

FRANCIS BICKLEY

THE BLUE GERM *

Martin Swayne is best known to novel readers I suppose for the delightful farce of *Lord Richard in the Pantry* and the humour and social satire of *The Sporting Instinct* but if you are acquainted with his short stories you will know that he is also a cunning artist in tales of the bizarre the occult the eerily mysterious The theme of his new novel *The Blue Germ* is as bizarre as any he has handled it has touches of grimness and shows a quick sense of the humorous side of certain of its serious or sensational situations but in the main the narrative is unfolded with a matter of fact gravity and attention to detail that give a curious air of plausibility of reality to its extraordinary developments

It is the story of how two scientists an Englishman and a Russian discover a germ which will destroy all other germs and render the human race immune from death except by violence Every stage of the discovery is faithfully recorded Says Sarakoff the Russian at the end of the third chapter

I have only one step further to take and the ideal germ will be created Harden Then we poor mortals will realise the dream that has haunted us since the beginning of time We will attain immortality and the fear of death round which everything is built will vanish We will become gods

When that one further step has been taken they are so convinced of the efficacy and beneficence of their discovery that instead of wasting time in trying to convert the world at large to a belief in it they go privately and empty six tubes full of the germ into the great aqueduct

* *The Blue Germ.* By Martin Swayne 3s net Hodder and Stoughton

of the Birmingham water supply then return to London to await results The results are all they had expected and something more and the something more is neither necessary nor desirable As soon as the people of Birmingham have imbibed immortality the germ gets into the air and spreads rapidly like an epidemic all over the British Isles and farther But though it eradicates other diseases and appears to confer immortality upon whomsoever it attacks it produces disquieting and unlooked for effects on the personal appearance of its victims Their skins take on a marble like hue and the whites of their eyes change to a startlingly vivid blue This might have been tolerated as a small price to pay for endless life on earth but the gift entails other and much more unpleasant consequences—consequences so far reaching and so devastating to human happiness that the boon is seen to be no blessing but a curse in disguise and the discoverers at length go in danger of a violent death at the hands of a mob infuriated at having eternal existence forced upon them under conditions that set children against their parents students clerks and other inferiors at enmity towards professors managers and other superiors who will never pass and leave the upper places vacant for them Moreover with more time at their disposal than they can ever use people grow lethargic their energies are sapped since there is more than plenty of leisure for everything nothing gets done and it looks as if the whole social order would fall to pieces and the world give itself over to contemplation and drift into idle dreamings

It is an unusual and an unusually interesting story—strongly imagined and alive with movement and drama The author handles his subject with a scientific knowledge and a narrative skill that make phenomena and extraordinary events seem not only probable but natural and almost ordinary He subdues the creatures of his fantasy till they are in all their words and acts convincingly human *The Blue Germ* is undeniably clever and I found it immensely entertaining

ARTHUR RUTLAND

THE INDIAN CORPS IN FRANCE *

It is possible that the British public has now almost forgotten that a Corps of the Indian Army was rushed to France in September 1914 that it fought and died in Flanders during more than a year ere its survivors were transported to fight the battles of the Empire in a clime more congenial to the native troops that—in the words of Lord Curzon quoting Lord French—it arrived on those Flemish battlefields in the nick of time For such of the general public as do remember this heroic Corps has suffered in its reputation from the exaggerated expectations which were fostered at the time of its arrival in Europe by a Press which had certainly received a hint to paint everything *couleur de rose* The most wonderful legends of corporate numbers and individual prowess of the Indian troops were published by editors who if they printed in good faith were incredibly ignorant And then after the long long months of torment when they had stood and died in a breach which the enemy could not force when they had fulfilled their mission and the divisions of the New Army were on the scene to take their place the Indian Corps silently left France amid whispers that the Indian troops had failed

The first division of the Indian Corps arrived at Marseilles on September 26th 1914 at a time when only the original first six divisions were in France and the famous Seventh was on the point of leaving these shores for its tragic adventure in Belgium The second Indian division arrived on October 11th 1914 By the end of that month both these divisions had re-armed themselves had picked up the miserable quota of heavy

* *The Indian Corps in France.* By Lt.-Col. J. W. B. Merewether C.I.E. and the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Smith. 10s 6d net. (John Murray)

artillery allotted them had completely organised their transport and supply services from the beginning and were in action at the front—while the Lahore Division had already suffered heavy casualties in assisting to defend the Messines Ridge and in an attempt to retake Neuve Chapelle. Those were the days when every rifle whether wielded by infantry or cavalry was in the trenches for weeks at a stretch when the defenders knew that behind the wide-spaced line in those trenches was nothing to support them if the attack broke through when those trenches were mere water logged ditches without cover of any kind and without communications when there were no bombs no trench mortars no trench equipment worth mentioning to oppose to the ample supply of the enemy when the field artillery had to count jealously each shell it fired and the heavy artillery was almost non-existent. In those conditions throughout a dreadful winter of Flanders rain and Flanders mud the two divisions numbering at the outset only 4000 men altogether suffering—native and British troops alike—from this transition from the heats of India to the misery of those trenches hung on to the line from the Bethune-La Bassée road to Neuve Chapelle. Then when later on the authorities thought they had a chance of breaking the enemy's line none did better than the Indian Corps at the battle of Neuve Chapelle on March 10th. It was not the fault of this Corps that Lille was not taken on that occasion. Again in the ghastly future of May 9th 1915 when the attempt was renewed none died more heroically than they. In the meantime the Lahore Division had suffered cruel losses in the gas battle of Ypres in April when it was rushed up to stem the tide. Finally the Meuse Division was thoroughly crippled in the subsidiary attack for the battle of Loos on September 25th—in attack in which though the reasons may not be here stated it had but the slenderest chance of success. Finally in November the two divisions were withdrawn and sent to Mesopotamia. Such is briefly the record of the Corps in France—a record purchased with appalling casualties—34,252 in a force which was only 21,000 strong on landing and could never afterwards be kept up to that total.

The volume in which Lieutenant Colonel Merewether and Sir F. I. Smith tell the magnificent and terrible story of the Flanders Thermopylae where those Indian soldiers and their British comrades died unflinchingly in an equally loyal defence of the Empire is no critical history of the military operations from which the future student can derive much profit. It is a semi official record under the auspices of the India Office of the day to day doings of the Corps with all the reticences—and survivors of the Corps will note many—inseparable from such patronage. But for all that it is a precious record of the achievements of individual regiments and individual officers and soldiers as well as of the collective heroism of the Corps which is a valuable contribution to the history of the war. The various actions of the Corps are narrated in minute detail—so much so indeed that often one can scarcely see the wood for the trees—and with the most careful accuracy. Contentious matters like the sudden retirement of General Sir James Willcocks—a deplorable business which deprived the Empire of one of its finest soldiers—are of course mentioned with all reserve. Sir James Willcocks himself when the time is fit will throw a flood of light on these things if as the authors state he is writing his reminiscences.

If a vindication of this book were necessary the words of Lord Curzon's Introduction could not be bettered.

That this record should have been compiled seems entirely right and just. That it will stand forth as one of the most radiant chapters in the glorious history of the Indian Army is certain. That it will act as a stimulus to the martial spirit and loyalty of India for generations to come cannot be doubted. Nor will it be less a source of congratulation to its readers that the Indian Army will in more ways than one receive a well earned recognition of its great achievement.

F. BRITTON AUSTIN



Wrapper Design

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M H I d A S t ght

TWO GOOD BOOKS AND A CONTINUATION

The professional critic of experience can usually give in a few words a fuller impression of the contents of a six shilling novel and a better idea of what it all means and why than the general reader can give in the way of a mere outline of the plot after hours of pitiful striving. And this is intended as no sort of reflection on the intelligence of the general reader. As a rule it will be found that the subsequently repentant of those critics who find themselves in a huge minority are only one in a hundred among those who callously assume that they need no repentance.

It is so much more fatally easy to say 'I rightish tosh!'

Blinking first or Not half bad stuff! than to formulate a definite opinion on definite points and at the same time make your criticism interesting even to those who have not read and do not intend to read the book criticised. And that is just my attitude to all who shall do me the honour to read this present article written in haste.

Here are three considerable books all of which must have taken a great deal of pains and labour to create and none of which is easy to read. Though all alike in their several ways are delightful to read. They are all books well worth reading, that you will probably read a second time or even a third time and afterwards want to keep them remember them dip into them and perchance—who knows?—read them many times more.

Now all books of this sort to be read at all must be read thoroughly every word of them from title page to colophon. To leap or skip is to lose a great deal of them it may be to lose all.

For example this first book on my list of literary delights is in a literal sense immensely long and yet comprises so short a story that it might be told in a bald way in a few minutes. But told in that way it would lose all its power and beauty poignancy and strength. It would lose the fineness and subtlety of its close pent psychology as well as the splendour of its passion and the exquisite delicacy of its wit and humour. And its wit and humour I would particularly commend despite the wilting of that joyous spirit to something akin to cynicism toward the end of the book because all these perhaps lesser things

1. *Men and Ghosts.* By Allan Monkhouse 6s net (Collins.)

might possibly be overlooked in the fervour aroused in the reader by the abounding effects of sheer genius in this writer which are beyond the bounds of mere mortal praise.

This book is bound to be in a sense *caviare to the general* but to those who feel and realise the godhead in human nature it will be for ever an abiding treasure.

The next book to be dealt with is essentially commonplace but hardly less unconventional. It contains an assortment of all sorts of impossible people. And yet there does not seem to be a dummy in it. It has an original well conceived well wrought plot and yet its plot somehow fails of its charm. We are all the time infinitely more concerned with the sayings and doings of one Farthing and another named just William both humorists of the very first water than with the secret memories and machinations of Mr Overberg the eccentricities of Mr Heron's latter day moods or the mystery of his past. This however is only to touch on the two minor qualities of the book its elements of melodrama and farce and to compare them with its more outstanding qualities of the haphazard romanticism of commonplace lives and again its unmistakable Dickensian realism in its immutable picturing of the London streets of forty or fifty years ago. Its wild adventures in that old forgotten Bohemianism its rollicking vagaries and vagrancies played in a setting of comical grotesqueries all miraculously met together in a frowzy jolly foggy thirsty Wonderland of unspeakable dwellings and peoples. This is all in a familiar genre but it has so often been attempted and failed altogether of its general effect that one has grown utterly tired of it. It is the greater sufficiency of this book I think that will make its sure appeal both to those who approve its more sombre effects and those who most enjoy its hilarious moments at a time like this when we are all so eager either for thrills of the senses or for trills of laughter.

And now there is this Second Book of Artemas whose First Book I reviewed in THE BOOKMAN some four or five months ago. What have I to add to what I said then? It was then its irony I praised most. Irony is still the first thing I have to praise in it and the last. The book is not less worthy as most sequels are said to be but more worthy of commendation and all the more so because the first glad shock of its initial surprise is not diminished but increased by this new volume which I hope may continue its series of sequels for all time. Why not? Incidentally the advertisements for forthcoming books from the same firm are so perfectly in the true art and style of the real great Artemas that I am almost inclined to declare my faith in his identity in the person of the actual publisher himself.

EDWIN PUGH

THE SPIRITUAL BACKGROUND*

An American comes over in the story to purchase backgrounds spiritual values literally their effigies and symbols in whatever shape they may turn up in any artificial market which he may be able to create at the moment—with the help of an almost infinite credit behind him and with a zeal which is in proportion to his appetite. Stratford on Avon and Salisbury Cathedral may be scarcely possible in the dream but they are not definitely outside the purview. Stonehenge seems well within it. The complete failure of his quest is scored on the American's story by several shiploads of rarities some tons of which spiritual treasure were sunk by submarine. However the American comes before the curtain at the end with a certain epic grandeur when his country enters into the war he puts a million into the British War Loan threatens to enlist and cries: All I have is England's. So at heart he is one of those rare Americans who are very

common in these uplifting days but I question whether Mr Graham could depict evil characters because of his own heart at least they would not be in the image and likeness of the real evil humanities. I must confess that I have found some parts of the story a little tiresome though it deals with living people and some of them are a joy to meet. Unlike too many quests which are written and read in these days both setting and characters are not so subsidiary to the purpose in view that they are merely pretexts. But I am a poor judge in these matters confessing as I must that I find most stories difficult which are later than Malory's great book of King Arthur. At the same time being also on the quest of spiritual values I have found rich treasures in Mr Graham's motive and spirit and his book from this point of view is beautiful exceedingly to have and to hold for ever. Within the spirit and the motive is also the setting of the quest its story—apart from the American—of pilgrimage to holy places of our islands. Within them also is Mr Graham's

priest of the ideal the Mentor of the quest an English gentleman on whom the spark from heaven has indeed fallen nor yet the spark only for he is a faithful light a still and constant fire. The quest is of Glastonbury Iona and other of our great shrines the history of which is sealed with sanctity while their legends are of those things chronicled for the truest and holiest in this world. There is a very real sense in which legend is the seal of history. It is of the hunger and thirst of the heart the environment and atmosphere of that priesthood which is of the ideal mode. Though we know it otherwise they tell us in their own manner that if ordination is by the laying on of hands there are some heads on which some hands are laid that are not of this world. Now there are legends which originate with the people and are of time immemorial as such. They are voices of the heart of the people. There are those which are matters of invention for the promotion of certain interests and the maintenance of certain claims in respect of places and things. It happens that these occasionally and in the course of generations are so incorporated with the life of the places and their people that they assume a kind of substituted reality for the simple reason that life is a real thing and that which becomes part of life has a share therein. It is for this reason presumably that Mr Graham gives the legend of Joseph of Arimathea and his conversion of Britain as if it was the word of history. Round about it there groups all the pageant of the Holy Grail which is greater and truer than mere facts in an English chronicle. King Arthur was not historically speaking buried at Glastonbury and the British chieftain is a very different personality from the hero of romance. But the British chieftain is dead and has left no memory among us while the King of Malory's book is alive for evermore in our hearts. Here of is the priesthood of Glastonbury for places have also their priesthood. Iona utters a valid benediction and Tara's hill lifts up its hands as at an evening sacrifice. In an ideal sense King Arthur certainly lived and is not now dead but sleeping—in Avalon or elsewhere. I for one believe that he is not only *Rex quondam* but *Rexque futurus* and will be rendered back to us in that time when the priesthood of this country shall have become that priesthood of the ideal of which Mr Graham gives us a living instance. Meanwhile in the spiritual background he and his story are of England's spiritual values.

A. E. WATTS

THE LAUGHTER MOVING TOUCH*

There is a river in Macedon and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth—but no such straining of parallels as that of Fluellen is necessary to indicate the coincidence.

* The Humphries Touch. By Frederick Watson. 6s. net. (Collins). — "Piccadilly Jim." By P. G. Wodehouse. 6s. net. (Jenkins).

* Robert Shenstone. By W. J. Dawson. 6s. net. (John Lane).

* 'The Second Book of Artemas.' 1s. net. (Westall).

* Priest of the Ideal. By Stephen Graham. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan).

MEN AND MOODS.

By EDWARD ANTON.

I HAVE just delivered myself from one of those moods to which as a Celt I am somewhat liable.

I wish to emphasise that I delivered myself which describes the process exactly. Time was when I waited for my moods to pass—now I end them at will. It means much to me, and it is one of the many reasons why I think so highly of Pelmanism as an instrument of self-mastery.

All of us suffer—consciously or unconsciously—from moods in great or less degree. And the man or woman who has learnt the secret of mood-mastery has acquired knowledge which not only adds largely to his or her working capacity but also to the capacity for interest, pleasure, and even happiness.

Moods are the fog banks of the mind, impeding progress and perverting vision. They are induced by a diversity of causes into the nature of which it is not my intention to inquire here. It is their effect that I am principally considering.

If I illustrate my remark by reference to my own case, it will I hope be understood that I do so not from egotism but from a desire to speak from experience.

A retrospective survey of my forty odd years of existence shows me that up to the time of my introduction to the Pelman Course I have been greatly the victim of moods: gloomy moods, impulsive mood, irritable moods, rash mood, irresponsible moods, moods of inexcusable optimism, moods of the deepest self-distrust. And I do not say that many thousands of men and women who whether they recognise it or not are equally handicapped by their wretched pervasions of mentality which we call moods.

I can't help it, we often say. It's my nature. Just so often have I attempted to excuse myself for a word or an action which I could not defend. It's my nature!

We libel nature, and we belittle ourselves in uttering such an infamous phrase. It is not nature that is to blame—it is our self-ignorance. The majority of us, successful or unsuccessful, are deplorably ignorant of those forces which constitute our personality and make us individuals. Strange that in an age which prides itself upon its spirit of investigation we should have been so remiss in getting to know what there is to be known about ourselves!

But Pelmanism is changing all this, and in doing so is showing us not only how to abolish certain undesirable moods but even teaching us how to produce other moods which are desirable and profitable.

Let us get back to our awful example myself. I was most conscious of my handicap where it affected my work. When I was in the mood for work I worked well, but the moods, alas! were all too infrequent. They would come unannounced and would depart abruptly. I could not depend upon myself.

That disability has been conquered thanks to Pelmanism, and I may without affectation claim to be able to produce my best standard of work at will. There is no need to dilate upon the enormous advantage this has been to me—an advantage which I can translate not only in terms of £s and d (the usual criterion) but what is of more significance to me in sentiment and self-esteem.

Even upon those occasions when I could honestly say that my mood had been partly if not wholly induced by bad health I have found Pelmanising result in an astonishing betterment, enabling me to overcome my mental inertia and by reaction improving my physical condition.

This may probably seem difficult of belief to some of my readers, but there are the simple facts—and they are amply corroborated by the voluntary evidence of hundreds of other Pelmanists.

Let us take another phase—the dissatisfied restless mood which, intervening, makes work, pleasure, interest or recreation impossible—a feeling that you don't know what you want—as I have heard it described. Here again I have achieved conquest, and am able to put the mood to rout as soon as I am conscious of it. How much that has meant to me in the last few years it would be difficult to estimate.

Irritability—another supposedly natural feeling—was a severe handicap which I have successfully Pelmanised. But here the battle is not yet completely won. Of the ultimate issue, however, I have not the slightest doubt.

The net result is to give me a feeling of power that I never remember possessing previously—not even in my supremely confident boyish days. I know now what I can make myself

do—and I do it. I do not wait miserably upon Chance Mood, Circumstance, Environment or any other of the bogies which cripple and nullify human effort—I appoint my work, I command my mood, and I achieve satisfaction.

Let me repeat that these notes are penned in no egotistical spirit. I want readers of THE BOOKMAN to realise that Pelmanism may well represent something of far more moment to them personally than they may have yet realised. It is simply the impossibility of explaining in a column or two the immense range of limitless possibilities of the System which compel certain popular places of Pelmanism to receive more frequent mention than others.

Ability to induce a working mood at will is a distinctly valuable gain, but there are others. The Pelmanist who faithfully applies the principles of the Course can don a mood suited to every occasion. Interest, sympathy, criticism, appreciation, contemplation—all these various moods or mental attitudes may be cultivated, perhaps not always with the same degree of success but invariably to a certain degree.

Confidence is probably the mood which most matters for the majority of men and women, and I will quote what was recently written upon this matter by a Pelman student (a traffic manager on a big Northern Railway System):

The Pelman Course teaches confidence from the beginning. Confidence to attain the object in view, confidence in what the student is taught, and confidence in himself.

What self-confidence means can only be appreciated by those who have known the lack of it. To have failed—not from lack of ability but from lack of self-confidence—at a time which marked the making or the marring of a career is an agony which takes a long time to drive from the mind.

To the self-doubter the Pelman Course is a boon and a blessing. It opens a new outlook on life, it sends one forth rejoicing in a new found strength. I am—I ought—I can.

Those are words written straight from the heart, they should be well pondered by every man and every woman who has so far failed to find a footing on the ladder of success.

The financial, business and professional advantages have been so much explained and so liberally evidenced that I suppose no reader of THE BOOKMAN requires further assurance on that matter from my pen. Equally enough has been said of the pull which Pelmanism confers upon the Army or Navy officer or man. I regard the triumphs—solid and substantial as they are—as theatrical effects compared with the deep and lasting change which the study of this remarkable system can and does produce in the inner life of the individual.

Financial, business, professional and social considerations do not represent the main considerations in life. Our vocations and our social amenities constitute but a part of our daily lives. It is of infinitely greater importance to be able to command a happy contented frame of mind, to be able to take a living interest in the world around us, to be able to develop and control ourselves, than it is to double our incomes or achieve professional advancement.

Thus for the time being I set commercial inducements aside and invite readers of THE BOOKMAN to consider the matter of Pelmanism from the higher plane. Every man and every woman with a proper degree of self-pride can and should hasten to profit by the adoption of the simple and scientifically sound principles laid down in the Pelman Course.

It is profoundly true that as a student of the Course recently said: If people only realised what Pelmanism was capable of effecting for them, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants.

There are perhaps a hundred strictly personal reasons why each or any reader of this page should become a Pelmanist, and I venture the statement that if he or she realised it, any one of those hundred reasons would be sufficient if he or she could be brought to realise it! I have never yet met the man or woman who having studied Pelmanism has been in the least degree disappointed.

Mind and Memory (in which the Pelman Course is fully described with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free together with a reprint of Truth's famous report on the System and a form entitling readers of THE BOOKMAN to the complete Pelman Course at one third less than the usual fees on application to day (a post card will do) to the Pelman Institute 20 Pelman House Bloomsbury Street London W.C.1.

which are to be found in these two droll and delightful stories published respectively on May 9th and May 10th. In each a fat boy plays his important part in each a butler is not without his dramatic importance and in each a prize fighter is enrolled among the minor characters. Both are so entertaining—afford so pleasant a period of mental diversion from the obsession of current events that it might almost seem invidious to discuss one before the other—but publication was not exactly coincident and therefore it is possible to avoid the seemingly invidious method by following the chronological.

Mr Frederick Watson has established so sure a reputation as a humorous novelist that many readers will pounce on a new book from his pen without waiting for a hint as to its character from any chorus of indolent reviewers and such will have their reward in being among the first to follow the fortunes for all too brief a while of that marvellous boy George Andrew Humphries. Sent to an ancient English school that he might pass from the stage of knickerbockers to that of trousers this boy was master of a touch that threatened the very foundations of the ancient educational institution which to adapt Mrs Poyser's phrase he wished to make over again and make different. George Andrew was only fifteen and small for his age—but he was a very big financier—he was indeed worth—in pounds not dollars—some vast amount which he was not permitted to specify when he outraged sought to parley with an outraged master. The whole story of the boy—who is a veritable superman in all matters of business—in relation to the school in which he proves so disturbing an element affords delicious reading to those who can find joy in sheer hearty fun. Laughter is not among those things which war has compelled us to use in rationed minima though it is one for which the capacity might well come to be atrophied in so grave a world tragedy as that through which we are living—we should be the more grateful to a writer who uses his gift as a master of farcical comedy to such good effect as does Mr Watson in this book. Laughter compelling indeed is his account of the way in which George Andrew carries on his campaign and so nearly reduces

Warrenders to that zero point at which he could buy it up. How he was foiled at the seeming moment of triumph is in itself an admirable example of the Watson touch. It is by the way curious (or is it intentional?) that the master of the Humphries touch—a veritable addition to the gallery of the immortal schoolboys of fiction—uses almost literally the words of Nelson when he says: I must be all or nothing.

Perhaps there is in Mr Wodehouse's story something less of the delicacy of comedy something more of the broad effect of farce than in Mr Watson's work but it too is most wholesomely diverting and may be cordially commended to anyone in search of something to charm his pained steps over the burning marl of current affairs. Here again we may lose ourselves a reading while in amusement—and be the fitter for carrying on afterwards for having done so. Mr Wodehouse centres all the strange doings of his strange company of people in the homes of two wealthy American sisters both of them married for the second time. One is the wife of a New York millionaire the other (the stepmother of Piccadilly Jim alias James Crocker) has settled in London and is seeking to jockey her ex actor husband into the Peerage. Chance throws the scallawag Jim into the company of Ann Chester during that capable young person's brief visit to London and a very Piccadillyish exploit of his makes him return to New York on the same vessel. Now there are reasons why Ann's pet aversion among men is James Crocker and therefore he poses as that undesirable's double with highly amusing results leading up to a phantasmagoric scene before a burgled safe a scene in which a tube of deadly Partridge and a medley of characters of whom no less than three are not what they seem have their parts to play.

WALTER JERROLD

THE ILLUSTRIOUS WIFE OF ROLAND*

Men have the spirit of truth women only its passion. There must be love in the essence of all creations—it would seem as though truth like nature has two sexes. There is invariably a woman at the beginning of all great undertakings—one was requisite to the principle of the French Revolution. We may say that philosophy found this woman in Madame Roland. Thus Lamartine wrote of the subject of this fascinating biography in his brilliant study

The History of the Girondists published in 1847. Carlyle likened her to a white Grecian statue that shone in that black wreck of things. Wordsworth described her as the illustrious wife of Roland and when her husband escaped and she herself was arrested it was said the soul had been captured though the body had taken flight. There was an element of masculinity in her nature. Did she not say of herself that she ought to have been born a Roman or Spartan woman or at least a French man? Yet her love letters to Buzot prove her when all is said to have been a true daughter of Eve. The chapter devoted to this love episode is with sympathy and insight beautifully written. Her love for Buzot irradiated her ghastly surroundings cheered and solaced her and enabled her to build a Heaven in Hell's despair in those dreadful prisons the Abbaye Sainte Pélagie and the Conciergerie. Mrs Pope Hennessy tells us that

never were love-letters penned under more hopeless conditions and yet the hopelessness of the conditions impart to the spirit of the writers the freedom and the *elan* of immortality. Has she not overlooked the Letters of Heloise and Abelard? Perhaps in dwelling thus on what was only after all but an incident in Manon Roland's life it may be thought that undue importance has been given to it. We may plead however that it forms so attractive a subject as to add in no inconsiderable degree to the charm of a book which holds one's absorbed interest from beginning to end. The part played by Madame Roland in political affairs during the period when her husband held the very important post of Minister of the Interior was so continuous intimate and far reaching that she was the very soul of the Girondist party—that party which Wordsworth himself was almost on the point of joining in his ardent republican days. Mrs Pope Hennessy's book may be strongly and confidently recommended as an important addition to the voluminous works on that ceaselessly interesting subject the French Revolution. One could have wished the index had had more attention given to it for it is merely a list of names of persons no incidents in a book full of them being referred to.

We think the author is wrong in stating that the five letters written to Buzot during Madame Roland's imprisonment were discovered at the same time and place as was the former's portrait. This account differs from Mr Austin Dobson's in the article on Madame Roland in his delightful *Four Frenchwomen*. S BUTTERWORTH

THREE WOMEN†

The one profession successfully captured by women is the novelist's—the brilliant woman physician the great woman surgeon is still the exception. Women poet women journalists women painters or sculptors women scientists or preachers—all of them still arouse as much curiosity as admiration in the vulgar mind. But few readers would think now of qualifying a judgment on a novel by. Of course it is by a woman and many readers deliberately prefer women's fiction as being more workmanlike more real and less machine made than men's. It is the more interesting to note that in fiction more than in some other of the arts certainly more than in painting

* Madame Roland By Mrs Pope Hennessy 16s net (Nisbet)

† Mr Webster and Others By Mrs W K Clifford 1s 6d net (Collins)—James By Ethel Siddgwick 5s net (Siddgwick & Jackson)—Second Marriage By Viola Meynell 6s net (Secker)

a point of view is preserved and presented by women novelists which is distinctly coloured by sex. There are exceptions—some of Miss Robins work some of Mrs (erould's betrays no sex or seems definitely masculine just as some of Mr Wells might be taken as feminine but on the whole the most considerable of the women novelists with Miss Sinclair at the head are definitely feminine.

The mode of defiance varies. Mrs Clifford's is of the old propagandist variety. If it were not that she has humour and a keen sense of proportion Mrs Clifford might have been even as—but why disturb those revered names of the late nineties? The author of *Aunt Anne* and the incomparable *Love Letters* has a method as sharp as Miss Broughton's and combines with it a kindly charity and a deep sympathy. The stories in

Mr Webster are mainly on the familiar difficulties of husbands and wives—or of unmarried people. Yet to such problems Mrs Clifford brings a definite note of personal interest, a determination to give us a chance of recognising truth. Miss Welworth's *Way*—an excellent study of a woman at that difficult period of life (and of English history) when an old maid was regarded as necessarily a huntress—shows the author's talent for wit and humanity at its best. Mr Webster is cruder and more savage. Freddie in *Love* borders on farce while Tony's *Share* and Edward Linton's *Return* should be enjoyed by every reader who loves to see masculine self-sufficiency mocked at and reduced.

Miss Clifford frankly finds men—in the old established buck to the fire attitude—funny and makes us laugh with her. In *Jamesie* we find Miss Sidgwick presenting almost every one except animals and children as either blackguardly or stupid. Needless to say Miss Sidgwick does not use such plain speech. Even the inflexible Steenie who tries to seduce his sister's maid in his sister's house is not condemned roundly while Joyce Tennant a mix of temperament is condemned rather more severely. In the case of both Miss Sidgwick and Miss Meynell the wheel has come round full circle. Whether through an eager desire to be fun or through less acquaintance with masculine character they have arrived at the same point as the old-fashioned women. The men who in *Jamesie* one is apparently expected to admire—the Duke Iveagh Oxborough are either insufferably rude or fatuously dull. Iveagh is no more like an Irishman or a gentleman than he was when Miss Sidgwick first introduced him in *Hatchways*. His extraordinary attachment to him and his like makes one wonder whether that clever woman is right who will have it that Rochester is still every woman's hero. The form of *Jamesie*—a series of rather confused undated letters with an ingenious thread of commentary—makes it difficult reading and gives it an appearance of subtlety which rather vanishes on closer acquaintance. Miss Sidgwick is in danger of getting rather too wrapt up in her characters. A novelist's people may run away with the plot or the circumstances or one another—but never with their creator.

Miss Meynell's new book marks an amazing advance. She seems to have recognised the peril of living too much on ideas and has come out into a bigger world than that treated of in her more recent novels. *Second Marriage* is more spacious in treatment broader in outlook and far more objective in handling than any of her books since her *Lot Barrow*. And as an artist she has advanced considerably since she wrote *Lot Barrow*. She uses the fen country with its odd atmosphere of sinister intimacy with surprising effect and in *Arnold* she has created a genuine character. Whether in love or at work or in proud loneliness *Arnold* is always credible and coherent. It is true that he has something of the cruelty which a morbid streak in Miss Meynell compels her to give her young men—but he has real sensitiveness and we feel Ismay has done well in her second marriage. Ismay is magnificent in a simple direct way and her sisters are drawn with a skill and a knowledge of motive which was

Mr. HEINEMANN'S LIST

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evident in the girls in *Modern Lovers*. This is the first book of Miss Meynell's in which she has definitely tried to give character rather than temperament. The effort to do that is what marks off the possibly great artist from the craftsman. However skilful you may be no amount of ingenuity in the describing and representing of temperament can make up for the lack of the power to create character. Miss Meynell is still far too occupied with temperament too aware of its movement but in *Ismay* and *Arnold* she passes beyond and gives us promise of still better work to come.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

NEW POETRY

Emile Cammaerts is of the tribe of him who wept when he remembered Israel. There is a passionate sincerity and simplicity in *Messines and Other Poems*; an entire absence of artifice, a clarity, a sweetness. He is never strange nor exacting nor difficult with his readers. In a sense these songs of his, even when they are red hot with passion and indignation, even when they call to war and cry for justice, are little songs. A child or a peasant might read and understand, might sing these over to himself for they deal with the quiet and innocent things, with religion and wedded love, and the tender human ties, and love of country and pity and grief for her. By the water of Babylon the poet has sat down and wept because he remembered Zion. There is a clarity as of Blake at his simplest and sanest, there are colours of the landscapes and the rivers and the cottages, and the quiet eyes of the old and the Stable of Bethlehem. M. Cammaerts is a natural Christian soul and he is full of tenderliness. Nothing is more beautiful than his song of the old.

O les veilles les chères vieilles qui n'osent pas parler
Qui se rongent dans leur coin la tête sur le côté
En songeant à ceux qu'elles ont vu partir
Et qui tardent tout à revenir!

But that is equalled by the beauty of *The Last Crusader* with its touches of homeliness. Tommy in khaki guarding the Holy Sepulchre and remembering how the blackbird sings in Elstree village. Tommy the twentieth century brother of Richard Robert Louis and Godfrey whose shades stand about the Holy Sepulchre. The poems for children are strangely beautiful.

Very unlike Cammaerts is James Stephens the Irish poet, that odd bundle of whimsicalities to smile at and to love. His *Reincarnations* are not translations from the old Irish bards and poets so much as glimpses of them and their songs. A word, a phrase, a mood, a lamentation and around these Mr. Stephens to quote his own image has blown a bubble of verse. It takes an Irish mind to understand those proud and vagabond bards and Mr. Stephens's is the mind for it. He is indeed brother in blood and spirit to Raftery and the rest of them so that instead of looking at them from outside he has slipped into their skin and looks out at the reader with laughing and grieving and resentful eyes. O Bruidair, he says of one of them, lets out of him an unending rebellious bawl which would be the most desolating utterance ever made by man if it was not also the most gleeful. There are lovely love songs here after O Rahilly as though Mr. Stephens had blown a fairy bubble, delicately roseate and silver and gold, but O Bruidair's railings on those who slighted him take the heart. This is true Stephens and true O Bruidair.

BLUE BLOOD

We thought at first this man is a king for sure
Or the branch of a mighty and ancient and famous lineage
That silky sulky illiterate black avised boy
Who was hatched by foreign vulgarity under a hedge

* *Messines and Other Poems* By Emile Cammaerts
3s 6d net (Lane)

* *Reincarnations* By James Stephens 3s. 6d net
(Macmillan)

The good men of Clare were drinking his health in a flood
And gazing with me in awe at the princely lad
And asking each other from what bluest blueness of blood
His daddy was squeezed and the pa of the da of his dad

We waited there gaping and wondering anxiously
Until he'd stop eating and let the glad tidings out
And the slack jawed booby proved to the hilt that he
Was lout son of lout by old lout and was da to a lout

Mr. Stephens's flavour is all his own. He has found the Crock of Gold and makes rare play with it. We get back to sophisticated and modern things—very modern—in Mr. Gerald Gould's *Monogamy*. The poet asks that these dramatic lyrics of unhappy marriages be treated as poems not as opinions. Well, there is little doubt about Mr. Gould's gift of poetry. He is extraordinarily sure in his handling of his art, he has passion, fire, fervour. These unhappy dramas are set against backgrounds of green spring and moonlight that let colours and fragrances slip through. There is energy in his poetry so that one feels that the poet lives in what he writes, but after all there is here the preoccupation with sex, something of it that was bred in the stagnancy of the long Peace and is somehow out of place in these times of War. Mr. Gould has written songs of happy love. One is apt to find in this world what one looks for, and the people who believe in happy marriage find abundant evidence for their belief as do those who hold the opposite view. One is grateful to Mr. Gould for as much as that his unhappy husbands tend to make the best of a bad job, but one would rather this beautiful and fluent poetry was given to happier and healthier things.

Dunch is a queer book with qualities. Those who are repelled by the deliberate ugliness of the first part of the book should turn to the later poems. It is difficult to understand how the ugly realism of the village poems—if poems these irregular stanzas can be called—should come from the same hand and mind that produced *Cor Mundum Creavit* or the *Braggart* or any one of a dozen poems towards the end of the book which prove that the writer has gifts of beauty, tenderness, and deep thinking of which we shall hear again when she has shed her inexorable realism. Yet perhaps there is something to be said for the poet to whom nothing of the stuff of life is common or unclean.

Violet Gillespie in *Poems of 1915* goes back to the old simple way of beauty and music in poetry, although the fountains are troubled and the new wine is often bitter. But the poet has a delicate vocabulary, she can make a song, her wistful and tender cadences will give joy to the lovers of poetry, she has her place though a minor one in the choir.

KATHARINE TYNAN

Novel Notes.

THE SILENT LEGION By J. F. Buckrose 6s net
(Hodder & Stoughton)

The Simpsons in the year 1917 are a typical middle-class family. The only son has been killed in the war, the father—a conscientious special policeman—has had to close down his business, one daughter is invalided home from school while the elder daughter Barbara has had to give up hospital work and devote herself to the care of a sick mother and the home. Over and above these cares Barbara has to face two proposals of marriage. The first had it come years earlier would have been accepted for in her young days Barbara had wanted Frank Garret badly. But when, after years of selfish dilly dallying, Garret puts his proposal into words he meets with an emphatic refusal.

* *Monogamy: Dramatic Lyrics* By Gerald Gould
1s 6d net (Allen & Unwin)

* *Dunch* By Susan Miles 2s 6d net (Blackwell)

* *Poems of 1915* By Violet Gillespie (Macdonald)

Thus the stage is cleared for the entry of Barbara's lonely soldier and a more successful proposal. The Silent Legion is not only a charming love story—it is a homely war time novel reflecting the stolid grit and endurance of the English middle class—the only class according to Mrs Buckrose that instinctively shrinks from blowing its own trumpet. One of the ablest and most poignantly revealing stories the war has yet given us.

TOP SPEED By W. Lott Ridge (4s. 6d.) (Methuen)

There are many worse things than being well off remarked Beryl. At any rate that's what I'm out for. Not much credit remarked her sister in marrying for riches. If you have riches said the younger girl you can get plenty of credit. That in a nutshell is the common sense philosophy of the Donaldson family. The son a rather unlikeable cub goes abroad under a cloud but with less of his father's honesty and rugged simplicity he has the paternal knack of making good and comes home expecting he will have to be somewhat ashamed of his father to find that his father has mounted higher than himself in the social scale. For Mr Donaldson has a perfect genius for making headway. He is at the start a prosperous milkman in one of the meaner London suburbs with no education to boast of no imposing appearance no useful family connections but plenty of business ability and plenty of ambition and he rises steadily from being a power on his district Council to the Mayoralty proceeds to become a J.P. then an M.P. and winds up by achieving a knighthood. It is a capital story told with Mr Lott Ridge's characteristic humour and knowledge of ordinary humanity and is shrewdly and generally satirical both on those who rise in the world and those who do not.

You ain't half a bad sort Hand said to Donaldson in the hour of his triumph. If it hadn't been for you getting on in the world and me not I could have loved you like a brother!

THE WOMEN WHO WAIT By Mary Marlowe (Sun. pkin Marshall)

This is a book with a message telling the women who wait what the author considers it to be their duty to do while their menfolk are away fighting. It is a spirited attack on the idle wealthy wife who spends her time playing at war work when she is not playing at bridge.



Miss Mary Marlowe

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The real war work for such women is according to the author motherhood the work of reconstructing should be theirs while the men are away destroying. The spirit in which the French maid in the story says "I can give back to France what they take from her now" is the spirit Miss Marlowe would have cultivated. The story has much to do with clairvoyance and contains a striking character in Madame Corize beauty specialist and clairvoyant though the principal character (Miss Marlowe declares that the book has no official heroine) is Clare Innes one of the wealthy women who are playing at war work. How she comes to realise what her real war work should be constitutes the main theme of the story. Miss Marlowe has a delightful style—easy light yet full of vigour and her understanding of and sympathy with children make the chapters in which she deals with them most enjoyable reading. Whether you agree with Miss Marlowe's ideas or not you should read the book because it deals with subjects that concern us all.

THREE OF HEARTS By Berta Ruck 3s net (Hodder & Stoughton)

Billy Somers is a dashing young subaltern who has the misfortune to propose to three different girls on the same evening and to be accepted by all of them. Only one is an intentional proposal the others being accidental and the result of a malicious trick played upon him by an unfriendly fellow officer. Billy is landed in a very unpleasant predicament and finds himself left with the two girls he doesn't want whilst the "One Girl in the World" believing he has played her false refuses to have anything more to do with him. The worst of it is the unlucky boy cannot explain how the complication came about. His dilemma lends itself to many laughable incidents and Miss Berta Ruck tells the story in her usual bright vivacious style and ingeniously clears up everything in the end without any broken hearts or blighted lives. It is a book bubbling over with good humoured fun—a capital companion for a rainy day or a long railway journey.

IN RUSSIA'S NIGHT By Olive Garnett 6s net (Collins)

The Russian night of Miss Garnett's title is not the present dubious gloom. The action of the book is set a few years ago and its climax is the "Bloody Sunday" of January 1905. The story is told in the first person by a young Englishwoman, niece of a lady with a dear Russian friend who invites the girl to come and stay with her. We thus see Russia intimately and yet through English eyes. In the fullness of time the girl marries Madame Annenkov's son Dmitri, an artist with Bohemian and revolutionary friends. Katia herself like Madame Annenkov is what we should call correct yet by the irony of fate a picture of her by her husband becomes a symbol of Russia's tragedy and prints of it are eagerly bought and cherished by young revolutionaries. A diversion to Florence brings Katia into contact with exiled Russians and especially with one Muromsky with whom she falls in love. The book generally is one of steadily rising interest and with the appearance of Muromsky it becomes engrossing. A return to Petrograd plunges us into the events leading up to that fatal Sabbath. In view of the pertinacious attempts to prejudice English popular opinion against the Revolution and create a reaction in favour of the old order the description of the massacre before the Winter Palace where the workmen with their wives and children and carrying ikons and pictures of the Tsar had assembled to present a petition to the Little Father (who wasn't there at all) should have special value as a reminder of what the Imperialist regime was like. Among the slain is Muromsky and in trying to care for his body Dmitri is clubbed by a soldier and dies too. Subject and treatment alike make the book one of special interest to English readers. The very fact that Russian life in it is treated objectively that is described as seen by an outsider who at first—and almost at last—knows

nothing about it may make the book attractive to those who cannot easily breathe the authentic atmosphere of the indigenous novelists. Readers should certainly mark it as a book to get from the libraries.

MY LOVES BUT A LASSIE By Katharine Tynan 5s net (Ward Lock)

A dainty love story with plenty of mystery German spying and khaki for a background. Nurse Smith (alias Schmidt) is a weird character drawn with a strength and insight that make her stand out boldly from the long line of German spies in fiction that we have met since the war began. Sylvia Treherne Miss Tynan's heroine will win all hearts from the first. She is charming and the adventures she goes through from the mysterious night when we first become acquainted with her at the little country inn kept by Mrs. Skerrett (Nurse Schmidt again under another name) to the exciting episode that takes place at Sylvia's home in Cornwall—where Nurse Smith turns up to look after Sylvia's invalid uncle—all keep us thoroughly fascinated. Sir James Beauchamp a kindly elderly Judge of the High Courts whose favourite recreation is tramping round the country dressed in old clothes and making the acquaintance of all sorts and conditions of men and women is a lovable old gentleman who fortunately has quite an important part to play in the story. Every one knows the charm of Miss Tynan's style—add to this a good plot and plenty of interesting characters and you know why *My Loves But a Lassie* is a book that you should on no account miss.

THE SHORT CUT By Jackson Gregory 5s net (Milton)

Romance of the Far West of broad free spaces and of strong human passions strongly demonstrated has a lasting attraction for readers doomed to dwell in humdrum sophistication. From the first chapter of *The Short Cut* Mr. Gregory shows that he is going to make things hum to employ in appropriate location. When Wanda happens upon the murdered Arthur Shandon and finds near the body the revolver belonging to Arthur's brother then the experienced reader knows by the twin tests of experience and instinct that Wayne Shandon was not the murderer and that there will be considerable difficulty in establishing his innocence. The unconventional Wanda daughter of a somewhat dour rancher is a heroine who hunts the creatures of the wild with a camera and also a delightful and courageous person who plays a goodly part in the saving of the somewhat easy-going and unsuspecting Wayne. In the end of course it is betraying no secret to say as much she wins through to the reward of her courage and faith. She it is who takes the "short cut" of the title a short cut on which a man's life and fortunes depend and one that gives the author the opportunity of describing in very vivid fashion a breathless race on skis over snowy country.

The Bookman's Table.

NEW AND OLD By Edith Sichel With an Introduction by A. C. Bradley 10s (4d net) (Constable)

This volume containing a selection from the late Miss Sichel's papers is a tribute not merely to her personal excellence and her published books but also to the high quality of the literary criticism—often anonymous—printed by the current periodicals. In the days before the war made wood pulp an article of luxury the mere quantity of such criticism circulated among general readers was enormous but even more remarkable than the large quantity was the high quality that too often does not accompany large quantity. Indeed it might be said (not without reproach) that readers had in the literary columns of their papers almost too much of a good thing. It is to be hoped that they are now sensible of the deprivation. The constant

appearance even in the cheapest papers of articles that were not mere reviews but general studies in literature and history and science and philosophy must never be forgotten when we are considering the educative forces at work during recent years. The present volume contains an introductory sketch by no less a man than Dr A. C. Bradley and a series of extracts from Miss Siebel's letters and note books, but quite the best part of it, as we have hinted, is the collection of review articles, the kind of thing that casual readers glanced at perhaps read possibly liked and certainly threw away. Here collected they make a most interesting volume not only worth reading but worth keeping for constant dipping into. The subjects are mainly French—Eugene Ionesco, Louis XIV, Madame de Maintenon, St Vincent de Paul and various memoir writers, and they are treated in such a way as to be a pleasure to those who know something of the matter and an education to those who do not.

SONNETS AND POEMS By JEAN LARUE 3 net (Blackell)

Miss Larue's poems are rich with happy phrases and strong poetic feeling. Her lyrics run with a musical lift and show a passionate love of beauty—the songs of love and life—those themes which have inspired poets of all times and can never grow hackneyed. Lamenting that

Certain morning walk in lotus
Alone, the pale, unprinted
Hazy dawn, my own world
At what vague purpose, astounded
We live, the vast, the faint, the
We say, the little such, the
And life, the indifferent, the
And life, the never, the touch

And again

What is the anguish then that always
Mind, the life, the life, the
O life, still going, the
And living, the, the, the
The life, the, the, the
We are life, the, the, the
And life, the, the, the
While life, the, the, the

Only, the, the, the, the
The life, the, the, the
The life, the, the, the
The life, the, the, the
The life, the, the, the
The life, the, the, the
The life, the, the, the
The life, the, the, the

When one begins to quote one is tempted to go on. It is hardly possible without much quotation to give any impression of the very fine quality of the work, and we strongly recommend the reader to read these sonnets and poems for himself.

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THE STORY OF THE PARIS CHURCHES By Jetta S. Wolff 7s 6d net (Palmer & Hayward)

Paris is the city of beautiful churches. Had the French Army fought less gallantly in the autumn of the fateful year 1914 which of those glorious churches would now be standing? I write now the story of what we might have lost of what we doubly prize spared to us by the heroic efforts of those who so nobly fought and those who fell in the great battle of the Marne. So says Jetta S. Wolff in the preface to her volume telling *The Story of the Paris Churches*. It is a quaint way of introducing a book this suggestion that the battle of the Marne was fought in order that the Paris churches might be preserved and incidentally in order that this particular catalogue *raisonné* might be written on them. The book itself is a useful compilation provided with many photographs and containing in one volume a mass of interesting information. But it is no more than that, it is a mere series of notes. As a guide book however it will doubtless serve its purpose.

THE HARLEQUINADE By Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker (Sidgwick & Jackson)

It is difficult to convey an impression of the charm and originality of this delightful book. *The Harlequinade* was produced as a curtain raiser to *Androcles and the Lion* nevertheless its authors take pains to point out that it is not a play—it is not a story either or an essay or a treatise or anything like that. They prefer to describe it as an excursion where you get into all sorts of odd company and fall into talks with persons out of your ordinary rule. Whatever definition you give it there is no denying that it is a very delicate piece of artistry. Uncle Edward and Alice share with the readers or the audience the pleasure of watching a play—a play which tells the story of the *Harlequinade* showing how the gods leave Olympus become strolling players in the guise of Columbine, Harlequin, Clown and Pantaloon are transformed to fit in with the march of civilisation and find in the future that Art is abandoned and the world has no more use for them and so sadly go back whence they came. To summarise it in these few bald words gives no conception of its wonderful simplicity its subtle cleverness its fragrant humour and the rosy halo of romance that shimmers about it.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN By Geneviève Ward and Richard Whiting 10s 6d net (Cassell)

Both Sides of the Curtain is the title Geneviève Ward and Richard Whiting have given to a volume of the former's reminiscences which they have just brought out. In it the doyen of our stage the incomparable Stephanie the only English speaking tragic actress of our time talks most shrewdly and wittily of many things of *Forget Me Not* the play which established her fame of theatrical touring in America, South Africa and Australia of teaching for the stage of actors and actor managers of the Italian tragic players Modena and Ristori of her sometime partner that most excellent actor W. H. Vernon and of her pet dogs. She also speaks in praise of Mr Dennis Ladie in dislike of Ibsen's plays and in contempt of the Sicilian Players. To the famous actress's eulogies and prejudices we may reply in brief that whereas Mr Ladie is an admirable character actor Mr Ainley is the sole hope of our stage alike in tragedy and in comedy that Ibsen's fame can at this time of day take care very well of itself and that the person who having seen Crasso in *Othello* and *Morte Civile* can deny him the title of a great tragic actor must be very hard to please. Mr Whiting tells again the story of Miss Ward's union with the Count Constantine de Guerbel. It seems that the Count having married Miss Ward in civil fashion in Italy refused to make the marriage really valid by having it re-celebrated at the Greek Church in Paris and eventually proposed to wed another lady in Russia. Whereupon the parents of the actress exerting Imperial pressure compelled him to go through the religious ceremony at Moscow and then persuaded their daughter to abandon him at the church door. *Both Sides of the Curtain* is a welcome contribution to the history of the modern stage and a very interesting story of a great theatrical career.

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The book is also the record of a practical experiment in Political Education which has lately been made at one of the old Public Schools

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to insult him. It is not that Tricotrin and his friends do not behave differently from English youths—it is that Mr Merrick does not seem to see anything odd in the difference. He treats their eccentricities just as he would the eccentricities of Thufum or of Blackstone K.

In the same way he regards his actors and actresses as ordinary human beings. He brings us determinedly into their lives and will not let us have the satisfaction of thinking they are different clay—he insists they are the same clay with different markings. In fact in exposing the humbug of the stage the pretence of the footlights Mr Merrick exposes even more the humbug of ordinary people and their lives. In *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* this is done almost bitterly. I cannot like the book quite as much as does Sir J. M. Barrie because I find it suffering a little from that kicking against the pricks which is the great sin of modern egotism. We are faithless and condemn faithlessness in our friends—untruthful and turn swiftly on the liar—dishonest and cry 'lookee' at the petty pilferer—cruel and shriek if our own toes are trodden. Nothing can make me really like Conrad himself. His quest is for his own selfish youth—the youth that took not the youth which gave the youth which was worshipped rather than that which paid homage. No doubt he is deceived by himself but he is at too great pains to deceive others—and the terrible hectic effort to beat up his passion for Mrs. Adaile has in it something of cruelty which I do not expect in Mr Merrick's works.

IV

Except Sir J. M. Barrie's bold parallel to Hardy I have seen no effort to compare or contrast Merrick with contemporary novelists. He has been highly praised by some judges but there has not been much effort so far as I am aware to see him in relation to other novelists. And such a judgment is difficult. He does not suggest comparison with others. There are points when his work has affinities with that of Mr St. J. Lucas and there is in his humour at times something which recalls Mr Barry Pain. But Mr Merrick's most characteristic work—say *The Quaint Companions'* *The Actor Manager'* *The Position of Peggy Harper* *Cynthia*



Pl. 117 M. Merrick P. 117
L. 117

Leonard Merrick

One Man's View and some dozen or so short stories have a quality not easily paralleled in English fiction. One feels a little like the man who tried to describe the taste of an olive. 'Oh! it tastes well—it tastes damn well—it tastes like an olive!' Yet one can get perhaps a little farther than that. The first and last thing which marks Mr Merrick off from all other living English novelists except possibly Mr Charles Marriott is his preference for intellectual truth. I do not know if Mr Merrick dabbles in philosophy—if he does his opinion of James or of Bergson should be amusing. He has nothing of the pragmatist in him. And this gives him an astonishing boldness. I even those of our authors—Mr Shaw or Samuel Butler or Vernon Lee—who profess to value intellectual truth rarely if ever take

their truth mat. It is laced with all kinds of old prejudices or outworn methods. As for the realists whether they are simply disguised romantics as Mr Well—or idealists with a crusade like Mr Wells again and Mr Bennett—they never see truth intellectually. They have too great a respect for facts. But Mr Merrick—and in this he is almost purely French—will not look at a problem even a sentimental one except from the standpoint of intellectual truth. It is his weapon against humbug—his spear of Abdiel. This helps us I think to find his real parallel. It is not with novels—it is rather with the French moralists of the eighteenth century that I should compare him, Rochefoucauld or Vauvenargues. Their wisdom is worldly no doubt and narrow in scope. Such a sentiment as *Le plaisir de l'amour est d'aimer et l'on est plus heureux par la passion que l'on a que par celle que l'on donne*—'Love's pleasure is in loving—and a man is happier in the passion he feels than in that he inspires'—is at least half a lie—but it has a strict intellectual truth for the world which acts upon it—and it is the very motto in some ways for *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*. It is the salt quality—the tang of brine in his wit which is responsible for Mr Merrick's being disregarded still in some quarters. As the war makes the world wiser and sadder and as the peace that is coming makes nations better known to each other perhaps the British public will give a greater hearing to one who has never flattered its prejudices or tried for its edification.

THREE ESSAYISTS •

BY CLORGE SAMPSON

ANY enduring or satisfying collection of essays will be found to have a perceptible homogeneity arising from the author's personality or creed or point of view. Such essays are in fact chapters of a continuous story the hero of which is the essayist himself and the plot the adventures of his mind. Gravity or levity of substance makes no difference. The author may be as light as Lucian or as massive as Macaulay; he will satisfy his reader if he is able artistically to be true to himself. It follows therefore that any collection of papers lacking this constructive consistency will never come to life as a book of essays. Think of the learned persons who reprint their weighty contributions to the serious magazines. Their works are not Essays; they are Transactions—they are no more literature than the Proceedings of the British Academy.

Of the three volumes here considered one is immediately ruled out through its lack of artistic consistency and that oddly enough is the book that has most to say about art and form and rhythmic significance. Mr. Clive Bell has assembled some interesting papers but he has certainly not made a book of essays. They are not on any one plane of thought or substance or outlook. Partial portraits of Montaigne, Ibsen, Peacock and Morris tacked on to mere reviews of picture shows and completed by essays on the war do not make a book even though they be collected, printed and duly bound and lettered on the back. Nor is there in this instance any compensating unity of style. Mr. Clive Bell says some things that are really clever and some that are merely unpleasant. He is acute and angular. Such a paper as that on Carlyle for instance is not criticism at all. It is merely a display of bad temper. It argues a mind that remains obstinately provincial however near the centre it may seem to inhabit.

As a further disturbance to the reader there is a yawning discrepancy between the writer's principle and his practice. He believes that it is possible to achieve some Absolute of criticism, some perfect standard by which without reference to time, place or circumstance we can assess the ultimate artistic value of Chaucer and Cowley and Goldsmith and Mrs. Humphry Ward and George Moore and Ouida and Harold Begbie. This is an attractive and not entirely novel proposition but for the moment not having space to discuss it I will content myself with a modest but emphatic repudiation. What matters at the instant is not the principle but what Mr. Clive Bell does with it. It compels him to bracket H. C. Wells and Harold Begbie as equals or nonentity to demand superlatives for Marivaux to regard Giotto as a sort of decadent to deny any artistic merit to Galsworthy and George Moore (a remarkable couple) to claim as our best living novelists Hardy, Conrad and Virginia Woolf (an even more remarkable trio) and to lump together as examples of *le roman* the plays of Rostand and Stephen Phillips the productions of Reinhardt and Bakst, and the Omar

of Edward Litzgerald. It makes him sum up and dismiss Carlyle in this sentence:

From the beginning to the end of his works there is neither pure thought nor pure feeling—nothing but a point of view which is now perceived to be ridiculously plebeian.

It makes him so sure of himself that this is how he writes of a contemporary artist:

The other striking thing in the arena is Mr. Epstein's statue. Approached from behind as the present writer approached it this has very much the air of an important work of art and that it well may be. Closer examination however raises some doubts. Is it perhaps only the imitation of one? Mr. Epstein is a baffling artist. His skill and scholarship are amazing and he seems to have convictions but what are they? Has he merely a brilliant gift for description helped out and sophisticated by a subtle taste? Or has he a queer entangled sense of the significance of form? Is he a plastic artist or an extraordinarily gifted statuary?

These passionate queries are left unanswered and on the whole it appears that an Absolute of criticism that leaves its possessor for ever quivering on a point of interrogation is not such a valuable possession as first appeared.

If I am unkind to Mr. Clive Bell I can only plead in extenuation that his manner invites retort. His book would have been more tolerable had he refrained from penning a prefatory letter in which he seems to advance a claim to superiority in criticism that his actual efforts do not justify. I must add and I sincerely wish I could say it at fuller length that his book contains many very true and stimulating remarks and that it will contribute to the education of all who read it even if it does no more than make them seek to justify their dissent. One paper, Art and War (by far the best in the book) deserves the utmost possible publicity. On the whole the volume must be called a book not of views but of side glances.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's modest volume is the slightest yet most satisfactory of the three. It has its own clear point of view. It reveals an engaging personality and its contents though dealing with subjects as diverse as Samuel Butler, Lord George Sanger, Meredith, Dan Leno, Voltaire and Bostock's Menagerie are all of a piece. That is it is a real book of essays. Special praise should be given to the paper called The G.O.M. which depicts Gladstone not as a politician or as a domestic hero but as a demonic personality with a peculiarly compelling power. In these days when the appeal of our public men to the nation has fallen so far below the tragic dignity of the times it is good for us to be reminded of a statesman whose political creed we may perhaps think mistaken, but whose public life and influence we must admit to have been entirely noble.

Our third essayist who prefers to remain anonymous is more exclusively bookish than the other two. For peace, strength and consolation in these years of trial he has turned to literature and never turned in vain. He too, has the right essayist's homogeneity and his

* Pot Boilers. By Clive Bell. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus).—Remnants. By Desmond MacCarthy. 5s. net. (Constable).—Peace of Mind. Essays and Reflections, August, 1914—September 1917. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose).

book will certainly convey to its readers something of the writer's own sanely hopeful spirit. It is none the worse for being what some people may call old-fashioned for presenting standard views of standard writers. But the author should know better than to adduce

Essays and Reviews as an organ of the Literary Movement and to dismiss Mr. Bernard Shaw as a mere detractor of Shakespeare. Mr. Shaw (like most of us) has said stupid things about the Bard, but few

people have praised him more justly. I should like to take up the author's challenge when he asserts as quite certain that the best artistic work in all mediums has been done in conditions of relative poverty. But instead of discussing the matter I will present him with a counter-assertion that the best artistic work in all mediums has been done in conditions of relative comfort by people who did not have to work for a living. Let us for the moment leave it at that.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

JULY 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square L.C. 4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses. The Editor cannot undertake to return them.

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3) competition both for the current month and the month following as below.

- I—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best topical parody on any well known literary title in not more than a hundred and fifty words.
(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on What the War has Taught Me.)
- IV—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE

- I—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to M. K. Fayrer of Bedford College Regent's Park N.W.1 for the following

COBBLE STONES

In the yellow summer mornings when the sunny silence flutters
And the night's grey ragged edges flush and pale with red and white
And the wall is barr'd with gold that comes a shafting through the shutters
And the birds seek dusty wallows while their nestlings chirp and fight.

Then the carts go squeaking, rumbling,
With their cross old drivers grumbling,
With their stray get-it-as-tumbling,
Earth men (I plump and lie on
Then the carts go jangling, jangling,
With their cross old drivers wailing,
With their bobbing turnips dinging
Through the village to the town.



Mr Theodore Maynard,
whose new book of poems, *Folly*, Mr Erskine Macdonald
is publishing.

London roads are hard and even London roads are smooth
and shining
Where the wit of wise Macadam strews the asphalt on the
flints
In the lanes between the copses there is grass the deep
ruts lining
There are baby lakes that glisten in the wheel and horse
shoe prints
But the cobbled village highway
Is as London ways a dryway
Yet in any lane or by way
Where the jolting axle groins
There is no such merry bumping
With the careful horses clumping
And the vegetables jumping
As upon the cobble stones

There are mallow rubied meadows whose tall trees are
many nested
That on either side are waving and the birds fly low and
sing
There's a stream with stony tumblings little rapids
bubble crested
Every corner needs must follow to its fascinating spring
Through the lapwing's sky brought singing
(On the listning branches swinging)
Through the stream's clear music ringing—
Plaintive laughter merry moans—
You may hear the squeaking, rumbling
While the axle jolts and groans
You may hear the merry bumping
And the heavy horses clumping
On the narrow village highway
That's a rough way and a dryway
Being paved with cobble stones

M K FAYRE

We also select for printing

TINEBRAE

The greater light to rule the day
The lesser light to rule the night
Thou gavest and I praise for these
But also for the feeble ray
Of rush and lamp and candle light—
And starlight through the trees

Ah when upon my latter day
The greater darkness shall descend
Grant thou a little taper's ray
To light me to the end

(Maud McCre 7 Lurkers Road Sheffield)

TO FINDON

The road that winds to Findon
Is long and lean and grey
And trimmed with nodding thistles
And twisting all the way
Between the mustard yellow
Across the clover red
A road to love while living
And dream about when dead

The road that winds to Findon
Is smelling sweet with thyme
And would that I might walk there
To hear the sheep bells chime
Then Hope—she treads the Downlands
Through Sussex to the sea—
And Faith whose home is Findon
Might make a friend of me

(Beryl Carter Highfields Bexhill Sussex)

SEVENTEEN

Under a filmy bridal veil
A year ago her bright hair gleamed
But no adorning might avail
To rob her of her youth she seemed
Only an eager careless child—no more—
Who for an hour puts off her pinafore

Now all in sable she goes dressed
With wide dark eyes that scarcely see
The little hands that clutch her breast
Rocking her baby on her knee
She croons the lullaby (it makes one weep!)
With which she used to sing her dolls to sleep

(Vivian Ford 12 Lincovy Road Tyndall's Park Bristol)

We specially commend the lyrics by Dorothy Cren-
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don) Bessie M Stephens (Cardiff) E K I (Durham)
Lieut C N Goodman (Rawalpindi) Violet D Chapman
(Paris) V Ware (Sandown) V D Goodwin (Gilling-
ham) Nora B Fry (Willesden) Editha Jenkinson
(Haringate) D H D (Lea) Margaret Brown (Calne)
Robert Johnson (Croydon) Ivan Adair (Dublin) Oucenie
Scott Hopper (Whitley Bay) V V Mathews (London
W) Gerald S Swindells (Birkenhead) F K N (Lon-
don S W) Fred Clarke (Lugby) Fath Hearn (Ilmin-
ster) Doris Welch (London S W) Mary I urrah (Brad-
ford) Sergeant Martin Hill (France) C A Kenshaw
(Sheffield) Sydney Jeffery (Burscough) Lina D Key-
nolds (Newport) Corporal F Downman (France) Rev
W H Channings (Devonport) Cunner I J Macdonald
(France) Barbara Storey (Iymington) Frank I West-
brook (Heytesbury) Cyril C Taylor (Washford) Co-
Sergeant Major W M McNevin (France) I Parkinson
(Hulme) M I K Carruthers (Oxford) Corporal Charles
Kent (Hedon) Peggy W Westbrook (Heytesbury)
Edith E Hammond (Edinburgh) St Clair Scott (Rich-
mond) Edith I Beechey (Lincoln) D M Butlin
(Thornton Heath) M B A (Barnsley) C L Sterry
(Crowborough) Mabel Caws (Sunderland) C Field
(Brighton) R Scott Irayn (Skipton) Percy Allott
(Shuppy) Lieut A Inglis (Colinton) I W Kulick
(Walton) Cunner F Tolson (Gatterick) I I Nicholson
(Leeds) Lieut C Harold Williams (Lindley) M K
(York) Anna Walker (Slights) Isabel Roger (Kensing-
ton) Honor Drury (Inglefield Green) Averil Vivian
(Burrow) Amy F Evers (Stonbridge) Winifred Tasker
(Llandudno) Richard Mansfield (South Wimbledon)
May Ciment (Kathlin Island) Cunner F B (Bristol)
Mary E Kevin (Belfast) Susan Miles (London W C)
Eric Antony (Wandsworth) M V C Hunt (Brook-
Green) Private R W Shaw (Shorham) R Youngusband
(Dunelm Canada) Cadet J M Thompson (Highgate)

II—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINIA for the best
quotation is awarded to Miss H Porter of
Donnycarny House Dublin Ireland for the
following

THE TELEPHONE (IRL) BY A AND C ASKEW
(War) Lock)

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream
W COWPER To Mary

We also select for printing

A MARRYING MAN BY C B STERN (Nisbet)

Come into the garden Maud

TENNYSON

(Alfred Green Harewood Skipton)

THE CAUSE BY LAURENCE BINYON (Elkin Mathews)

It's that confounded cucumber
I ate and can't digest

Ingoldsby Legends

(Miss Florence Aston The School House Girls High
School Skipton in Craven)

TOP SPEED BY W PATT RIDGE (Methuen)

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes —A Midsummer Night's Dream

(Elsie I Herrington The Hall Ashford Middlesex,
Juanita Peirse London S W Winifred Ward
Southsea P P Buttle Forest Gate)

III—This PRIZE is divided and Two New Books are awarded to N Walker of Hawarden Bloomfield Belfast Ireland and Two to Hector I C Munro of Craignuck King Street East Helensburgh for the following

PLEASURES I CAN HAVE FOR NOTHING

The pleasures of society companionship with a well loved friend our talks and our still more precious silences instinct with understanding that needs no words the study of faces in a crowd the interest of fitting them in fancy with histories and characters the possibilities in the curve of an eyebrow or the shape of a hand the joys of solitude too the ever changing panorama spread by Nature—that artist whose infinite variety time cannot stale the Columbus thrill of coming suddenly on one of her gems of workmanship a bit of sea glimpsed down a vista of springtime green a gipsy lane bordered with creamy hawthorn a beech tree in May an autumn wood glowing in gold and scarlet the earthy scent of primroses the caress of the waves on the shore the blackbird's song the open road moonlight sunlight sunset and dawn these pleasures and a hundred others are mine and all for the taking

N WALKER

PLEASURES I CAN HAVE FOR NOTHING

There are no pleasures for nothing, something must be paid for even the cheapest. Many people no doubt consider walking a pleasure devoid of expense but these people do not think on the cost of boots and the type of leather in use at the present time. On reading this they will likely say that one can walk without boots. Walking then would be no pleasure. The next set of people will think that sleeping is a pleasure with no expense attached. To them I say that beds cost something. They will reply by saying that one can sleep in the open. Have they ever tried it? Doctors do not usually render small accounts. Perhaps the cheapest pleasure of all is selling things. But even the things one sells must be paid for in some way or other. So one can have no pleasure for nothing.

HECTOR I C MUNRO

No recent competition has proved more popular than this several of the essays are very good and some of the best are disqualified for overrunning all space limits one exceeding five hundred words. We specially commend the essays by J L Armistead (Ashton in Makerfield) Florence Judson (Clacton) Isaac Corporal I W Morden (Eastbourne) Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool) J A B (Highgate) Mary I Michar (Castle Eden) Kathleen W Coules (Market Harborough) Flora H Southgate (Maidenhead) J W Maxwell (Ramsay) Irene Wintle (Portland) A M Bethune (Northam) Kitty Gallagher (Bootle) Maude Hall (Winchester) R H Kipling (Somerleigh) Mannington Sayers (Totnes) Frances Brown (South Kensington) Private Brian Winstanley (Bradford) M Homerton (Forest Gate) Caroline Coxan (New Malden) E K N (London S W) H Leonard (Skipton) Winifred Spriggs (Herne Hill) Cew (Brig House) Fredk H Eva (Sandown) Edward H Forster (Thorne) M Whitaker (Doncaster) M B (Stowmarket) M R Morran (Plumstead) M A P Price (Handsworth) Samuel Spence (Londonderry) M G Dodds (Timperley) Frank Kelly (Dublin) Doris Halsey (Walsall) T F Brogden (Scarborough) C Burton (Upper Norwood)

IV—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Isabelle Griffin of Enville Cottage Bradmore Wolverhampton for the following

JAMESIE By ETHEL SIDGWICK
(Sidgwick & Jackson)

Contemporary literature is richer for the work of Miss Sidgwick. In 'Jamesie' she has produced a during the war study unique in form and treatment touching

developments in the life of to day with unerring and clear vision. Revealed through the difficult medium of collected correspondence her dramatic personae are amazingly alive. Action and character are unfolded with consummate art and above all there is the fascinating figure of Jamesie. Jamesie is a bright spirit worthy to rank beside the immortal children in our literature. He might fittingly typify the waste of youth beauty and vitality which has fallen upon our time.

We also elect for printing

THE WALK WORKERS By L M DELAPLAIN
(Heinemann)

This is a brilliant sketch of certain aspects of women's work. The loyal devotion of the various girl workers at the Midland Supply Depot their virtues and weaknesses are revealed better than by pages of description in their conversation which if not always humorous is a source of unflinching amusement to the reader. Miss Vivian adored by all the staff except her secretary whose independence and common sense are really refreshing—is the self-centred limelight loving Director of the Depot and one regrets that she is not made before the story ends to see herself as others see her.

(Ellen M Meredith) Queen Anne's Bedford Devon)

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH By DONALD MERRICK With Introduction by J M BARRIE
(Hodder & Stoughton)

Donald Merrick there is no one with a greater art of telling a story if that art consists in making us for ever wonder what we are to find on the next page. We take this sentimental journey with Conrad fancying that to revisit the scenes will be to recover the emotions and feel again the blasts of boyhood playing through the old winds. Conrad's adventures in the Quarter Latin and Sweetbay are cunningly told but the author's bewitching digressions and clever characterisation in Mrs Adaile and Rosalind are the abiding charm of the book. The preface is Best Barrie.

(Kathleen White) 21 Kewin Road Hammersmith)

CHRISTINE By ARIC CHROMDREY
(Macmillan)

One hears on all sides that every one is weary of war novels and yet there are some which one would be very sorry not to have read and chief among these ranks Christine. The very form in which it is written is arresting and the naturalness of the style brings most vividly before the reader the events therein portrayed. The book gives a never to be forgotten picture of German life in the May June and July before the fateful August and no one who has read the description is likely ever to forget it. It is certainly a book worth reading.

(J A Jenkins) Edge Hill College Liverpool)

We specially commend the reviews by Mrs N Heard (Pulstone) Sidney S Wright (Swanley) Rev C A Payne (Knutsford) Vincent Hamson (Bedford) William Saunders (Edinburgh) Rolanda Hust (Earls Court) Winifred M Spriggs (Herne Hill) Harold Taylor (Ramsgate) Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin) Gordon Barnard (Winchester) Gerald McMichael (Birmingham) Ethel Webster (Bristol) M Bowden (Stowmarket) Lavender Rosari (London W) M J Dobie (Mouldsworth) Florence Parsons (Altrincham) Elsa Cellert (Bradford) Frederick Willmer (Ramsay) Frances M N Tall (Harrogate) J Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells) R W King (Lewisham) M E Crookes (Derby) Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg) M A Newman (Brighton) W Swayne Little (Dublin) Grace C Webb (Southam) Gertrude Bishop (St Leonards) J Sturges (Walton by Clevedon) M C Barnard (London W) H Leonard (Skipton)

V—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Private Robert C Bodker S 344028 A S C Records Office Woolwich Dockyard S E 18

TO A FIREFLY BY THE SEA

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Little torch bearer alone with me in the night
 You cannot light the sea nor I illumine life
 They are too vast for us they are too deep for us
 We glow with all our strength but back the shadows
 sweep
 And after a while will come an hallowed sleep

Here on the rocks that take the turning tide
 Here by the wide lone wave and lonelier wastes of
 sky

We keep our poet watch as patient poets should
 Questioning earth's commingled ill and good to us
 Yet little of them or naught have truly understood

Bright are the stars and constellated thick
 To you so quick to flit along your sheltering course

They seem perhaps but glowing mats in other fields
 And all the knowledge I have gathered yields to me
 Scarce more of the great mystery their wonder wields

For the moon we are waiting—and behold
 Her silent gold drifts up her sail has caught the breeze
 That blows all being thro' the Universe always
 So now little light keeper you no more need nurse
 Your gleam for lo she mounts and sullen clouds disperse

And I with aching thought may cease to burn
 And humbly turn to rest—knowing no thought of mine
 Can ever be so beautiful as have been to me
 Your soft beams here beside the sea's elusive din
 For grief too oft has kindled me and pain and the
 world's sin

New Books

A TRIPLE CHORD*

A book of verses by Mr. Walter de la Mare is always a refreshment and a delight and if this be true of the piping times of peace it is trebly so in these days of stress and strain. The poem which gives the title to Mr. de la Mare's new volume has been published before as *The Fool Rings His Bells*. It is one of the longest though scarcely the most charming or important of the poems now brought together and I prefer to think that the author designates the volume *Motley* not so much to emphasise one particular poem as rather to imply that the collection deals with no especial theme but includes verses on a variety of subjects which to the poet are matters of concern. I therefore have a book of good faith in faded copy of a greater original but a volume brimming over with the personality of its writer. The humour which is so delightful a facet of his talent and which found such unique expression in *Off the Ground* may not be so explicit as heretofore but who can wonder if laughter is a little hushed these tragic times? Nevertheless humour is here for example in the exquisite and regular poem of *The Blind Boy*. By way of compensation the peculiar gifts of Mr. de la Mare are present in abundance: his sense of beauty and that quality of emotion which to this generation is of more importance than beauty itself. The loveliness of natural things finds lovely expression in Mr. de la Mare's pages. His cypress tree takes the stars for fruit and his garden blows with bergamot and thyme. But the poet's theme is inexhaustible. I ven should his pen have told of Leviathan and the Honey Fly and reached the Z of nature there would yet remain (as *The Scribe tells us*) Thou Lord and I. Other poets however may have as fastidious a sense of beauty as piercing a quality of emotion as Mr. de la Mare. His essential gift in which he excels them all is in the hush and brooding silence which steal from his verses. He is the poet of the sealed and secret garden and of the ghostly house tense with stillness. His poetry is full of images such as these: I fancy that the author of *The Two Houses* and many another such poem must greatly admire Lamb's essay in *Love's Labour*. A Quaker's Meeting and it is my pleasure to imagine him turning over the leaves of his *Imitation*

and lingering on the passages exalting the virtues of silence above all the graces of speech.

For here is the irony of things. A poet whose very stock in trade is words and rhythm prefers silence before speech! He expresses his preference in golden phrase and in exquisite music. Take but one burst of the latter from *The Revenant*:

O all ye fair ladies with your colours and your graces
 And your candles in flume of candle and hearth
 Forth the dusk! the old wind will lift not up your smiling
 faces.
 Where a hide stands forlorn from the cold of the earth

Such music is indeed delightful so delightful in this and many other poems that it emboldens me to criticise. A little further labour would have removed certain flaws and made plain a certain obscurity which interfere with a reader's complete enjoyment of this poetry. Above all I would suggest that Mr. de la Mare's habit of breaking the metre of his verses is carried to excess. I know it is not fashionable to maintain this view. Doubtless the catch in the rhythm destroys monotony and jogs the attention of the hearer. But a good thing can be purchased at too great a price and this poetry is so beautiful that I would have it perfect if I could.

Of the two books of verses which follow it is possible to write more summarily. The name of Mr. S. Barrington Gates is unfamiliar to me but *Cargo* was well worth publication in Mr. Blackwell's artistic series of *Adventurers*. All undoubtedly he has the root of the matter in him for at their best—and every poet is entitled to be appraised at his best—his poems have a rhythm and a melodious choice of words very winning to the ear. Occasionally a certain thinness of thought cheapens various poems and it would be interesting to know whether before writing

To My Daughter a Year Old Mr. Gates had studied Beddoes's *Dream Pedlary* and Mr. Ralph Hodgson, the most recent of our great Little Masters. For the rest the sources of his inspiration are perfectly clear. Love marriage childbirth—the common and elemental experiences of life—are his themes these and the great war on which too he writes excellently well. Mr. Gates's dedication to his wife is so felt and charming that I make no apology for the quotation

Comrade of the steady hand
 Beauty's been in every weather
 Life's gone bravely caravanned
 Since we took the road together.

* *Motley and Other Poems* By Walter de la Mare 3s 6d net (Constable)—*Cargo* By S. Barrington Gates 2s 6d net (Blackwell)—*Horizons at Dawn and at Dusk* By Colin Tilly 3s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton)

Beauty's been and pride and laughter
Blowing breathing at your side
Take the songs that follow after
Comrade of the steady stride

Mr Colin Tolly the author of *Horizons* is obviously a man of reading and culture. He is a student of many literatures and of science and is deeply concerned with those various religions in which man has cradled his illusions and enshrined his dreams. Certainly he is a man of parts. Naturally enough *Horizons* is a record of his interests and deals with his religious and scientific studies—the obscure origins of man's life (An Ancestral Portrait Gallery) and those Ancient Fanes which were the secret habitations of his worship. It is impossible to read the volume without sincere respect for the attainment of the writer nor without speculation as to whether poetry is the willing vehicle for such a load of learning. I am not persuaded that Mr Tolly has assimilated thoroughly this wide reading for the purposes of his art. Divine philosophy as we know it neither harsh nor crabbed but the lines in which Mr Tolly expresses his own philosophy are frequently art. The masters in whom he has modelled his style seem to be Browning and Meredith and it would be affectation to pretend that he has always avoided the pitfalls dugged by them for the unwary. Strange experiments in rhyme and with the sonnet form are the results of these admiration together with a habit of packing verse with more than they can contain and crowding word so that they cannot breathe. Sincere and thoughtful Mr Tolly's verse unfailingly is. I could wish it to be more indulgent to the student who runs as he reads so that it might be the more readily appreciated.

ELLEN MASON

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER *

So many novels of our time are content with the flat contrast between pre-war conditions and the present that it is refreshing to find one turning on the transition of an individual and spinning new beauty and drama out of a theme like loss of memory. The success of the experiment and the way in which a modest seeming story turns out a brilliant essay in psychology shows that Miss West will never be content with the beaten tracks of episode and dialogue. She has studied her Henry James too well for that and those who read her little monograph on that magician will be prepared for the quiet surprises she has packed away here. Possibly many of them will have expected more. Nor are they to be denied the objection perhaps that her hero is not only passive and listless but stiff in his joints. His soldiership is on the shelf his present consciousness a blank—he is only a hero in fact by virtue of our commiseration.

It is in the feminine aspects that this book reaches excellence and maintains it easily nor do we perceive many plots in future to give the author a better chance for her powers of temperament analysis. Kitty the wife is a cameo so far as outlines go but she has buried with her child whatever soul she had and motherhood counts so little in her scheme of things that the average reader may be in danger of forgetting the tiny tragedy until the climax brings it up again. As for the narrator Jenny her friend she cannot be much more than a chorus so that if the story were merely a quartet of character it might run the risk of undisguisable collapse. It is so very much more in point of fact that we hardly notice the faintness of the character portrayal or the vividness with which mere decorative detail covers it as with a mirage of tantalising colour. Over and over again we seem to be saying that this is a new effect in fiction until we remember our Henry James and then we see that this disciple is playing in the same school of fantasia not on personality and incident and the patterning of resonant words but on the finer shades of human nature and relationship. The

* *The Return of the Soldier* By Rebecca West. 5s net (Nisbet).



PHOTOGRAPH

Miss Rebecca West

attractiveness of the book lies in the woman who comes back into Chris's life across the gulf of fifteen years and sheds the commonplaceness of her outward self as she might a borrowed garment. Some times Miss West is needlessly insistent on the foibles of Margaret's glib and manners but nothing in the way of juxtaposition or irrelevance can dim the large radiance of this woman's nature. She is a suburban Madonna sent into a tithe minor house to win a war broken Iran back to sanity and to rebuke its idle little mistress for her heartless egotism. It is the man that is cured not the wife and this perhaps is the crowning touch of logic in the performance. Miss West has done that rare thing in a young novelist she has set herself to achieve a particular effect in a certain way and she has done it to perfection. One's only misgiving is as to the way in which so delicate an idea is likely to be couched by her imitators.

J. I. COLLINS

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO HISTORY *

Opportunities are being afforded us to day of studying the history of Modern Germany on a large scale. Much of it is so unfamiliar that a sensible effort is needed in the attempt to proceed from the small map to the large one and even then the accomplishment of the better understanding is by no means certain. It is hard to praise too much the splendid enterprise of the house of Jarrold & Sons in giving us a complete version of Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. The scale is enormous. The first large 12s 6d volume of 700 pages is occupied with preliminaries leading up to 1815 three further volumes on a scale more minute carry us forward some twenty years or less. Enormous and exhausting as the scale is however the book proves easier of perusal than Sir Adolphus Ward's History of Germany of which about 1000 pages in two volumes have already

* History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century 4 vols By Heinrich von Treitschke Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul 12s 6d net per vol (Jarrold)—Germany 2 vols By A. W. Ward With Chapters by Spencer Wilkinson 12s net per vol (Cambridge University Press)—British Foreign Policy in Europe By H. I. Egerton 6s net (Macmillan)—Outlines of Mediaeval History By C. W. Previté Orton 10s 6d net (Cambridge University Press)—Main Currents of European History 1815-1915 By F. J. C. Hearnshaw 7s 6d net (Macmillan)—Europe in the Nineteenth Century By E. Lipson 4s 6d net (Black)

appeared. The formality of this History the freezing temperature of its unmitigated political and military chronicle and the comparative absence of generalisation or idea make it an appallingly difficult book to read and give a strong sense indeed that it must have been written by forced labour much against the grain. It is a splendid example of the futility of trying to teach history without influencing opinion. This influence may be exerted unduly as in the case of Treitschke and perhaps that of Froude—the centenary of whose birth we celebrated on Shakespeare Day 1918—but it imparts a certain amount of life giving warmth to the process of assimilation without which history is bound to seem cold and dead.

Mettetrach who is tugging at Germany in one direction seems to represent the past in the great morality play which we have unfolded before us in these voluminous tomes. The English parliamentary ideal is tugging away in another direction. But Bismarck comes in in due course as the strong man in the pantomime representing the present and all Germany becomes obsequious to the will to power—the record of his success is a profoundly depressing one for your anti-militarist. Palmerston perhaps had the same will to power combined with a very strong determination to liberty and national freedom and for a long time things went very well with him but there is a lack of vitality about his positive achievement which cannot fail to impress the contrast upon the mind of the most casual observer. The panorama that is unfolded here not only emphasises the fact but explains the reason why the belief in an all-powerful Army has become such a cardinal article of faith among all typical and representative Germans. It explains too on a large scale why all those who wish ill to England have been so excessively anxious to impress upon us that the maxim *Si vis pacem para bellum* is absolutely and entirely fallacious. Utopians have done the rest and we have struggled along in a foolish paradise of splendid isolation amid so much internal uproar and babble of internal reform is the heritage of a chosen race that the great knocks from without on the door of our destiny were passed by absolutely unheeded.

It is hard for a history student to read Treitschke without an emotion of historical pride. This *historical* championship of Prussianism more than anything else has enabled Prussia to defy the world. More than any other single person this deaf Saxon diffused the theory of the divine right of force. The two regenerators of Germany according to Treitschke were the Russian Zollverein and the reform of the Prussian Army—the greatest enemy of united Germany was and is Liberalism. This idea England symbolised but in theory rather than in fact. For our Liberalism never faced the fact disclosed by history that we should surely have to fight for our very life against the force incarnate (for the time) in Prussia. The reality would have taught our island the value of foresight (of which hindsight in history is the postulate) it would have taught us to realise how impossible in a state with a future is such a thing as chronic unemployment how ignoble in perspective and in practice how utterly futile is wealth without work or responsibility and how contemptible in action is a nation state which entrusts its protection in the last resort to a contingent of volunteers. What concerns all should be defended by all. If it does not concern all why not? it must be made to! The lesson of the past and the task of the future—how to make them one! History which has revealed so much of high value to slaves is surely not going to withhold the supreme secret from free men.

The history of the years 1848-49 was enough to show that German unity could never be effected until one of the greater States Prussia or Austria should place its military resources at the service of the national party. The German liberals had undertaken in 1848 to reform simultaneously the Confederation and its constituent States. They had supposed that this could be done by a strong appeal to the conscience of the German nation by preaching the gospel of representative institutions

And up to a point their efforts had been crowned with success. The majority of the governments had been induced to permit the election of a representative German Parliament. This Parliament had met at Frankfurt (October 1848) and had remained in being for six months. It included among its members the flower of German liberalism. It secured the services of an Austrian Archduke as the head of the federal executive and it proceeded to draw up a code of fundamental laws. Unfortunately these fundamental laws excellent as they were in principle awakened the profound mistrust of the greater German powers. One law provided that in every German State there should be responsible government by ministers answerable to a representative assembly. Another forbade the fusion of any German lands with lands which lay outside the boundaries of the Confederation. Hungary might not be united with Austria under one constitution nor might Prussia be united with the more westerly possessions of the Hohenzollerns. Austria Prussia Bavaria and Hanover refused to recognise the fundamental laws and Prussia helped the King of Saxony to suppress a revolution raised by the constitutional party in that kingdom. The Frankfurt Parliament after long wrangling decided that they must offer the Imperial crown to Prussia when Frederick William IV evaded giving a definite answer the new Federal Constitution fell to the ground like a pack of cards. The local revolutions which had been expected to reform the governments of the Absolutist States and to propagate the cult of national unity proved everywhere a dismal failure. The Frankfurt Parliament melted away in 1849 a hum of about 100 stalwarts removed to Stuttgart but was suppressed by the government of Wurtemberg.

Many reasons might be given for this misco. The proceedings of 1848 often served Treitschke as a text for attacks upon German doctrines. The Frankfurt Parliament had made the mistake of transplanting English constitutionalism to German soil not perceiving that the English party system was the product of local and peculiar circumstances. From the first the representatives at Frankfurt had been divided into a large number of unstable groups and cliques. Further they had underrated the strength of monarchical feeling in the German States. In Prussia for instance the Hohenzollerns were the one great national institution and the sort of constitutionalism which the liberals desired was avowedly intended to make the hereditary sovereign a cipher a marionette whose wires would be pulled by a party Cabinet. Not only had Frederick William IV revolted against the liberal schemes for reorganising his dominions he had refused the Imperial crown on the ground that he was asked to become the servant of a written constitution and a popular assembly. Despite his many blunders he represented on this subject the national sentiment—the liberals had outraged the traditions of the strongest States in Germany. But above all they had not realised the importance of material force. They should have begun by securing the help of Prussia and then they should have framed a constitution which Prussia would accept a constitution making her interests identical with those of the federation.

But such a constitution would not have been a federation at all. So at least Treitschke argued. Prussia could never consent to be merely a member of a Bundesstaat. Such a constitution is only possible, he said when the contracting States are on a level of equality only durable when they are all democracies as in Switzerland or Holland or the United States.

The result was that Bismarck's experiments came as a boon and a blessing to the *tertium quid* in Germany. What were our observers and publicists and historians doing in this period? Were they blind or dumb or were our countrymen so deafened by the clamour of the radical and insular millennium that they could not pay any attention? Our best diplomats were alarmed at the indifference shown in England to the subject of German unity. Why can England find sympathy for the wars of oppressed Venetians

withal so truly in the key of the book itself that for once it seems quite in keeping and not in the least superfluous.

One agrees with Mr. Tillet when he says: "The author brings into vivid light what the actualities of the gutter life mean. We want books like these and portrayals of slumland that will not only shame us to sympathy but will nerve us to resent the conditions imposed upon the helpless childhood of our country. It is sad even to say to think that such conditions still exist."

The conditions Mr. Tillet alludes to were those prevalent in all the great cities of England twenty thirty forty years ago. As he also suggests they still persist but time has in some measure mended many of them. The children of to-day are not nearly so harshly or forbiddingly treated as the children of yesterday. It is at last recognised that they have rights as human beings equal at least to the rights of grown men and women. They are no longer regarded as merely so much potential material for the labour market. It is at last beginning to be dimly understood that merely as children they have their own lives to live and that their lives are more precious alike to themselves and to the community than the lives of those who have lived out (let us say) half their span and as their days decline toward old age and death become ever less useful to the commonweal.

Not that I would have you jump to any false conclusions in so far as Mr. Joseph Whittaker's book is concerned. There is nothing of propaganda in it. It is just as the author himself says in his opening paragraph—a book of memories—a plain unadorned story.

It is the story of a slum in Wolverhampton and has mostly to do with children though there are chapters—not so much to my particular taste—that savour a little of melodrama and sentimentalism. (And that is the last ungrateful carping word I have to utter.) But most forcibly it strikes me as most books about the slums of other great towns have struck me—as being essentially no different in its revelations of the manners and customs sayings and doings work and play from the revelations of similar aspects of the London poor.

I can conceive that Wolverhampton differs in many respects from Bradford and Bradford from Plymouth and Plymouth from Liverpool and Manchester. I can imagine that the inhabitants of almost any provincial town set down in another provincial town might find themselves as it were among strangers almost foreigners—but I do know that any of them transplanted to London would soon find there most of the things they thought they had irrevocably left behind them in their native home. And I say this all the more positively because—as a child in London I have played all the games that Mr. Whittaker's delightful quintet of boys play—and many more—and that the people of Tumblefold are all twin brothers and sisters of the Cockney. Indeed if this story had been placed in what is loosely known as the East End of London I should have observed only some very few discrepancies.

And that I think is the vital merit of this book. It is authentic. The author has not presented us with any remarkably queer characters of eccentric speech and conduct and labelled them Tumblefoldians as many of his forerunners have. He has gone straight to human nature for his main effects. And he has found that everywhere human nature is the same fruit though it grows on a big tree.

To the undiscerning it might seem that a good many of his types are stock types—but let us range among our own acquaintances and see for ourselves how they also group themselves—until we know them intimately—and then I think it will be discovered that it is our author's peculiar instinct in this direction that distinguishes his talent. He has no use for frills and furbelows. He just remembers and records scenes and people the usual experiences and companions of his boyhood and leaves it at that. There are moments when he seems to tremble on the verge of banality but he always saves himself by a miracle of simple artistry. There are incidents described in this book that a more sophisticated writer would fear to handle because of their obviousness. Yet such an incident as that of "The



Photo by J. P. H. I. H. H. I.

Mr. Joseph Whittaker

Quarrel—for example—is a triumph of acute perception tempered by a gentle humor and wrought to a prodigious effect of ineluctable truth by its tremendous sympathy with and fidelity to the boyish temperament.

And there are other incidents described not less felicitously because at first sight they may seem a little hackneyed. There is the incident of the carol singing the Great Snow House the Panorama Johnny Yeubrey's Garden and the Sunday School Treat—all these in their eager joyous telling are replete with humor and with something deeper that thrills and moves the heart. There is I repeat a sort of joyous eagerness about their recital which renders them immutable and I can think of no other writer who has achieved just these effects in just this compelling fashion.

In fine we have in Mr. Joseph Whittaker—whose work I have never met before and therefore cannot say if this be his first book or not—in an author who must surely rank with those of the more considerable novelists who really have something to say and know how to say it not only without offence but to every intelligent reader's intense delight and refreshment. There is strength and beauty and above all a quiet sincerity about *Tumblefold* that should commend it to the elect. For myself I know that I shall read it again and again and always with an enhanced appreciation of its outstanding qualities so radiant of a pure kindly heart and a clear calm understanding.

EDWIN PUGH

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

Professor Morris Jastrow Jr. Ph.D. LL.D. Professor in the University of Pennsylvania contends in his book on the Bagdad Railway that there is no reason to suspect that at the outset the German capitalists who fathered the enterprise were actuated by any other motive than the perfectly legitimate one to create a new avenue of commerce. The German Government however,

¹ *The War and the Bagdad Railway. The Story of Asia Minor and Its Relation to the Present Conflict.* By Morris Jastrow Jr. Ph.D. LL.D. With 14 illustrations and a Map. Reprint (Lippincott Company).

ABOUT "PELMANISM."

By SIR WM ROBERTSON NICOLL, MA, LL.D. Editor of *British Weekly*

I HOPE there is no need for me to apologise for my reluctance as an editor to comment upon anything which is the subject of advertisement in these pages. It may be in some degree a conventional prejudice, but there is a good deal to be said in defence of it.

But I am frequently receiving inquiries about Pelmanism, and in view of the growing public interest in this movement I have decided to set down briefly the conclusions which I have arrived at from a careful weighing of the evidence both internal and external.

In the public interest it is obviously important to know whether the far-reaching claims made on behalf of Pelmanism are or are not justified. If true, then many of its boundless possibilities in the direction of progress for the individual and for the nation. And I may well say at once that the available evidence disposes itself strongly in this view.

Some twenty years ago I first met the founder of the Institute Mr. W. J. Finner, and listened with profound interest to what he had to say of the Pelman system. If I mistake not it was at that time simply a memory training system. It interested me intensely because it carried out the thought that was often present in my mind—the thought that people might be divided into two classes—those whose education was terminated with their school days, and those who kept on educating themselves. I had in mind Mr. daunt's new novel, *The Pendulum*, which depicted a vision of what I mean. She says: "It is significant of Mr. H. I. character that while pursuing his education, such as it was, came to an end the day he left school; it was only then that the younger brothers really began." Also I remembered Samuel Butler's picture of an ideal commonwealth in which the proved neglect of a man to admit a new idea into his mind for ten years was treated as a crime.

That Pelmanism should have been received at first with a certain amount of scepticism is, on the whole, not surprising and understandable. (Crest innovations call for an attitude of cautious reserve, one does not like to risk being stampeded into action.) It is more than disappointing to find that it has been caught in the swirl of a passing craze.

Sufficient time has, however, elapsed to furnish us with trustworthy data to arrive at a proper estimate of the worth of Pelmanism. Its case no longer rests merely upon the assertions of its founders; it finds upon the most substantial ground of *things done*. It is the accomplished result which must in the end be the criterion of value. Theory is one thing, practical attainment is another. Pelmanism is vindicated handsomely in my view by the astonishing record of its performances.

And these performances are recorded not by the Pelman Institute itself, but by those who have taken Pelman course and have applied its principles to their own personal needs. Moreover, much of this evidence (as I shall presently show) is incidental—it is not addressed to the Pelman Institute and is communicated independently of the Institute.

Readers of the *British Weekly* are tolerably familiar with the name and work of the Pelman Institute. Long before it achieved its present distinction the Pelman Institute's announcements appeared in these pages. When I have said it was merely a memory training system. But the intervening years have fostered large developments. The system has broadened its channels. The Institute has gathered the fruit of experience. Pelmanism no longer confines its efforts to the training of one faculty of the human mind; it aims at the scientific development and strengthening of *all* of our mental powers—what we call psycho-synthesis.

Development and increase by discipline and exercise may be taken as the foundation principle of Pelmanism. Psychologists are agreed that the principle is thoroughly sound and scientific. Results show that it is inherently practical and fruitful. Common sense also agrees that the principle is essentially right for we well know that upon regular use or exercise depends the efficiency of every organ, limb and muscle of our organisation.

Strength is promoted by activity; disuse results in atrophy. Nature is a utilitarian; she does not waste her gifts upon those who neglect them. Anatomists tell us that in our bodies are traces of organs which have practically vanished—lost by centuries of disuse. And the brain—the organ

of mind—does not escape the general law. It will never atrophy if it is used and in fact its power is continually acknowledged as being the consequence of such functional exercise.

These facts have long been recognised, but the moral has not been acted upon. Psychology as a science is by no means new, but it has hitherto held itself at such a goodly distance from everyday life. Theoretical science and abstract principles have interested the busy man with so little consequence that the realisation of its day. Hence psychology as a science remained largely outside the ken of the average man until the findings of the scientists were linked up with the facts of everyday life by Dr. Hermann Pelmanism makes a claim for practical purpose, and the scientific investigation has been carried out in the present laboratory.

So much for the principle upon which the Pelman system is founded. What of its methods?

A professor of psychology recently remarked that whilst he was delighted with what he had seen of the work and the popularity of the Pelman Institute, amongst all classes, and the result attained he could not comprehend how the public had been won from its former indifference to psychology. He said he supposed it was due to advertising.

That was a fairly conclusive answer, I think, a wrong one. Clever and insistent advertising will doubtless do much to bring a thing into temporary prominence, but it will always attract a wary and thoughtful public. But I believe I am well known for a lengthy period of time, and I am rapidly winning every section of the community. Members of the legal medical and other professions are not naturally amenable to advertising, and the register of the Pelman Institute contains the names of too many members of these professions—too many men with brilliant university records and for many men of eminent standing in literary, educational and intellectual circles to allow it to be possible that advertising is the explanation.

No. The success which has attended Pelmanism can but be fairly attributed to the success of the attempt to let the dry bones of the science with the living flesh of everyday life. The terminology of the science has been translated into the language of real life. It is this which makes Pelmanism appeal with equal force, but for various reasons, to the barrister and to the salesman—to the woman of fashion and to the workman—to the military leader and to the private—to the business man and to the student and the educationist. Men and women of every class and every age have at least this one need in common: the need for training the mind as systematically as the athlete trains his body. Modern life can be met with nothing less than a complete mental equipment. One's natural mentality is insufficient unless it is also efficient, and only training can make it efficient.

The Pelman Institute carries out its programme of training upon the basis of a strict analogy between physical and mental development. But the work goes much further than training upon a common principle; the *individual* need of each student of the Course is the ultimate goal and it is never lost sight of. Attention is focused on helping men and women in their individual and special difficulties and on bringing out the best that is in each. Interest and aim are therefore treated as of paramount importance as indeed they are, and in stopping that mental drift which is one of the diseases of the age and in introducing definite purpose and direction into life and effort the Pelman Institute is doing a work which it would be difficult to overpraise.

Many of the letters received by the Institute make it apparent that quite a large proportion of those enrolling are little prepared for the thoroughness with which Pelmanism compels a self-overhauling and a stocktaking of deficiencies and possibilities. Several writers express openly their astonishment at the new and wider outlook upon life which has resulted—and amongst these are men and women who have attained a considerable degree of success in their several vocations, showing that it is not only life's failures who are able to profit by the teachings of Pelmanism.

Of greater interest to me, however, is the testimony which has come privately through various channels into my hands. Thus I will deal with now.

(Continued on the back page)

entered the field as the backer and promoter of the scheme and then the political aspect of the railway was moved into the foreground and that aspect has since overshadowed the commercial one.

The author adduces two reasons for this transformation of the character of the project. First he says the marvellous industrial expansion of Germany naturally conduced to the growth of Germany's political power and led her rulers to cherish political ambitions which were *unnatural* because they transgressed bounds dictated both by existing circumstances and by the consideration for the peace of the world. Second the close alliance established between Germany and Turkey dating back to 1885

led to the reorganisation of the Turkish Army under the tutelage of German officers.

The first point deserves to be elucidated. The convention designed in 1888 giving the concession to build the Bagdad Railway to a German syndicate styled *La Société Impériale Ottomane du Chemin de Fer de Bagdad* stipulated that the railway was to be used by the Turkish Government for military transportation and the German company had to pledge itself to build military stations along the route at an expenditure up to four million francs. This provision would have mattered little had not General von der Goltz been invited by Sultan Abdul Hamid to become a professor in the chief military school of Turkey and had not after the revolution of 1908 a military commission consisting of thirty German officers been appointed to train the Turkish Army. The conversion of the Turkish Army into a mere adjunct of the German Army placed in Russian hands a powerful instrument that menaced the very existence of British India. Thus what might have served as a channel of communication between the East and the West enabling Europe and Asia to exchange their material, moral and spiritual products became a weapon that might at any moment be used by a European military power to destroy the peace of the entire Middle East.

Dr Jastrow is right in contending that not until one has followed the eventful history of Asia Minor and realised that the roads leading through that country to the eastward have played an important part in shaping human history does one comprehend the full political import of the Bagdad Railway. In about fifty pages he has managed to present the story of Asia Minor in a condensed yet interesting form to show how waves of conquerors from ancient times to the Middle Ages poured through that country on careers of conquest. As the Very Rev Sir George Adam Smith says in his interesting pamphlet* the military history of Syria may be pictured as the procession of nearly all the world's conquerors—Thotmes, Tiglath Pileser, Sargon, Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses and Alexander, Pompey, Caesar, Augustus, Titus and Hadrian, Omar and Saladin, Tamerlane, Napoleon. The road to the East remained open until the middle of the fourteenth century when Constantinople fell and the House of Osman (Ottoman) effectively blocked it. The Crusaders tried to open it but failed in their endeavour. But for Prussian junkers the Bagdad Railway would have formed a link between the two continents.

The ex-Czar and his bureaucrats realised in the initial stages of the enterprise that the Bagdad Railway menaced their own programme of expansion in the Middle East. They objected to the line passing through Northern Asia Minor and the Germans afraid of the Russian steam roller revised their plans and settled upon the southerly route through Mesopotamia. The Russian autocrats were immensely pleased. They had made the Germans eat humble pie. They had at the same time conserved their own interests. Further they had accentuated the clash of interests between Germany and Britain at that time both rivals of Russia. The author takes the view that but for Russian interference Britain or France

would have been able to build a second line of railway through Asia Minor and Syria—a purely commercial undertaking of great cultural value marking the economic progress of contact between East and West.

It is quite clear that as the Bagdad Railway has been the spectre of the twentieth century causing strife between European Powers it will constitute one of the greatest problems that will confront the peace conference that sooner or later will meet to end this war. Dr Jastrow would see it internationalised. That would mean he truly observes co-operation among European and American nations and such co-operation spells also partnership with the East instead of domination. Dr Jastrow has gathered his historical data with great care and his conclusions deserve attention.

ST Nihal Singh

AMERICAN LITERATURE *

The Cambridge History of English Literature by the publication of its thirteenth and fourteenth volumes to which the work had been extended was completed towards the close of 1916. We have now the first of three volumes of a History of American Literature which are to form a Supplement to that important undertaking. It will so the publishers announcement informs of course be understood that while the two Histories are akin and while the three volumes are to be regarded as a companion to the earlier work the editors of the American volumes are solely responsible for their arrangement and contents. The names of these gentlemen must be fairly well known to students of English and American literature both general and periodical. Professors Trent and Erskine (both of whom are described on the title page as Professors of English in the same University viz that of Columbia although the former is elsewhere described as holding the chair of English Literature) are the joint authors of a delightfully interesting and able work *The Great Writers of America* in Messrs Williams & Norgate's aptly designated Home University Library. Professor Sherman is a frequent contributor to the *New York Nation* and Mr Van Doren wrote for Messrs J. M. Dent & Co a very attractive life of the laughing philosopher Thomas Love Peacock the friend of the poet Shelley. Of the eighteen contributors to the present volume more than half are professors or teachers of English in the various universities or educational establishments of their country. Among the remainder perhaps the most familiar name will be that of Mr Paul Limer More for many years editor of the *New York Nation* a charming writer and very able critic whose various and varied articles have been collected in several volumes in the *Shelburne Essays* series. In addition we find another not unfamiliar name that of Major G. H. Putnam not only a noted American author but also the head of the leading publishing firm and one whose experience during the Civil War he related in his most intensely interesting monograph *A Prisoner of War in Virginia* published some three or four years ago. With authors of such well established repute the success of the History of American Literature may be almost taken for granted. If such an attitude be considered as a rather uncritical one it may be at once said that the reading of it makes the success certain. It is a credit to American scholarship and a worthy successor of the Cambridge History.

All the contributors write as is claimed for them with special knowledge of the topic assigned. The material has been divided into three books of which the present instalment deals with Colonial and Revolutionary Literature and a good portion of Early National Literature 1789-1850. Special attention has been given to the Bibliographical Section which extends to more than a third of the whole work. The subjects discussed in the

* Syria and the Holy Land. By the Very Rev Sir George Adam Smith Kt. M.A. D.D. Litt.D. F.R.S. Principal of Aberdeen University. 1s net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

* A History of American Literature. Edited by W. P. Trent Professor of English in Columbia University, John Erskine Professor of English in Columbia University, Stuart P. Sherman Professor of English in the University of Illinois, Carl Van Doren Head Master of the Brewster School. Vol. I, 15s net. (Cambridge University Press.)

eighteen chapters are as follows Travellers and Explorers 1583-1763 The Historians 1607-1783 The Puritan Divines 1620-1720 Edwards Philosophers and Divines 1720-1789 Franklin Colonial Newspapers and Magazines 1704-1775 American Political Writings 1760-1789 The Beginnings of Verse 1610-1808 The foregoing form the subjects of Book I. Then follow such of the chapters of Book II as are dealt with at present with their headings Travellers and Observers 1763-1846 The Early Drama 1756-1864 Early Essayists Irving Bryant and the Minor Poets Fiction I Brown Cooper Fiction II Contemporaries of Cooper Transcendentalism Emerson

Two of the ablest thinkers of America were born during the eighteenth century. These were Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin whose lives and literary output are dealt with by Mr. J. Innes Mow and Professor Sherman respectively. The former treats adequately of Edwards's principal work. A careful and strict enquiry into the modern prevailing notions of that freedom of the will which is supposed to be essential to moral agency but not so thoroughly of his other works as was done by one of our own writers, Leslie Stephen in *Tracts Magazine* and afterwards collected in that author's delightful

Hours in a Library 1874. Professor Sherman writes in masterly fashion of Franklin and his treatment of his subjects style is extremely fine. It is perhaps not generally known that the autobiography of the great Franklin was never completely printed in its author's words until this was done by Mr. George Bigelow in America so comparatively recently as the late sixties. Nor is it so well known as it should be that the only edition published in England appeared for the first time in the Temple Autobiographies in 1905 (since reprinted in Everyman's Library) under the editorship of the late Mr. William Macdonald who in addition to an admirable introduction wrote a brilliant continuation of Franklin's life from the year at which the autobiography ends (1759) up to 1790 the year of Franklin's death. We understand that Mr. Macdonald whose death in 1910 was a distinct loss to Letters was for many years previous to his demise engaged upon a full biography of the great statesman. We hope it was in such a state of completion as to ensure its publication in due time.

Major Putnam writes on Washington Irving most delightfully—though perhaps some may think that he is more eulogistic than critical—and Mr. Van Doren to whom has been allotted the articles on writers of fiction deals admirably with his subject. Mr. More's essay on Emerson shows insight and sympathy and is choicely written. He quotes a short poem which we should much like to have transcribed if space had been available as well as a short prose extract for these—poem and prose—show Emerson at his highest and clearest. Great praise is due to the author of the article on Transcendentalism (Professor Coddard) the late and local manifestation of that great movement for the liberation of humanity which invading practically every sphere of civilized activity swept over Europe at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. It would not we imagine be possible to better this lucid exposition of a difficult and thorny subject. We have dealt chiefly with those subjects that appeal more nearly to the student of literature in general and to the general reader but special students will find much to interest them in the remaining articles.

S BUTTERWORTH

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* Memoirs of William Hickey Vol II 1775-1782 Edited by Alfred Spencer. 12s 6d. net (Hurst & Blackett)

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RUSKIN HOUSE MUSEUM ST LONDON W.C.1

attorney to Bengal furnished by his father with an introduction to Sir Elijah Impey the Chief Justice and by Edmund Burke with one to Philip Francis member of the Governor General's Council. To find a young man as devoted as William Hickey was to venery and wine a protégé of Edmund Burke is at first sight a little quaint for though the champion of the Anti Revolution crusade confessed to Mr. Speaker Addington in his later years that he drank too much and ate too much and slept too little characteristics which he had in common with the son of his old friend Alfred Hickey it was mental worry and ill health that drove him to these addictions. And he was never so far as is known prone to gullantry. William Hickey on the other hand seldom troubled himself about the affairs of the nation had no literary and little intellectual curiosity and presents himself frankly in these

Memoirs of his as a man rejoicing in the lusts of the flesh. Fine women, fine horses, fine liquor, fine dinner, fine clothes were the objects of his affection and though he was devoted to his friends and was generously treated by them he was not loyal to them. Witness the case of Emily Warren the mistress of his bosom chum Bob Lott and that of Charlotte Barry the Cyprian to use a piece of eighteenth century slang who lived under the protection of Captain Mordaunt. Hickey was in fact a thoroughly non moral person. And when it is remembered that from the accession of Charles II. to the death of William IV. every English king kept mistresses with the solitary exception of George III. and that the Prime Minister often followed his sovereign's example so that the young Pitt earned nothing by his continence save the nickname of 'the virgin boy' it must be allowed that Burke's young friend was merely the child of his age. More fairly may he be so described in the matter of hard drinking for in this galley he went with clean living men like Pitt, Burke, Dundas, Addison and Johnson in a century in which Gillray that most alert of social satirists and himself a tippler depicted the leading princes, peers and statesmen of the day as martyrs to the bottle and etched nearly a hundred plates in celebration of their consequent exhilaration or somnolence. It was the age in which Bolingbroke prided himself on keeping the most expensive women in town in which Sir Robert Walpole married his mistress and carried her triumphantly to Court an example faithfully followed by Charles James Fox in which the Duke of Cragton another Prime Minister paraded Nancy Parsons at the theatre before the eyes of the King and Queen in which the Earl of Sandwich mismanaged the Admiralty and had that unfortunate connection with Miss Ray in which Cragton's and Sandwich's enemy Sir Philip Francis was mulcted in 50,000 rupees for adultery in which Sheridan really loved his beautiful first wife and was unfaithful to her—on principle. It was a gross or a simple age. The Duke of Norfolk was so little given to ablutions that his footmen had orders to seize the opportunity of his being found dead drunk in the kennel in order to give him a bath. Charles James Fox and Dr. Johnson became so slovenly in their habits in their later years that they rarely washed their persons or changed their linen. And that famous wit and leader of fashion Topham Beauclerk the most cherished of Johnson's younger friends had a habit of scratching himself continually which Boswell and General Paoli attributed to sheer—lousiness! If however these Memoirs of William Hickey were only a faithful mirror of the seamier side of the age in which he lived they would scarcely deserve the space which we are giving to them. They are thus in marked fashion and are valuable therefore as documents for the social student. They contain too stories such as that of the bumptious insolence shown by Philip Francis as clerk at the War Office to Colonel Watson and of its stern condemnation by Welbore Ellis Secretary at War which have a real historical importance. And, as the description of the Lord Mayor's Banquet proves and the account of the comparative merits of the various restaurants in which Hickey gave his dinners they are full of material which the writer of eighteenth century romances will find

exceedingly useful. But they are more than this they reveal the fact that their author was equipped with many of the talents of the first rate novelist. Hickey's pictures of life and scenery on the sugar plantations in Jamaica are admirably vivid. So too are his accounts of the pleasure trips which he takes to France in his friend's (Mr. Cane's) cutter the *Henrietta* a vessel subsequently renamed the *Congress* in honour of the Americans. Moreover two portraits taken from the life that of a miserable and cowardly captain in the East India Company's service who sailing home from India with Hickey is solely concerned for the safety of his precious boxes of bullion and that of Dr. Bonyngue a wealthy doctor and planter in Jamaica who is a rare combination of irascibility and kindness and loathes the sight of his illegitimate son reveal a keenness of observation of superficial oddities of character which would do credit to Dr. Smollett or to Fanny Burney. Hickey himself seems to have shown in action all the effrontery and readiness of resource of the hero of a picaresque romance. His taking Charlotte Barry with him to Exeter as Mrs. Hickey to visit the Dean and his wife and his introduction of the young lady under the same guise to the British Ambassador at Lisbon one of the Walpoles are most amusing illustrations of what the Greeks called *deus ex machina* and charm William Hickey must have possessed in no small degree. But we wonder how Mrs. Hickey will be received in India and we hope therefore that the publication of the third volume of these delightful Memoirs will not be long delayed.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY

THE NEW REVELATION*

In this book the creator of Sherlock Holmes tells a plain unvarnished tale of his experiences in spiritualism and its more scholarly offspring psychical research. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's testimony puts him in line with such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Lombroso, Flammarion, Irons, Robert Chambers and Gerald Massey. One could add considerably to the list perhaps a little to the surprise of those who have but a superficial knowledge of the subject. So much is worth saying if only to make clear the fact that whether he is right or wrong in his conclusions Sir Arthur is handling a subject that has engaged the attention of minds of the highest order. Naturally he treats it from his own standpoint and in the fashion to be expected where the subject does not call for literary artifice or special scholarship. For this is very clearly intended to be a confession of faith, a manifesto and also a plain man's message to plain men. As such it will have a wide appeal. No subject except perhaps religion or politics has produced such sharp contention. Some one (we think Sir Arthur himself) has said that it is the greatest subject in the world. Let us admit this and we see at once that the theme is one which offers the greatest number of ways of approach and the greatest scope for differences of view, some vital some merely superficial. We are in fact dealing with life rather than with literature or science or theology, all of which have had their say in the matter.

Claiming an acquaintance with his subject extending considerably over thirty years the author gives us a brief record of those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things which visited him in youth as a medical student of his original contempt for spiritualism as a vulgar delusion of the uneducated of his gradual conversion from this attitude after a study of such literature of the subject as was then available supplemented by some personal experiments in spirit communication and so gradually leads us to a consideration of his main thesis—that in the great body of teachings given through various psychic avenues we have not only a scientific proof of a future life but a new revelation making religion a concrete and practical as well as a mystical and transcendental matter. We are no longer for example to conceive of spirits as being mere gaseous wisps.

* The New Revelation. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 3s. 6d. net (Hodder & Stoughton).

but as real substantial human beings carrying on the business of life on a plane of existence not less natural than this in proof of which and other conclusions the author cites his own experiences and those of others. Discussing the proofs of identity—one of the most vital questions to which the scientific student of the subject applies himself—Sir Arthur makes special mention of the Lar of Dionysius, the series of test communications analysed and described by Mr. Gerald Holford who testified that the messages in virtue of the profundity of their learning certain characteristic features and the degree of ingenuity shown in the correlation of obscure passages in the Creek legend could have emanated only from the two departed Creek scholars who purported to communicate viz. Professor Verill and Professor Luther. It was perhaps an over-ambitious effort on the part of the author which led him in a statement of such relatively small compass to attempt on the basis of psycho-research the coordination of religion and science. It is true that implicit in the subject of psychical science is a matter relating to supernatural aspects of life, the suggestions of the possibility of such a synthesis. But for the average reader the main interest of the book lies in its view of psychical phenomena as affecting present and future life apart from the illuminations of the spiritual sense.

DAVID COW

THE MIDDLE CLASS *

Mr. Dietrich's ever present temptation to include King Charles the First in his Memorial must have been slight in comparison with Mr. Gretton's trial of everling references to Matthew Arnold in a study of the English Middle Class. Arnold used to declare that his feelings towards his brethren of the Middle Class was that of St. Paul towards his brethren of Israel. My heart's desire and prayer for them is that they may be saved. Mr. Gretton's desire would seem to be that they may be studied, and let it be said at once that he has written a most interesting book, and all the more valuable because of its novelty. The data has existed for those who have the enthusiasm and industry, but not all of us have the time or the ability to delve into the Camden Society's publications or live laborious days in the Public Records Office.

Mr. Gretton struggles in his early chapters to define the Middle Class, and eventually concludes that it is the portion of the community to which money is the primary condition and the primary instrument of life. The English Middle Class after gripping its way to some measure of freedom from its early feudal connections found themselves suddenly powerful by two isolated and not very obviously earth-shaking events in the fourteenth century: the expulsion of the Jews and the dissolution of the Knights Templars. This released an enormous amount of coined money and also removed the chief repositories for money. Municipalities and guilds composed of traders took their place and money was at the disposal of the trade. At this time (i.e. fourteenth century) the muscular organ of the monetary circulation says Mr. Gretton, was the Middle Class. This intimate connection with money with the actual coins to begin with and then with the ramifications of credit has been at once the bane and the blessing of the Middle Class.

'We discern' says the author 'in the Middle Class at its origin a quality which it has never wholly lost in spite of many modifications. Its instinct was to live in a narrow circle, to keep trading profits in the hands of a group, to make town administrations a closely limited entity to do anything rather than throw experience into the common stock.'

Somehow or other it is impossible to enthuse over the Middle Class and it is very easy to poke fun at it. Mr. Gretton again and again says that it was secretive, jealous and apprehensive, it always played for its own hand, it refused responsibilities that did not yield opportunities.

* 'The English Middle Class' By R. H. Gretton. 8s. 6d. net. (Bell & Sons.)

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for gain and those which it undertook in local government were manipulated to its own ends. All this is true but the reader is reminded of two great services which the Middle Class in its early days secured for us. Grammar Schools were founded and in the fourteenth century endowed schools. So successful did the Middle Class become in this field that the Church from whose influence in education the Middle Class wished to free the trading classes was obliged to take measures in its own interests. Hence the foundation of Winchester and Eton. Our Middle Class ancestors also laid us under deep obligation to them by building beautiful English cathedrals and churches. In an admirable chapter on Middle Class Ideals Mr Cretton says:

The men of the Middle Class reached the period of established leisure with all that they had of money and brains upon their hands so to speak and they found in church building an outlet for both—a gratification of their pride and an admirable opportunity for justifiable ostentation.

This book was well worth writing. It is informative and strictly fair. It should be read by all complacent Middle Class people and by all their critics. Both parties will benefit.

IVOR NICHOLSON

REFLECTIONS AND REFRACTIONS IN RELIGION*

The Bishop of Carlisle's book is a wise and tender disquisition about 'last things'—a book braced as might be expected on conservative construction of Holy Writ yet scarcely so conservative in its attitude to the Church's traditions. Bishop Diggle lays it down that nothing in life is more natural than death but that popular theology (both Papal and Puritan) has misinterpreted the divine benevolence of death and confounded it with a sting that only came in with alien sin. It was not Moses (or who ever was the writer of Genesis) but Milton who said that sin brought death into the world. The tragedy and glory of mortality are carried through in the spiritual plane.

The best and most significant phrase which can be found to denote the organisation of the spiritual body is the formation of character. Character we know is a visible and express image produced by invisible and inward processes. Dr Diggle dedicates this treatise to his own bereaved clergy and their wife—who will affectionately note that the author has denied himself reference to protracted anxieties about members of his own family fighting at the front.

It can scarcely be denied that Religion and Reconstruction falls short of being an original book. At best it furnishes miscellaneous matter fit for parsons to discuss with their Bible classes. No editorship is vowed. The writers are chiefly dignitaries of the Church of England: three are Nonconformists, a Roman Catholic essayist—Monsignor Poock—is curiously dragged in to discuss our nation's birthrate. Unction's prophetic utterance is not to be found in these cool pages which rather give one the impression of having been composed by their clerical authors on Monday mornings. Dean Welldon in *The Church and a New Nation* looks forward with hope, if also with doubt, to an approximation of the Church of England and the Nonconformist Churches upon an Episcopal basis. The Bishop of Lichfield dealing with

Church and Socialism points out that the Church cannot be a mutual improvement society or a corporation merely jealous of its own rights: it is a brotherhood, a society which exists to serve. Canon Adderley also discussing Socialism is very bold and declares: 'By the Church I mean the whole body of Christian Establishment.' But the Bishop of Chichester thinks more sternly

* *Death and the After Life*. By the Rt Rev J W Diggle Bishop of Carlisle 2s 6d (Williams & Norgate).—*Religion and Reconstruction*. By Leaders of Religious Thought 3s 6d (Skeffington).—*A Not Impossible Religion*. By the late Silvanus P Thompson 6s (John Lane).

in *The Unity of Christendom*. Vague or indefinite membership will never create unity. Those who would be at peace with those without must shun all ventures of private judgment. Almost the only sentence in this compilation that is warm with feeling comes from Dr Orchard of the Weigh House Chapel. The Social Programme.

The method of the Incarnation shows that mankind can only be raised & those who are exalted renounce their privileges come down to the level of the fallen and enslaved and with nothing that is not open to them also lift them higher. The whole meaning of the Sacraments is that the highest mediation of God comes through material things being sacredly used and appropriated in equal fell worship. It is not only that Christian doctrine can be shown to have a social application: their social implication is their true explanation.

Most of the writers in *Religion and Reconstruction* speak as men in possession. They admit there is room for changes. They look down to us as they talk with the calm, canny glance of an engine driver offering a few remarks from the footplate ere starting the machine again. But Professor Silvanus Thompson comes upon us with the engaging detachment and energy of a man from the prairie riding a half-broken mustang. He has much to say, he is straitened to say it. His utterance in *A Not Impossible Religion* is honest, courageous, hot-blooded, radical. A man of science he questions the logic as well as the morals of materialism. He regards the power of Jesus as the most important fact with which knowledge has yet had to deal. Something happened to the disciples of Jesus at the Resurrection time that was honestly if imperfectly recorded and changed the world. This spirit of the Resurrection Lord is not an aftermath of a life designed to be given up for man on the Cross. Jesus's blood did not flow till his body was dead. The meaning of Jesus to His followers is not atonement but newness of life instantly achieved in service of man. It is most unfortunate that with his good brain and his good will Professor Thompson appears to have grown up to life and to have passed through it with a curious kind of colour blindness to much that has come down through the ages as belonging to the staple of Catholic worship. This author for instance cannot abide set forms of prayer and admits no argument on their side and he proposes that the *Not Impossible Religion* shall drop Baptism and Communion as sacraments rendered for ever useless by accretions of material superstition. On this side of his studies he presents a curious contrast to another lay professor Dr Percy Cardner whose work on *Evolution in Christian Doctrine* was reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago. Mr Thompson is at his best as an individualist discoursing in a manner that wins our reverence of Jesus as a revelation of the Father, a revealer of man to himself and the releaser of spiritual energies that are not a mockery. A book like this does not materially help to solve the Church's problem but it helps to widen and deepen that problem.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON

FRANCE AND FLANDERS*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's third instalment of the History of the War appears at a time when we are sadly witnessing what we can only hope and believe is but a temporary annulment of all that was so gallantly and with such wonderful success accomplished during the attack and advance of 1916. Sad it is beyond words that the mighty achievements of our Regular Territorial and New Army troops—ousted as they have been from the ground they won with such amazing valour, loss of life and outpouring of blood—that these achievements should have been rendered nugatory by the misfeasance of that Eastern army on whose fidelity and staunchness we so confidently reckoned. More deeply do we feel it in that it was partly

* *The British Campaign in France and Flanders 1916*. By Arthur Conan Doyle 6s net (Hodder & Stoughton).—*British Campaigns in Flanders 1690-1794*. By the Hon J W Fortescue 8s 6d net (Macmillan).

to help Russia that we threw in our lot with them. The outlook however is not such as it was during the Napoleonic War in 1806 when on the overthrow of Russia at the battle of Jena we were the last that dared to struggle with the foe for the soul of France and of Italy is unsubdued and we have America now also at our back.

The battle of the Somme began on July 1st and lasted until November 14th and the territory we gained remains firmly in our possession up to the present terrific onslaught—a contingency possible only from the setting free of the borders on the eastern front.

The attack of the British was approximately on a twenty mile front from the Gommecourt salient to Marcourt and this line was prolonged by the French Army for about another eight miles. It was for the Germans partly a surprise attack for they had expected the attack chiefly in its northern half and in this portion of the line it was fully prepared for the advance and it was here that our attack failed. The ardour of our troops however engaged the masses which had been here & neutralized rendering the assault by the troops in the southern half in a easy of accomplishment. The German line was in this section less strongly held. Further it did not present such formidable obstacles as were stormed by the troops in the northern portion of the line. The result of the fighting on the first day of the Battle was as the author writes that what we had broken was not a line of trenches but

it was in truth the fortified frontier of Germany built up by a year and a half of unremitting labour. By breaking it at one point we had outflanked it from the Somme to the sea and however slow the process might be of getting room for our forces to deploy and pushing the Germans off our flank it was certain that sooner or later that line must be rolled up from end to end. And so it turned out eventually though rather later than sooner. As a result of our outflanking them the Germans yielded up to us a vast extent of country and everything was ready for their final overthrow only to be frustrated by the almost criminal action of our once trusted Russian ally.

The book equals in interest either of the two preceding volumes and will be eagerly read and enjoyed by those who were fascinated by the charming style so characteristic of their accomplished author's writings.

Mr. Portescue's volume consists of extracts reprinted from his monumental History of the British Army dealing with the various campaigns fought by the British in Flanders from 1690-1794. More than half of its contents is devoted to the battles in which our troops were engaged during the period of the War of the French Revolution. It is full of interest but its value as a book of reference is lessened by the fact that there is no index.

S H

Novel Notes.

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The art of saying deep things lightly as Frasmus put it is not given to many even among our humorists. For as will be readily admitted by all who have had to wade through much of this kind of material most of our printed humour has no depth in it whatever. Professor Leacock succeeds because he has a genuine interest in human emotions and ideas in the affairs of nations and the time and most of all in the preservation of a healthy sanity. We still await the day when he may give us either a light romance or else a book pervaded by a single and well elaborated idea if only to prove what we believe he possesses to the full and that is the constructive faculty. His new book belongs to the same character of contemporary and topical ridicule as Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy and Behind the Beyond. It takes the same delight in catching at the follies of cant and eccentricity and pose, and shows the same ingenuity in

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investing the spirit of laughter with dialogue and incident of the rapid and unpretentious order. He takes the craves of popular literature: the Spy mania, the omniscience and pompous verbiage of the oracle on foreign politics, the vagaries of spiritualism and ghost hunting, the fog of summer holidays on fashionable lines, the inflation of modern hotel life, and the passion for horticulture as a hobby. But more than once it has been noted in this author's books that he is never so good as in treating his personal environment of Canada and university life. This time he excels in a sketch which is in reality a skit upon the rivalry between Montreal and Toronto with obvious advantage to the first. He fancies himself making the journey by train and suddenly waking to the discovery that Toronto has turned dry or prohibitionist. The joy fades out of life, the manners of its citizens become galvanic, and existence generally is dominated by nothing but business and hypocrisy. The description of a retail resort where a drink is a sample of Import Goods and the sale of it is attended by a telephonic consultation with Montreal is inimitable. Presently the awakening is real and the horrid experience falls into its true proportions as a dream, but at least it has given us hearty laughter and a wholesome attack on the intolerance of some of our western temperance friends. But it is all so fresh and good-natured that no one can take offence and this is the hall mark of humour after all.

FIRST THE BLADE By Clementine Dane 7s net (Heinemann)

Justin was a most annoying lover when a man goes up to London and is so absent-minded that he forgets the object of his journey, to buy an engagement ring for his beloved, he puts a severe strain upon her, and Laura's nature was not supremely patient. It would be unfair to give away the plot. Indeed the book ends with Justin going off in khaki and Laura shouting to him, "Justin, take care! You will take care? Don't bother about V.C.s and things, which is probably what many Lauras have thought at the station though they may not have said it. Whether Justin did take care we are not told. The writer dramatically drops the curtain on that scene. But the course of love which led up to the rupture and the partial reconciliation is told with detail and freshness. Laura's nature was thrown into touch with Justin's in childhood, and one has the suspicion that she cared for his mother even more than for himself, also that Justin was willing to be loved rather than an ardent unionist. It is a novel of young growing life, a study of the aspirations and mistakes which young folk make in the days of adolescence. We see Justin being awakened up towards the end out of what resembles sluggishness and self-absorption. We see Laura being sobered out of a romantic dream. But the ability of the book really lies in its earlier chapters where the boy and girl are cleverly depicted. The sub-title of the book is "A Comedy of Growth." Like all such comedies it is not altogether comedy to the persons concerned. But in the hands of a capable author like this the tale is both amusing and stimulating with plenty of bright asides and diverting interludes.

THE SIGN OF THE FISH By F. J. W. 6s (Digby Long)

This is essentially a novel with a purpose and the author does not attempt to disguise the fact. Those who object to stories which obviously seek to be something more than merely stories will not be beguiled into reading it for its object is set forth on the title page—it is a novel dealing with Reform but mainly with the coming unity of Christendom. John Christian through much study and reasoning breaks away from the orthodox Church and sets out to discover the Truth. He is an earnest broad-minded man in religion and politics and others who are trying to find a remedy for the world's ills will find in his arguments much that is sound and convincing. Indeed on the whole the book is better as an investigation into existing evils than as a novel.

WORKHOUSE CHARACTERS By Margaret Wynne Nevins 3s 6d net (Allen & Unwin)

These little sketches are a delightful blending of pathos and humour. They show an intimate knowledge of workhouse life, its tragedies and comedies and of the people who come and go in society's sordid, thickly populated underworld. Some of the characters as the author tells us in her brief preface are drawn from life—but all are so intensely realistic it is impossible to distinguish the some who are not. She reveals the light as well as the dark side of that national institution which seems she says to be passing into the limbo of the past with other old unhappy far off things and writes with sympathy and keen insight. Her character studies are like impressionistic paintings capturing in a few bold suggestive outlines a vision of a human soul with its story of wasted opportunity, of a heart treacherously beguiled or of the curse of hereditary vice. Mrs. Nevins's experiences among the very poor and the outcasts of our social system have served not to embitter her but to give her a wonderful tolerance towards mankind and perhaps more particularly woman-kind—a tolerance that comes of understanding.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF LILIAN By Jessie Champion 7s (John Lane)

It is not the foolishness of this young person which impresses the reader. Lilian is an extremely competent young woman, she has her wits about her and can well look after herself. She is born and bred in a slum, then thanks to the kindly interest of a curate she develops her mind, becomes a factory girl and by a series of rapid evolutions turns into a cultured beautiful actress. Then she childishly devotes herself to the interests of an older friend, a widow who had been kind to her. And out of this quixotic enterprise the plot rises. Lilian puts a severe strain upon the credulity of even the ordinary novel reader. But Miss Champion believes in her heroine and she does not let her rise too easily. There are scenes which show some knowledge of the world and of men, one or two admirable sketches of character in low life as well as in London society and a pleasant ending. There are merits in a novel of this kind. Miss Champion tends to be a little bookish and allusive. However this is not often the case in her pages and she does not require to catch the reader's interest by these hooks. Her rapid narrative is arresting enough by itself. One of her characters beset by the difficulty of talking proper English consoles herself by reflecting that however carelessly she wrote she could surely never make so many mistakes as Crockett or Marie Corelli. And yet the public of these authors probably has never been bothered by such musings. It is the story that matters, much is forgiven and much is never noticed if the tale holds the mind. Miss Champion writes correctly as well as vividly herself. She need not gird at her contemporaries for she has learned the first principles of constructing a lively readable romance.

OLD DESIRE By Holloway Horn 6s net (Westall)

If a woman has the man she wants she is happy. If she hasn't then she is much better off unmarried. That is Edith Murchison's creed and it is because she believes in it so entirely that she herself prefers to remain single and uses every effort to prevent her younger sister marrying a man out of mingled gratitude and pity instead of for love. Strong and original in theme and detail Mr. Holloway Horn's second novel is one of real charm. Edith's own tragic romance runs through the book like a melodious undertone while she moves like a shadow in the love dramas of her sister and brother and is the guiding force in one and a refuge in the other. There are many gleams of delightful humour as well as of those little intimate human touches which make a novel realistic while keeping it high and dry above the bog of sordidness. Although there is excellent work in *Old Desire* we feel Mr. Horn is capable of something even better and shall look forward with considerable expectation to the work he will yet do.

LOVE'S BURDEN By Margaret Peterson 6s net
(Hurst & Blackett)

An unscrupulous young woman after a few minutes acquaintance described Margot Symes as a doormat. Margot's family called her prickly and her father at least was glad when she started on a voyage to India to keep house for her uncle Judge Symes. But Imogen Westbrook her companion on the voyage was not entirely wrong in her estimate. Margot lost her heart at once to Captain Young but believing that he was heart broken for the defection of Imogen she determined to clear the way by marrying Derek Maitland who had appealed to her pity by reason of the dark shadows that brooded over his life. Maitland had developed an unhealthy interest in Eastern black magic and his curiosity had brought him into unpleasant proximity to crime. Margot's marriage failed in its missionary enterprise and her husband's obsession ended in murder and madness. After a short and disillusioning experience in a London sisterhood Margot had happiness offered her for a second time and had learned the unwisdom of futile self-sacrifice. With much that is commonplace and melodramatic there is some excellent characterisation in this story. The picture of the Symes household at West Liding forms a chapter that is very full of promise.

THE ANGEL OF THE SETTLEMENT By Henry Owen 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

Bret Hart up to date—very much so. Mr. Owen like the Californian author dealt with the beginning of civilisation wherein the old order with its hereditary ruling is giving place to new. The central theme is a moving saga—for the tale is of that elemental type—is laid in a new settlement. Havens Fall and her events happen which suggest I hope of today in miniature. A the anachronistic Hun is attempting by brute force to destroy the polity of nations so he Taggart and his gangster endeavour to overthrow the tyranny of the powers of law and order. The villain—and David Dave is the very flower of Kultur—holds the district in his medical grip when the *bona ex machina* descend into the midst of trouble—on this Hemmforth (Gaston Olaf Francis Thorson dominates the story—a magnificent berserk hero who using his head as well as his hands prove him all to be as good a diplomatist as he is a fighter. Of course he meets the inevitable girl—the Angel of the Settlement—and it is her influence which induces him to abandon his law unto himself attitude to let a law unto others. He beats Taggart and his bullies in a full-blooded battle of the Homeric Berrobian type, brings order out of chaos by both mental and muscular means and argues with himself through many pages as to his fitness or unfitness for domestic life. Gaston Olaf is a royal hero—he does nothing by halves and the zest with which he tackles the apparently impossible permeates the tale with contagious fire. Dull must be the reader who does not thrill to his exploits and who is not wrought up to a desire to go and do likewise. The characters are all good in conception and drawing. Many readers with unused faculties newly stirred by the war into activity will find in this prose epic—it is nothing else—much that is congenial to their lately acquired moods. Finally—as a lure to the jaded—the end of the story is so unexpected and masterly that the most far-seeing and experienced will never guess it. Yet it is the right termination of Gaston Olaf's doings in Havens Falls—the proper key stone for the arch of his character if it may be put so. Nothing is certain but the unforeseen. Mr. Owen has plucked that dry leaf from the tree of knowledge to write on the proverbially an extremely fine story.

MR. SUMBRAS AT THE FORD By D. K. Broster 6s net (Murray)

To all who love a story full of incident and adventure we can heartily recommend Miss Broster's latest book. The plot centres round the French émigré leaders who had taken refuge in England after the French Revolution.

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and their ill fated expedition to Omboron in 1795. The atmosphere of the period is well produced and we have been unable to find any anachronisms. The kidnapping of Anne Hilarion, the little son of the Marquis d'Avigny and the rescue by the Chevalier de Virville occupy the first part of the book. Then follows a picturesque account of the emigré landing at Omboron and the Britons with their quaint attire and remarkable leader, Crand Orge, captivate us not a little. The chevalier meets with thrilling adventures and his future wife, Madame de Cuckontaine, who mistakes him for a cousin of his who once did her dead brother a grievous wrong. It would not be far to give any further insight into the story, suffice it to say that there are adventures right up to the last chapter.

GREEN FANCY By George Barr McCutcheon 6s. net (Holler & Stoughton)

When Mr. Barne of little old New York, in the course of a holiday tramp strikes the road that leads to Hut's Tavern and Green Fancey, he steps plumb into a world of play-acting, beauties in distress, master crooks and royal criminals. Green Fancey, it would be explained, is a very lively place, situated in the mountains, not far from the Canadian border and commonly pointed with a green camouflage. The plot, which is unusually intricate, follows the history of certain stolen documents and jewels stolen from a royal house in Europe and lodged in Green Fancey. Thrills and surprise abound in every chapter and the whole story is well seasoned with humour. No reader with an appetite for unorthodox adventure should miss this typically American romance.

GOD'S COUNTERPOINT By J. D. Beresford 6s. net (Collins)

Unquestionably God's Counterpoint justifies itself as a vindication of the weakness and sinfulness of normal human relations between man and woman. But one feels that the story would have been truer to life and the vindication of things natural more convincing if Mr. Beresford had been able to teach his lesson without having to use for his purposes a man who is admittedly a pathological case, and a very scarce and unpleasant one at that. Philip Manning, mind and imagination are poisoned by a certain mental habit that lay pond in his boyhood, as the effect of this shock he grows up an almost impossible person, idealising women, but fearing them. His incurable innocence is not really either innocent or whole some, and there is an air of fantastic improbability over his frigid, shamed, live-making, with its spasmodic outbursts of passion, and especially over the years of his preposterous married life, until it ends in disaster and the collapse of all his more than prudish ideals. There cannot be half a dozen such men actually in existence and at large. That so sensible and very a woman as Evelyn could ever have loved him and brought herself to marry him is not believable, except while you are under the spell of Mr. Beresford's subtle art. There is beauty in the story to compensate for its ugliness, and it is so brilliantly written that one wishes Mr. Beresford instead of taking a rare pathological freak for his hero would devote his high gifts to some study of the great issues of ordinary life as natural people are living it.

HEART OF ICE By Fergus Hume 6s. net (Hutchinson)

THE BLACK IMAGE By Fergus Hume 5s. net (Ward Lock)

One result of scoring a roaring success with such a sensational story as *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* is that an author is at once definitely labelled and expected to act accordingly. It led readers to look to Mr. Fergus Hume for that kind of story and no other, and he has gone on giving it to them with both hands. He has given it to them by now well over a hundred times, and the best testimony you can have to his success in doing it is that

they are still asking for more, and for intrigue and sensation and a surprising mystery he has seldom done anything better than *The Black Image*. In *Heart of Ice* however Mr. Hume seems to have broken with his tradition and essayed something of a new departure. There is sensation in it, but it is not a sensational novel in the accepted sense of the term. The interest of it centres on Mercedes, a brilliant beautiful dancer who is the rage of the hour in London. Her beauty brings lovers in plenty to her feet, but she passes through temptations and escapes from their passionate pursuit unscathed, for she is essentially a good woman and a practical with her emotions well under control, and she makes a beneficent use of her influence over those men who are fascinated by her. Her own love romance, which began when she was a young girl and seems ended, is renewed and in spite of appearances being against her reaches a charmingly idyllic ending.

THE HUNGRY HUNDRED (ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE) By John S. Margeson 7s. 6d. net (Farrar)

Mr. Margeson has written nothing finer, truer, or more spirited than this record of sixteen acolytes and a gallant officer. Every young officer, whether of the Navy or the Army should be examined on *The Hungry Hundred* for no better textbook on that most difficult and delicate of all arts, the art of handling grown men, has been issued in this country. Lieutenant James Stanley Murray fills the uncongenial task of licking into shape a rough and unmusical crowd of 100 N.R. men as ever came together in one depot. Some of them had deserted the Navy in the 1840s while others had been discharged from the Service for the Service's good, with the corner of their parchment certificates cut off, the Navy's way of telling the world that they were undesirable. In short Murray's raw material is made up of hard cases, yet he succeeds where others fail. To learn Murray's secret one must read the whole book and see how this young lieutenant gets into the hearts of his men, transforming them from a crowd of tough, blots into a crew of disciplined, lucky, that can row and shoot and fight with the best men in the Service. The story follows the fortunes of Murray and his blood brothers right into the thick of *Der Fuhrer*, in their game little destroyer where one and all they go down fighting gloriously. This chapter makes epic reading. Written by one who knows his subject from A to Z, the volume is a fund of informative detail, but above all it is to be read for its realistic record of the joyous, large hearted camaraderie that thrives under such leaders as Lieutenant Murray.

The Bookman's Table.

FROM SNOTTY TO SUB By the Authors of *From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles* 1s. 6d. net (Heinemann)

Considering that this little book was compiled solely from rough notes of conversations with my son, hurriedly set down on the rare occasions during the last two and a half years when we have had the good fortune to be together, and considering also that the shadow of the censor is of necessity omnipresent in its pages, the authors are to be congratulated on the production of so readable a volume. The author, mudshipman, as he appears in these pages, is a typical snotty, devoted of course to the Senior Service, observant but not too imaginative, young enough to be bored with his own society, appreciative of picnics and theatres, and—when sick—enthusiastic in his praise of feminine ministrations. Work, play and adventure—all are entertainingly sketched in. On a 20,000 ton Dreadnought he gets more than a glimpse of the Battle of Jutland, his ship being the only one of the Grand Fleet to be hit. And his first experiences as a sub on a destroyer

include a collision resulting happily in nothing more serious than two weeks leave. Altogether I am snotty to Sub is a decidedly welcome little whiff of the Navy.

THE LIMITS OF PURE DEMOCRACY By W H M I
lock 159 n t (Chapman & Hall)

In matters of taste it is probable that many of us would give a rather grudging welcome to democracy. We should scarcely be prepared that is to say to admit that the instructed (or uninstructed) public is likely to be more tolerant of new developments in art and literature than the mandarins of light and leading. There exists, however, a vague but never thoroughly analysed belief that in matters political, economical and social good there is or more or less in the air constitute so to speak a sort of common property. It is this belief that Mr W. H. Mallock sets himself to combat in his new work, *The Limits of Pure Democracy*. He essays to establish the thesis that deprived of the assistance of the few the many are not only impotent but inarticulate and that democracy as it exists at present requires as its indispensable support an oligarchy to give it direction and to furnish it with ideas. In a word Mr Mallock's thesis is that democracy cannot initiate or inspire a policy, but is in the nature of things compelled to take its ready-made policy from a list of rival policies invented by professional politicians and to leave to these professional politicians (and to experts as questions involved tend to become more complicated) its actual direction and presentation. It is a pretty theory and Mr Mallock elaborates it with a cogency of dialectic and a felicity of illustration which show that his hand has lost none of its cunning.

IN WAR AND PEACE. Songs of a Scotswoman. By Miss
H. J. Hunter. With Illustrations by J. D. Mackenzie.
35 Gd. net. (F. & C. M. L. N. 11)

Some of the poems in this little volume are of special interest as they give a glimpse of what Miss Henderson has been through in Russia and in many other places where she has seen active service. Miss Henderson was one of those who helped Dr. Lisle Inglis to found the Scottish Women's Hospital whose wonderful work during the war is known the world over. The book contains a varied and interesting selection of poems, devotional, grave and gay, among the best of them being two little canons, 'The Young Serbian' and 'A Russian Soldier'. There is a Foreword by Mr. John Oxenham and the book is published in aid of the Dr. Lisle Inglis Memorial Fund, Scottish Women's Hospitals.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MORAL EMPIRE By H. J. Sugimori 45 net (University of London Press)

Anyone who cares to obtain a glimpse into the psychology of the modern Japanese has but to look through the pages of Professor Kojiro Sugimori's book "The Art of Philosophy in the West." The University founded at Tokyo in 1887 by the Count (now Marquis) Okuma is a protest against the officialization of education in Japan. The author spent the year preceding the war in Germany and has since the outbreak of hostilities resided at various University centres in Great Britain studying the Western systems of thought and life at the expense of his Government. Professor Sugimori mercilessly analyses in his book the psychology that has caused the present strife. He says that from early times people have been capable of being inflamed with some passion or other. War

arises in most cases from our leaving the forces which are latent in most of us and in nature around us untouched or it is due to our endeavour to solve the difficulty of self preservation or self assertion by a new arrangement of the goods which are actually in existence rather than by a new production of goods which are not yet in existence. He contends that the present war is due primarily to the misguided impulse of pride that rules Europe. War will end. Professor Sugimori assures us when our moral and theological views and accordingly sentiments have been so much enlightened and inspired

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as I personally am though that is little enough. He adds that he does not believe in the defeat of any particular nation for the mere reason that the nation is the enemy of some other nation or nations. He says that the enemy must not be anything but the enemy of the moral cause in its ideal sense—the enemy of God and of none or nothing else. Professor Sugimori contends that if the Japanese allowed the Russians to do what the latter wanted to do in 1904—the yellow race in the small islands would have suffered the same fate as the native savages where the white race colonised. He adds that at the present time the British people do not pay the slightest heed to the gospel of non-resistance and support warlike measures because they cannot imagine that their own moral persons could be safe or happy under the conditions of the eventual German hegemony. In Professor Sugimori's opinion society needs a new way of life—a new philosophy—a new religion. He does not believe that it is possible to become free by means of inner readjustment or modification. Life to him is a unity and not two lives or realities—the inner and the outer. He recommends the removal of ignorance and would make the reading of able and intellectual books almost compulsory and would like to see established in each country determined groups and centres of inspired agents female as well as male old as well as young.

WAR AND REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA. SKETCHES AND STUDIES. By John Hollock. 6s net. (Constable.)

In this volume its author has collected several articles which he contributed to the *Standard*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Fortnightly Review*, *New Europe* and *Nineteenth Century*. Roughly speaking the first half of the book deals with the Russian advance of 1915 and retreat in the following year; the remaining half with the Revolution and its aftermath down to September of last year. Although the former is distinctly interesting it is to the latter that the attention will be chiefly directed. If after the successful accomplishment of the Revolution the nation's affairs had only been in the hands of a firm and strong government all might have been well but almost from the beginning so fully established was the authority of the Soviet—the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates—that those who formed the temporary government had no chance whatever. When the Council issued its famous or rather infamous first order to the Army handing over to the Soldiers' Committees the administration of the latter it did not need much insight to foresee the speedy end of all discipline and allegiance and the conversion of the armed forces into an unruly mob. What the Russian Army could do and did when ably led and disciplined has been well exemplified by its earlier exploits. Looking to the future Mr. Hollock writes hopefully. One thing at least is certain that when the war is over it will take an almost incredible combination of causes again to force the Russian peasantry who are over 90 per cent of the nation to fight against a foreign foe. And when we have conquered the German Colossus that can only be for the ultimate good of the world. The book is an extremely interesting account of the various events related and cannot fail to be read with pleasure.

THE BOMBER GIPSY AND OTHER POEMS. By A. P. Herbert. 3s 6d net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Herbert is a lieutenant in the R.N.D. and he gathers from the hurly burly of war just those lighter episodes or incidents that are suited to the Comic Muse and handles them deftly and with the shrewdest wit and satire. Most of his verses have appeared in *Punch* which in itself is a guarantee of their technical finish and their genuine humour and overflowing drollery should help to redeem that paper from the groundless charge of being respectably literary but not funny. A delectable book. The feeling and pathos in the occasional serious poems is as real as the spirit of laughter that delights you in the others.

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We have had to hold over the Index to Vol. LII. It will be included in the August BOOKMAN.

For Remembrance—Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War—by A. St. John Adcock, which appeared in our last Christmas Number, will be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The article, which has been greatly amplified, now deals with the work and careers of over forty soldier poets, and will be illustrated with photogravure portraits. As in consequence of war restrictions the edition will have to be limited, orders for the book should be placed without delay.

Although Mr. Leonard Merrick is a Londoner by birth, he has no love of London. It is the most comfortable of cities, he says, but he finds it uninspiring, and works better and more easily when he is away from it. Mr. Merrick has had a more varied career than falls to the lot of most authors.

He went with his people to South Africa when he was thirteen, and entering the South African Civil Service became a bailiff in the Magistrates' Court on the Diamond Fields. But he had no idea of settling there. He was 'born stage-struck', as he puts it, and in 1884 he returned to England and got an introduction to Augustus Harris, who gave him an engagement to act in a touring company that was travelling the country with one of the big Drury Lane autumn melodramas. He was successful as an actor, but would have lost his engagement because the touring manager was anxious to supplant him with a friend of his own, but for the intervention of another member of the company who wrote privately to Harris urging him to see Leonard Merrick's acting for himself before making any change. Harris did so, and the result was that Mr. Merrick retained his post for two years, and then his enthusiasm for the actor's life being cooled, retired from that profession for good. Later he discovered that the member of the company who without his knowledge had befriended him was Mr. Arthur Collins, now Drury Lane's managing director. He was twenty-three when he quitted the boards, and except that he has written some very popular dramas in collaboration with Mr. C. R. Sumner, has devoted himself ever since to the writing of stories. His first book appeared when he was twenty-four. His second novel, *Violet Moses*, was rejected by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

but accepted by Bentley, and his third, 'The Man Who was Good' being rejected by Bentley as not up to the level of the other was promptly accepted by Messrs Chatto & Windus. He had published some half dozen novels before he began to write short stories. From the first he met with a more popular reception in America than over here. His books enjoyed a considerable vogue there and his short stories were in great demand with the American magazines. His first real success with the latter in this country came when his agent Mr A. P. Watt handed one of his books to the editor of the *Bystander* and urged him to read it and see whether its stories were not the sort that he wanted. He read it and commissioned six and before these had all appeared commissioned a further twelve and thereafter the difficulty was not to place such stories but to write as many as were required. When he was in his thirties Mr Merrick lived for some while in Paris, and Paris still draws him from time to time from the retirement of his home on the South Coast for in Paris he finds

ideas and stimulation and can work as he never can in London. He has put a deal of personal experience into his novels and short stories particularly into *The Worldlings* and *Laurels and the Lady* one of the stories of *The Man Who Understood Women*. His new book *While Paris Laughed* has just been published and two further volumes are now ready in the collected edition of his works—*When Love Flies Out of the Window* with an introduction by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll and *Cynthia* with an introduction by Maurice Hewlett.

Miss Maud Royden whose ministry at the City Temple has been such a remarkable success has completed a book entitled 'The Hour and the Church'—*An Appeal to the Church of England* which Messrs Allen & Unwin are publishing immediately.

'The Blight of Kultur' by G. Hamilton MacLeod which Messrs Sampson Low & Co are publishing this month is a shrewd study in the psychology of the German people. Mr MacLeod shows how the Germans to day are the natural descendants of the Germans of the past. He interprets their barbaric doings in the war by the light of their own history and earnestly warns this nation against ever again allowing itself to come under the malign influence from which the civilised races are now fighting to free themselves.



Mr John Ferguson

wloed r at y i G i i g Ste lly Te (11
L i n w i k i t h d i l

The Anzac Pilgrim's Progress by Lance-Corporal Cobber which Messrs Simpkin Marshall are publishing next month is a series of ballads humorous and serious narrating the experiences of an Australian soldier from his joining up at Brisbane through his campaigning in Egypt Gallipoli and France till he is left in the last ballad Out of It wounded and in hospital.

London and its Environs By Hindlay Muirhead 7s 6d net

(Macmillan) is the first of a series of handbooks which will be known as 'The Blue Guides' and are to deal with cities and countries the world over. The excellence of this pioneer volume augurs well for the rest of the series. In addition to all manner of useful practical information as to what to see and how to get to it where to sleep and dine and what it will cost you lists of places of amusement particular of postal and other services it contains admirable special articles on the 'History and Administration of London' by Charles Welch, on 'British Art' by D. S. MacColl, on 'London Architecture' by Professor Lethaby, and on 'Literary Walks in London' by the editor. There is a bibliography of books about various aspects of London, and thirty maps and plans of the great city and the country immediately surrounding it. It covers the ground so competently and thoroughly that the reader with a 'Blue Guide' in his hand could know almost

find his way to all he wants to see and personally conduct his own tour

We congratulate Mr C. H. Crubb on his election as Director of Messrs G. P. Putnam & Sons Limited the famous American publishers. Mr Crubb has been associated with the London branch of Messrs Putnam's for the last thirty years and is in these days given over to war work as head of the Library Service of the American Expeditionary Force Y.M.C.A. He was one of the founders of this Library which came into being in August 1917 and did much spare time work in connection with it before he went into uniform and took official control. The Service has now established libraries wherever American troops are quartered in England and behind the American lines in France and supplies books for education as well as for recreation. Incidentally it furnishes framed pictures to add to the comfort and homeliness of the soldiers' huts and it does not need a long acquaintance with Mr Crubb for one to realise how wholly his heart is in the admirable work he is doing.

Major John I. Stewart M.C. who contributed three striking poems to Mr Erskine Macdonald's *More Songs of the Fighting Men* was recently killed in action in France. Major Stewart rose



Major J. E. Stewart M.C.

from the ranks by merit. His parents are in humble circumstances but he was M.A. of Glasgow University and before the war was a teacher at Langloan Public School, Coatbridge. In September 1914 he joined the Highland Light Infantry as a private but within two months obtained a commission and was attached to a Border Regiment in which he rose to be Captain and Adjutant. He saw much hard service in France and after being promoted to the rank of Major and transferred to the South Lancashire Regiment was given command of a battalion of the Staffordshire Regiment and fell leading his men in the early stages of the present terrific battle. Two years ago he won his M.C. for bravery in the field. He had contributed considerably to the London and provincial press and last year published with Mr Erskine Macdonald a volume of his poems *Grapes from Thorns*.

There was a rumour a few weeks back that Lieutenant Alec Waugh had been killed in action and we are glad to hear that it is the lesser evil which has befallen him and he is a prisoner in the hands of the Germans. He has followed his remarkable first novel *The Loom of Youth* with a first book of verse no less remarkable which has just been published under the title of *Resentment* by Mr Gran Richards.



Mr Frank Morgan

whose witty and wise "Unposted Letters" (Simpkin Marshall), recently reviewed in *The Bookman* is meeting with very considerable success.

Messrs W H Smith & Son are publishing and supplying gratis at their shops and bookstalls an outspoken pamphlet on *The Tragedy of Russia* by W Stephen Sanders who went as a Labour delegate to Russia in 1917. It is a very concise account of the Revolution and of how the Bolshevik leaders who had no hand in starting it came in to turn the new order designedly or with amazing simplicity to Germany's advantage and have established as ruthless an autocracy as the Kaiser's own. An appendix tells you what the Bolsheviks have given to Germany and from a statement of the Russian social democrats how they are treating the Russian worker. For those who have the true interests of democracy at heart Mr Sanders's pamphlet is an important document.

Mr William Howard who was for many years connected with the firm of Messrs Smith Elder & Co. has now accepted a responsible position with Messrs A I Watt & Son the well known literary agents. Mr Howard in recent years issued the late Mr Reginald Smith & Co. more especially in all the business arrangements made by the firm with authors.

February 6th 1919 will be the hundredth anniversary of the hoisting of the British flag on the Island of Singapore by Sir Stamford Raffles in accordance with a treaty concluded between himself on behalf of the Honourable East India Company and the Government of the State of Johore. In connection with the celebration of this important centenary it is proposed by a representative committee of the principal residents to produce an authoritative history of Singapore covering that period of a hundred years. This history will form an adequate record of the rise of the chief town in British Malaya and the seat of government of the Colony of the Straits Settlements and of its Imperial value as a factor of British influence in the East. To aid in the collection of material not now accessible to the promoters of the scheme a London committee has been formed and the committee hopes to obtain the co-operation of retired residents of the Colony and the descendants of deceased Singaporeans. This committee invites all who possess or have access to documents maps pictures pamphlets old MSS and other records having a bearing on the progress and development of Singapore to be so good as to lend the same and any reminiscences of old residents would be gratefully received. Communications should be sent to Major W G St Clair care of G Brinkworth Esq St Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane London, E C 4.

WAR BOOKS

In the Fourth Year Anticipations of a World Peace By H C Wells 3s 6d net (Chatto & Windus) A logical forceful exposition of the need for a League of Free Nations the difficulties in the way of establishing one how these may be overcome and a grim warning of the next war we may look forward to unless some such barrier can be raised between the opposed ideals of barbarism and civilisation.

The Coming Dawn By Theodora Thompson 5s net (John Lane) An anthology in prose and verse of reflections on war its actualities and inner significance. The extracts are well chosen and well arranged and the author has gone wisely out of the beaten track in search of them.

Serbia's Part in the War By Crawford Price 7s 6d net (Simpkin) In these days when Serbia is temporarily a nation without a country it is well that we should be reminded of what we owe to this small but gallant people who in the early days of the war three times swept the Teutonic invaders back beyond her borders and stubbornly held the gate that barred the Germans from the East. Whether Mr Price is right in saying that Serbia provided gold n opportunities of which we and our Allies failed to take full advantage we shall not dispute it is enough that the story he has to tell is a great an epic story and he has known how to tell it in such fashion as wins both your interest in his theme and your admiration for its heroes. Mr Price was a war correspondent with the Serbian Army in the stirring times when it was fighting to guard its own homesteads and so was an eye witness of much of the heroic fighting he so graphically describes. Moreover he has had access to all official records and is able to reveal the diplomatic aspects of his history from inside and authoritative sources. This first volume brings the narrative down to the end of the third unsuccessful invasion of Serbia.

If I Goes West By a Tommy 2s 6d net (Harrap) There is a quaint humour in these war verses grim and irresponsible by turns or simultaneously and a tenderness and simple poignance in some of them that are equally spontaneous and effective. A delightful little book written in the sturdy buoyant spirit that we have learned to regard as characteristic of the men in the fighting line.

THE READER.

LEONARD MERRICK •

BY K. THIRL ROBERTS

I

IN one of his later novels Mr Merrick gives us a little scene between a vulgar theatrical manager Ruby his wife and an enthusiastic dramatist. The dramatist for the sake of the money has committed a melodrama of the worst type and he and the manager are revolving the important problem of the title. Do you like Heartless London? No give me the rights over

here Ruby! No that doesn't hit the spot. A Lassie in London? How do you like A Lassie in London?

She isn't a lassie said Tatham. What do you think of A Girl Against the World? Ross shook his head. I want London!

London as it really is? said the ex-fairy. Kotten! he growled. Yet London laughs. Oh? Yet London laughs! It's good?

What does it mean? asked Tatham. Mean? It means the heartlessness of London of course! Yet London laughs in spite of everything—in spite of that poor girl's sufferings London laughs!

It is worth noticing that Mr Merrick's new novel is called *While Paris Laughed*—for the slight difference between *while* and *yet* will give a hint of the quality of Mr Merrick's mind. In all his books he insists in a few early stories a little over emphatically—on the juxtaposition of tears and laughter easy tears and easy laughter or more tragically bitter tears and high laughter or sardonic laughter and casual tears—but never does he give that gross pathetic fallacy of the toothlights. And yet! The superb irrelevance the glorious inconsequence of the theatrical mind amuse him but he never shares them. And I often wonder if even his admirers realise how high an eminence that gives Mr Merrick. Sentimentalist as he might be called and in manner sometimes cynical his essential thought is unlike that of Sterne or Butler. He does not seek for consistency nor even for constancy from human nature—he is willing to admit that the faults

in a man or woman may be as prominent as the virtues and he loves his people not in spite of their faults as does the sentimentalist nor in spite of their virtues as does the cynic but just for themselves. This is so true an attitude that it provokes the charge of simplicity. Yet it has been shared by some of the greatest masters of fiction. A foolish fashion of modern criticism may deem Thackeray as out of date but no one who values psychology in fiction can dispute the masterly

characterisation of such a novel as *Pendennis* or *Vanity Fair*. Is it not evident that Thackeray likes Becky Sharp for what she is? He does not appraise her ethically. There are animals and even flowers whose appeal to the moral judgment is weak but how strong to the aesthetic! And the aesthetic is nearer the truth because it is nearer creation than the moral it has less of destructive criticism.

So in such a book as *The Position of Peggy Harper* Mr Merrick does not flinch from giving us the worst of Peggy. He throws the lime light on to her—an action which she would take as complimentary. Yet he never refuses to admit her charm her kindness her boyish vanity her fund of companionable cheeriness her real pluck against her

devastating old mother to whom also he is scrupulously far honourably kind. It would be amusing to compare this method of Mr Merrick's with that of the realists—with Mr Bennett's for instance or even Mr George Moore's. Mr Bennett even in his lightest and best fiction never releases his people. They are held in the vice of his capable narrow competent intellect. He knows all about them and in knowing that he knows he betrays an ignorance of human nature which is fatal to real eminence as a novelist. For to the novelist as to the theologian or the moralist human nature after it has been thoroughly sifted and arranged and determined presents one final characteristic—caprice. Ultimately perhaps it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that caprice only is the sufficient answer to determinism.

In his preface to the reissue of *Conrad in Search of His Youth*, Sir J. M. Barrie roundly asserts of that



Portrait by G. R. L.

Leonard Merrick

* *While Paris Laughed* By Leonard Merrick 6s. net. And first three vols. in the Collected Edition of Leonard Merrick's Works 6s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton)

fantasy. I know scarcely a novel by any living Englishman except a score or so of Mr Hardy's that I would rather have written. It will startle most readers to find Mr Merrick thrust into juxtaposition with the name of Hardy and yet it is defensible. Remote as is his world from Mr Hardy's—remote indeed from that of nearly all English novelists—he shares this with the master of Wessex, the belief in, and values caprice. Mr Hardy it is true generally prefers to lay caprice on the gods or the fate or circumstance while Mr Merrick shows his characters as swayed by whim or fancy but each author has a sure grasp of the folly of predicating certainty of men or women, the stupidity of being sure even of the uncertainty of their action. Mr Hardy develops that thought in tragedy, Mr Merrick as a rule in comedy and yet in comedy with touch of bewilderment, bewilderment that may hide pessimism or passion or indifference or even terror.

In *The Quaint Companions* and in that strange story *The Body and Soul of Miss Azurley* terror is present but in the short story Mr Merrick has stressed rather much the horror in *The Quaint Companions* he gives a minutely sober and quiet treatment to a theme which almost all authors would treat either tragically or melodramatically. Sometimes indeed I think of that study in selfish and unselfish love that parable of black bodies and white souls as Mr Merrick's masterpiece. Yet one has only to read the latest volume *While Paris Laughed* or the reissue of *Cynthia* and *When Love Flies out of the Window* to realise how premature are such definite judgments. Mr Hewlett claims *Cynthia* is one of Mr Merrick's loveliest women and there are few who will not feel the charm of this daughter of Philistia who is rescued by her husband. Passion is not obtruded in Mr Merrick's work but in the relationship between Cynthia and Humphrey Kent the successful and penurious novelist passion is more truly indicated more humanly suggested than in half a hundred hectic hot house efforts to convey the beauty of sexual love. Here I think is Mr Merrick's second great gift as a novelist—his unerring sense of proportion! Full as his books are of good characters and good situations, he never succumbs to the temptation of overaccentuating any one person or circumstance at the expense of the construction. How few other novelists would be content with the slight appearances of Miss Wix in *Cynthia*—the acidulated honest annoying Miss Wix who becomes Auntie Bluebell of *Winsome Words* in the same book the

egregious Caesar Walford is just etched for us with a few bold strokes—the comedy of him is scarcely more than indicated except in the glorious little scene where he gives his exhibition of singing.

The same economy is found in *When Love Flies out of the Window*. In his preface to the new edition Sir W. Robertson Nicoll writes Mr Merrick is always thinking of the actress who cannot find an engagement.

Ready in the world to help her and who at most has but a few shillings in the world with no means

of earning more—save one. The hope deferred the fireless room the meagre salary the blind reality the sick fear the creeping terror the thoughts that make the heart quake all these he describes as no one else has described them. This vivid description of Meena Weston's life in Paris is not a shade exaggerated and yet Mr Merrick's account of it seems less harrowing. This is not because he spurs us anything. It is partly because he deliberately keeps even his tragic episodes in the comic key and partly because he never lets us see or feel any terror of circumstance any disaster of life except through the personality of the men and women who suffer. Most authors have a touch of the *Grand Guignol* in them they like a thrill for its own sake. Mr Merrick is only interested in the thrill because of its effect on human beings.

He knows as well as any one that you can attain a violent and illegitimate effect by isolating your thrill—subordinating humanity to ideas. That is the atmosphere of scandal and of panic not the atmosphere of art. And Mr Merrick has always regarded his writing as an art and no living author has a better claim to have that aspect of his novels respected and judged.

II

It is as a comic artist that Mr Merrick ranks highest and for comedy restrained essential unobtrusive his short stories are better than his novels. Himself he has preferred writing short stories and no one could read

Whispers About Women without knowing that here was a man who was doing his natural work. In that volume is a story which seemed to me when I read it first some dozen years ago one of the best of English short stories and it exhibits Mr Merrick's comic genius at its highest. *The Bishop's Comedy* has all those elements of surprise combined with truth to character which distinguish genuine comedy from farce or melodrama. Miss Clarges—whom duchesses called "dear"—suggests to the Bishop of Westborough that



Phot. by C. R. L. Paul

Leonard Merrick
at the age of 30



Miss Lesley Merrick

L. M. Merrick, girl

he has the makings of a dramatist. The Bishop starts on a play—need we say a bad one? He and Mrs. Clarges slip into a flirtation; she has all the satisfaction of capturing a new and unusual victim; he the moral justification of bringing help to the actress. So goes it now. And finally Miss Clarges is called upon by Mr. Fullerton Meadows—the Bishop's wife. And the scene between the actress and Mrs. Meadows is too good to spoil by a resume.

My visit must appear very strange to you?

Most kind! said Kitty Clarges. How is His Lordship getting on with his play? It'll soon be finished now, I suppose?

I dare say—I really don't know. I didn't come to talk about the play. Mrs. Meadows faltered. I came because you might do more for me than anyone else did. Miss Clarges, my husband is in love with you.

The start, the bewilderment in the eyes was admirable.

My dear Mrs. Meadows?

You need not trouble to deny it, said the lady quietly, because he has acknowledged it to me. But that isn't all—you are in love with my husband.

Are you here to insult me? said Miss Clarges, rising.

I have the honour to be one of His Lordship's friends. He has been pleased to discuss his comedy with me. Not unnatural, I think. I specially so, I hope to produce the piece! As for what you say, the *elle* has never been a word, a syllable—our conversation might have been phonographed for all London to hear! The indignation of her voice quivered into pain. I would not have had this happen for the world—I can't understand it! She struggled with a sob and suppressed it proudly. It's cruel!

I don't wonder that he admires you, said his wife thoughtfully. You have great talent. But I have seen a letter from you to him. Here it is!

Miss Clarges gasped and looked at it. She sat down again very slowly. All right, she said. I am fond of your husband. Well?

It was finding your letter that made me write to you. I heard weeks ago that he was mad about you, but the letter showed me that you cared for him. Oh, I know that I ought not to have written! I considered a long time before I made up my mind. But there was so much at stake I thought you might help me. If you will listen—

What for? exclaimed Miss Clarges. What's the good of my listening? Even if I promised you not to see him again—I wouldn't promise it, but if I did—would it make him any fonder of you? Do you think if I lost a man I should beg the other woman to give him back to me? I should know she couldn't do it. I should know I might as well beg her to give me back—my innocence. And I shouldn't reproach her either! I'd reproach myself! I should call myself a fool for not holding my own. Women like me don't lose the men they want—we know how easy it is for them to leave us, and we take the

trouble to keep them. It's you good women who are always being left after you've caught the men you think you've nothing more to do. Marriage is the end of your little story, so you take it for granted it *must* be the end of *his*. The more you love him, the sooner you bore him. You go bankrupt on the honeymoon, you're a brick-bat to him before you've been married a month.

He'll know all your life, and all your mind, and all your mood. You haven't a surprise in reserve for him, then? You wonder he yawns. Great Scott! To hold a man's interest, show him your heart, is to pull out a tape-measure in inches at a time. I tell you, husband, I've never loved him! My guilty love has made me a perfect woman. You can't realise that. I didn't expect you to realise it, but surely you must know that if you wept and went down in your knees to me, I couldn't say I was with you. All in your life he shall never think of me, my dear?

You misunderstand the object of my visit, said Mrs. Meadows meekly. I didn't come to weep to you. I didn't want to beg you to say that he shall never think about you any more. I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him that I've repeated the other woman in plaintive tones. You say you love only in *possession*, but unless I choose to make a candidate—and I have daughters to consider—I must expect to spend many more years with him. If you will help me to discover some attractions in him, it will make life far easier for me.

She ejaculated Mr. Clarges.

I can't beg you to tell me what you find in him that I've repeated the other woman in plaintive tones. You say you love only in *possession*, but unless I choose to make a candidate—and I have daughters to consider—I must expect to spend many more years with him. If you will help me to discover some attractions in him, it will make life far easier for me.

Kitty Clarges, staring at her dumbly. You find no attraction in him? she stammered at last.

It is unconventional of me to admit it to you, but as I say there's so much at stake I feel justified in asking your assistance. To me he is tedious beyond words to tell. If you would explain why you adore him, if you would show me some merit, some spark, talent or wit, or humour, something to make his pretensions less intolerable—you don't know how thankful to you I should be.



Miss Lesley Merrick,

Leonard Merrick's daughter as a Lead Worker

Your husband is a great man. She spoke with a touch of uncertainty.

Oh no! And I should be foolish to ask so much—a moderately intelligent man is all that a woman like me has the right to expect. The Bishop is unfortunately very very dull. Believe me I have tried most conscientiously to be deceived by him. I used to read his press notices and say: 'Look what the newspapers say about him—it must be true.' But I knew it wasn't. I used to listen to his sermons—there aren't many of them—they've been the same sermons for twenty years—and say: 'What lovely language! what noble thought! How proud his little Mildred should be!' But though I was a young girl then I knew that the lovely language was all sound and no sense and that the noble thoughts came out of the Dictionary of Quotations. Oh Miss Clarges! you are a brilliant woman far far cleverer than I—he must have some stray virtue that my earnest search hasn't brought to light or you couldn't gush so romantically about him. Help me to see it! I think how he worries me—tell me what the virtue is!

The actress was breathing heavily, her nostrils fluttered on her bloodless cheeks the delicacy of Maiden Bloom stood out in unbecoming blotches. To learn that she idolised a man whom this little provincial in last year's fashions disdained as a bore robbed her of speech. She had not believed there could be such depths of humiliation in the world.

Is there any scene in modern English fiction which excels that in comic pertinacity in vigour and delicacy? It seems to me to go straight back to the tradition of Congreve and those other masters who knew to a nicety the precise value of social comedy. It is comedy of manners no doubt but how well rendered how truly seen how free from false sentiment or false machinery. There are other short stories. A Very Good Thing for the Girl. The Call from the Past. The Favourite Plot. Fluffums. The Laurels and the Lady (which has something of Mr Merrick's early South African experiences in it) besides the admirable series of Paris life which are as good as The Bishop's Comedy.

As I write their titles I am reminded how many of these and how many of the novels deal with theatrical life. Mr Merrick was an actor for some two years. Yet this hardly suffices to explain his absorption in the types of stage land. His genius has a natural bent towards the life of the theatre because it is there that one sees more plainly than in ordinary life the strange juxtaposition of tragedy and comedy nobility and meanness—a juxtaposition which has as I have said an abiding fascination for Mr Merrick. Mr Merrick is a draughtsman of great precision. He gets his effects not so much by the use of atmosphere as by the use of line. His line conveys atmosphere—how surely and beautifully in The Quaint Companions—but it is to line he has given his heart. Now the theatre of his period—the late eighties—is ever emphatically a place of line of sharp contrasts of clean cut effects. This is no place to discuss the ideals of Mr Gordon Craig but of this one may be fairly sure that Mr Merrick's theatrical folk from Miss Clarges to Peggy Harper would have laughed them to scorn. In the good days the rich days of the eighties and nineties you had to get it over the footlights and it did not much matter if it went a good deal farther. Thus striving after perpetual emphasis this determination to accentuate everything which could and a great deal which could not be accentuated had a natural result on the protagonists. Anyone who knew

Maiden Lane at the beginning of the century will know what I mean. It had and has its good side this over accentuation and for Mr Merrick it has this great advantage it provided him with people and circumstances which were sufficiently sharp cut without being melodramatic. In the modern writer's scorn of the theatrical it is often forgotten that there is a truth of the theatre. Just as rhetoric is a real art so is the theatre and like rhetoric the theatre has the merit of simplifying situations and characters. All our modern psychological subtlety is opposed to this apt to think it wrong. But the fact remains that quite a number of people are simple and their motives are simple. These simple motives and simple emotions can be made the vehicle for subtlety—but themselves retain a simplicity which is often obscured I think by the elaborate rather tedious methods of many modern writers.

III

In that spacious book on a time when art was leisurely The Peace of the Augustans Mr Saintsbury gives us one of his bracing judgments on the novel. For (let it be peremptorily and unblushingly asserted and reasserted) the business of the novel is in the first second and even third place to interest. Doleful would be the visages and low the circulation of many of our later men if that test were properly applied. But Mr Merrick meets it triumphantly. Whatever criticisms can be brought against the author of The House of Lynch and

The Worldlings he cannot be attacked for lack of interest. And yet he has not apparently had the success which a novelist of his calibre who at the same time offers amusement should have had. The new edition is evidence of the position he occupies in the judgment of his fellow craftsmen and even those who are sceptical must admit that there is something unusual in work which draws the praise of such different authors as Barrie Wells W D Howells Pinero and Cranville Barker. Their introductions will be guarantee for Mr Merrick's peculiar brilliancy at his art. And it is not that he is unpopular. Since Mr Watt placed a series of stories with the *Bystander* his work has been eagerly sought after by the editors and since The Man Who Was Good his novels have a steady if not startling success. Still the fact remains that the commencement of the new edition found many people tolerably well acquainted with English fiction asking Who is Merrick? And there must be a reason for that. One cause is I believe the frequency with which he writes of the theatre another his predilections for Paris. Other English authors have lived in France—but have never got over it. Then the British public forgives. It knows that however proudly Mr Bennett may insist on his French residence he is himself soundly obstinately British as remote from the French let alone the Parisian point of view as was Thackeray or Trollope. All his parading of his French experience is pure tourist—paterfamilias showing the photographs to his friends. But Mr Merrick writes of Paris of the Quartier Latin of French provincial life with an ease a casualness which inspires suspicion. He might as well think the average reader be writing of London, of England. And that is fatal. To that average reader—before 1914 at any rate—to present foreigners except as curiosities was

The Bookman

I am a Bookman '—James Russell Lowell

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The portrait of Mr. Robert Bridges which is on
our cover was taken in 1915.

For Remembrance—Soldier Poets Who Have
Fallen in the War—by A. St. John Adcock will be
published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.
It tells something of the lives and personalities of
forty-four such poets and reveals from their poems
the ideal for which they fought and the hope in
which they died. The book will be illustrated with
twenty portraits in photogravure. As war condi-
tions make it necessary to limit the edition, orders
should be placed for it without delay.

A very interesting Christmas book which Mr.
Hinemann has in hand is—Springtime of Life—the
poems of childhood by Swinburne illustrated
by Arthur Rackham. The book will be arranged
and edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Swinburne
always wished that his poems about children should
be brought together and had intended doing this

himself but was never able to find an artist who
satisfied him as an illustrator.

Mr. Heinemann is also publishing this autumn
the Letters of Swinburne in two volumes edited
by Mr. Cosse. These letters now first published
cover the whole of Swinburne's life from 1858 to
1909.

Arnold Bennett's new play—The Little—which
has been successfully produced at the Haymarket
Theatre will be published in book form this month
by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

The Little East Unveiled—which Messrs. Cassell
are publishing—contains a rather startling account
of Mr. Frederick Coleman's recent visit to Japan and
the opinions he formed of what he saw and heard
during his tour.

Robert J. C. Stead whose book of war verse
Why Don't They Cheer? is meeting with con-
siderable success here and in Canada has completed
a new novel—The Cow Puncher—which is now
appearing serially and will be published in book
form this autumn here and in Canada where the
Mussell Book Co. are to issue a first edition of ten
thousand—a testimony to Robert Stead's rapidly
increasing vogue.

**Mr Draycott Dell**

A romance of the French Revolution *The Veiled Lady* by May Wynne and Draycott M Dell just published by Messrs Jarrold takes its title from the fancy name which the Revolutionaries gave to the guillotine. Miss Wynne has long been known as a popular writer of historical romances and Mr Dell proved his capacity in the clever adaptation of Ibsen's *Ghosts* which the same firm published a few months ago.

Corporal Ward Muir's humorous sympathetic stories of his R.A.M.C. experiences *Observations of an Orderly* have found so much favour with the public that Messrs Simpkin Marshall & Co have reissued the book in a cheap edition.

The English Home from Charles I to George IV by J Alfred Cotch F.S.A. will be published shortly by Messrs Batsford. It treats of houses interior decorations garden design etc and will be fully illustrated.

Living Water by Harold Begbie which Messrs Headley Bros have in the press is a book which shows how working men in various parts of industrial England are striving to get themselves efficiently educated and with what heroic self denial many of them have achieved that end. It includes a conversation with Lord Leverhulme on Guild Socialism.

Captain C. E. Montague, who was formerly chief leader writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, and won distinction as a novelist with *A Mind Let Loose* and *The Morning's War* is now on active service in France and has written 'Notes from the Calais

Base' which Mr Fisher Unwin is to publish. He gives an account of the training in France the care of the wounded the Army's petrol supply and of how 2800 boots a day are mended at the military cobbler's shop all of which is also illustrated with photographs. Captain Montague enlisted as a private in 1914 and had been promoted sergeant before he received his commission.

Messrs Constable are publishing a new edition of *The Making of an Englishman* by W. L. George for which the author has written a special preface.

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke has just been published by Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson (10s 6d net). The book contains a few additional poems a full Memoir with extracts from hitherto unpublished letters and two portraits.

Mr Stephen Wheeler sends us the following interesting note.

A notable letter in which Ruskin made notable remarks about Lindor was printed the other day in the *Sphere* but a commentary would have been useful. It may be worth while to explain what had ruffled Ruskin's equanimity. A magazine article on poetic prose was sent to him by the writer with a request for permission to quote from his works more fully. Ruskin gave his consent but intimated



Photo by J. Seane Oxford. **Lieut Geoffrey Bache Smith**, recently killed in action, in France. A collection of his poems, *A Spring Harvest*, has just been published by Mr Erskine MacDonald.



Mrs. Will Gordon F.R.G.S.

R. I. C. L. I. T. Y. M. J. I. I.
I. D. I. I. I.

in what unanimously they be tried being bunched up with Poe, Tennyson and Lamb. He added the two bits you have quoted from Landor are totally empty stuff. C. K. S. who included the letter in his weekly *causette* omitted to say what the two bits were, so I will give the missing reference. One of them was a passage in the imaginary conversation where Esop speaking to Rhodope says:

Iodamere died. Helen died. Iodamere believed of Jupiter went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave. There are no voices of Rhodope that are not soon mute. However fanciful there is no name with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated of which the echo is not faint at last.

The other bit of totally empty stuff will be found in Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia* where Cleone of Miletus writing to her friend in Athens indulged in the following reflections:

There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water. There is a silence in it which suspends the foot and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface. The Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song.

That Ruskin should have rated these passages as empty stuff may be a disagreeable surprise to some of his admirers. Nor would he show up better if we assume that he had taken umbrage on finding himself named along with De Quincey and Poe as pre-eminent *after* Landor among writers of poetic prose. It was in *Macmillan's Magazine* for October 1886 that he was so classed.

A new novel by Miss Marie Coralli will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Hamilton Drummond whose new historical novel *The Great Game* (Stanley Paul) is reviewed in this Number has quitted his regiment in the Channel Islands and settled down again in England. He began his career some years back in the orthodox way by publishing two volumes of verse and though he did not carry him a time he was he found the writings of them in excellent schooling in the use of language and the value of the extra word. In 1896 he wrote his first novel *Cobden's Cause* which was published by Messrs. A. & C. Black and he has followed it with over a dozen of others which have given him a place among the most popular of our historical romancers. *The Great Game* has an historical core and is a novel both of character and incident. For Mr. Drummond does not agree with recent critics that the weakness of his historical romances is that they are not concerned with character. He agrees with him that modern romances are becoming more and more concerned with character and incident should not run in double harness. He has finished a new novel which Mr. Stanley Paul will publish shortly in which the Emperor Frederick II figures again but in a later period of his life than was covered by Mr. Drummond's *Charles of Anjou*. It is called *Then the Greatest*.



Phot. by Joseph D. Lyons, J. & J.

Mr. Hamilton Drummond

WAR BOOKS

Gentlemen at Arms By Centurion 6s net (Heinemann) Those who are acquainted with the brilliant stories that Centurion has contributed to *Land and Water* will welcome this collection of them—they are some of the strongest and most vividly realised studies in character and dramatic event that the war has occasioned

Short Flights with the Cloud Cavalry By Spin 5s net (Hodder and Stoughton) Breezy and entertaining tales of the amusing or exciting things that happen in the daily life of the aviator on service in France and elsewhere

War the Liberator and Other Pieces By I. A. Mackintosh M.C. 5s net (John Lane) Lieutenant Mackintosh's first book of poems. A Highland Regiment showed him to be a poet of real imagination and emotional appeal. He has recently fallen in action and this posthumous volume fulfils something of the promise of its forerunner. He puts no gloss on the tragically terrible facts of war and the poignancy and beauty of his lyrics is in their pride and joy of the honour and heroism of his comrades then and his own ready sacrifice of self to a great cause and the love they bear each other. He was wounded and invalided home and might have remained here training fresh troops but he felt that to do so was not loyal to the men who had died nor to the living who were still enduring danger and hardship while he was safe and in comfort

The dead men's voices are calling calling
And I must rise and go

he writes in *From Home* which dates from Cambridge during his convalescence, and he could not be satisfied till he had gone back to his place in the battle line. The poem written a month before he was killed and addressed 'To Sylvia' to whom he became engaged while he was here recovering from his wounds reveals the man himself and in its noble simplicity and poignancy of

feeling is scarcely surpassed by any poetry of the war

God knows—my dear—I did not want
To rise and leave you so
But the dead men's hands were beckoning
And I knew that I must go
But you'll forgive me yet dear
Because of what you know
I can look my dead friends in the face
As I couldn't two months ago



Portrait by J. D. H. Pitt

Mr Fergus Hume

with the war (W. D. L. K. W.)

(H. I. H. K. W.)

Yellow English By Dorota Flatow 6s net (Hutchinson) An ably written sensational story of the danger of allowing the naturalised German to live freely amongst us and wield subtle influence in high places. It might seem extravagantly melodramatic but for recent revelations of enemy alien intrigue it is outrageous as anything in fiction

Three Aspects of the Russian Revolution By Emile Vandervelde Translated by Jean I. H. Ind 5s net (Allen and Unwin) Recently M. Vandervelde went on a mission into Russia from the Belgian Labour Party to interview the leaders of the Revolution and study the political military and industrial state of the country under the new order. This record of his visit of what he saw and learned there and the opinions he formed is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the new Russia that is evolving out of chaos. He has faith in Russia and makes it clear that he believes she will yet play an important part in the reconstruction of Europe

The Destroyers and Other Stories of the Royal Navy By Henry Erskine South 1s 6d net (Simpkin Marshall) These tales by a Fleet Surgeon of what the Navy is doing at sea and in secret service on shore make capital reading. There is plenty of adventure and of thrilling incident in them, and the espionage yarn at the end is leavened with a pleasant love idyll

'Last Songs' By Francis Ledwidge With an Introduction by Lord Dunsany 3s. 6d. net

THE READER.

ROBERT BRIDGES AND THE POETIC ART

BY LAURANCE BINYON

AN artist writing can be at a day interesting. He speaks with an authority to which no mere critic can lay claim. Whatever the poet laureate has to say about poetry must therefore engage our interest and attention for very few of our poets have been more learned in their art.

The Necessity of Poetry is the title Mr Bridges gave to an address read to a Welsh audience of working men. It is full of pregnant matter such as could hardly come fully home to any audience at a single hearing. It is well that it should be printed for it repays leisurely and careful reading.

Shelley wrote of the Necessity of Atheism and of the Defence of Poetry. The first is said to have been a dry argument, the second is eloquent and impassioned. Mr Bridges is more cordially persuaded of the human need for poetry than Shelley in his raw dogmatic youth could have been of the need for atheism, but he abstains from Shelley's glowing eloquence in vindication and praise of poetry and its function in the world; he runs rather at plain statement but he cannot help saying fresh and illuminating things by the way.

In England poetry is not commonly thought of as an art but rather as a sort of spontaneous ebullition of emotion with something of an implicit antithesis between art and inspiration. It is true that a great artist like Milton can keep unflinching his noble style even when his matter is not inspiring while a poet like Wordsworth when he is not inspired falls to prosy earth. Yet the greatest art has most of inspiration as we readily recognise in the case of music and painting, an inspiration which animates and shapes the entire work. And Wordsworth is not a greater poet for being unsure and intermittent in his art which fails him when his inspiration also fails. I fancy that English people and people of Northern race in general are apt to believe that a poet like Horace whose art seems everything would have been less of an artist if he had been more of a poet. I do not think this is true. But it is certainly true that a poet of this type congenial to the traditions of the Latin races can be a wonderful

artist without having much of what is commonly associated with the poetic spirit and the above mentioned antithesis has thus much of justification.

In the very interesting memoir of his school friend Dolben, a young poet who died on the threshold of

manhood Mr Bridges has told us how he first approached poetry. While Dolben regarded poetry from the emotional he regarded it from the artistic side. His friend liked poetry on account of the power it had of exciting his varied emotions. What had led me to poetry was the inexhaustible satisfaction of form the magic of speech lying as it seemed to me in the mastery control of the material it was in art which I hoped to learn. An instinctive rightness was essential but given that I did not suppose that the poet's emotions were in any way better than mine nor mine than another. I think that Dolben imagined poetic form to be the naive outcome of peculiar personal emotion. There is a point in art where these two ways merge and unite but in apprehension they are opposite approaches. Mr Bridges has never ceased to regard poetry as an art and long ago won the mas-



THE HILL

Robert Bridges
in 1888 at 44

tery he hoped for as a boy. The peculiar personal emotion is not lacking in his verse but he does not rely for inspiration on the intensity of emotion and of facile or uncontrolled emotion he has we feel a proud disdain. These characteristics may explain why Mr Bridges is not a popular poet. The emotions he expresses are such as only finely organised natures can feel with and his art is so delicate so abhorrent of easy effectiveness or vehement emphasis—all that is commonly called striking—that its felicity and resource pass unperceived by many readers. None the less every year adds to the number of those who find themselves turning again to the Shorter Poems with a pleasure that is ever fresh. The secret of the charm of Mr Bridges lyrics may seem difficult to explain there is an elusive simplicity about them but we come to love them as we love some English garden that we know or some corner of English country.



Yattendon Manor House

(h) 1 f M f f e B d_k f s

they do not force their beauties on our notice they have a kind of hyness—but they yield an intimate delight which one found is fitting. A perfect uncertainty is matched by an exquisite truth and precision. And behind a certain austerity of manner we come to feel a deep reality of feeling. No English poet has given us his view of true English country—its greys and greens, its silvery horizons, its rich quiet, its lines and flower—above all its trees and its song-bird—none has noted so unceasingly the features of its season.

In one of his later poems Mr. Tudge gives us glimpses of his boyhood at Walmer on the Kentish coast. In one he describes the summer house from which he used to watch through a telescope the happenings in the roads, and how one noon in March Napoleon's fleet came on its way to the Baltic (it was the time of the Crimean War).

Cloudless the sky and calm in fill the sea
As Peter and Saint Margaret clift mysteriously
The sea murder as queens walking in Sabbath dress
Clifted in line upon the windless deep

And again of the Duke of Wellington—who's white hairs in this my earliest scene had scarce more honoured than accustomed been.

I had seen his castle shrouded in full half mist
One morn as I sat looking on the sea
When thus all England's grief came first to me
Who hold my childhood favoured that I knew
So well the face that won at Waterloo

In one of the Shorter Poems there is another reminiscence tinged with a sort of mystical feeling not often found in the poet's verse.

By such a stony breaking beach
My childhood chanced and chose to be
Twas here I played and musing made
My friend the melancholy sea
He from his dim enchanted caves
With shuddering roar and onrush wild
Fell down in sacrificial waves
At feet of his exulting child

And in this latest pamphlet Mr Bridges tells us of the singular fascination which music and musical instruments had for him as a boy. Unlike many poets he

has not only a passion for music but a learned understanding of musical art. The memory of Dolben from which I have quoted tell of his day at Iton. At that time Tennyson was in his heyday of triumphant fun but Mr Bridges even then had a fine independence of judgment. He loved some of Tennyson's early lyrics yet when I heard the Idylls of the Kings pruned it as if they were the final attainment of all poetry then I drew into my shell. I was abhorrent towards Keats he told me and as for Browning I had no leaning toward him. At this time Mr Bridges and some of his most intimate friends were strongly affected by the Oxford Movement. He grew out of his Eusebism and returned to a more essentially religious temperament colouring all his verse.

At Oxford he was a noted figure among his contemporaries, but chiefly for a famous ability he treated the Corpus boat and to let it head of the river. After some fifteen years in London of the practice of medicine, Mr. Lind returned to the country.

I in secret I would be
The life I hate that best
I in secret my duty
Who find my path as I
And rather to
The life I hate than my
A duty I try
I do who find my



Robert Bridges
at 24

And country life I praise
 And lead because I find
 The philosophic mind
 Can take no middle ways
 She will not leave her love
 To mix with men her art
 Is ill to strive above
 The crowd or stand apart

A kind of lordly indolence combines with fastidious independence in the poet's temperament. Yet there was nothing morose in this retirement. Few have sung so well of the happy hours, and this perhaps is rather resented by those who like to sorrow vicariously through their favourite poets.

Mr Bridges married in 1884 the daughter of Alfred Waterhouse R.A. the architect and settled at Yattendon, a pleasant village among the Berkshire woods and downs. His house was the old manor house with a garden whose spicy pinks are recalled to the memory of those who knew it in reading many of the poems, especially the beautiful *Garden in September*. Here many a younger writer was invited to enjoy a kindly hospitality which with its talk and wine and music made one think of Milton's sonnet inviting his friend to supper in Attic taste, and music afterwards—warbling of immortal notes and fuscian air. For the Poet Laureate is a friend to aspiring youth, an encourager of adventure and experiment. He keeps a boyish elasticity, likes fun and hates pomposity. He has prejudices and aversions, and sometimes expresses perverse or eccentric opinions with which he is not loth to stirle dull company. He is very English.

Of late years Mr Bridges has lived on the wooded hills above Oxford, where he built himself a house overlooking the beautiful city in the valley. But during the war the house was accidentally burnt down. Mr Bridges walked up from Oxford one afternoon to find his home in flame. He has borne the loss philosophically. Happily the music room or library, built as a separate wing, was not destroyed. The house stood close to Chiswell Farm, by which the Scholarships used to pass in climbing the hill from Nether Hinkley.

For some years Mr Bridges' poems were issued from a private press, that of his friend Mr Daniel, now Provost of Worcester, and were known to but a few. It was in 1890 the year of their first publication that I first made the acquaintance of the *Shorter Poems*. I remember being captured by the subtle charm of the verse, which differed so entirely from the Victorian poetry and its continuators. It carried one back to the severer, simpler style of older poetry, yet had a new flavour of its own. Here was a poet who evoked pictures in the mind and who did not think it necessary to moralise them by some tagged reflection; they were to justify themselves by the mood their beauty created. That was refreshing. Those who craved for the urgent

message for the vigour of rhetoric and epigram, or for the decorations of poetry, might find these lyrics tenuous, almost impalpable in their matter. But I could never understand the criticism so common that wants poets to be different from what they are. Each true poet is unique; it is his uniqueness that is delightful. The *Shorter Poems* were unlike anything else in our poetry. Their distinguishing charm was their choiceness, a choiceness even of limitation, a

chosen abstinence from stress and struggle, a chosen felicity. Even when the verse revived the grace of forgotten models, it was of models new to English poetry—forms or cadences chosen from Italian, Spanish or old French. Familiarity with these lyrics and with

The Growth of Love, that noble series of sonnets which will gain more lovers as time goes on, makes me prize above all the wholeness of fine texture which is theirs, the inner beauty of form which comes, I suppose, from instinctive rightness. Mr Bridges so English in temperament seems rather a Latin in the genius of his art. Taste is a positive element in it, not merely an instinct of avoidance. You do not find loose workmanship in him, or loose thinking. The epithets are delicate and precise, never ornamental, never unmeaning. The rhymes are fresh, yet not strained or bizarre. But above all it is the rhythms that are masterly and original. What a revelation was the first reading of the *Dead Child* and *London Snow* and *The Down*, poems now very well known and accepted with delight by innocent as by educated ears, but in those days a puzzle and a stumbling block to the learned who insisted on scanning them. They were the revelation of a new world of rhythm to be explored. And the younger poets of to-day, whether they are conscious of it or not, owe a debt of liberation to Mr Bridges. You see the heaven working everywhere now. It is the rich variety of speech rhythms which Mr Bridges has brought into verse with so salutary an effect, for such rhythms lend themselves to all sorts of themes and moods, and each poet will use them in his own way. Swinburn's marvellous inventiveness in metre, on the other hand, has produced only imitations of Swinburnian manner.

A casual and superficial reader might think Mr Bridges, with his fondness for certain archaisms and his aloofness from current fashions in the subject matter of poetry, rather old-fashioned and conservative. But in reality he has proved a fruitful innovator. He is an advocate of drastic change in many things. He has the Latin gift of logical analysis, and was the first, I think, to expose the illogical compromise which English prosody, like most English institutions, embodies. He is also extremely alive to the degradation of the sounds of speech in the England of to-day. Mr Bernard Shaw, you may remember, took hints from Mr Bridges in portraying the professor of phonetics who is the hero of one of his recent plays. The translation from Virgil and other excursions in classical prosody were prompted by these interests, and the experiments, whether they please or not, reveal a vast unexplored field of delicate and expressive rhythms hitherto unknown in our poetry. If readers would only take these poems in this spirit, they would at least find them interesting. But most people prefer their prejudices and old habits to any new enlightenment.

Here I would like to quote one of Mr Bridges' recent poems, not yet included in his collected works.

FLYCATCHERS

' Sweet pretty fledgelings perched on the rail grow
 Expectantly happy where ye can watch below
 Your parents a hunting in the meadow grasses
 All the gay morning to feed you with flies.

Ye recall me a time
sixty summers
ago

When a young
chubby chap I at
just so

With others on
a school form
rank'd in a row

Not less eager and
hungry than you
I trow

With intelligences
agape and eyes
aglow

While an authorita-
tive old wiser
Stood over us and

from a desk fed
us with lies

Dead flies—such as
litter the library
south window

That buzzed at the pane until they fell stuff'd on
the sill

Or are rolled up asleep in the flimsy at corners
Or water'd flat in a shambled film

A dry bi-eyed he was nurtured likewise

On slams and skeletons stale from top to toe

With all manner of rubbish and all manner of lies

This poem was the one with which Mr. Bridges un-
conventionally inaugurated his Laureateship. And as
lost Laureate he has certainly paved the way for the perfun-
ctory odes associated with that office. A precedent we
may hope will be followed. It is perhaps characteristic
that the two public addresses he has given since the
war have been delivered to working class audiences.
The latest of these, the "Necessity of Poetry," raises
so many interesting questions that I wish I had space
to discuss some of them. Words, the material of
poetry, are discussed first as ideas, then as sounds.
There is a very suggestive account of ideas in the mind
and the gradual formation of concept, and it is main-
tained that these concepts have a spontaneous life and



Chilswell

growth of their own

a genius is a man
whose mind has most
of a right spontane-
ous activity of the
concepts among
themselves. Poetry
uses our conceptions
in their natural con-
dition, it neither
trims them nor
rationalises them.

In the account of
the values of words
found in appeal
made to the
magnificent results
attained by the great
poetic metres as
sufficient vindication

of the fact that poetry has confined itself to metre,
though the best process is in its rhythmic quality
superior to a poorly constructed poem. Lastly there
is no praise on diction and the order of words well
worth studying and taking to heart by any young writer.
But this indicates only the bare outline of the address.

If in this brief article I have had to confine myself
to certain aspects only of Mr. Bridges' work it is because
I wished to emphasise the value of his example for all
poetic students, the devotion to his art in the absence
of the amateurishness and looseness which we are
all rather prone to indulge and condone. The soundness
of form and of texture. The learned art leads some
who have no real knowledge of Mr. Bridges' poetry to
think of him as engrossed in external of style, but
he is anything but so in reality. His work does
not lend itself to telling quotation of single lines and
phrases, but those who have learned to love it recognise
the inner beauty residing in it, the spontaneous inven-
tion and behind the tenderness of its used strength
and the presence of a lofty spirit.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

AUGUST 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square E.C.4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric

SPECIAL NOTICE—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses the Editor cannot undertake to return them

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3) competition both for the current month and the month following, as below

- I — A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric
- II — A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in the number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotation of humorous nature
- III — A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on What the War has Taught Me
(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on What I intend to do after the War)
- IV — A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review
- V — A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *three months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY

- I — This PRIZE is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Geoffrey Dearmer of A.O.D. Mess Infantry Barracks York and Beatrice Skilton of 169 Ham Park Road Forest Gate E.7 for the following

SONNET

Ah would you were a poet would the lore
Of words controlled your eager moving mind
No longer should we all be dumb and blind
And deaf to crying summons as before
For we who delve your soul must needs explore
With shafts of insight and the gold we find
Spread wide in verse Alas! we leave behind
A wealth unknown of undiscovered ore

Bend down to me Beloved bid me climb
To your clean air above till I behold
Your hand outstretched loom down to my low view
To mould and recreate my stumbling rhyme
Bend down and let me borrow thoughts of gold
And be a Shelley yet for love of you

GEOFFREY DEARMER

LOSS

It was yesterday you went away
Since then a thousand years have passed
It was strange that I should still be cast
In this same mould! I seem to be
A thing with an entity
The clinging of me gone been sigh
That I shall never more be I!
This strange new self can scarcely feel
The turn of life's relentless wheel—
So let it be to time and sense
So wrapped within a vague dense
Of woe impenetrably dear
A mist of pain that will not clear

But once the shimmering rainbow light
Of this divine fall on my sight
In that lost world where love held sway
Which time the vampire sucked away?
Or am I as the desert's prey
Who sees mirage each maddening day—
Until the spirit loses hold
And all that is of life is told?

This grief distilled for me alone
Has agony too great for more—
(Which keeps my soul so strangely still
Beneath the grinding of the mill)
I've held them hidden in his hand
When first I viewed the crucified I and
I felt all too soon mine eyes should see
The tear hung cross prepared for me

But ah! the glory there I found
Was worth ten thousand times the sound
Of earth clods on the coffin lid
Of all my hopes! And though amid
The ruins of my life I stand
A traveller in an unknown land—
With none to comfort or to pray
And all the landmarks swept away—
I was worth all this—and more beside
To meet your love glance as you died!

It was yesterday you went away

BEATRICE SKILTON

We also select for printing

A FANCY

I saw one silent shining star
Where all the greater planets are
It shone when earth lay still beneath
The pressure of the soft snow wreath
It passed and in its aftermath
I saw a crystal paven path

I followed why I cannot say
Along that shining upward way
Until I saw the Night uncloze
And lo! my star became a rose

I saw the Rose unfold and bloom
And I was glad with that perfume
I followed for I fain would know
Where such a Perfect Rose could blow
From North to South from East to West
From Dawning's star to Evening's rest
Until between the Lights I found
A little hill—on barren ground
My Rose star shone a thing of flame
And set above a Cross of Shame

(Ivan Adair 54 Palmerston Road Dublin)

THE FOLDED HOURS

Oh all those hours I left away
She gave to me and I to her
Between each field as pure as they
Are mignonette and lavender

And so I keep to morrow sweet
As fresh and sweet as yesterday
When I was first sown above the wheat
And Youth first learnt the lover's way

And every hue of every hour
Love wove into a song I lay
Where neither moth nor rust devour—
Within my heart for eye and eye

(Cyril C. Taylor 22 Old Chace Washford Somerset)

We specially commend the lyrics by Edith M. Harrison (Alexandria) Margaret Brown (Calne) Anna Gaston (Ilandaff) Dorothy Crenside (London W.C.) Freda J. Philips (London E.C.) Arthur Thrush (Hampstead) Charlotte Bacon (Birkenhead) Honor Drury (Stratfordham) F. J. Watts (Norwich) Dorothy L. Waine (Buxton) Lieut. S. E. Sale (B.T.F. France) M. C. Pillson (Fring) O. Allott (London W.) Lieut. F. I. H. Jones (Colombo) Lance Corp. H. C. Smith (Canterbury) K. Scott Irayn (Skipton) Anna B. McGill (Ionsville U.S.A.) R. P. (Horsham) Madge Beaumont (Huddersfield) Sydney Jeffery (Burscough) Anthea (Dorset) K. (Catford) H. S. Gibson (Belfast) Jacynth (Manchester) Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Lastbourne) M. I. K. Carruthers (Oxford) Chas. Laney W. O. (B.E.F.) E. P. Wade Evans (Chalford) E. Kenrick (Bournemouth) Rex Hinton (Clevedon) Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton) Lieut. W. C. Lees (B.E.F. France) Agnes L. Hillman (Stevenage) A. Dykes (Leeds) M. D. Hillyard (Exeter) Egbert Sandford (Saltash) Corp. Chas. Kent (Redcar) J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke) Percy T. Cash (Ceylon) Margaret M. Prouse (Salop) Pte. R. C. Bodker (Woolwich) I. T. N. (Leeds) D. F. Dalton (Sutton) J. Kitley (Derby) Pryce Roberts (Cardiff) Edwin J. Pratt (Toronto) A. M. Richardson (Gusborough) Winifred Tasker (Llandudno) A. Bayley Haynes (London S.E.) W. Pocock (Bristol) T. Kent (Southampton) A. E. Richardson (Camberwell) M. Pryce (Spilsbury) Wendy Hyde Gardner (Emsworth) Dorothy M. Butlin (Thornton Heath) Rev. G. Baxendale (Putney) Anna Walker (Sleights) Gunner Stephen Kane (B.E.F. France) Winifred W. Kershaw (Birkdale) Violet Walker (Whitehaven) Geoffrey H. Turner (Wakefield) Dora H. Southgate (Maidenhead) Mary Parfitt (Pentre) Amy J. Baker (Chale) Margaret E. Riley (St. Austell) Esther Raworth (Harrogate) George Savill (Brockley) J. A. B. (Highgate) E. A. Scrutton (London E.) Beatrice B. Horton (Westerham) J. Reginald Wilmot (Birkenhead) Helen Grange (Sowerby

Bridge) B. H. Clough (Norwich) Pte. L. D. Cosgrave (Ealing) Vere M. Murphy (Timerton Foliot) Maude McCuire (Sheffield) Gertrude M. Vickridge (Stroud) Jean Wilson (Hale) Doris F. Scmitt (Harlesden) P. Wigott (Dublin) Richard Tucker (Tavistock) Marjorie Willer (Whitley Bay) J. C. Palmer (London W.) E. Adams (Blandford)

II—The PRIZE OF HALF A CROWN for the best quotation is awarded to Sidney S. Wright 12 Swanley Lane Swanley Kent for the following

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY IN EUROPE
BY H. J. FELKES (Macmillan)

It tells us of a young William who reduced to kin and
I am

W. S. CHURCH *Bal Ballads*

We also select for printing

THE TIMES OF EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY BY W. H. MALLOCK
(Chapman & Hall)

It tells us of a young William who reduced to kin and
I am

(A. E. Jones, Tinnington, The Blind School, S. David's Hill, Farnham)

QUAINT COMPANIONS BY LEONARD MURICI
(Holt & Stoughton)

An old rhy ghost, a fairy, a
And an influential girl in
W. S. CHURCH *The Ghost and the Girl*

(Miss J. Wilson 11 Lyme Regis Road Binstead Surrey)

HEART OF ICE BY LEO U. HORN (Hutlinson)

Oh Kate the malle of the north
It is a fine thing to see
T. H. D. *Passion and the Ice*

(A. D. Somerville 10 Bury Street Lower Edmonton N. 9)

THE WOMEN WHO WAIT BY MARY MARLOWE
(Samkin Marsh & Co.)

I shall be again to the wall
And strive to look at ease
RUIYARD KITHING *My Rival*

(E. I. Wade Evans, France, Lanch (halford) (105)

SHALING HURKOR BY J. IERVEN (Lanc)

I feel I am growing gradually fatter
W. S. CHURCH *Bib Ballads*
(Irene Lalonde 14 Forester Road Bath)

OLD DESIRE BY HOLLOWAY HORN (Westall)

What cat loves to fish
I C. RAY *Of a favourite cat*

(Dilys Thomas 298 High Street Bangor N. Wales)

III—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best topical parody of any well known fairy tale is awarded to Frances C. Dennis of Oak Cottage Edenbridge Kent for the following

BLUEBEARD

Once upon a time there lived a man named Bluebeard. In his palace was a locked room which none might enter but one day his wife stole the key and went in. There she saw a large book containing the names of forty-seven thousand well known people. It revealed dreadful truths about them—such as the real ages of the court beauties and which cavaliers tight laced. Bluebeard came in and

found his wife reading Now said he I will write down your name also Whereupon she screamed so loudly that Central Publique who was very deaf heard and hurrying in tried to buy the book Bluebeard's brothers in law also heard and galloped up When their sister told her story they drew their stiles and rushing at Bluebeard sued him for libel And they all lived snappily ever after

We specially commend the parodies sent by Helen Mills (Ballymena) L G Chamberlain (Llandudno) Mary Parran (Bradford) J A Jenkins (Birmingham) E J Corke (Halifax) Dilys Thomas (Bangor) Reginald Gray (Darlington) A D Somerville (Edmonton) Edward H Forster (Ilhorn) Caroline Coxham (New Malden) Dorothy Child (Canterbury) D Hare (Weston super Mare) M McDonnell (Lancaster) Minna Browning (Cheltenham) M Rourke (Manchester) Kitty Gallagher (Booth) Mrs Kirkland Vasey (Glenfurg) Flora Baxter (Stirling) Katharine J Wood (Birmingham) Evelina Ida Van Garde (Accrington) Gladys E Phillips (Porthcawl) M G Dodds (Timperley) Mary E Steel (Darlington)

IV —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Frank Kelly of 16 St Joseph's Avenue Drumcondra Dublin for the following

RAIADI S OF FRANCOIS VILLON Interpreted into English Verse by PAUL HOOKHAM (B H Blackwell Oxford)

The story of the poet's life its joys and sorrows his love for Paris—

There's not a town like Paris town —

and France—Villon himself is here In the nineteen poems there is the music not of mere vowels and consonants but of his own heart Not highly polished perhaps yet each poem has a depth that fascinates because it reflects as a diamond might the light and shade of the poet's soul The book is nicely turned out splendidly printed on hand made paper a small but well wrought casket for the jewels it contains

We also select for printing

WHILE PARIS LAUGHED BY LEONARD MERRICK (Hodder & Stoughton)

A new book by Mr Merrick is always an event While Paris Laughed gives us the temperamental studies in which this author excels This time his hero is an unacknowledged poet in love with ideas and every attractive woman he meets or failing the real woman with his own conception of what she might be The atmosphere is distinctly Paris (pre war) but the characters belong to no age or race they represent the quintessence of that alluring land Bohemia The medley of French

idiom and English slang seems strange but certainly conveys the effect of what the original would be

(W G Oundle)

THE HISTORICAL NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT

BY RAFAEL SABATINI (Martin Secker)

It is refreshing to turn from the monotonous horrors of the present day to the mediæval times Mr Sabatini represents when Death at least went gaily dressed The reader is plunged into a world of brilliant sunshine and gloom masque and carnival black magic handbreadth escapes murder hard on the heels of jealousy follow each other in the gaily coloured pageant Not only in The Night of Strangers has he perfectly timed the dramatic pause before the climax and as befits the true craftsman in sensationalism his treatment of broad somewhat crude outlines is never violent or untrue to fact

(Miss J Sturges Holmleigh Walton by Clevedon)

THE JUDGMENT OF VALHALLA

BY CLAUDE FRANKAU (Chatto & Windus)

Of verses like Captain Frankau's what shall be said? They crowd upon the mind in their images of misery and horror and brutality word upon awful word with a truth that denies and a courage that terrifies And when unable longer to endure—we turn the page we come upon the lovely poems to Aimee a land of wine and music the touch of fur the kiss of sea borne winds the peace of sleep the scent of roses in the dawn And by these paths returning to the knowledge of loyalty and faithfulness we keep our vision whole

(A Heard Lowell Lodge Parkstone)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Eric N Simons (Sheffield) Ralph Edwards (Sutton) Doran Norris (London W) I M Ramsay (Licham) Winifred Bates (Bidport) Helen Foster (Dublin) Isabella Cuthbert (Wolverhampton) M B (Stowmarket) Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin) Arthur Davidson (Glasgow) J A Jenkins (Birmingham) Violet M Emerson (Linton) S A Griffiths (Cardiff) Alan D Emerson (Linton) I Willmer (Kimsby) Miss P Willis Bund (London W) Irene Falonde (Bath) Roland Hirst (Ealing Court) Elsie M Meredith (Bideford) W Swayne Little (Dublin) Mary Calkins (Swansea) A T Cowers (Haverhill) Gertrude M Field (London SW) Mrs A E Wise (Leicester) Winifred M Spriggs (Herne Hill) Florence Parsons (Altrincham) Maud M Bruce (Sunningdale) J Swinscow (Lunbridge Wells) M J Dobie (Mouldsworth) C Burton (Upper Norwood) Dorothy Jenkins (Batley) E Thackeray (Manchester) William Saunders (Edinburgh) Ethel Webster (Bristol)

V —The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Alfred Green Hartwood Skipton

THE LITTLE WISE BIRD *

BY GEORGE SAMPSON

THE plays of Barrie have hitherto made a fitful and imperfect appearance in print now at last they are to be issued in something like completeness 'Something like' I say for on looking down the promised list I observe with pain some tacit omissions

* The Plays of J M Barrie I What Every Woman Knows A Comedy 3s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton)

—I miss in particular, two plays that are in a sense crucial two that test whether you are a real admirer, or merely one of the crowd around a much admired author. It is easy to admire Hamlet the test of your allegiance comes when you read Troilus

Now this must be seen to Barrie should be plainly told that he is a man of genius and that in consequence

The Bookman



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WARWICK SQUARE E.C.4

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OCTOBLR 1917—MARCH 1918

[illegible]

he is our possession and not his own. A man of talent is self possessed—a man of genius is a possession. We want all his works. It is not for him to pick and choose which he shall give and which withhold. We insist on the whole—we demand all the data of genius—and we shall worry until we get even what he may wish he hadn't written or what written he may wish in vain to forget. That is his word—and he must direct it—or his deed and he must wield it. I'm not sure which—but it's something that Scottish people have to do. Wasn't Miss Amy Grey also uncertain about the process?

For the present then we leave the matter there confident (after this admonition) that the unannounced will be forthcoming in due season. Let us turn to what we have and be

thankful for the first of the ism is one of the best. It is so thoroughly and delightfully Scottish that the principal parts could be played only by Hilda Trvelyan—who appears to be Cornish—and by Cerdid du Maurier—who is fractionally French. Maggie had no charm—you know—and if you are not sure what charm is David (the successful brother) was equally ignorant—and Maggie had to tell him.

Oh—it's—it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it you don't need to have anything else—and if you don't have it it doesn't much matter what else you have. Some women—the few—have charm for all—and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none.

Whereupon James (the stupid brother) thumps the table with his fist and shouts: "I have a sister that has charm. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings and stupid brothers (Scottish) for observe Maggie is so full of charm that her fool of a strong man brother and her fool of a strong man husband notice it no more than they notice the air that keeps them alive. And so the charmless woman full of charm adds the gleam to her massive husband's intelligence and has to save him when he proposes to be more than usual strong—that is when he is going to make an unprecedented fool of himself. That man the strong is often only a great baby is what every woman knows. Maggie knew it and, in the play of another writer who was meant to be a man of genius but found it more amusing to be a man of talent and has been immensely satisfied with himself ever since Candida knew it. The poet knew it too poets being men so strangely wise that they are often quite womanish. But the Reverend James—so strong and forceful that he was heading straight for a bishopric—he, bless you, knew nothing about it. He thought



The by G. C. L. J. L.

Sir J. M. Barrie

it was his strength and dignity that magnetised Candida when it was his helpless need of her that she found irresistible. So here John Shand the strong tries to do without his cunning wife (who has no charm) and runs after a titled *mannequin* with a fashionable lisp—and lo! the great eager speeds no better than an unplumed arrow till Maggie comes to put the self-sufficient blunderer right.

The delicate parable is charmingly told. It is a defect of almost any play that it is wedded to the comedian—for better or worse. There is Maggie for instance who was without charm—and was played by that quintessence of charm called Hilda Trvelyan. Result being, for the initial thesis though of course the public still holds good. Then there is

John Shand the strong and mighty one. What you get in the play is mainly his stupidity and triviality—and you have to piece him out with what you remember of Cerdid du Maurier in order to preserve my illusion of his force. The three Wyke brothers are better. Barrie's foot is on his native heath when he has to deal with a Scottish family group. The French countess is little more than an oracle and Lady Sibyl is a mere *mannequin*. One feature of the first performance seems to have vanished—Adam's funny bone—out of which (as every woman knows) the first woman was made.

If any think because they saw the play performed that possession of the text is not important I assure them that they don't know what they are missing—for the dialogue is set in a framework of comment and description so delightful that one is tempted to say it is as good as the picture itself. The preliminary six pages describing the Wyke household make a prose idyll scarcely surpassed even by Barrie himself for mingled humour, fantasy and insight. It is hard to keep the pen from quoting the whole of it. A few bars from the Prelude to Act IV simply must be quoted.

Man's greatest invention is the lawn mower. All the birds know this—and that is why when it is at rest there is always at least one of them sitting on the handle with his head cocked wondering how the delicious whirring sound is made. When they find out they will change their note. As it is you must sometimes have thought that you heard the mower very early in the morning and perhaps you peeped in *négligé* from your lattice window to see who was up so early. It was really the birds trying to get the note.

Pray observe that feathered songster on the handle. There is always a wise little bird bright-eyed and knowing sitting and trilling its quaint magic over all Barrie's inventions.

New Books

THE GALLANTRY OF FRANCE*

In explaining to his countrymen by means of essay and lecture the genius of their principal ally Mr Gosse is doing a good war service and one which he is peculiarly if not uniquely well equipped to perform. He knows the French character thoroughly and not only through its literary manifestation though it is to them that he devotes his particular attention. He sees in what respects the French mind differs from and needs interpreting to the English and he interprets it with the lucidity of a practised critic.

In his essay on the Gallantry of France he has collected from letters and literature evidence of the spirit which inspired the young French officers at the beginning of the war. At the beginning he says for the long continuance of the struggle has modified the temper of the French officer and it will probably never be again what it was in the stress and tempest of sacrifice three years and a half ago when the young French soldier flushed with the idealisms which they had imbibed at St Cyr rushed to battle like paladins with a pure heart in the rapture of chivalry and duty. This is far from being meant as an adverse criticism of the spirit of these latter days. A change was inevitable and the change that has come about has doubtless made for greater economy of precious life and also for greater efficiency. It takes two to play the game of chivalry and the men whom the French are fighting have from the very beginning refused to play it. A worthy opponent is to be fought under the fair rules of duelling. An inferior one prefers to thrash. But if one must fight him one has at any rate to some extent to adopt his methods. It is no use opposing the Hodgekin with the rapier. So the French methods of warfare have had to become less gallant and more utilitarian. But it was a beautiful thing the spirit which sent the young St Cyrain to his death in his gloves and red *panache*. It is impossible to withhold admiration from that cavalry regiment which preferred to kick its heels in idleness rather than take on even temporarily the duties of infantry. By the eye of common sense this refusal may be regarded as a culpable and selfish punctilio not in its practical results to be distinguished from shirking. To Englishmen ready for any job careless of dignity and not given to analysis in moments of emergency it would be impossible. But those French horsemen were logical and had the courage of their logic. They knew themselves to be the symbol of something admirable one of the things for which the war was being fought and they would not abandon their trust. They struck an attitude in act of which the Englishman is always rather ashamed but which the Frenchman takes seriously. The Frenchman cherishes a fine attitude for its own sake. Therein lies the secret of the peculiar Gallic gallantry Mr Gosse's theme on which he lays special emphasis in his paper on La Rochefoucauld.

For he has set his monument to the young dead of Mons and the Marne on a pedestal of three steps on which he has inscribed the names of La Rochefoucauld La Bruyere and Vauvenargues. In these three Maxims —the pun was Bouleau's apropos of La Bruyere—who by the way were three of six French writers (the others being Montaigne Fontenelle and Chamfort) whose books Nietzsche considered to contain more real ideas than all the books of German philosophers put together. Mr Gosse traces the ancestry of that idea of *gloire* which inspires his contemporary heroes. Hence three studies in his well known manner tactful well proportioned and a little colourless of which that on La Rochefoucauld is perhaps most to the point. For in the mordant ex-Frondean duke first appears that spirit which was incarnate

in such twentieth century heroes as Paul Imler who seeing with relentless logic that all our fine airs and gestures may be traced back to *amour propre*—that even patriotism is but an extended selfishness—do not therefore as the sentimentalists (many Frenchmen and nearly all Englishmen and Germans) would reject them as of evil origin but accept them as still fine aesthetically and objectively and very well worth living and dying for. The Frenchman of this characteristic type being pre-eminently an artist in life holds that it is results and not sources that matter and the result of the French desire for *gloire* is a sweet and seemly thing.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

SONGS IN WAR TIME

There is a good deal of very creditable verse and even poetry inspired by the war which might never have been brought to birth in peace time. Not such the poetry of Geoffrey Faber which is essential and must find expression at any time. He writes for his poets and though songs of his may yet be sung by a lad in an English lane as he imagines it they will not be these songs. Not that he lacks simplicity nor that his poems are difficult from excess of feeling. Some of the most passionate poetry in the world might be sung by a peasant or a child. But in the Valley of Vision needs something of a like mind something receptive in the one who comes to its reading. For that one this poetry will be a rare delight. The performance is there ripe performance with no immaturity of youth but there is promise as well there is a certain riotousness and energy of youth which promise great things. All who look to the sky for new stars will have a leap of the pulses as they discover Geoffrey Faber. This stately and fastidious poetry does not lend itself to extracts. One must bring to it admiration faith and hope. Big poets have been slow of coming in these days of emotional poetry. Geoffrey Faber would seem to be in the succession.

Maurice Paring is one of the fortunate poets who has achieved much in little. *Poems 1914 to 1917*² is a slender sheaf but it is all golden and every one who cares for poetry and even many who do not are aware of the poem for Julian Crenfell which is constantly quoted in the obituary columns of *The Times* under the Roll of Honour and that I think must be very sweet to the poets who are quoted Julian Crenfell and Pierre are unforgettable poems poems for the anthologists who will also keep the noble In Memoriam for Lord Lucas

There is no wast
No burning Night have been
No bitter after taste
None to censure none to scorn
Nothing awry nor anything mispent
Only content content beyond content
Which hath not any room for betterment

God Who had made you valiant strong and swift
And maimed you with a bullet long ago
And left your riotous ardour with a rift
And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow
(ave back your youth to you
And packed in moments rare and few
Achievements manifold
And happiness untold
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride
In manhood's ripeness power and pride
And on your sandals the strong wings of youth

Men like Lord Lucas and Julian Crenfell are not more memorable and great in anything than in the poetry they inspired. The contents of this little book are of beauty all compact in which the playfulness of the *Elegy for*

¹ In the Valley of Vision By Geoffrey Faber 3s net (Oxford Blackwell)

² Poems 1914-1917 By Maurice Paring 1s 6d net (Martin Secker)

* Three French Moralists and the Gallantry of France By Edmund Gosse 6s net (Heinemann)

not miss one of them. The question he puts after describing Manning's influence and popularity in the East End and in the West End is this: Had the nineteenth century a place in its heart for such as Manning—a soft place one might almost say? Or on the other hand was it he who had been supple and yielding? he who had won by art what he would never have won by force and who had managed so to speak to be one of the leaders of the procession less through merit than through a superior faculty for sliding adroitly to the front rank? Mr Strachey answers his own question and it is needless to say which answer he prefers.

J. MORFATT

THE CURATES EGG*

On the whole this is a welcome book. It would probably have been entirely so had Mr George taken the requisite pains and in particular revised the judgments he expressed with much of the authority of major prophecy in the pages of *THE BOOKMAN* and elsewhere some few years ago. The literary world as well as this mad globe of vanity and little has shifted angles widely since some of his present opinions were formerly printed. Already the seven persons selected and by him academically crowned as the hope and promise of English fiction are sufficiently proved not all in the true succession. Nevertheless his volume is welcome because in his downright rapid and slip-dash characteristic manner it does a necessary thing. The general reading public for too long has flocked to the worship of literary clay images. Fluff and stuff and falsity of emotion and fact have for an long years been the ingredients of fiction purchased belauded and approved as if it were fruit of genius as well as the sop of an hour. High time is it therefore that a pen capable of piercing should prick the bubble reputations that have not even the surface beauty of blown soap.

The English novel has often been and in future should surely be the ultimate and favourite expression of our national art. It mirrors life, character, circumstance, is capable of painting truth with imagination and with merging emotion with humour, is no other form or medium of art can do. It has provided an inimitable source of refreshment and happiness to multitudes, is easily available to the many and the poorest. Yet far far more often than not it has become debased, a channel for morbid sentimentality and the wildest exploitations of romance and passion. Unrealistic extravagance, stage tears, offensive piety, ridiculous abductions and machinery have brought it down to such a condition of contempt that its modern popular form deserves to be used as a byword for artificiality. It has in consequence severely handicapped the serious novelist. What more heart-breaking to the conscious and true artist than the knowledge that his efforts are being blindly ignored while the charlatan gets not only the pence but the plaudits? So far as Mr George's purpose is concerned we are thoroughly in accord with him. We like his vigour, his punch, his courage and so far as it goes his clearness of view. Much that he says incidentally is superficial and easily disputable, he is fond of compressing a controversial opinion—as the absurd that prose writer gone astray Shakespeare—within a casual paragraph, but any champion is welcome who tilts sharply at the windmills of shoddy.

Where we differ positively from Mr George is in his estimate of the right sort of novel. He appears to limit his approval to the realist and judging from his example seems to like best those writers who spend their energies in recapitulating a meticulous detail based on a morbid and insistent subjectiveness. A bold use of the imagination, a sufficient exercise of humour, the happy possession of a gift of ~~real~~ illusion appear of less account to him than the characteristics that comprise what may be called the photographic school of fictionists. The most loudly proclaimed

of his favourites have won their probably fleeting reputations from an exhaustive—and exhausting—process of recording their own sensuous and emotional experiences. They have in fact written chapters of more or less violent autobiography and called it a novel. A personal chronicle elaborately detailed and exactly true is however from the nature of the beast necessarily limited in quantity and already some of us see trumpeted reputations of yesterday dimmed and promising on an early to-morrow to be pathetically ended. Mr George has devoted several pages to certain of these transient flames, whereas Mr Algernon Blackwood, who has used imagination legitimately, knows the A to the Z of technique and with all his limitations succeeds in carrying readers to aspects far from the beaten ways gets from him merely one casual reference. It is needless to illustrate further the partiality and insufficiency of this volume, the judgment of a young man in a good deal of a hurry. It goes not far enough. The English novel of the coming years will not be only an exact record of more or less dingy days and bedroom nights, but will have such qualities of brave imagination and god-like laughter as are beyond the reach of those earnest students of the humanity in themselves, members of the self-revealing photographic school who have the reward of being Mr George's favourites.

But with all its faults this volume is refreshing. The essays on the three comic giants, Tartarin, Falstaff and Munchausen form a pleasant addendum to it and would warrant more detailed comment had space allowed. We recommend Mr George to read Professor Bradley's brilliant study of Falstaff in his *Oxford Lecture*—as obviously he has not done so—and conclude by venturing to inform him that the incomprehensible object in the foreground of the famous Holbein is a perspective picture of a skull.

C. F. LAWRENCE

LE BON ANGLAIS LE BON ANGLAIS *

Italy the poor historian of this war. He—that is to say the Committee of Historians—will sit down in 1950 or so with the resolute intention of producing the standard book. The Government—if there is a Government—will have erected a convenient series of buildings in which a staff of psychologists and intelligent generals and naval historians and really great statesmen and agricultural experts and learned sociologists and mystics and criminologists and poets will make it their business to absorb the Parts That Matter in the chronicles which have been handed down. They will naturally not attempt to separate the things which happened from the rumours—did not the Allies for example derive more benefit from the Muscovites who did not come in 1915 than from the Russian armies that have languished in French concentration camps? And then the various investigators of the war will hand on their considered judgments to the Committee and perhaps before the year 1980 some of the volumes of this standard book will have been published.

Those who are to weigh the voluntary work of English folk among the French will have their task made easy by this book of Mr Binyon's. He has arranged his information in a masterly fashion, keeping an observant eye for little episodes among the larger stories of the numerous and very miscellaneous British units that have from the winter of 1914-15 been in France. Pathos, tragedy and horror, gratitude and laughter—nothing is forgotten. We who went in some capacity to France have sometimes—for example as ambulance drivers attached to a French Division—travelled a good deal and we have met by chance some of our colleagues in this all-embracing book. Section No. 1 of the British Ambulance Committee happened to arrive at Royaumont when the Scottish Women's Hospital

For Dauntless France. By Laurence Binyon. With coloured Frontispiece by Edmond Dulac and Black-and-white Drawings by other distinguished artists. 10s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton.)

* A Novelist on Novels. By W. L. George. 6s net (Collins.)

—of which Mr Binyon has a very sympathetic account—
was faced by a most unpleasant military situation and
behaved magnificently Mr Binyon's travels—the diffi-
culties of which make at any rate good reading—took him
to many parts of France and he does not seem to have
found that the Germans have had much success with their
warnings to the French that they will always have the
British sur le dos The first excitements of our coming
to those regions where no other British had been seen
have disappeared and the most modest members of our
convoys can have lunch near the window of a restaurant
say in Nancy without attracting a crowd but we know
and the English doctors and canteen workers know that
the feeling has not subsided which used to make the women
throw flowers and the children stroke our arms while they
murmured *I le bon anglais le bon anglais*

MIGUEL BAILEN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE *

A thoroughly readable and most interesting and entertaining volume of reminiscences are at any time books for which to be grateful. Mr Alfred Watson supplies them in *A Sporting and Dramatic Career*. *A Woman of No Importance* provides the second in further indications. Mr Watson has been associated with so many well known persons in the racing, hunting, and theatrical world and has filled so many such prominent and such varied positions in journalism that he was bound when he published his recollections to have a number of interesting things to say. He was dramatic critic of the *Standard* for many years and in the capacity showed himself a sturdy but unflinching supporter of Irving, a sincere but unhysterical opponent of Ellen. He has been assistant editor of and contributor to the famous *Hidminton Library* and is still editor of the *Hidminton Magazine*. He has written on Turf matters for *The Times* and has been the hit man of the famous horses that have carried the colours of the Earl of Derby. He has hunted, has run horses and has bred them for forty years and he continues to be a member of Tattersall's Committee to be Clerk of the *Referee* and *Referee* of the *Sporting and Dramatic*. He was in the confidence of Mudford that inaccessible editor of the *Standard* who dealt himself with equal inflexibility to members of his staff and to cabinet minister but revealed in letters to his true friends a real vein of boyish fun and vivacious humour. Gallant too hospitable but not genial says Mr Watson had a habit of telling him his troubles so likewise had Sullivan. Irving was a great friend of Watson's. He suggested his pen name of *Rapier*. He forgave him his criticism of the *Lyceum Othello* and the two men often lunched together at Blanchard's or supped in the Beefsteak Room of the old theatre. We fancy indeed that the author of this autobiography must always have been a welcome guest at good men's tables. Over Mr Watson's accounts of his sporting friends the Duke of Beaufort the Earl of Suffolk the Earl of Onslow and Harry McCalmont all to be described as the like we should like to linger for *Rapier* is a most generous appreciator of excellence in other people employs an easy and engaging style which renders intelligible to the non-sporting mind the most recondite details of hunting and racing and has garnered or we had better say harvested a good deal of matter which the future historian of the Turf will find invaluable.

In the narrative of his Sporting and Dramatic Career Mr Watson keeps in the middle distance as it were in the relation of her Further Indiscretions. A Woman of No Importance' steps well into the foreground. Whereas too the man makes no attempt at reeling off a collection of 'good stories' apart from relating one or two diverting

* *A Sporting and Dramatic Career* By Alfred L. T. Watson. 22s. net. (Macmillan).— *Further Indiscretions* By **A Woman of No Importance* 15s net (Herbert Jenkins.)



Demetra Yaka

ih f c i t i k i T it will
M j i L i i b h g h l s

anecdotes like that of the camouflaged white elephant the woman peppers her page fairly freely with copy of this sort. But while some of her tales are of the kind which I hope we are thinking of when he declared that "gentle dulness dearly loves a joke" many of them are really pointed and characteristic. The author succeeds in shedding some entirely new light on the character of that almost forgotten society entertainer Conny Crum and of that too much lamented and celebrated Prince Bismarck the one being revealed as by and by the other is devoted to spiders and beetles. Quite a triumph in portraiture too is the admirable sketch of the late Marquess of Queensberry which "A Woman of No Importance" gives. She must be a muddled fellow however that Oscar Wilde's great enemy has no right to the title of "Old O" which belongs not to him but to that Duke of Queensberry, eighteenth century times who was the friend of George Augustus Selwyn the wit. One other criticism we must make.

A Woman includes in one of her chapters a narrative of that great scandal of the early eighties—the Langworthy case and mentions fairly enough how the *Tall Mall Gazette* supported Mrs. Langworthy in her fight to save her own name and that of her child from the consequences of a fraudulent marriage and a barbarous deception. But she ought to have set down the fact that the *Tall Mall Gazette* took up this case at the instigation of its editor, the late Mr. W. T. Stead, who always a champion of the woman's cause, never vindicated it more nobly and more successfully than in the case of this cruelly wronged wife.

W A L B

FRANCE *

The gifted authoress of *The Fields of France* and of *A Mediæval Garland* has specialised in the period of Froissart on whom she has written a valuable monograph and in that of the Queen of Navarre who stands out from other Queens of the wonderful Renaissance. When writing of French fields as few have been granted to write of them, her pen revealed particularly intimate acquaintance with the Cantal with Touraine with the Oise region even now shaking with the thunder of many guns and with sunny Provence where Tartarin rested after his adventures and Daudet wrote letters from his mill. The qualifications of

* A Short History of France " By Mary Duclaux (Mary Robinson) (Fisher Unwin)

Mary Ducloux for writing a Short History of France were many and we rejoice that the present work has been accomplished at a time when a writer whose sympathies are so perfectly Franco-English is likely to have not only the right audience but the audience in the right mood.

In connection with the present book the word work must be taken conventionally for there is little sign of labour about it and the writer has rather jotted down a series of impressions and reflections than attempted any serious task of compiling and correlating fact. One of the worst indexes which we have ever known would lead us to suppose that Henry III, the eighth tenth and twelfth Louis were not among the French Kings and in truth the History has been left within the 4 pages of large type mainly by the author's *lightness* by a clever and adept sliding from period to period. The supposed mission are moreover not really *lucubrations* or breads in the narrative. Henry III comes in three times not only as the *republican* of Montaigne but as the last King before the unfortunate Louis XVI to convulse the States General and also as the inventor of that system of farming out the taxes which was destined largely to direct in later times the financial ruin of France. The three events of his reign which really matter are used in their due place and help the story forward. Louis VIII is in odd company seeing that he was for six months King of England and might have founded a dynasty but in this was foolish but for the wonderfully opportune demise of the execrable King John. Louis IX grappled with the mischievous servile tenor that our author treats in a very lucid and interesting manner while Louis XII's victory in Italy are duly recorded on pages of the Short History. It is strange however that an English lady married to a Frenchman makes no reference to the fact that Louis XII was brother in law to our Henry VIII and that had he lived a powerful Anglo-French alliance might have curbed the power of Spain and conceivably given France like ourselves a National Church.

It is not easy to exaggerate the attractiveness of the manner in which our author deals with her own select periods, events and incidents. We can only realise as almost perfect examples of lucid presentation the chapters on the Roman Tradition, on the Fall of Feudalism, on the Wars of Religion, on Napoleon and on Louis XIV. One would specially note the French idea of the great Louis being given proper prominence. English histories seldom get the famous monarch in due perspective. Versailles from beginning to end cost twelve millions of our money. The Wars of Religion are described very fairly and the respective positions of the contending parties are set forth more clearly than in any other French history with which we are acquainted. The authoress we may add does justice to Louis XVI she is in fact one of the fairest of writers and yet no mugwump.

Among those very minor things which the critic feels almost inclined to apologise for mentioning will be included noting that Tertullian was not one of the Christian saints (p. 14) that Pothus should be Pothinus (p. 17) Caton Cato (p. 3) and Cathares (p. 11) Cathari. On p. 157 1618 should be 1718. The word unitarian applied to Richelieu is intended but we fear that English convention which restricts this word to a religious body is too strong.

A centralizer in political creed is what the author wants to say. *Emotive* (p. 18) for emotional too we cannot welcome *filials* for daughter cities we should be glad to adopt but there is scarcely as yet a public for it. So too *incunables* (p. 103) outruns usage we still have to call this forerunner of type an incunabulum. *Solidary* with the Company (p. 157) is an effort to say in a dignified manner in the same boat with but it is scarcely English. These however are all very slight blemishes in a book which one reads with an uniform pleasure and from which one derives a constant enlightenment.

C. K. J.

ON A CERTAIN CRITIC*

Rarely can genuine enthusiasm do harm to the cause in which it is demonstrated but most assuredly one of those rare instances is shown in this critical appreciation of the work of Miss Amy Lowell. Burke said of a certain imitator of Johnson that his work had all the contortions of the Sisyphus without the inspiration and I am reminded again and again of that criticism in reading the work of certain imagists and versalists. Some of the work of Miss Amy Lowell is marked with imaginative freshness and good phrasing but much of it judging merely by the samples cited by Mr. Bryher is merely pretentious trash. My theme however is not Miss Lowell's poetry but a critical appreciation of her by one who appears to regard her as criticism and fulsome flattery is appreciation.

Until he happened upon the work of Miss Amy Lowell American literature was to Mr. Bryher a *lost waste* at best with the sparse and mediocre *works* of English writers when however he did happen upon Miss Lowell's work he found in it a *valley* of strength and richness and he found in it further the *ed* of innumerable *impressions* into an intricate *harmony* of translucent *gold*. Mr. Bryher and that more than once is dumbled with admiration of his theme. I was so dumbled with astonishment that I must permit one or two of his utterances to speak for the whole. He says of Miss Lowell's poem On a Certain Critic that it is not sure that it is not her finest achievement. Nothing more passionate exists for me in the whole of literature. To read the poem is to be burnt with flame. And the poem includes these lines:

It is
The first of all
The first of all
The first of all
The first of all

If Miss Lowell passes the *first* of her human *life* critic credits her with it may be anticipated that she will write a second poem. On a Certain Critic.

W. J.

DE SCRIBENDO NAVALE

Here we find vessels launched in the tide and although after sailing in each of them we have no ship seen yet I hope they will all find their proper use. They are all very comfortable but at first it is hard to sail in them. Some of them are like the Indian man who happens to like literature but it is no disparagement for Mr. Leach to say that his work is not for that market. His arrangement in historical sequence of the various stages of the Imperial Navy especially in so far as Australia, New Zealand and Canada are concerned is thoroughly useful. He does not attempt to interest us by any vivid touches except perhaps when he recalls the humorous exploit of the *Emden* at the Island of Diego Garcia. Mr. Leach deals in fact and is a trustworthy exponent of a great movement. With the R. N. R. is written by a gentleman who left his accountant's chair for the cabin of a paymaster. Unlike most naval books of this kind it tells a connected story and there is no reason to suppose that any of it is fiction. The beautiful steam yacht converted into an armed auxiliary has her full share of adventure happy and unhappy. Admiral Lonsyth who is given the command of this boat the *Utopia* is a magnificent old sea dog a humorous disciplinarian a wise man and a hero under whom it must have been a great privilege to serve. And if this portrait is

* Amy Lowell. A Critical Appreciation. By W. Bryher. 2s. 6d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

† Naval Intelligence. By the Author of In the Northern Mists. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton).—The Navy in Mesopotamia. By "Conrad Cato." 3s. 6d. net. (Constable).—With the R. N. R. By Windlass. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton).—The Imperial British Navy. By H. C. Ferraby. 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

not that of an imaginary person we trust that 'Windlass' will some day be able to give us his name whenever he appears which is very frequently that page is delightful and we are not so much grieved as proud of his tragic end. A number of Windlass's other shipmates are depicted they seem to have been on the whole an eccentric body of men. But perhaps Windlass thinks that the description of so many people in the round would not be possible and those to whom he can devote more of his attention such as Marshall the lieutenant stand before us as complete human beings. What makes this book valuable is that it shows us the New Navy it would be unfair to complain that Ian Hay's chronicles of the New Army are done differently. Let us be grateful for what Windlass gives us—the trivialities the fascinating story of the biscuit tins and the various abominations committed by the U Boat which are most graphically told. It is to be hoped that the author will write another book dealing with the R & R. Some parts the greater part of this book make us anxious that he should write one—and he could—that would be wholly a delight. Commando has given us an excellent account of the amphibious campaign in Mesopotamia. Our memories are rather burdened with the appalling revelations of the Mesopotamia Inquiry and it is good to have the other side of the picture presented also. The hospital ship or 'mashed' on p. 7 seems a very desirable sort of house lot and the proceedings which resulted in the destruction of the Turks including the great bluff at Amarah leave us on good terms with every one concerned. Naval Intelligence consists of an olla podrida of prose and verse by a gentleman who from the ancient days before 1914 has been a naval chaplain. It is the sort of book which makes one wish for a long cruise in the author's company and not merely because as he tells us a writer has to omit so much that he would like to say. However he touches on a miscellaneous collection of topics and really we close this book with a feeling that we ourselves are no longer the land men who started writing this notice. Here you may find all manner of information most pleasantly conveyed. In some of the stories there is the same charm as in those of the author's old shipmate Birtwistle and although the book is unequal for the scattered verses might with no great loss be dropped overlaid and some of the prose chapters do not set the Thames on fire yet on account of the atmosphere of the whole book the out of the way knowledge the independence of judgment the great heartedness and the modesty we would not have missed this volume for worlds.

ET IS

THE SITUATION IN SIBERIA

Little authentic news has come from Siberia since the war began though general statements regarding the dangers that lurk there have recently appeared with great frequency in the press. Mr. Coleman's narrative* of contemporary conditions in the Russian Far East will therefore be welcomed in spite of the fact that it is but a slight sketch in American journalistic

The author tells us that when the Czar and his bureaucrats fell Siberia was ruled by Nikolai I. Kovtch Condatti. He was a native of Moscow. His parents were peasants of no importance. He was educated by a rich man and showed remarkable ability at school. Beginning life as a teacher under the employment of the Immigration Department he soon won the favour of Stolypin. He rose rapidly in service until he was appointed Governor of Tomsk and while acting in that capacity he became noted for holding views of marked democratic tendency, and as a politician gained followers from the broad minded standpoint with which he viewed local and national affairs.

In 1910 Kondatti was placed at the head of the inter departmental commission known as the Amur Expedition

Mr Coleman says that this commission was created to lay the foundations for a fight in the Far East against Japan. This fight was to be a bloodless campaign but was none the less carefully planned nor was its importance to the Russians more negligible on that account. Stolypin—Gondatti's patron—had made up his mind that the only way that Russia could offset the development of Japan in Manchuria and prevent Japan's commercial encroachment north to Harbin was to build up a solid Russian community in the Iri Amur district. He believed that the power of Russia in the Far North East depended upon the success of Russia's colonisation schemes and projects for the development of that part of the world. No better man than Gondatti for making Siberia invulnerable to Japanese commercial penetration could have been chosen for he was rigidly anti-Japanese. His report of the Amur Expedition covered exhaustively and in detail practically every subject in which anyone interested in Siberia might wish to delve and every opportunity to limit Japanese activity in Siberia and to incite the Russians settled there against the Japanese was seized with avidity.

In 1911 Kondatti became Governor General. He tried his best to exclude alien (especially Chinese) immigrants to stimulate wheat production by the imposition of a duty on imported wheat and to deepen the Amur estuary. When the war broke out he had not succeeded in completing the machinery for the exclusion of alien labour nor had he been able to impose a duty on foreign wheat. But he had spent huge sums of money upon the deepening of the Farther Straits. These schemes and his reactionary, haughty behaviour as Governor General had made him very unpopular. When the revolution spread to the Russian Far East he was arrested and though the revolutionary authorities in Peking ordered his release, he was cast into the municipal jail and treated as a common criminal. Later he was allowed to depart for the Russian capital, being compelled to go on foot to the railway station and all the way from the jail the people crowded the street and jeered at the former Governor General and heaped insults upon him. In summing up his career in Siberia Mr. Colman relates

[illegible]

No wonder that the author heard wherever he went in the Ussuri that the Japanese would come to Siberia aggressively some day. He says that Siberia is a country of rumour and that every day news would be spread after the coming of the Russian Revolution of Japanese troops having occupied Harbin or having been landed at Vladivostok. He adds that he was told by a Russian from Irkutsk that his wife used the threat of a Japanese invasion to quieten the children.

Mr Coleman went from Japan to Siberia and returned to Japan on his way to the United States of America—his native country. He found the Japanese by no means agreed upon the advisability of taking military action in the Russian Far East. He writes that the Japanese business men are more anxious to exploit the opportunities afforded by the war to capture markets and to expand shipping than to help the Allies to wage war. He adds that the Japanese business men fear that if, in their effort to help the Allies they cut down the imports of raw materials and the export of manufactured goods and reduce their mercantile marine they will be left in the lurch when the war ends and the scramble for trade begins—a scramble in which the Japanese industries will have no chance against the better organised European and American industries. Mr Coleman asserts that the Japanese have been in the habit of making something out of the wars that they have waged and he catalogues the gains that they made at the expense of China and Russia. On the last page of his book he writes that "If Russia cannot save Siberia from the Hun and Japan can do so

* Japan Moves North By Frederick Coleman 50 net
(Cassell)

Japan had best take on the job. The Japanese will surely appreciate the author's magnanimity in giving them that job. To tempt them he adds that Japan stands to gain much from the day her columns march forth to war for the Allied cause. He explains that most of her gains may be material though some of them may be moral and spiritual. This sort of talk may be popular with persons prejudiced against the Japanese. But I do not think it will kindle in the Japanese enthusiasm for the Allied cause.

ST. Nihal Singh

THE DOMINANT SEX

The following extract strikes I think the keynote of each of these four novels under review*. It is taken from *The Savignys*.

Al! I'my i thre he d What h i s u grow into a man for and I h e y th s d o n I h u n
Your f i t i g a n h i A l l y u f i t I r w o m e n w i m a k e o f r c a l t h u o r s a n d i n I h a v e e n u g h t o s i k e w l h e t h t I l l m i t t e t o o t h e r

I do not quarrel with this judgment in which it will be seen that both the hero and heroine concur—that is not my function—but it does seem to me remarkable that so many stories written nowadays are based on this assumption of the dominance of women over men—and not only men but the destiny of humankind. For it was not always so. Man was not always made for the sport of women—in novels anyway. He has not been so very long ago were mostly plastic clinging creatures whom Byron's famous pronouncement most aptly applied. I was to them their whole existence whilst to men it was a thing apart. But the interrelation of the sexes should have undergone so sudden and drastic a change in so short a while may be due either to the circumstance that in my women are now doing men's work or to the still more dismal fact that the flower of our manhood being just now absent from our midst only the very old the very young and the physically unfit are left to carry on the old tradition of masculine masterfulness. There is of course the alternative hypothesis that this present-day novel is may all be wrong and that men and women are still men and women.

However that may be it is certainly the Lady Lilian who in *The Savignys* is mainly responsible for all that happens to her long suffering offspring relatives friends and other connections. She is one of those old fashioned outmoded dames lacking alike in imagination humour common sense and common charity whom everybody fears defers to and obeys—with disastrous results. I have met her like in less aristocratic circles and so I know that she exists—and I wish she didn't. On the other hand we are indebted to her in this instance for a very excellent novel in which interplay of character is expressed in telling incident to a running accompaniment of forcible and sometimes mordant sometimes wholly delightful dialogue. One now and then feels a little dazed amid this clash of conflicting wills and stormy passions but the narrative in itself is so well wrought and the people engaged in it so well presented that one is carried on to the happy ending in a whirl of increasing interest.

* *Wastrells* is a book of quite another order though this is not to depreciate the merits of *The Savignys*. Only in *The Savignys* one breathes a highly artificial atmosphere in which people and things are restricted and repressed by age-old customs and usages whilst in *Wastrells* we are at once in the midst of simple elemental

* *The Savignys*. By G. B. Lancaster 6s net Hodder & Stoughton.—*Wastrells*. By C. A. Dawson Scott 6s net (Hornemann).—*The Bells of Paradise*. By Geoffrey Whitworth 3s net. (Odeon).—*The Last Bout*. By Rosamond Southey, 6s. net (Duckworth).

ABOUT "PELMANISM"

(Continued from page 157)

I have seen numerous letters from the leading Psychologists and Philosophers of the day addressed to the Director of Instruction fully supporting the position taken up by Pelmanism. Years ago I knew of a brilliant student at Cambridge who had studied the System and received benefit from it. From the battle fronts in France and Italy I have received many remarkable accounts of the practical value of Pelmanism to officers and men of our armies. A personal friend—he was a University Professor—who was out lecturing at the Front found everywhere that the Pelman System was being discussed by officers. And I have been told that in several regiments practically every officer is a Pelmanist.

Such general testimony is in itself impressive but it is better read in letters from various quarters. It is of benefit to read that one learns to appreciate the good work that is being done for mankind here.

Here for example a flying officer tells in simple words how it has resulted from his study of Pelmanism. When I began the Pelman course he writes I was a nervous wreck owing to my machine catling fire in the air and crashing. I was told that I was a very good compensation for just by the Almuty yet I am so much better that on Thursday last I was paid for flying.

With all the gifts of the course to make me put my back into my effort I doubt whether I should have succeeded.

A remarkable letter! Here a man mentally and nervously shattered by an accident from which he was lucky to emerge living only with his reputation still intact and a shattered mind and body to live on again. I am glad for the most exciting duties of this exciting war. And I am assured that this system is a unique.

The next letter is a wildly brilliant one it was written by a Naval Officer. I got it but a short time before starting. I felt that there was something wrong with it—on a simple note of the last moment and all the things it did go to make it up. A letter to a friend to be sent to me. All the problems I have been faced for me by the training of the mind in the scientific line of the Pelman training. I have the knowledge of how to get on in the system in the Pelman. Such a method would be a great help to me. If students were equipped with this system of the order to which I refer of perfection might they not attain it?

The world which I have studied I represent a need which is often vaguely felt without being reached. We do not often enough take ourselves. What is my purpose in life and am I worthily serving that purpose?

It is not sufficient to exist. It is my accomplishment and a fulfilment necessitates intelligent and sustained effort. What the nature of our accomplishment may be is a little so long as it is a worthy accomplishment. The point is that we cannot justify ourselves as human beings unless we fill some niche in the universal scheme of things and it is because in our minds so manifestly helping the hands of men and women to recognize so this and inspiring them to appropriate action that I have departed from the usual practice in regard to Pelmanism. I again affirm my strongly held conviction that it will prove to be an important factor in the birth of civilization which we hope to see.

The old world has passed away. We are still in chaos but we know the coming of a new era is at hand. To fit ourselves for worthy life in that new world we need new ideals new courage and new strength and the sources of these will be found in the little grey books in abundance by the diligent student of Pelmanism.

OVER 250,000 MEN AND WOMEN

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 200,000 men and women. It is directed through the post and is simple to follow. It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere in the trenches in the office in the train in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind just as physical exercise develops the muscles of increasing your personal efficiency and thus doubling your all round capacity and income earning power.

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things and those cruder folk of the countryside who reckon nothing of the arbitrary limitations and reticences of a subtler convention. The theme of the story is thus more naturally and profoundly tragic than its treatment is never unduly sombre or depressing, and there is much relief to be found in the good fall of some of the minor characters. Here again, however, we have one woman, Sabina, dominating the story, as she dominates all those with whom she comes in contact. She is crippled by an accident, but her will still prevails. She dies midway through the book, but her spirit lives on. And both before and after her accident, both before and after her death, the other chief protagonists, her husband, is sulkily rebelliously subject to her, so that though in her way she loves him and is as tender and gentle with him as her nature permits, he grows to hate her. What happens then I may not tell you, nor will you guess until the end is near, for the plot is one of the most original and it *denies* itself a very triumph of the unlooked-for inevitable. A book to be read not lightly or casually, hardly a holiday book, but still a book to be fought with, if not by all a dinner of strong naturalistic fiction.

In *The Bells of Farnham* the two heroines, both of whom the hero, Robin Wood, loves in a young fashion. And one of them loves him in the traditional way, fondly, impetuously, the other until she repents—in the more calmly, hesitantly analytical style of the modern maiden who prefers marriage with children and is so. One more a nurse, the dominant woman. Robin is well torn between the two and experiences many emotional vicissitudes in consequence. He has to be a film-maker and seems in the way of making a fortune by writing scenarios for the cinematograph until he gets set to it and then is obliged to act as a secretary to a sort of Advisory Women's Society. The story is inherent enough and not interesting. There is some good writing in it, and generally speaking a binding aim and purpose. And yet, as a whole, it does not somehow grip the attention. On the contrary, it bores one a little here and there, is even a little exasperating. Or is that my fault. One instinctively shrinks from disparaging what is after all a book well up to the standard of the average novel and indeed shows evidences of great promise in a writer who may be strong enough to stand a little kindly criticism and young enough to benefit by it.

In *The Last Bout* the two chief women characters are so extremely unlike in type to date that they bear the masculine names of Tony and Cecil. This is the story of a rather commonplace type, having a great deal to do with the war as it was originally waged in Northern France but more particularly on the Austro-Italian frontier. It is packed with sensational adventure, intrigue, battle, murder and sudden death. Of its kind it is a very good specimen. It is the sort of book (as the phrase goes) to take you out of yourself. Yet it is something more in that it does give one pictures of authentic scenes and happenings both in and behind the firing line that seem very real and likely and are at any rate thrilling. There is the roar and reek and smoke of battle, sword play and word play, to say nothing of love on almost every page—and again a happy ending. To those especially who would provide against a rainy day at the seaside, *The Last Bout* is most heartily to be commended.

EDWIN LUCH

WOMEN AND THE WAR*

A cluster of books upon women's work in the war is a natural, and welcome sign of our times. We are glad to know and realise more fully the magnitude of women's

Women and Soldiers. By Mrs Alec Tweedie. 2s 6d net. (John Lane).—*The Woman's Part*. By I. K. Yates. 1s 3d net. (Hodder & Stoughton).—*Women's Work in War Time*. By H. M. Osborne. 1s 3d net. (Werner Laurie).

effort. Mrs Alec Tweedie's *Women and Soldiers* is not only an informing guide in this regard but a smart and bracing little satire that women will read with avidity and men with a chuckle here and there at its sly and humorous exposure of themselves. For to wade through the early stages of the war as we did, stolidly refusing every offer of help from women was in effect to invite a *rafale* of machine-gun fire. We are here sprayed upon accordingly with all the author's wit and *esprit de corps*. Bigwigs and Brass hats are peppered with the rest of us, and much sprightly comedy comes of the process. But the main motive of the book is of another colour. For *Women and Soldiers* is an eloquent appeal for the fair and equal treatment of a sex which even now has much to complain of. With insight and tenderness Mrs Tweedie champions the cause of the over-trained munition girl with her twelve-hour shift by night, of the stressed and harassed housewife mother, and especially of the underpaid woman who, taking a man's job in its entirety, is satisfied with half his wage. Thorough and keenly and strongly meditated, as its practically ill-treated but thoughtful chapter on "Perpetual Home" shows, though this it is demonstrated has the solution of the difficult problem of maintaining homes as well as providing with recreation of times of leisure. And the justellum difficulties, a night march, some of the author's shed of a that brother, implies it, and shows the light of many of the other suggestions. Her conclusion is, however, that human nature being mighty, if only we shall hardly settle down all the better for our finding. Truly the work is illuminative study in position both present and future.

The main fault of *The Woman's Part* is likely to give one the very atmosphere and breathing reality of the woman-stuffed world. We follow the Labourer from her first impulse, largely patriotic, her initial course at a Training Centre, and out her actual work in the machine in an Industrial Factory. Young girl or girl or married woman, her success will hinge not upon class or education but mainly upon personality, and in this piece it is well shown the serious difficulties she must overcome. The perfected shell takes a deal of nice construction, the fuzer a bewildering tangle of delicate adjustments. The art of fast from its wings of fine Irish linen to the welding of its joints by an acetylene process taxes its maker to the utmost. Especially interesting are the studies of women at work upon the aeroplane and in the shipyards. All the plans for her comfort and safety—well may these be thorough and deeply considered, seeing that women comprise one third of, or two million munitioners—are fully set forth. The illustrations well supplement the text, the perusal of which deepens our pride in our countrywomen. But I of Mrs Osborne's

Women's Work in War Time enumerates nearly fifty professions and callings open to women, their probable rate of pay, training needed, hours of work, etc., and the places where she must apply for employment, thus reviewing her field of selection and pointing out the track she must follow when her choice is made. In the second part are many useful and competent essays. Mr Crawford emphasises the responsibility of the university woman, her duty of training the coming army of her sex, with the need of better equipped science teachers in secondary schools. There is always scope for the woman with a good science degree. But employers must keep a closer eye upon the product of our universities, parents upon the life career of their girls. Miss Zimmern effectively handles the vital question of the Civil Service. Miss Gladys Pott gives practical hints upon women's agricultural work. Miss A. M. Mack on welfare work in munition factories. There are other papers well worthy of study upon Red Cross and V. A. D. work by Mr J. Halford, on men and women of the future by Mr S. A. Swift, the outlook of women in clerical work by Miss Ruth Young. The book will be invaluable to aspirants for employment.

HAROLD VALLINGS

Novel Notes

THE SHEEPFOLD; The Story of a Shepherdess Her Sheep and How She Lost Them by Laurence Housman 6s net (Duckworth)

It is an absorbing story that Mr Housman has set forth in this record of the life of Jane Mittock. Curiously his heroine to employ the conventional word is suggestive of another Jane—the who was sung by Meredith.

It is a lively light tale for
For England up the altar stair

Daughter of a blacksmith who died while she was a young child Jane was brought up in the shadow of a chapel of the Primitive Brethren and developed something of a simple natural theology of her own from the earliest and this carries her through a series of amazing experiences—by which she consistently refuses to be amazed—up to her death in 1884 at the age of sixty-four. It is not necessary to detail those experiences suffice it to say that they include such as are frequently glossed over in fiction. Mr Housman's method however is neither that of the unpleasant realist nor of the writer who glosses over certain episodes which he finds necessary to his story rather is his method natural natural is that of Jane herself in her unsophisticated simplicity. It is a strangely powerful and even fascinating presentation of a remarkable character. Jane has been realised by the author with great clarity and he has been able to convey the realisation to his readers. If not very likely to prove a popular book *The Sheepfold* is one that is far less likely to be forgotten by those who do read it.

PETROL PATROLS by John S. Margerison 6s net (Hodder & Stoughton)

HUNTERS OF THE U BOAT by John S. Margerison 1s (1 net) (Pearson)

Ask Temporary Lieutenant Roderick Frizer R.N.V.R. why the dickens he wants to get back to that uncomfortable motor boat of his a week before his well earned leave is up and he will reply "Well I don't know. It's a rotten life. Look at these hands—they used to be soft and white now a coal miner would be disgusted by their horniness. Look at this chafe on my neck that comes of wearing a sodden oilskin when the spray comes over the bows in bucketfuls—we usually wear dry clothes for just so long as it takes the sea to soak through a change of raincoat and as a rule when at sea we have to bide like demons to keep the dear old hooker from filling and foundering. But man alive! we like it—like it even better than those fair days when we sliced through the roads at Cowes for silver cups and shields and trophies and bits of coloured bunting half the world would give their ears to sport like it better than all the games we ever knew wars the greatest game of all! Offer him a D.S.C. and he'll out with "D.S.C. be hanged! I don't want bally rewards for playing the game. It is this tonic spirit that makes these lively yarns of Mr Margerison's such bracing and rejuvenating reading. *Petrol Patrols* follows the career of Frizer's racing motor boat *Chi Chi* among the submarines and the minefields and in the hidden water ways of Flanders where armoured trains and sausage balloons fall victims to the prowess of *Chi Chi's* commander and his pukka Navy gunlayer whose good shooting more than compensates for his bad language. In

Hunters of the U Boat a collection of eight capital stories divers craft appear in new and wondrous guise and do their bit with the Nelson touch. Particularly entertaining is the tale of the *Southbeach Belle* a flat bottomed elderly paddle steamer whose war time duty consists in blowing up torpedoed liners and the like and whose saloon is stacked with high explosives for that purpose. Emphatically these two volumes should find a place on the shelves of all who enjoy reading and re-reading a racy topical sea story.

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KINGS AT ARMS By Marjorie Bowen (s net) (Methuen)

It is quite a relief to read this story in which there are real live battles instead of scientific slaughter. In the days of Karl XII, whom the touch of Ithuriel's spear would surely have revealed as a mule masquerading in human guise, there were no bombs dropped from the skies nor a rocket to drop them nor inventions to breathe out gas to squirt out fire. Happy times, the golden age of warfare when a man went out to kill brother man in a fair game and like wife and each combatant had a sporting chance. Should any one doubt the existence in the past of the picturesque method of fighting, let him read Miss Bowen's book in which Peter the Great and Karl the Obdurate think in kingdoms and not in continents. The best scene in the book is that between Karl and Viktoria von Falkenberg, in which a pity that so capable a lady is afforded so small a space for the exercise of her mother wit. Anyhow Viktoria, not being available later on in the tale as a possible heroine. Anna von Koenigsmarck comes on the scene as an understudy. With her weak lover Augustus she represents the smart set of those days. Her curt interview with Karl in which a few scraps of conversation are rejected could not be better done. All the characters in the book are rendered possibly purposely subsidiary to Karl on whom Miss Bowen concentrates her attention. With him she has succeeded very well. Karl was in every entitled Sir Galahad so gracefully christened that he turned that scarce made virtue into a vice. He was entirely out of place in the petticoated era of Louis XIV and Miss Bowen conveys very strongly his aloofness to the age in which he had the misfortune to be born. The description of his icy pig headedness in Turkey is excellent and the final paragraph of the book shows that Miss Bowen possesses the true dramatic instinct. Another sentence, another word would have spoiled the conclusion which like Karl himself is cold and pitiless and terse. I very much will find this novel interesting with such hero it could hardly fail to be.

THE GREAT GAME By Hamilton Drummond (s net) (Stanley Paul)

The Great Game is one galaxy of lucks and such dazzling people. The hero is the young de Cerson who comes from Provence to Paris just in time to further the interests of the Marquis de Louvois, Minister of War to Louis the Fourteenth, who aspires to govern France through the person of a weakling king. In order to attain his ends it is necessary for Louvois to discredit the Minister of Finance who like most Ministers of Finance of that period was not averse to imposing certain additional burdens of taxation upon a long suffering people, the revenue from which invariably found its way into the private purse of the minister and not into the coffers of the State. Louvois eager to find a tool who will bring about the downfall of the Minister of Finance plots a cold blooded murder and fastens the crime upon the innocent de Cerson who in order to escape the guillotine agrees to go to Auvergne—where public ill feeling is at its highest—in order to get evidence that will discredit the Minister of Finance in the king's eyes. It would be unfair to divulge all that happened to de Cerson in Auvergne. There is adventure, love and the many elements that make for romance. Mr Drummond writes well and knows how to rivet the reader's attention. There is not a dull page in the whole book and the plot develops smoothly and absorbingly from chapter to chapter.

THE LAWS OF CHANCE By F. F. Mills Young (s net) (John Lane)

Not the least attraction in Miss F. F. Mills Young's novel is the fact that it is a post war story and through its pages we are able to glimpse the happier future that may some day come to us. Above and beyond that it is a good story revolving round characters that are drawn with uncommon skill and insight. David Curtis having taken his part in the great war without distinction goes

for a trip to South Africa and en route encounters a beautiful capricious girl who utterly enslaves him. Their social difference is the barrier between them—and ultimately they part. Curtis comes into possession of the key to enormous ill gotten wealth in England but a curse seems to follow his acquisition and to save his life he is forced to lie low at an isolated farm house on the veldt. There he meets with many adventures romantic and otherwise and only when he realises the wealth he has gained is dross and casts away all means of claiming it he finds a greater more lasting wealth and is glad the laws of chance intervened to save him from himself. The plot is new and deftly handled, fresh both in setting and development and the story takes an early hold on the reader's interest and never loses it.

KAREN By Mrs Alfred Sidgwick (s net) (Cassell)

Mrs Alfred Sidgwick has achieved a notable triumph in her latest book, Karen. It is a war story and it is so fresh and original in plot and treatment that it holds one's attention with an intensity that grows with every chapter. Karen is an English girl who marries a German officer a short time before war is declared. Her life in Germany before and after war begins and the various types of Germans she meets are realistically described by Mrs Sidgwick in a broad minded and sympathetic manner. The story is told in the first person by Karen herself and her wit, her spirit and her charm make her a worthy central figure for this distinguished novel.

THE PENDULUM By Miss Mordaunt (s net) (Cassell)

Man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear! Michael Swail has many vicissitudes which answer to the motto of the fool. But he is too human to be a pendulum. What moves him and often moves him with agitation is a conflict between two tendencies. His father in a London slum is the heir to an old Irish property, the blood of the race is in Michael. But he grows up to be a Labour leader here and in Australia and the antagonism of the two forces is sharpened by a love interest for Michael is in love with a daughter of the aristocrats. Such is the romance which Miss Mordaunt has set herself to describe. The interest of it lies not in the theme but in the vivid varied picture of London life. The struggling family, the factory, the West End drawing room all furnish the novelist with good material. It would be unfair to say how far the treatment resembles that of 'The Wages of Sin' except that 'The Pendulum' does not show its hero in the mud. Michael is a clean straight soul though he is torn with his different duties and interests. But the reviewer can say this honestly that the novel shows grasp and freshness. Miss Mordaunt knows too much of life and of her craft to be satisfied with the obvious solutions of the problem. She has put thought into this novel. Michael's sisters and mother and Sally and old Mrs. De Lancey are living figures. And they live because they are drawn with insight. It is not a short novel but it is not one that is readily laid down until the last page is reached.

THE MADGWICK AFFAIR By David Whitlaw (s net) (Ward Lock)

Impersonation stories have a fascination of their own and the more audacious the impersonation the greater the fascination. Mr David Whitlaw's new novel adds a remarkable canvas to this section of the rogues gallery. When Mr Henry Fullarton stepped into the shoes of the man he had murdered introducing himself to the world in general and to the murdered man's solicitor in particular as Stephen Madgwick he should have kept to his original idea of turning into hard cash the Madgwick securities and vanishing as suddenly as he had appeared. His first big surprise comes when he finds that in taking over Madgwick's picturesque Sussex estate he has to take charge also of a charming young ward. Add to this an atmosphere of blackmail and the disconcerting fact that living in the neighbourhood as the wife of a respected doctor is the

wife Midgwick abandoned twenty years ago and it will be seen that Henry Mullerton is slating on very thin ice indeed. The manner in which the ice cracks and the mystery surrounding the person responsible for the fracture make the subject of as absorbing and dramatic a story as Mr. Whitelaw has yet given us.

The Bookman's Table

THE DARTMOOR WINDOW AGAIN By Beatrice Hall
With illustrations by Ernest (the engraver)

There are two hundred toys on Dartmoor and no two alike, says Miss Beatrice Chase. Alas there are more feelings on Dartmoor than there are toys, but for comfort there is no two alike. Miss Chase's *Dartmoor Window* for instance has entirely its own outlook upon life in the moorland village and her pen has the personal touch which turns readers into friends. Those who met Mr. Blue-jacket in the earlier volume will be delighted to meet that treasure of a man again in the new page. His portrait forms the front piece and himself and his doings fill by no means the dull chapter. The postman, the banker, the farmer, the villagers and the children, they are here so to speak in their everyday clothes and Dartmoor itself is here in her everyday clothes too. Miss Chase has some wise words to say on things and in the delight of a comfortable home for the people of the land. To build or rebuild a cottage for a workman and his family is one of the greatest joys in life. There is no natural gift so precious to give as a home. They pay immeasurable riches every day of the year to anyone with a human heart. I hope that the first *Dartmoor Window* book will gladly welcome this friendly second volume.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH MUSIC By Percy A. Hill
Cloth (Oxford Univ. Press)

Whoever loves music (and surely those who do not appreciate it in some form or other are few and far between) will be glad to welcome this sensible unpretentious little book on the *History of British Music*. It should give those of us who dislike hearing it and that the British are unmusical, a new respect for our nation's art. In his introductory pages the author says: "The idea that art, and particularly musical art, is a pleasant hobby for a little body of enthusiasts is common and dangerous. It has done harm everywhere and nowhere more than amongst us Britons. The author makes out a good case for the naturalness of art and widens the meaning and scope of the word to a refreshing degree. His remarks on Grand Opera are interesting. Grand Opera has never meant very much to the British people. Perhaps they are not an operatically minded people. Bantock does not attempt opera because it is so obviously a convention, an artificial combination of various means of expression. Elgar does not attempt it because he has never found a good libretto. Possibly sturdy British common sense supports these British composers. Grand Opera is dramatically foolish and librettos are rarely or never literature. Also opera is very expensive and in countries where it flourishes taxes and rates are spent on it which we spend on better sanitation than any of those countries has even thought of. The book though short covers a wide range and it is written throughout in a straightforward and interesting manner that should appeal to the general public."

THE SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN By Pamela Glenconner (Blackwell Oxford)

In the far away days of the Peace children were so little valued that perhaps the War was necessary but still there were many men and women wise enough to know that the children were the most precious things on earth and that in their early years their minds were as a fair open book bearing the superscription of God. Of



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these wise people the compiler of this book was happy enough to be one. Here are my jewels! she says proudly and presents us the quaint and memorable sayings of the children in their wise babyhood. One of these children has already grown to the heights of sacrifice and been accepted. The frontispiece of the book is a picture of these delicious child faces the One Two Three of the book. The sayings are set against a background of the country green gardens and the sea cravanning through woods and over moors and the life of the children irradiated by love grew quickly amid fresh and wholesome things—a green thought in a green shade. Children are stimulated by love as a plant by the sun and some of these sayings are very wise and delightful so many of them that one cannot quote within a brief space. To all mothers and lovers of children this beautiful book is commended.

WITH THE SCOTTISH NURSES IN ROUMANIA By Yvonne Fitzroy 3s net (John Murray)

It is quite likely that some people on hearing that a number of nurses were leaving these islands for Roumania deprecated such a lengthy picnic in war time. For there are people who are certain that the conduct of some nurses during the South African war is invariably adopted by those who go far afield. We have had the tragic tale of the Scottish nurses in Serbia and now Miss Fitzroy puts before us the really thrilling story of what occurred on the Roumanian front. Her book is in the form of a diary beginning at Liverpool and ending at Aberdeen. She gives us a perfectly unvarnished account of what happened. It is interesting, ghastly, pathetic and laughable. We have all heard of Dr Elsie Inglis to whose memory this book is dedicated here we have some memorable glimpses of this heroic lady. The various migrations of the hospital when the Roumanians were in retreat, the appalling conditions which did not trouble these nurses, the vivid pen pictures of that retreat when men at the cry that the Bulgars were coming would even in their terror fling their own babies down on the roadside when these hampered them, the Russian nurses who at any rate were beautiful, the melt of snow and the floods which in bitterly cold weather at Roum had to take the place of water and wood, the Russian soldier who announced from the stage of a theatre that his regiment might return to the trenches if subscriptions were forthcoming—and so on and so on. But the impression left by the whole book is one that surely will remain with many Russian, Serbian and Roumanian soldiers long after the war, who will remember with wondering gratitude the ladies of the Scottish Hospital the Scottish knickerbockers.

A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS By I. V. Hodgkin 10s 6d net (Foulsh)

And as it is said in a talk on the subject which serves the purpose of a preface more pleasantly than is the way of prefaces, it is a book about people who did not happen to know that they were saints at all. But after all that is the manner born of the very real sanctity. It is a delightful book in its typical grey cover and with F. Cayley Robinson's sub-tintured pictures so quiet that one scarcely realises that they are coloured at all. As the stories are said to be intended for children of various ages but are for every one who is alive to the spirit of inward beauty and as its quaker element is a breathing of the Christ Spirit in its own way it is a catholic book about saints though its personalities in so far as they are historical, belonged to the Society of Friends. They are retold, expanded and so forth from the Journal of George Fox from the Life of James Parnell from the Voyage of Robert Fowler and sources similar to these—perhaps above all the Autobiography of Stephen Grellet. There is nothing in the wide world which is quite among religious experiences like Preaching to Nobody from the memorial last mentioned. A voice had come to Grellet and sent him into the backwoods of America that he might preach

to lonely men. But in the windless silence of the forest he found only a deserted shanty but because he must obey the invisible Friend he preached there. It was long years after in London that he learned how his message had travelled with a concealed listener and had not only reached a thousand but done the work of life among them. I suppose that Fierce Feathers which is a story of Robert Nesbit counts next in this collection because of its living message to this day of ours—its message on the power of love over the power of hate. Had it been that we were a nation in that kind of love these four years ago I question whether there could have been any war in the world. Read and see.

FANCY FREE By Helen Taylor 1s 3d net (Elkin Mathews)

Fancy Free is a charming little book of lyrics full of dainty thoughts and full of melody. Miss Helen Taylor's ear for rhythm is uncommonly good and though there is not quite sufficient variety in subject matter in the book yet each lyric is a pleasure in itself to read. Here is one to make the feet start tapping.

HAYMAKERS DANCE

Chey gallants I pray you tuck leave of the town
And taste of the country as pleases
Not yreaking time with the sun shining down
We'll trolly y u a Midsummer measure
Away then away! the fiddles play
I t lad is as br w n s a l e r y
Come folic d g with a l u n c h n i a s o n g
And let u all dance in the merry!

Sir I v e l shall f o t it with M e g o f t h M i l l
A n d R e n a l d d n e e w i t h r y l i l y
A n d i f g o t i k e s n i a l e w e l d l i t w i t h a w i l l
A l l u n t t h e b r a n c h e s v i l l y
A w a y t h e n a w a y t h e f i d d l e d o l l y
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A n d l e t u a l l l u n a n d l e m e r y!

REMINISCENCES AND REFLEXIONS OF A MID AND LATE VICTORIAN By James Alfred Bax 7s 6d net (Allen & Unwin)

Victorian has come to be used adjectivally as denoting narrowness of outlook and dinginess of surroundings and that more especially when prefixed with mid. Yet the Victorian age as Mr Asquith has lately pointed out was in many respects one of the great ages of Britain. Mr Belfort Bax who has been happily moved to the writing of his reminiscences boldly dubs himself a mid and late Victorian but if he is rightly described thus, having been born in 1851 he can by no means be described as typically mid Victorian for he was early a rebel against the intellectual rule of his time. His book is by no means a conventional volume of reminiscences but possesses much more of unity than is commonly found in a class of work generally characterised by discursiveness and anecdote. Possibly some readers like certain of the author's friends may think that Mr Bax has too much of his own phrase dumped down the personal note overmuch but most will agree that despite his having done so he has written a deeply interesting study of the thought which permeates and persists if he has refrained from presenting any mere chronicle of such things said and things done as pass and perish though their recording frequently provides very entertaining matter. Of the growth of Socialism and of the personalities of some of its leading protagonists British and Continental he has much to tell us and he tells it with a sincerity and an earnestness which maybe are part of his inheritance from the Evangelicism that he strongly depicts in his opening chapter. It is indeed an interesting and a stimulating book and one which will have its lasting value as the presentation of some aspects of a period as they appeared to one who is a strong and independent thinker. Even those who are opposed to the author's views as a Socialist and those who may be wholly out of sympathy with his anti-Feminist attitude will find his reminiscences a valuable contribution to the full understanding of the intellectual life of the past half-century.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman"—James Russell Lowell.

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN ST PAUL'S HOUSE WARWICK SQUARE LONDON EC4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

News Notes.

The October BOOKMAN will be a Special Autumn Number containing an Illustrated Supplement dealing with the new books of the season. The principal literary contents will include articles on President Wilson as a Man of Letters by Frederic Whyte Burns and Peter Pindar by Davidson Cook John Calsworthy's Tales by C F Lawrence Studies in Literature by George Saintsbury etc etc

For Remembrance Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War by A St John Adcock will be published shortly by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton. It tells something of the lives and personalities of forty four such poets and reveals from their poems the ideal for which they fought and the hope in which they died. The book will be illustrated with twenty portraits in photogravure. As war conditions make it necessary to limit the edition orders should be placed without delay.

A new book of patriotic poems that is sure of a welcome is 'St George's Day, and Other Poems'

by Sir Henry Newbolt which Mr John Murray is just publishing.

The Mirror and the Lamp by W P Maxwell which Messrs Cassell have just published is the first book Mr Maxwell has given us since the appearance of The Devil's Garden some five years ago. He abandoned literature for the time as soon as war was declared and as an officer in the Royal Fusiliers went through the worst of the fighting on the Somme.

Messrs Sampson Low & Co are issuing a uniform half crown net edition of twenty five of William Black's best and most famous novels.

Mrs Fiske Warren whose book of poems Trackless Regions was recently published by Mr Blackwell of Oxford is an American lady who from the first outbreak of war took up the cause of the Allies and did a great deal to open American eyes to the real meaning of the struggle. A long course of philosophy and dialectics at Oxford where she was a Rhodes scholar had not been enough to prepare her for the bewildering variety of aspects of truth which Germany's anti English propaganda scattered broadcast through the United States during the first two years of the war but she met the position by collecting war posters from France England Canada and Belgium (these last consisting

of German proclamations) and having them exhibited far and wide besides organising sales on behalf of Belgian refugees which realised in the first nineteen months of the conflict about fourteen thousand pounds. So by her deeds no less than by her writings one may say she has been all along one of the soldier poets of the Entente.

Mr W I Courtney has written a series of critical studies of men who have helped to build and support the British Empire. The book is to be called *Pillars of Empire* and will be published almost immediately by Messrs Jarrold.

Mr B W Matz has Sam Weller's own extensive and peculiar knowledge of London—especially of Dickens's London and in *The George Inn* Southwark (2s 6d net Chapman & Hall) he has written a delightfully interesting account of one of the oldest among London's surviving old inns.

The George is in fact the last of the ancient galleried inns now left standing in London. Its history goes back over something like four centuries or so and Mr Matz not only describes minutely the interior and exterior of this famous hostelry but has many interesting anecdotes to tell of people who in the old days and more recently have been amongst its frequenters. So far as Dickens's association with the inn is concerned Mr Matz makes out a clear case against various well-known writers who have laboured under a delusion that "The George" was the actual inn where Mr Pickwick discovered Sam Weller, in spite of the fact that Dickens distinctly

named "The White Hart" as the Pickwickian inn and "The White Hart" now shorn of its galleries still exists in Southwark. All who are interested in the by ways of literature and in the fast vanishing relics of old London should get Mr Matz's pleasantly discursive book which is excellently illustrated from old prints and photographs.

Miss Violet Hunt's new novel *The Last Ditch* will be published this month by Messrs Stanley Paul & Co.

Miss M Petre author of the admirable *Life of Father Tyrrell* has written a book on *Democracy at the Cross Roads* which Mr Fisher Unwin will publish shortly. Miss Petre is a convinced democrat but addressing herself pointedly to the Labour Party argues that Democracy properly considered does not promote and safeguard Labour interests only but embraces and pays due regard to the interests of all classes.



Mr J A Hammerton and Mr H W Wilson joint editors of *The Great War*

From a photograph taken during their recent visit to the Western Front. Mr Hammerton whose title *With R L S Through the Land of War* appears in this Number, has written a book of his experiences of the war, one which Mr John Murray will publish next month under the title of *Wrack of War*.

The latest volume of Messrs Hodder & Stoughton's collected edition of the works of Leonard Merrick is "The Quaint Companions" which has an introduction by Mr H G Wells who says "it is perhaps the most sympathetic and understanding novel, in its intimate and everyday way, about the clash of colour and race prejudice and racial quality that has ever been written in English." He says too, that "the chief fault of 'The Quaint Companions' is that it ends. It would be difficult to give any story higher praise than that



The Sambre from the Bridge
at Pont sur Sambre

This is a list of books and their authors, including 'The Pelicans' by Miss I. M. DeLafayette, 'The Spinner' by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, 'The Sambre' by Mr. E. M. DeLafayette, and 'The Sambre' by Mr. E. M. DeLafayette.

The Pelicans Miss I. M. DeLafayette's new novel will be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann who is also publishing Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new story *The Spinner*

M. Rostand is writing an introduction to a volume of poems by I. B. Tappin, an American flying man on active service in France, and the book will be published shortly by Mr. E. M. DeLafayette. Mr. DeLafayette is also publishing shortly an interesting volume entitled *King's Verse*, a collection of poems by students at King's College who have been encouraged in studying the art of versification by Professor Gollmer.

Foalain Adventurers, a book of poems by Arthur Lewis Jenkins R.F.C. who after seeing much active service was killed in an aeroplane accident at the end of last year will be published this month by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

Messrs. Constable have just published *The Sad Years*, a book of poems that were written by the late Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) after the beginning of the war. The volume contains a frontispiece portrait and some very interesting memories of Dora Sigerson by Katharine Tynan. We hope to give adequate attention to these poems in our next Number.

WAR BOOKS

'Foe Farrell' By 'Q' (Sir Arthur Quiller Couch) 6s net (Collins). 'Q's' new novel is the oddest story imaginable. It is not a war story though narrated by a soldier in a series of nightly instalments to the occupants of a dug-out somewhere near the Aisne. Hate—unswerving single

minded systematic hate—is its driving force and so relentlessly does it drive that its victims are swept all round the world from Tottenham Court Road to an uncharted Pacific isle. Professor Ioe's dog, in addition to the result of eight years' scientific research, is destroyed by a mob stirred up by the outpouring of one Peter Farrell, anti-vivisectionist I.C.C. candidate and Tottenham Court Road furnisher. And so the vendetta begins. Henceforth, says Ioe, it will be a clean experiment. Farrell accused me of practising vivisection. As a matter of fact I never did. Now I'm going to and on Farrell. His plans matured he calmly informs Farrell of his intention to kill him at his own time and place and meanwhile I propose to be your companion in this world and until death do us part. You may dodge but I shall be faithful. You may slip run hide but I shall quest. But your shadow I am going to be Mr. Farrell and ever when you have hit a place in the sun it shall be to start and end me a faithful hound at your side. I have put the fear on you. I see. Waking or sleeping you shall never put that fear out. With a monomaniac for its chief character the



Route followed by Stevenson on his Inland Voyage through Flanders and France

incidents of the story have of necessity an eerie nightmarish quality. By turns farcical, frightful, prosaic, romantic, colloquial, bookish, this strange story is a perpetual puzzle to the reader, but keeps him curiously interested. The epilogue to this grim tale of hatred points an apt moral for the times. 'The more you beat Fritz by becoming like him, the more he has won.'

The Challenge. War Poems by Leonard Van Noppen. 2s net. (Elkin Mathews.) The hundred and twenty-six sonnets that fill rather more than the first half of this book include some of the bitterest and most uncompromising indictments of Prussian militarism that have yet been put into verse. Mr. Van Noppen has a most passionate sympathy with Belgium, a deep love and admiration for France, and an appreciation of England for what she has done in the past and is doing in the cause of freedom that it warms the heart of an Englishman to read. He has a strong incisive style, knows his own mind and exactly what he wants to say, and says it clearly, with great vigour and emphasis, and frequently with a true dignity or beauty of poetic utterance. The same high qualities distinguish the longer poems in the latter part of the book—the remarkable *Prophecy* written in 1911.

A Vision of Victory—and the finely emotional elegy on Abraham Lincoln. Few books of recent war poetry have interested or impressed us more than this.

The Freedom of Jerusalem. By Basil Mathews. 6d net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) An admirable brief history of Jerusalem and a very graphic account of General Allenby's victorious but wholly unpretentious entry into the Holy City. The booklet is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs.

Guns and Guitars. By W. R. Titterton. 2s 6d net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.) This is not entirely a war book—the guitar music is as frequent in it as the music of the guns. One of the most charming things in the book is 'Old John the Minstrel to his Young Wife' and another, in a very different way, is 'A Masquerade Pierrot in Carnival'. Of the war poems one singles out for their strength and emotional intensity 'London 1914', 'Requiescat', 'England', and 'The Question'. There is good, breezy, stirring stuff too, in the song 'To the Old Contemptibles'. Mr. Titterton is a man of moods: if he is serious on one page as often as not you find him irresponsibly humorous on the next, but whether he is serious or whether he is

frivolous he gives himself wholeheartedly to the mood of the moment and so wins you to enjoy the reading of what he evidently wrote with enjoyment. His book is delightfully miscellaneous: it ranges from the wildest airiest gaiety about the war, Hampstead Heath and other affairs to a real earnestness of thought and a sharp sense of the tears and tragedy in mortal things, both in war time and in the life of peace. Certainly a book worth buying and reading.

The Royal Navy 1815-1915. By Admiral the Marquess of Milford Haven. 2s 6d net. (Cambridge Press.) A condensed history of the development of the British Navy during the last hundred years, giving special attention to the extraordinary changes that have taken place in its methods and duties since the outbreak of the great war. It is interestingly written, and a large amount of information is compressed into a little room very skilfully.

My Erratic Pal. By Alfred Clark. N.Z.M.C. 3s 6d net. (Lane.) This story, says Mr. Clark, is banal enough nowadays, and I am but ill fitted to present it, as I have neither the art nor the science of the story teller, but I feel that there are both native wit in my friend's verses and a certain queer heroism in the story of his life which render the tale worth telling, and obviously no one else is so well qualified as I to set it down, for I have been proud to call John my friend from his wild youth through all his patchwork career to what seems to me to be his final triumph. The story of John My Erratic Pal is told in his own verses with a prose comment by his friend the editor. It is the story of his love affairs with incidental verses on various events of his earlier life, till he wears out of England and goes to New Zealand. There he meets a girl with whom he falls really in love at last, and you gather later that she dies of typhoid fever only a few days before the outbreak of war. He is prompted at first to end his own life, but saner thoughts come to him, and he enlists in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force and sails for Egypt. The remaining poems in the book are devoted to his reflections on his past and to his war experiences, ending with 'In the Ward' and 'Well, Death Old Man, How Do You Do?' written as he lies wounded in hospital just before his death. Whether you accept 'My Erratic Pal' as fact or fiction or a blend of the two, its frank outspokenness, its quaintness, and the poignancy of the later phases of its story make it an altogether uncommon book of its kind.

THE READER.

WITH R. L. S. THROUGH THE LAND OF WAR

BY J. A. HAMMERTON AUTHOR OF IN THE TRACK OF R. L. STEVENSON ETC

WAS there ever a book so informed with the delicate fragrance of peace as *An Inland Voyage* of R. L. Stevenson? To recall the sweet content with which one first read that enchanting story of a canoe journey by sluggish waterways through the pastoral lands of Northern France touches the heart with a great longing for an end to these harassing days of war and a return to that care free life when one might go a gipsying for the sheer delight of tranquil travel. If it be that such days may come no more for many of us we can do no better than take this companionable book from the shelf and yielding ourselves to its charm live over again in imagination those glorious days by the Sambré and the Oise. There is no modern more potent than may be found in these pages of R. L. S. when the heart is seared with the latest official communique from the blood sodden fields of war.

Yet it is of war that I am about to write—of war and of long lost days of peacefulness. Often since the Hun swept into Belgium and poured over the French frontier have my thoughts gone back to a pilgrimage I made a dozen years ago along the route of *An Inland Voyage*. For it was through this very smiling tract of country which R. L. S. pioneered so peacefully in the late August of 1876 that the blond beast was to pass with fire and frightfulness at the same season thirty eight years later. If he were alive to day to what great issues would not the pen of Tuscitula have been engaged as his blood would have boiled at the foulness which the Hun had spread over all that smiling land?—the Hun of whom he warned us in *A Foot note to History* and from whose clutches the Great War was to save the mortal remains of him who sleeps in far Samoa where the Union Jack soon supplanted the pirate flag of Germany.

Well can I imagine what has happened along the route of *'An Inland Voyage'* since August, 1914 when I have seen the havoc which the war has wrought in many another once *'very smiling tract'* of France and Flanders, but I purpose no imaginary voyage by little rivers

which so recently ran blood. My present aim is merely to recall the associations of R. L. S. with places which were scenes set for his dainty comedy of vagabondage and which war was later to use for the staging of the world's tragedy.

The *Inland Voyage* began at Antwerp. Stevenson had a companion the late Sir Walter Simpson and each voyager paddled his own canoe. That of R. L. S. was named *Arethusa*—a name of old and new honour in our sea story—Sir Walter's *Cigarette*.

We made a great stir in Antwerp docks says R. L. S. as they launched their canoe when a squally wind was blowing. He tied the sail despite the obvious danger though not without some trepidation and makes an excellent start in his philosophising journey with the reflection

It is certainly easier to smoke with the sheet fastened but I had never before weighed comfortable pipe of tobacco against an obvious risk and gravely elected for the comfortable pipe. It is a commonplace that we cannot answer for ourselves before we have been tried. But it is not so common a reflection and surely more consoling that we usually find ourselves a great deal braver and better than we thought.

How many a time has this same thought come to our gallant young lieutenants at their first going over the top? It has been the theme of countless stories of trial under fire since the war began.

The wind served the canoeists well up the Scheldt he tells us and thereafter up the Rupel as far as Boom where next morning they took to the still waters of the Willebroeck Canal. Brussels was reached by dint of much paddling in drizzling rain which did not damp his enthusiasm for the life of the canal folk. Of all the creatures of commercial enterprise a canal barge is by far the most delightful to consider he writes. Alas even these delightful creatures have long been caught in the toils of war and many have I seen in inland waterways of the war zone with great red crosses on their hulls carrying sad cargoes which R. L. S. had never imagined. Others



R. L. Stevenson

After a painting by A. C. Michael



The Grand Cerf Maubeuge

Where R. L. S. I have played a long time
arrived at the end of my journey

there are now on these same canals that mount big guns or creak clumsily through the locks laden with the horrid material of destruction instead of the fruitful things of commercial enterprise.

From Brussels the canoeists took train to Maubeuge their frail crafts stowed away in the goods van. Few names are more fraught with meaning for us to-day than that of Maubeuge the town of might have-beens. If the French had been able to hold it—as they might had they placed their faith in trenches and field fortifications instead of in stone walls—how different the whole course of the war! But equally so had the Germans been able to crush Sir John French's little army of heroes against it in the retreat from Mons the story of the war would have been strangely different.

There was nothing to do nothing to see. We had good meals which was a great matter but that was all. But what was there not to do and to see there in the last days of August and during the first week of September 1914 when the garrison of over 30,000 French troops sought in vain to hold the place against the invaders? To-day also there would be much to do and to see but the good meals would be more difficult to come by—and that also is a great matter. The driver of the hotel omnibus belonging to the Grand Cerf where the voyagers put up and where Prussian officers have now swaggered these four long years was the one person in Maubeuge who interested R. L. S.

Here I am said he. I drive to the station. Well. And then I drive back again to the hotel. And so on every day and all the week round. My God is that life? I could not say I thought it was—for him. Might not this have been a brave African traveller or gone to the Indies after Drake?

Whoever was driving the Grand Cerf bus when the Great War began would have no need to complain of the dullness of Maubeuge and the lack of excitement. Myself I found Maubeuge none so dismal as it is made to appear in Stevenson's pages where the only adventure that befell was Sir Walter Simpson's narrow escape from arrest for drawing the fortifications—those fortifications that were to give so poor a return for the money spent on them. In the pleasant little square of the town I recall a spirited monument to the sons of the countryside who died for France in the last war. It will be a great day for France when Maubeuge can set up another memorial to those who have laid down their lives since the August of 1914.

The region of Maubeuge reminded me not a little of some parts of England's Black Country. Look you said a stout gentleman with whom I spoke by the wayside when with my bicycle I was setting out along the canal bank in the track of the inland voyagers. We have glass works potteries iron foundries engine works copper and many other industries here. The Boche I knew this only too well and the many industrial places that cluster around the industrial forts of Maubeuge have now long been used to help on the war against the country of their hapless owners. Indeed the bitterest thing about the war has been the way in which the enemy has turned France's resources against herself.

The first stage of their paddling along the canalised Sambre brought them at nightfall to the little hamlet of Quartes but they had to trudge afoot a mile farther to the village of Pont sur Sambre to find a lodging for the night. This Iont will always be associated in my mind with an odd incident of the war.

Late in 1914 a photograph came to me from a correspondent in France. It represented a scene of military activity and was vaguely described as British divisional headquarters with dispatch riders setting out for the front. A true enough description no doubt but a curious tower was seen in the background and I knew that tower well as R. L. S. had written of it and I myself had photographed it. Away on the left a gaunt tower stood in the middle of the street he writes. What it had been in past years I know not.



The Sambre at Maubeuge

was at this point. On the Sambre canalised, that the canoe voyage began in earnest.—R. L. S.

probably a hold in time of war. This gaunt tower identified the place in the war photograph as Pont sur Sambre which had long ceased to be the head quarters of any British division as Haig's Corps was retreating past it on the east and Smith-Dorrien's to the west by the 24th of August.

Perhaps the most interesting stage of the canoe voyage reviewed in the light of later happenings was that lying between Pont and Landrecies. When *Arcthusa* and *Cigarette* paddled up the Sambre to this storied town and thirty years later when I went a wheel through the same countryside it presented many signs of pastoral prosperity. The river at a point about six miles north east of Landrecies skirts the forest of Mormal which as J. S. observes has a sinister name to the ear. How sinister he little guessed when he wrote the word.

The breath of the forest of Mormal he goes on as it came aboard upon us that showery afternoon was perfumed with nothing less delicate than sweetbrier its breath in the closing days of August 1914 must have been acrid with the fumes of war.

Stevenson saw only the south eastern fringe of this great forest as he paddled along on his way to Landrecies. I had to traverse it a wheel in the gathering dusk and contrived to lose my way among its maze of lonesome glades. When I recall to day the little flutterings of concern which then beset me at the thought of so slight an adventure as being overtaken by the night in these uncharted woodland paths a vivid sense of dread grips my imagination as I try to picture the immense columns of the Second Corps stringing out in retreat along the western confines of the forest to take up position at Le Cateau for one of the greatest battles in history while the First Corps lumbered by the eastern roads through the valley of the Sambre to Landrecies. Allenby's cavalry covering the retreat and engaging in many skirmishes with the pursuing Uhlans amid the sylvan ways of this forest of the sinister name.



Scene at Pont sur Sambre

Landrecies that night when a steady drizzle of rain followed the sailing of the sun. What happened there on the night of August 25th is admirably recorded by Mr. John Buchan in his *History of the War*.

The outpost line on the northern edge of the town had just taken up position but no patrols had yet gone to the front. Suddenly out of the shadows of the forest veiled by the rain and darkness the German columns advanced with a rush. A spatter of rifle fire from the pockets gave the alarm but the thin line was swept away and while our Guardsmen in the town were rushing to arms a dense mass of the enemy was pouring into the main streets. It was one of the most critical moments of the campaign but the splendid discipline of our men saved the situation.

In the main street the German column found its advance checked by fire from the front and from the houses. They tried to push on and then a section of Maxim guns opened on them and tore a line of dead and wounded through their ranks.

They fell back rallied and came on again while other columns tried to work through the side streets and round the town. Everywhere they found their way disputed. Officers and men each group acting on its own initiative improvised a defence at all points and in many places the British Guards and the Germans crossed bayonets in hand to hand fight. German batteries pushed close up to the town and threw shells into it and soon burning houses gave light to the combatants who till now had been fighting in bewildering darkness. The enemy's guns were so near that at one point a party of our men driving the Germans before them came under the fire of six guns at a range of less than two hundred yards.

The Guards held their own among bursting shells and burning houses and gradually beat off the German assault.



Pont-sur Sambre during the British advance to Mons—the gaunt tower still dominating the scene

the swift current of the upper Oise

In my lonely pilgrimage I went awheel as far as Etreux through a gently undulating country rich in hop vines with far views of thickly wooded fields and little hills on the main road to Guise along which Haig's Corps continued their retreat after the heroic night at Landrecies, while Smith Dorrien was staying the German avalanche half a dozen miles to the west in that marvellous battle of desperation at Le Cateau. I do not recall a pleasanter picture of rural content than Etreux presented that day with the clatter of the weavers' shuttles coming through the open doors of little cottages and the thracks of the thrashers' flails sounding in farm steadings on the sunny outskirts of the town.

The road through Tupigny and Valenciennes kept me close by the Oise of my hero's adventures and it was here he assures us on this sedgy stream wriggling its devious ways by field and woodland he had some of the happiest moments of his life—where so many of his countrymen were yet to find it the veritable Valley of the Shadow. He could have shouted aloud for pure joy of living as he felt himself scoring points against the old ashen rogue. Death with every stroke of his paddle. The insistent humanity of the man is seen in this passage which conveys the spirit of our life in these days of the Great War better than any contemporary comment I can call to mind.

I think we may look upon our little private war with death somewhat in this light. If a man knows he will sooner or later be robbed upon a journey he will have a bottle of the best in every inn and look upon all his extravagances as so much gained upon the thieves. And above all where instead of simply spending he makes a profitable investment for some of his money when it will be out of risk of loss. So every bit of brisk living and above all when it is healthful is just so much gained upon the whole sale filcher death. We shall have the less in our pockets the more in our stomach when he cries stand and deliver. A swift stream is a favourite artifice of his and one that brings him in a comfortable thing per annum but when he and I come to settle our accounts I shall whistle in his face for those hours upon the Upper Oise.

Stevenson came near enough to settling accounts with the



The Inn at Moy

See Stevenson's *Golden Sheep*—R. L. S.

paddlers were borne on the swelling flood of the Oise to Moy a little village dear to my memory as there I was most hospitably received at the Golden Sheep though the landlord knowing nothing of its fame in *An Inland Voyage* had changed its name to the uninspiring *Hôtel de la Poste*. Sweet was our rest in the Golden Sheep at Moy says R. L. S. and I could echo him at that later day but there has been no sweet rest at Moy since the fateful autumn of 1914 and as the Allies trenches cut athwart the village before the Huns swept westward again in the spring of 1918 I fear that the Golden Sheep the quiet old chateau and all the cottage homes of that pleasant little village now make a rubbish heap beside the Oise.

Even by the winding river to Javel the journey is only a matter of nine or ten miles and here R. L. S. had

one of his happiest adventures. Turned away from a busy inn as paddlers which I am sure they looked—the canoeists were warmly welcomed at the little *auberge* kept by Monsieur Bazin. We were charged for candles he says for food and drink and for the beds we slept in. But there was nothing in the bill for the husband's pleasant talk nor for the pretty spectacle of their married life.

When I went there M. Bazin had long since passed away his pretty children were now fathers and mothers themselves but Mme. Bazin was still active and calmly contented with her lot like those splendid provincial women of France who have shown a heroism in this time of war as sterling as the heroism of their valorous husbands and sons. Here another Stevenson shrine may have vanished for La Fère lay right in the foremost lines of the trench warfare. As



Noyon Cathedral—West Front

"If ever I join the Church of Rome, I shall stipulate to be Bishop of Noyon on the Oise"—R. L. S.



**The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville
Noyon as it was in the time of
An Inland Voyage**

Mme Bazin explained to me the town existed solely for the military. I wonder how those children of hers who won the heart of K. I. S. in 1876 have fared in the terror that has come upon their countryside. They have acquitted themselves well. I feel sure and proved themselves worthy of the lovely pages Stevenson dedicated to the Bazins.

We next follow *Luthusa* and *Cigaritt* by the twining river to ancient Noyon, one of the most picturesque towns of Picardy whose austere and hoar cathedral has ever a foremost place in my affections.

It was on the evening of the sixth day (August 18th) of the Retreat from Mons that the whole of the British Expeditionary Force came together along this river Oise between La Fère and Noyon, a battered but unbeaten army of heroes who had foiled the most frantic efforts of a vastly superior foe to destroy them. In this 'Golden Valley' as it is locally known though it is a strath rather than a valley they could snatch a little rest and for one day it looked as though the Retreat was at an end but on Sunday morning the 30th the Retreat had to begin again towards Compiègne and finally to the Marne (September 3rd) where the tide turned at last and all the sacrifice of our glorious countrymen twixt Mons and Marne was splendidly redeemed.

The grand old Cathedral and the beautiful Town Hall which carried us back in its architecture to mediæval twilight and renaissance dawn were the peculiar glories of this grey old city of Picardy where nearly twelve centuries ago the great Charlemagne was crowned. Among all the dainty cameos of Stevenson's descriptive art I know none more instinct with charm and 'the spirit of place' than that of Noyon Cathedral.

I have seldom looked on the east end of a church with more complete sympathy. As it flanges out in three wide terraces and settles down broadly on the earth it looks like the poop of some great old battleship.

Hollow backed buttresses carry vases which figure for the stern lanterns. There is a roll in the ground and the towers just appear above the pitch of the roof as though the good ship were bowing lazily over an Atlantic swell. At any moment it might be a hundred feet away from you climbing the next billow. At any moment a window might open and some old admiral thrust forth a cocked hat and proceed to take an observation. The old admirals sail the sea no longer the old ships of battle are all broken up and live only in pictures but this that was a church before ever they were thought upon is still a church and makes as brave an appearance by the Oise.

He confesses that he is never weary of great churches. It is my favourite kind of mountain scenery. And again, 'Man kind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral.'

I could never fathom how a man dares to lift up his voice to preach in a cathedral. What is he to say that will not be an anti climax?

For though I have heard a considerable variety of sermons I never yet heard one that was so expressive as a cathedral. It is the best preacher itself and preaches day and night not only telling you of man's art and aspirations in the past but convicting your own soul of violent sympathies or rather like all good preachers it sets you preaching to yourself and every man is his own doctor of divinity in the last resort.

Truly to-day the dead have all the glory of the world for it was good to die in the belief that the Gothic glories of Rheims and Ypres and of Noyon were imperishable. What would Stevenson's pen have written had he lived to suffer the knowledge that the Hun tribes under their new Attila that swept we twined in a mad orgy of destruction heralding the Great War made the loveliest cathedrals of Flanders and Northern France the chief targets of their artillery? One of the few happy moments that I experienced in the third year of the war was the news that Noyon which in the triumphant recoil from the Marne the Allies had failed to retake was rescued safely on March 18th 1917.



From a German Photo

**The Huns in Stevenson's beloved
Noyon — ruins of the Place de
l'Hôtel de Ville, looking towards
the Cathedral.**

and one of the saddest came just one year later when I read that the gallant French had to withdraw that the Hun was enclosing Noyon once again and the old grey cathedral was burning. In the little pictorial map of our whole Inland Voyage says R. L. S. which my fancy still preserves and sometimes unrolls for the amusement of odd moments. Noyon Cathedral figures on a most preposterous scale and must be nearly as large as a department. If ever I join the Church of Rome I shall stipulate to be Bishop of Noyon on the Oise. I am glad to think that the gentle writer was long removed from the strange world of new horrors and sleeping securely far away on Vaucouleurs when Noyon Cathedral was given to the flames by the vandal invaders.

At Compiègne that charming historic town which has lain in the war zone from the beginning of September 1914 when there was hard fighting in the woods near by and where civilian life has so long endured amidst endless alarms the ceaseless thunder of guns and the stir of military movement Stevenson set down some observations on the military preparations of that time which one reads again with heightened interest to day.

Reservary and general *militarismus* (as the Germans call it) were rampant. A camp of conical white tents without the town looked like a leaf out of a picture Bible sword belts decorated the walls of the *cafés* and the streets kept sounding all day long with military music. It was not possible to be an Englishman and avoid a feeling of elation for the men who followed the drums were small and walked shabbily. Each man inclined at his own angle and jolted to his own convenience as he went. There was nothing of the superb gait with which a regiment of tall Highlanders moves behind its music solemn and inevitable like a natural phenomenon. Who that has seen it can forget the drum major pacing in front the drummers tiger skins the pipers swinging plaids the strange elastic rhythm of the whole regiment footing it in time—and the bang of the drum when the brasses cease and the shrill pipes take up the martial story in their place?

But though French soldiers show to ill advantage on parade on the march they are gay alert and willing like a troop of fox hunters. I remember once seeing a company pass through the forest of Fontainebleau on the Chailly road between the Bas Breau and the Reine Blanche. One fellow walked a little before the rest and sang a loud audacious marching song. The rest bestirred their feet and even swung their muskets in time. A young officer on horseback had hard ado to keep his countenance at the words. You never saw anything so cheerful and spontaneous as their gait schoolboys do not look more eagerly at hare and hound and you would have thought it impossible to tire such willing marchers.



Compiègne Town Hall

My collection of World War Pictures

There was much else that occupied his roving thoughts and ever beguiling pen at Compiègne but to day the passages they chosen have a more immediate appeal than his whimsical reflections on the Gothic quaintnesses of the old Town Hall. I doted upon the Town Hall he confesses. Alas even as I write the Huns are drawing close to Compiègne and to day the papers print photographs of the Gothic statuettes from the Town Hall being removed to places of safety so that the scenes on which R. L. S. doted may even now have vanished in the smoke of war. But it is an interesting thought that the rampant reservary and general *militarismus* which he witnessed so long ago in 1876 were preparatory for the Great War that took nearly forty years more to blow into a world conflagration.

At the lighting of a Roman monarch on a slave built throne.

The inland voyagers found a packet of letters from home awaiting them at Compiègne and these broke the spell of vagabondage. The later stage of the journey seem to lessen in interest. Their canoes were bearing them along the widening waters of the Oise not to unknown adventurous things but homeward to old familiar ones.

You may paddle all day long but it is when you come back at nightfall and look in at the familiar room that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek.

At Fontainebleau and at Creil they lingered amid scenes where the now familiar horrors of this war were to be enacted. From Prey to Pontoise where they drew up their keels for the last time out of that river of Oise that had faithfully piloted them through rain and sunshine so long they were leaving behind them that land of old romance which in these later years was to be known by a name of manifold terrors—the war zone.

The spirit of the fruitful peace that breathed through out all that very smiling tract of country in the years before the war is preserved for us with the rarest literary art in the pages of *An Inland Voyage* though we of this generation may never know it again as R. L. S. revealed it to us. Literature offers no service more precious to the mind that is seared with the dread realities of these times. Stevenson's ancestors built certain of our great coastwise lights that guide the adventurous mariner home and he himself in such pages as we have been re-reading has lighted many a beacon to cheer and hearten when the shadows fall.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square E C 4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric

SPECIAL NOTICE — Competitors must please keep copies of their verses the Editor cannot undertake to return them

WAR TIME NOTICE — The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following as below

I — A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric

II A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature

III — A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on What I intend to do after the War

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best statement by herself in not more than a hundred and fifty words of The Effect the War has had on Mrs Grundy's Opinions)

IV — A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review

V — A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST

I — The PRIZE for the best lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Margaret K McEvoy of 3 Claremont Road Cricklewood N W 2 and Mrs J W Greenwood of The Haven Gibraltar Spain for the following

ECSTASY

Thy will is all I seek—
The wonder of Thy will
And like a pining bird set free
I soar and sing and lose myself in Thee
Vastness in which the universe lies small
While Time and Space are ushers at Thy gate,
Oh! joy to know that should I soar or fall
Thy will enfolds me yet inviolate

Thy beauty is my joy—
My bubbling fount of bliss
And most that beauty unrevealed—
That soul-communion from the senses sealed—
Whispers of angels—pangs of high desire—
Immortal quickenings born we know not whence
That purge with tears and purify with fire

Thy love is all my life—

My food my wine my song
The light behind my lover's eyes—
The balm that soothes the pain of sacrifice—
The wonder hid in all created things—
The raptures that surprise our common day—
And round my head the wind of angels wings
When at the trysting hour I kneel to pray

MARGARET K McEVY

TO THE GERMANS

All the Belgian fields were golden with the bounty of the
Lord
When you fell upon the reapers swept the harvest with
the sword
When you flung away your honour staked your might—
When you lost the way to glory in the fight

All the Earth is blocked with carnage and the people
choke with blood
Heaven's arch is steel above us the sea runs a crimson
flood
You spur far across the nations but at length
By your pride shall you be broken by your strength

You forgot to think of freedom and you only thought of
power
You forgot to think of pity in your dark and bloody hour
Yet pity on your cruel wounds will tend
And Freedom will protect you in the end

JULIA WICHAM GREENWOOD

We also select for printing

I SHALL NOT SING AGAIN

I shall not sing again
The child has gone who made my songs for me
The little singing words!
There is no hit to pain
The notes would wail but those he gave to me
Rang with the joy of birds

I shall not sing again
The earth lies heavy on his golden head
It hides his sunny eyes
I wait out in the rain

LOOKING BACK

When you look back and I look to
You count the suns unknowing
The bright beams of your
Along the
I but see

When you look back and I look back
Above the corn gold swinging
You hear the lark's full singing—
Faith climbs into your pack
While to my ears no song brings wonder—
All the skies are thunder

When you look back and I look back
You feel a soft rain slaking
Doubt dust and fever—waking
Rare jewels of your luck
While I but feel the storm down drenching
All my soul's fire quenching

When you look back and I look back
You pluck the threads of grieving
From out the past's fine weaving
Of rainbow wraith and wrack
And through your eyes I read the glory
Of the road's old story

(Cyril G. Taylor 22 Old Cleeve Washford Somerset)

We specially commend the lyrics by W. Maxfield Rogers (Eastbourne) Beatrice K. Hillyard (Exeter) Margaret Brown (Calne) E. R. I. J. D. W. (Pinner) Alice W. Linford (London N.) B. M. Morris (Bath) Monica Chapman (London N.) Miss E. W. Wickham (Bromfield) Ivan Adair (Dublin) Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate) B. E. Stevens (Washford) May Cross (Barry) Frances Iowers (Richmond) J. D. J. Waugh (London W.C.) N. C. Hermon Hodges (Reading) G. Frederick Simpson (B.E.F. France) Elsie M. French (Bristol) Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury) Ieshia Cosgrove (London S.E.) Mrs. N. Heard (Parkstone) Muriel J. Baker (London N.W.) Joyce O. Dwyer (Birmingham) Marjorie F. Pownall (Isle of Wight) Agnes L. Hillman (Stevenage) Gladys Hazel (Leicester) A. and V. Walker (Whitehaven) A. M. Christie (Torquay) R. A. Finn (Surbiton) Gertrude Westbrook (London W.) Eileen Carfrae (London S.W.) E. (Highgate) Winnifred Fasker (Llandudno) J. A. Belchambers (London N.) Reginald Gray (Darlington) Coralie Jepson (Rochester) Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth) Mary E. Steel (Darlington) Kathleen M. Cook (Bath) Kathleen Goynes (London N.) D. A. Russell Gregg (Bridgwater) Dorothy M. Bunn (Hayes) Egbert Sandford (Saltash) Wilfred W. Kershaw (Birkdale) Lucy

H. Carlisle (London W.) John A. Stevenson (Glasgow) Elizabeth Macnamara (Dublin) Private P. Milne (Dunnet Head) E. K. N. (London S.W.) A. Cameron Shore (Brighton) R. Scott Frayne (Skipton) Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield) G. Laurence Groom (London N.) Frances K. Scrymgeour (Newport on Tay) Edith E. Hammond (Grimston) Ruth H. Saunders (Eastbourne) Emasil (Dublin) Monica O. I. Hale (Bristol) Headley V. Storey (London N.W.) B. I. Evans (London N.) Barbara Storey (London N.W.) Rev. W. H. Charnings (Devonport) Mary C. Mair (London W.) Miss B. Dickens Lewis (Brecon) James Duncan (Rothsay) E. B. Nixon (Hull) Ethel E. Mannin (London S.W.) William Dennis Wendy Hyde Gardner (Emsworth) D. M. D. (London S.E.) Jeffrey Playfoot (Bristol) Evelyn Morse (Chatham) R. S. Baker (Dudley) M. A. P. Price (Birmingham) Dorothy Grenside (London W.C.) Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool) Miss V. W. Ware (Southsea) Vera M. Murphy (Tamerton)

II THE PRIZE OF HALF A CROWN for the best quotation is awarded to Miss E. G. Wilkinson Cheyne Club 11 Oakley Street Chelsea S.W.3 for the following

IRENZID FICION BY STEPHEN LEACOCK
(John I. and I.)

I kiss the needles of this furze bush
Because your feet have trodden it

AMY LOWELL

We also select for printing

OLD DESIRE BY HOLLOWAY HORN (Westall)

I fill me with the old familiar juice

OMAR KHAYYAM

(Ernest H. Ovenden (B.F.F.) Home Address 2 St. Alphege Lane Canterbury)

THE GREAT CAMP BY HAMILTON DRUMMOND
(Stanley Paul)

Casting a ball at three straight sticks
And finding the same with a fourth

KIPING HITCHENER'S SCHOOL

(Wm. Crampton 43 Uimston Lane Stretford Lancs)

PINNY SCOT'S TREASURE BY FREDERICK NIVEN
(Collins)

The bravest big haggis I ever did see

ROBERT W. SERVICE *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*

(Miss A. H. Boylan 12 Hartington Mansions Eastbourne)

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
(Hodder & Stoughton)

The sea was wet as wet could be

LEWIS CARROLL

(Theodore D. Lowe 11 Stevenson Drive Glasgow)

THE CURATE'S EGG
BY C. E. LAWRENCE

How now? Why lookst thou pale?

Why tremblest thou?

2nd Part Henry VI Sc 2

(Miss Robinson 3 Penn Lea Road Weston Bath)

THE CRIME BY THE AUTHOR OF J. ACCUSE
(Hodder & Stoughton)

Tom Tom the piper's son

Stole a pig and away he ran

Nursery Rhymes

(Kathleen Blyth, St Joseph's Secondary School Victoria Road, West Hartlepool)

The Oise at Pontoise

The Oise at Pontoise was there on the last day of the war of 1918 that had safely piloted them through



III—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best essay on What the War has Taught Me is awarded to H W Mottram 27 Moscow Court Queens Road W 2 for the following

WHAT THE WAR HAS TAUGHT ME

War can teach none of us whether at home or overseas without inculcating some lesson—to one that of obedience to another that of leadership—the rediscovery of America or a better understanding of the French character. All these the war has taught us individually—but the universal lesson which has been brought home to all of us is that of Economy. The general in the field who best husbands the strength of his troops—the housewife who ekes out rations to the greatest advantage—the farmer who tills his fields most productively—all are given this opportunity to help. Whoever said Swift could make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before did more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together. The first lesson of the war is Economy—and the second is Economy—and the third is Economy.

We specially commend the essays sent by Miss J A Jenkins (Liverpool) Elizabeth B Smith (Worthing) Nurse Robinson (Birmingham) E M I (Maiden) Mrs J O Arnold (Sheffield) Lance Corporal Morden (Eastbourne) (Citrus) M Field (London S W) Florence Judson (Wellington) Mrs Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Clenfarg) Cecily M Kutley (London S E) B H Clough (Norwich) Miss A H Boylan (Eastbourne) Mrs M F Tricker (London S W) Olive Scarle (Lincoln) Edward H Forster (Thorne) I W Maxwell (Rimsey) Sheila Macfarlane (Woldingham) S B Nangle (Lansdown) Lucy C Chamberlain (Ilandudno) Alice Iatham (Wigan) Mary I Machir (Castle Eden) Lucy H Nelson (Northallerton) Margaret S Smith (Worthing) Dilys Thomas (Bangor) H Dalton Vesey (Brentwood) M E Rotton (London N W) H Adair Marquand (Cardiff) Flori Baxter (Stirling).

IV—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Flossie M Meredith of 41 Queen Anne's Bidford Devon for the following

THE DARTMOOR WINDOW AGAIN

By BEATRICE CHASE (Longmans)

People who ask how Miss Chase manages to fill time on Dartmoor may wonder what material she can find there for a second look until they have read it. There is nothing monotonous here but the very atmosphere of Dartmoor itself—an open air freshness that is soothing and invigorating. There is variety also—nobody could help enjoying the humour of the chapters on the Demon Typewriter and Moorland Façons—the people from Mr Bluejacket to Arthur are real and lovable—in fact the book gives even to a stranger a pleasant sense of acquaintance with Dartmoor at its best.

We also select for printing

THE SHEEPFOLD By LAURENCE HOUSMAN
(Duckworth & Co)

This is a distinctive novel worthy of thoughtful reading. Jane Sterling whose personality dominates every page might have been drawn by Tolstoy. Externally she is a female Caliban cruelly marked by Life's afflictions—an illiterate peasant who has led a squalid existence. But she is endowed with divine loving kindness and neither her uncouth jargon nor sordid environment can hide her shining soul. This half-demented saint is full of selfless love for weak and broken beings and to Mr Housman she is a symbol of that nation of martyrs the multitudinous poor where many rare flowers spring from a tainted soil.

(Sidney S Wright 12 Swanley Lane Swanley Kent)

THREE FRENCH MORALISTS AND THE GAL-
LANTRY OF FRANCE By EDMUND COSSE (C B
Heinemann)

There are few living writers if any more adept in essay writing than Mr Edmund Cosse and it is to this added to his rare knowledge of seventeenth and eighteenth century France that we owe such perfect studies of La Rochefoucauld La Bruyère and Vauvenargues as in so short a space have probably never appeared before. His purpose is to indicate some of the sources whence the gallantry of French officers who fought so valiantly and died so nobly in the later months of 1914 was derived and this is beautifully summed up in the concluding essay of the volume.

(William Saunders 102 Comiston Road Edinburgh)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Mary C Mann (London W) J D I Wagh (London W C) Isabelle Ciffin (Wolverhampton) H W Mottram (London N) C E Wakerley (West Bridgford) Agnes Frosser (London E) K C Bodker (London S E) Evelyn Ida San Cudo (Accrington) Mrs Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Clenfarg) Grace C Webb (Southam) Alfred Creen (Skipton) Sheila Macfarlane (Woldingham) C M Elwood (Crimbsby) M B M (Glasgow) J Stanley Stokes (Exeter) Minna Browning (Cheltenham) Mrs J Sturges (Walton by Cheltenham) Dorcen Norris (London W) Maud Wyner (London S E) M E Rotton (London N W) Helen Mills (Ballymena) Lieutenant I H Hall (Kilby Muxloe) Maud Montague Bruce (Sunningdale) Mrs Harland (Folkestone) W Swayne Little (Dublin) Lavender Kesuf (London W) J Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells) I J Dymond (Tiverton) Miss J A Jenkins (Liverpool) Beatrice R Hilliard (Exeter) Gertrude M Field (London S W) Mrs E C Smith (Parkstone) Miss M J Dobie (Mouldsworth)

V—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Porter Donny Curney House Dublin

THE STORY OF RUPERT BROOKE

THE small handful of additional verse included in The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke * will add nothing to his reputation. Nobody expected that it would—but its inclusion is more than justified because it does add to the interest of the volume—partly because Brooke has cast such a spell upon his own generation that we are interested in whatever he may have written—partly because whatever he wrote is so alive with his own eager elusive fascinating personality that a reading of it really helps to bring us to a closer knowledge of himself. It is easy enough

to say that his fame will rest on the five noble sonnets he was moved to write in the first uplifting days of the war—that it will rest perhaps on three of them—and it may be true enough—but this is not to belittle the beauty the charm wit fantasy the rich vein of poetry that glances and flashes through all the changing moods of his earlier work. Moreover there is so much of self-revelation in his earlier poems that I doubt if one takes the full splendour and inner significance of the sonnets unless one approaches them by way of the lesser verse. They do not stand apart from that but rise above it—their roots are in that soil and they gather up into themselves the shining ideals that

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke With a Memoir and two Portraits 10s 6d net (Sidgwick & Jackson)

Brooke in his wayward fashion sometimes fancied he had lost lifting them triumphantly and once for all to a height beyond any they had touched before.

But we may well leave all judgment on these matters to the future. What is certain for the present is that of the new things in the new volume none will be more welcome than the admirable memoir by Edward Marsh, one of Brooke's most intimate friends. He has added greatly to its value by supplementing his own remembrances with the recollections which he has deftly woven into the narrative of others who were among Brooke's intimates. Better still he has drawn freely on Rupert Brooke's hitherto unpublished letters, fitting these too into their proper place in his story.

Not a long story—rather an uneventful story, until it enters upon its later phase—yet one read it with intense interest. Born on August 31st 1887, son of a Rugby master, Rupert Brooke died of blood poisoning on April 23rd 1915, while on active service with the Dardanelles expedition, and was buried the same day on the Isle of Selyros. He crowded much happiness into his twenty-eight years, and as much experience as falls to most men, but down to 1914 his life ran an even course, and the story is all of the growth of his mind, his friendships at school and college, his studies in literature, his eager impetuous adventures among social problems, his progress as a poet, and the development in him of that high idealism, that faith in humanity, and in ultimate good which never failed him, even though at times he imagined he was disillusioned, and laughed at his own romanticism. From Rugby he went to Cambridge, and became a keen Socialist of the William Morris order. He protested strongly against the way some Socialists have of taking it for granted that all rich men, and those who do not see eye to eye with them, are heartless villains.

I have already, he says, got some faith in the real, sometimes overgrown goodness of all men. And this faith I have tried to hammer into those Socialists of my generation whom I have come across. But it's sometimes hard. The prejudices of the clever are harder to kill than those of the dull. Also I sometimes wonder whether this Commercialism or Competition or whatever the filthy infection is, hasn't spread almost too far, and whether the best hope isn't in some kind of upheaval.

Elsewhere he writes (I am not attempting here to do more than glance at what went to the making of the idealistic side of his character).

One's too happy to *feel* pessimistic, and too much impressed by the immense value and potentialities of everything to *believe* in pessimism—for the following reason, and in the following sense. Every action one knows (as a good Determinist) has an eternal effect. And every action therefore which leads on the whole to good is *frightfully* important.

In 1911 he went a holiday tour on the continent, and in the same year his first book of verse made its appearance, and met with a somewhat mixed reception, several critics attaching too much importance to the unpleasant poems (about seven out of fifty) which Mr Marsh puts in their proper perspective when he says: 'He still had at this age (twenty-four) a good deal of what soon afterwards faded completely away—the bravado, the feeling that it was fun to shock and astonish the respectable.'

A great change in his outlook, a development in his character, took place during 1912, writes his biographer.

To put it briefly and bluntly, he had discovered that goodness was the most important thing in life—that immortal beauty and goodness, as he wrote much later, that radiance, to love which is to feel one has deeply held of eternal things. Henceforward the only thing that he cared for—or rather felt he ought to care for—in a man, was the possession of goodness, its absence the one thing that he hated & meted with fierceness.

In May 1913 he undertook a voyage to America and the South Sea Islands, setting down his impressions in a series of articles contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*, but in some of his private letters about this adventure, now printed by Mr Marsh, there are things as vivid and delightful as any that were in his articles. He returned home in June 1914, little more than a month before the war. At this time you would have said he was on the threshold of a brilliant literary career. The omens were all favourable. His handsome presence and charm of manner made him popular everywhere. He was welcomed in influential circles. He had troops of friends and a growing circle of admirers who had in enthusiastic confidence in his genius. Great things were expected of him, and I am one of those who do not doubt that he would have realised the expectation, but for the devastating intervention of the war. When war was declared.

At first he was just unhappy and bewildered. I'm so uneasy, he says, so uneasy. He wrote: 'All the vague perils of the time, the world seems so dark—and I'm vaguely frightened. It darts to think that France may suffer. I'm anxious that England may act rightly. I can't bear it if he does wrong. For the first day or two he did not realise that he must fight. One of his ideas was to go to France and help get in the crops. But before we had been at war a week he was back in London seeking out the best way to give as a soldier.'

He was offered a commission in the Royal Naval Division in September, and after a hasty training sailed on October 4th with the expedition that was sent to relieve Antwerp. After his return he wrote to an American friend:

Apart from the tragedy—I have never felt happier or better in my life than in those days in Belgium. And now I've the feeling of anger at a seen wrong—Belgium to make me happier and more resolved in my work. I know that whatever happens I'll be doing some good, fighting to prevent that.

The five sonnets, 1914, were written between his return from Antwerp and his setting out on the Dardanelles campaign. It was while he was sailing towards Gallipoli that he wrote to Mr Marsh: 'I can well see that life might be great fun, and I can well see death might be an admirable solution. Well, it was death that came to him out there, to solve many questions, no doubt, but to leave for ever insoluble the question of what might have been if life had remained, and opportunity to fulfil the splendid promise that is given in the work he has done. There are only three things in the world, he had said some years before, in his Cambridge days: 'one is to read poetry, another is to write poetry, and the best of all is to live poetry,' and it is something that he did all three, and no little thing that he will be remembered and loved the longer because he achieved that 'best of all' and lived the poetry he wrote.

H. H.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY

LEON GELLERT

FOUR years ago if anybody had sat to compile a book of the war poetry written by British soldiers, his task would soon have been finished and there would have been nothing in his slim volume that was of more than average quality. To compile such a book now has become a much more formidable undertaking—it would result in a volume of no ordinary size and its contents would include not only some of the best verse of these last four years but some that will keep a distinctive and permanent place in our poetical literature. For the truest and finest things in the poetry the great war has evoked have come from the soldiers themselves. This is so in Australia, Canada and South Africa as well as in the homeland and by common consent of the critics overseas no poet soldier of Australia ranks above Leon Gellert. Of the verses in his *Songs of a Campaign* the *Sydney Morning Herald* says they surpass all the other poetry inspired by that great adventure—the *Sydney Bulletin* hails them as a definite achievement in Australian poetry—the *Melbourne Argus* as probably the best that Anzac has yet produced—and the *Sydney Sun* says that the soul of Anzac has found in him its truest and most passionate prophet.

Leon Gellert was born at Walkerville, a suburb of Adelaide, no longer ago than 1892, and his parents were also Australian born. He was educated at the Adelaide High School and with the intention of making teaching his profession entered upon the Arts course at the University of Adelaide. On the outbreak of war, however, he threw aside his personal ambitions and enlisted immediately. As a corporal in the 10th Infantry Battalion, which was later to make itself famous, he sailed for Egypt with the First Australian Division. In the spring of 1915 he was transferred from Egypt to Lemnos and, on April 25th, went through the terrific fighting that opened the Gallipoli campaign—the 3rd Brigade, of which the 10th Battalion formed part, acting as the first landing party.

He shared in the hard fighting of those early days when the Anzacs were doubtfully making good their footing on the peninsula, and was promoted to the rank of sergeant. The explosion of a Turkish shell on a battery to which Gellert had gone with a message bowled him

over for an interval with shell shock. Then, after nearly three months in the firing line, he contracted septic poisoning and had to be sent to Lemnos and afterwards to Malta, where he suffered with enteric. In October 1915 he was invalided to England and

here his health failed so completely that he was invalided home to Australia and eventually discharged from the Army. How much this compulsory inaction went against the grain with him is evidenced by the fact that as soon as he was recovered at the end of 1916 he re-enlisted as an ordinary recruit but was presently discharged again as unfit.

The story of his campaigning is unfolded in his *Songs of a Campaign*. They were for the most part written while he was on active service in Egypt in the trenches at Gallipoli or in hospital; they are not a history of events, not descriptions of actual fighting, but a spiritual itinerary, an interpretation of what the war means to the soul of the world and a chronicle of the thoughts and moods that came to him while he lived in the shadow

of death with the thunder and menace of battle sounding in his ears.

His book opens with a series of sonnets which reflect those days of 1914 when we were walking blindly on the edge of war but still clung to our old smug, selfish, unideal lives with no premonition of the terrors that were about to shatter all our complacencies. "The iron is hidden in forgetfulness," he says in *Ease*:

The birds are in the morn, the bees in noon
The eve has song and sleep and slow repose
A lary *Ease* treads soft in feathered shoon
That leave no sign to show the way she goes
Soft cheeks there are and Gule with coiling hair
Smiles at the earth and croons within her chair
The slow leaves fall and rustling Night begins
Her reign of furriness The shinking feet
Of half seen thoughts and things bring brushing mine
And warmth of fog that touch a smouldering heat."

The Moving of the Shades The Advice of Treachery The Cry of Mammon The Speech of Flattery Murder The Invocation of Jealousy,

The Influence of Lust—in these you see, bubbling and rising cloudily as from a witch's cauldron, dim shapes of evil stirred from the obscene depths of life by those dark passions that had broken loose among



Mr. Leon Gellert

us and were prelude 'The Coming of War' which with 'The Trumpets of Heaven' closes the sonnet sequence that makes the first section of the book.

The second section 'The Edge of the Desert' is a brief interlude given except for the sonnet that pictures vividly 'A Military Camp in Egypt' to such songs of love and fantasy as the charming 'If You Were Here' and 'Dreamlight'.

Oh I am lonely by a desert palm
And dreaming dreaming on the sands of thought
Oh come to me from out the voiceless calm
And teach me what the Nile has left untaught

Unloose thy twilight hair about thy head
And listen to the waters deep and slow
For we are dreaming with the dreaming dead
Dreaming where the flowers of Isis blow

Look not to where those eagles fiercely fight
Let peace alone be on this ancient bed
Unbare thy beauty to the Egypt night
And stay with me till Egypt's dawn is red

Three other sections are devoted to 'Songs of the Expedition', 'Songs of the Sick' and 'Afterwards' these being written as their titles suggest on the voyage to and at Gallipoli in hospital and after their writer was home again. Leaving the reporting of battles to the war correspondent Leon Gellert puts into his verses simply imaginatively forcefully the ideas, moods and emotions that his strange experiences in strange places awakened in him. He muses on the old and new warfare, regrets that he is sailing the Aegean Sea when for love of France he would sooner be fighting beside her in the West, and 'Through a Lorthole' is a delightful little vision that flashed upon him while he was en route for Lemnos.

If you could lie upon this berth this berth whereon I lie
If you could see a tiny peak uplift its tinged tusk
If you could see the purple hills against the changing sky
And see a shadowed pinnacle lying in the dusk
If you could see the sabre moon shining on the deep
You'd say the world was not unkind but just a sleeping child
You'd say the world had gone to sleep
And while it slept
It smiled

In Lemnos Harbour he dreams of home, dreams through the lighted streets of the town, out through the lane beyond it to the familiar house, and there

I slowly creep and peep beneath the blind
—My father reads his book within his chair
Some children play their games of dominoes
My mother sits beside the fire and sews
Her head is bowed I know her eyes are kind
By the grey lines in her hair

He goes poignantly to the heart of things in the three terse stanzas of 'The Three Concerned'—the man for whom the 'Last Post' is crying, the woman who is lonely without him, and the sleeping child who dreams of him. 'Before Action' is a stark revelation of the thoughts that flit through a man's mind while he waits for the order to go over the top, and in the moment when the order comes 'A Night Attack' and 'The Attack at Dawn' are in similar vein, they do not describe the attack, but the preparations for it, the

feelings and self communings of those who wait tensely for the expected signal. This is the distinguishing note of all these poems of the campaign, their searching introspection, their analysis of the effects of the grim facts of war on the minds of those who have to face them.

The impressionistic sketches of the piteously suffering men in hospital in the 'Songs of the Sick' are graphic and quick with sympathy. There is less of pity in them for the Dead—for whom the pain has been—the glory is—than for the sad objects that the war has left consumptive, epileptic, blind, then for the cripple who bears his lot with indomitable cheerfulness, knowing he has but two alternatives.

Twain smiles or tears, and so he chose the mirth.

The agony that racks and tears at other of these broken men is powerfully realised too in the longer poems 'Iver' and 'The House Diluvius'. There could be no more potent protest against the brutality of war than is implicit in the sharply realistic pictures of these who have been flung broken in the wake of it.

Last year prompted by the warm encouragement of Professor C. C. Henderson of Adelaide Mr Gellert collected and arranged his poem, and they were published locally under their present title 'Songs of a Campaign' and the instant reception they met with is the surest testimony to the power of their appeal. They were awarded the Bunday Prize for English verse which is offered by the Adelaide University and within a short time the book ran into a second edition. It was then taken over by Messrs Angus & Robertson, the well known Sydney publishers, who issued a third and enlarged edition illustrated with a number of striking drawings by Norman Lindsay. And now when it has sold some ten thousand copies in Australia, an English edition is to be published by the Oxford University.



Press. The illustrations are a real complement of the poems. Mr. Lindsay's work catches their spirit and has the same grace, feeling and imaginative suggestion. He is grimly grotesque on occasion and bitterly satirical, but there is a haggard beauty as well as horror in his *Dreams of France* and the simplest, subtlest sense of pathos in such sketches as those which illustrate

Sights and The Jester in the Trenches. I have quoted what the Australian critics say of Mr. Gellert and shall add for myself that both for what it promises—(Leon Cellert is still only twenty six)—and for what it achieves *Songs of a Campaign* is a very remarkable first book.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

New Books

ROBERT SOUTHEY*

Whatever may have been Coleridge's shortcomings as a man, his impulse was to act fairly and justly when dealing with the reputation of the friends of his youth, even when his affection had to no little degree lessened in ardour and intensity. This is how he generously writes of Southey in that partly delightful and partly bewildering record of his literary life, the famous *Biographia Literaria*, published many years after his opportunity of intercourse with Mr. Southey had been rare and at long intervals.

I know few men who so well deserve the character which an ancient attribute to Marcus Cato, namely that he was likest virtue in as much as he seemed to act without inclusion or exclusion of any law or outward motive. But by the necessity of a happy nature which could not be otherwise. A son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moved with firm yet light steps, like unostentatious and alike exemplary. As a writer he has uniformly made his talent subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue and domestic piety. In none has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty of national independence and of national illumination. When future critics shall weigh out his golden life for praise and censure, it will be Southey the poet only that will supply them with the scanty materials for the latter. They will likewise not fail to record that as no man was ever a more constant friend, never had poet more friends, and none more deserving the name of all virtues, and that quick in education, quick in judgment, and quick in criticism was his only criticism.

With much of Coleridge's estimate, especially that of Southey's relationship with his family dependents and friends, present-day critics are in accord, but it is far different when Southey's attitude towards public questions is reviewed or his position as a poet of the question to be judicially determined. With regard to his poetry, the future critics have found more than scanty materials for censure, and in this respect their verdict has not been so egregiously at variance with that of their predecessors as in the case of Wordsworth and Keats. So far as the latter poets are concerned one is almost justified in declaring that their first critics were constitutionally incapacitated from recognising real poetry when it came within their purview. In those days a literary work was not judged solely on its merits. Political bias was pronounced and impaired the critics' judgment and personalities abounded.

Dr. Haller's work was written at the suggestion of a colleague (Professor Frent) and his purpose has been to attempt a beginning at the critical study of Southey, yet the purpose of this book is not a rehabilitation of Southey's poetry, although if anything here said helps to discourage future condemnation of an author unread so much the better. It is moreover the author writes to supply students with a faithful account of the most interesting and least known period in the life and work of an important English writer of a momentous time in history. We are promised a further instalment at some future time and it will be looked for with interest. Dr. Haller possesses an excellent knowledge of his subject, has well utilised the material at his disposal, though no dis-

covery of new biographical facts appears to have been made and the whole work is permeated with scholarly insight. His attitude towards Southey, both as a man and as a poet, will perhaps strike the reader as being to a considerable degree on the hither side of perfect sympathy. His point of view is that of the judge rather than that of the advocate—just certainly but a little hard. His standpoint so far as the poetry is concerned may be correct, and it certainly seems unlikely that any enthusiasm for Southey's poems—assuming the possession of such on the part of an auditor—could possibly inoculate others. But as a man he had in his lifetime many devoted and loyal friends, and even now there are not a few who cherish his many lovable qualities with no little affection.

Within the period covered by Dr. Haller's book Southey published two epics—*Joan of Arc* and *Thalaba the Destroyer*. The first was written when its author was full of the republican ideal and ideal. Of this poem Dr. Haller's opinion is that as a whole it is not dull so much as thin and sharp with the sharpness of unripe fruit.

Thalaba has had many admirers. Coleridge refers to its 'pastoral charms and wild streaming lights'. Dowden tells how in his boyhood Shelley, whose favourite Southey was used to read aloud evening after evening, the wild and wondrous tale of *Thalaba*. In this connection Dr. Haller affirms it may be Southey's greatest praise that the mystery of strange seas and continents comes to us with more convincing power from Shelley, who made the scenery of *Thalaba* his own in *Alastor*. That appears rather negative praise! Shelley also adopted the metre of Southey's poem in his *Queen Mab*. And there is a noticeable similarity between the two poems in their opening stanzas. And one can perhaps detect some resemblance to Southey in imagery in one of the stanzas of the *Witch of Atlas*. Shelley speaks of 'a lovely lady garmented in light'. Southey of Oneiza's 'sart' garmented with glory. Francis Thompson too, if one's memory be not at fault, uses a somewhat similar if not identical phrase.

Newman has his word of praise. Of *Thalaba* he declares 'It has ever been to my feelings the most sublime of English poems—I don't know Spenser—I mean morally sublime'. Dr. Haller's own verdict is that it is almost a great poem, yet almost to achieve immortality is to be but mortal after all.

There are here and there in Dr. Haller's book some misprints and some misstatements as to facts, but these are of no great consequence and do not detract at all from the value of the book. Space does not permit of these being pointed out in detail. It may however be mentioned that it was not Southey who translated Coleridge's motto *Sermoni Propiora* as very proper for a sermon, but Charles Lamb, if Coleridge and his kinsman editor of *Table Talk* are to be believed. The *Table Talk* is stated to have said 'Charles Lamb translated my motto *sermoni propiora*—proper for a sermon'. We look for Dr. Haller's concluding book with anticipatory interest and much wish that Southey's granddaughter Miss Warter could be induced to allow him to use the unedited material which she possesses.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

* The Early Life of Southey 1774-1803. By William Haller Ph.D. 7s. 6d. net. (New York: Columbia University Press; London: Humphrey Milford.)

TWO POETS OF THE ENTENTE *

The remarkable qualities of Mr Alec Waugh's school story *The Loom of Youth* have caused his first book of poems to be anticipated with lively interest. That expectation is amply justified by the publication of *Resentment* for it may be said at once that more than one of these poems should find inclusion in any future anthology of Georgian poetry.

The harsh and somewhat strident title *Resentment* undoubtedly strikes the key note of Mr Waugh's verses. They are indeed highly resentful of matters in general and of the war in particular. Mr Waugh is a young man and it is the disability of his age to acquiesce tamely in things as they are. His philosophy is set down at some length in the very admirable first poem of this collection and cheerfulness does not break in all the time. Then upon the ambitions and the devout hopes of early manhood burst the cataclysm of the war and the poet—nothing is not starkly sincere—cannot conceal the resentment he cherishes against his lot. I do not think this spirit of resentment will be a permanent note of Mr Waugh's talent. It is a phase which probably will pass and indeed a certain chapter toward the close of his novel seems almost a premonition of the solution of his difficulties.

It will be gathered that Mr Waugh's poems are very personal. Just as *The Loom of Youth* was the record of experiences in a particular school and amongst particular masters so too *Resentment* is frankly autobiographical. It is largely the expression of emotion and experiences derived from the Army both in camp and in France. Mr Waugh is altogether of his generation. The one thing common to our soldier poets of to-day is their hatred of sentiment. By their careful avoidance of the noble attitude and the thrilling voice they would earn the commendation of Mr Shaw's (Horse) Little Soldier himself. The actual fighters are not to be deceived by the heroics of those whose tears keep them well away from the trenches. Autobiography has its dangers but it carries also its peculiar compensations and whilst Mr Alec Waugh's career continues of so varied a character the poems derived from so potent a source must always remain of concern to the reader.

Mr Alec Waugh is the possessor of a very excellent technique derived largely from a study of some later Victorian models. In a recent volume of essays by Mr Mais there was included an astonishingly brilliant exercise in the Swinburnian manner by his pupil. This early poem is not comprised in the volume before me but even so *Resentment* preserves some trace of Swinburne's influence as in *The Exile* with its recollection of *The Garden of Proserpine*. Mr Waugh's maturer style has less bravura but is an admirable vehicle for those qualities of wistful emotion and of recollected beauty which form so delightful a feature of his work. The restraint and tenderness which inform such charming poems as *Nocturne* and *Sherborne Abbey* furnish a striking contrast with the harshness of the section entitled *Contention*. Such poems serve also to display the range and variety of his gift.

It is unfortunate that space will not permit me to justify these views by quotation but many will agree that the news that Lieutenant Alec Waugh is not killed but is a prisoner in Germany is of moment not only to his family but also to students of modern English letters both in prose and verse.

M Marcel Wyseur the author of *Les Cloches de Flandre* is a Belgian poet of many excellent gifts. It is obvious that his sympathies are less with the garish modernity of Brussels than with certain derelict and old world cities of his native land. He evokes their charm in many sincere—if loosely constructed—sonnets and in fluent poems wrought in that fashion of free verse where the length of the line varies according to the thought or

* *Resentment* Poems by Alec Waugh. 3s 6d net (Grant Richards).—*Les Cloches de Flandre* Par Marcel Wyseur 3 50 (Perrin et Cie)



Lieut Alec Waugh Lieut Milton Hayes
Alec Waugh of A. H. T. G. F. I.
Y. H. I. I. L. H. W. C. I.
P. I. M. G. y

the emotion expressed. As a consequence the memory of a reader is pleasantly filled with graceful figures of lay nuns in coifs the close of a Beguinage salted canals grass grown quays high pitched roofs and gable ends graded like steps. The frequent recurrence in these poems of certain favourite images and metaphors such as the beads of a rosary and the Crucifix or a Madonna placed at the corner of a street indicate the author's education and standpoint. M Wyseur has divided his poems into three main sections. *The Canons of Flanders* *The Bells of Exile* and *Funeral Knells*. Bells are swinging in belfry towers throughout his book. At times they chime truly the old Flemish folk songs but in the third section especially they tell us of the funeral of their fated land. The martyrdom of Belgium is related with dignity and restraint in many moving sonnets and the emotion of the poet is so genuine that it is communicated inevitably to the reader. It is an example of perfect temper after unparalleled wrongs. In one poem these secular bells acclaim triumphantly the liberation of Flanders. God grant that day come soon.

EUGENE MASON

WARD AND NEWMAN *

An atmosphere of strange spiritual memories envelopes this volume outside the fact that it awakens a host of recollections concerning persons and things which in the ordinary sense must seem to some of us very far away. They are of all that which stood about us in early boyhood as of an immediate past in those days. It is summed up and included by two pregnant words—the

* *Last Lectures* By Wilfrid Ward 12s 6d net (Longmans)

Oxford Movement representing a religious epoch in England one destined to extend and be felt throughout English speaking lands representing also the renewal of an old spirit in a new form and vesture. It permeated the Anglican Church even in quarters where the influence was most resented and where even at this day it may not seem on the surface to have produced an indisputable change. I am not proposing to offer an appreciation of the spirit or to affirm here and now that it made for a fuller life in official religion. I am registering the point of fact that what is called the Catholic Revival carried wide and profound consequences leaving out of consideration any question of final values. Of this revival and this epoch Wilfrid Ward was at once a memorial and personification. It is almost difficult to believe that he was in the second generation of the movement, that he is only a great connecting link and that it was his father, Idealist Ward who was part of the life thereof and an illustration of where it led. It is difficult to believe the son was with us until a recent date and now in the contradiction of things it is not easy to realise that his vital and gracious personality has really passed from among us to a deeper life in God. Mrs Ward's Introductory Study gives a good picture of her husband and it is obvious from various allusions that there is a biography to follow in its season for which some materials exist in certain manuscript reminiscences. Here and there the study presupposes too much intimacy on the reader's part as if it were written for a circle acquainted with the life of Ward from start to close. We have even to look about us that we may remember the date of his death which is not mentioned in these pages though we hear of his last communion and something of the circumstances about him in his last hours.

And now as to the lectures and essays which are collected herein. They are the six Lowell Lectures of 1914 on the genius of Cardinal Newman described as a criticism of popular misconceptions, three others on the Methods of depicting Character in Fiction and Biography and three essays including one on Oxford Liberalism and Dogma. No one who knows anything about Wilfrid Ward needs to be told that Newman was his great master or that he was Newman's great biographer who understood that master well and wisely. In these lectures he seems gifted with a fuller insight than Hutton notwithstanding Hutton's insight and—at the value of my opinion—it seems to me that these last words are more lasting than any eloquent impressions of Froude or the considered judgment of Dean Church. There is little need to select or distinguish but the lectures on Newman's philosophy and on his psychological insight are contributions of permanent value to promote our own comprehension of him who wrote the *Apologia*, the *Grammar of Assent* and a rich sheaf of penetrating sermons quickened with knowledge of human character and motive. The truth is that Ward understood deeply on his own part because he was of the Newman mode and mood. While he is not to be compared in genius or literary gifts the two belong to one another though the disciple looks broader than the master and may appeal more to the many by a sympathy with movements and standpoints which was not to be expected in his teacher. Reading this very interesting volume and being thus brought back for the moment to things which I have called far away I am left wondering and speculating as to what will remain with us a century hence of all that zeal renewed in a faith of old as to what further rebirth awaits it of the life which is to come of doctrine and whether we are at last to touch—I mean in a world sense—the deep things of experience which lie behind the shining veils of the symbols that are called Catholic.

A. E. WAITE

THE VERY NEXT WORLD.*

The fertilisation of the human mind must always be a source of reassurance in the darkest period. Just at a

* *The New Moon*. By Oliver Onions. 6s net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

time when so many writers confess themselves unable to keep their proper course and aggravate their offence by invading the ranks of journalism or propaganda or both it raises your opinion of the craft when Wells can produce a Britling and other men can hatch up-to-date prodigies in their several degrees. Mr Oliver Onions has preferred to paint a great picture rather than portray a man not that we bate any of our admiration for Dick Helme R.E. but that we recognise how far he is merely a link between the post-war panorama and the reader. For the novelist has set himself to brooding over the England to be when the war is over and the result is a survey prophecy which strikes one as supremely convincing in its way. So concerned is he to work out the vision that he rather neglects the story and that is why the mating of Dick and Betty those two sanguine and strenuous young members of the army of reconstruction strikes one as rather too straightforward and inevitable for a tangled and bewildering world. We sympathise with Dick's rather natural envy when he compares his war-smashed foot with the prosperous ease and completeness of his brother the Birmingham magnate who settles the affairs of the nation in terms of output and distribution even to the length of an export trade in men. We also admire the level-browed serenity of Betty first under an exacting government department and secondly under the all-but-explosive suit of the man she accepts. But it must be confessed that the story would gain if their wooing and married life were rather less smooth and took on something of the hardships and fluctuations of the Great Upheaval.

This matter of mental fertilisation comes up again when we realise that the whole of this very masculine and original book arose apparently from a reading of More's *Utopia*. Many of us have dipped into our favourite classics English or otherwise and been startled to find how amazingly close so many of them come to the problems and issues of to-day. But of the few who have lately gone through the masterpiece of our English Socrates as Churton Collins called him none can have failed to note at least one passage which may stand for our present vindication from the wisest, the noblest and most faithful of his generation. It is this:

And therefore though they do duly practice and exercise themselves in the discipline of warre and that not only the men but the women yet they never go to battayle but either in the defence of their owne countreye or to dryve owte of the frenches lande the enemye that be comen in or by their powre to deliver from the yocke and bondage of tyrannye some people that be oppressed.

Mr Onions has taken this passage and many more and woven them with singular acuteness into the texture of his story with a needless apology for these rubrications as he calls them. But these flashes from a great mind of four hundred years ago are only embroidery for the rich brainwork and imagination he has brought to bear upon this forecast of the next decade or two and the resolute way in which our race sets itself to tidy up. One slip is worth noting where Sir Walter Ullathorne is credited with six bedtimes a day when by the rest of the text his day was divided into four-hour stages and six should therefore be three. But it is the only blemish to be found in a wonderful story.

J. P. C.

THE IRISH THEATRE

In Mr Ernest Boyd's new book* he has once again proved himself an intelligent and painstaking guide to the intellectual movement in Ireland. The *Contemporary Drama of Ireland* follows *The Irish Literary Revival*. The new volume deals very fully with the dramatic movement in Ireland which for a time threatened to absorb all the Irish literary energy, which did indeed snatch from

* *The Contemporary Drama of Ireland*. By Ernest Boyd. 6s net. (Dublin: The Talbot Press.—London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

the lyrical poetry in which he excelled W B Yeats the most essential poet of his time who has given to a playhouse what was meant for all mankind. The young Irish writers have recovered somewhat from the impulse that swept them towards play writing. We can once again sit down and read them by a fire or even in bed and that is a boon to the much larger audience that never gets near a theatre.

Every one is writing plays. A. E. wrote to me early in the century. All you meet in the street are going to or coming from rehearsal every one with a play under his arm or sticking out of his pocket. Well that somewhat feverish activity has passed. It was very young Irish writers are now better content with the quietness of work at home and the aloof audience which comes to the maker of books. But it was a moment in which a long, suspended energy was pushing violently to the light and it is well that there should be a critic like Ernest Boyd to give this wide and on the whole worthy survey of it for the founding of the Abbey Theatre was certainly one of the notable events in the literary history of a people—a people come freshly to the expression of themselves and the making of literature since for so long circumstances had been all against such a development.

The Irish are not a quiet people. They need the direct stimulus of the audience which makes them playwrights orators actors and story tellers. For this reason they have not produced critics. Very little criticism has been written in Ireland up to our day and there is room for one like Mr. Boyd who devotes himself to literary criticism. If we had more critics we should not have for so long been so easily unexamining in our admirations. It is quite true that the Irish do not like criticism in any sense of the word and still less do the Anglo-Irish who have the touchiness of the Celt without his easygoing ways and liking for pleasantness. They do not like criticism of themselves and they do not easily submit to guidance but to alter this list belongs perhaps to the critics. Few if any Irish critics criticise with detachment. W B Yeats who has a somewhat dreadful detachment at times and has the faculty for most illuminative criticism combined with a great generosity has unfortunately nearly always been in the position of the one attacked so that the rapier play of his parries and thrusts has been delivered at an enemy. Mr. Boyd does not altogether escape the lancour of the Anglo-Irish literary man. By the way the most benign of literary men A. F. comes from the same fighting stock but he stands by himself. Mr. Boyd is excellent in his quiet and complete survey of his subject. He leaves nothing of the inception and the expansion of the Irish Theatre untouched. He is happy with his admirations. One reads with great pleasure his appreciations of Yeats Synge Padraic Colum and Lord Dunsany. It is when we come to depreciations that we are not so sure. Depreciation should be detached and apart. When Mr. Boyd depreciates Mr. St. John Ervine for example one suspects a personal dislike but that is merely to say that the critic has not yet ousted the natural man in the new and much needed Irish critic. I think Mr. Boyd does less than justice to *Mixed Marriage* and does not seem aware of the real beauty of one character Mrs. Ranney whose motherliness broods over the play and touches it to beauty. One suspects also a certain hardness in the critic. Since he cannot away with sentimentality he must needs confuse it with sentiment and annihilate both with a common bludgeon blow.

The way of the Irish Theatre is the way of all mortal things. The pendulum swung towards Nature and away from Convention. It swung back towards a convention of its own. The very speech beautiful and strange as Synge revealed it to us became a convention. According to the Irish Theatre all Ireland was speaking in the inversions which I imagine only began in an effort to render something

in English for which English had no equivalent. Living in the West of Ireland I have not discovered a Westerner who believes in the Kiltartanese as Mr. Boyd calls it of Lady Gregory's plays. Yeats and Synge being poets could touch the dialect—real or imaginary to a strange gleam of poetry. The convention was believable when you heard it from the lips of the Abbey players but it was nevertheless a convention and the people were right to break away from it. It was only used by a little group. There is none of it for instance in that agonising little play of Padraic Colum's *Thomas Muskerry* with its intense and harrowing sincerity.

To Padraic Colum Mr. Boyd gives full meed of praise as he always does when he is sure and has no prepossessions. Such a play is this made of the very stuff of life needs no conventional dialect to give it beauty and truth.

KATHARINE LYMAN

THE DAWN OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE *

The investigation of the earliest manifestations of the Renaissance spirit in France is a task of huge proportions for which no one is better qualified than Mr. Lilley. The introductory essay to his *Literature of the French Renaissance* published thirty five years ago formed the

The Dawn of the French Renaissance By Arthur Lilley M.A. 3s. net. (Cambridge University Press)



Photo. Alinari.

La Vierge d'Olivet (Louvre).

From *"The Dawn of the French Renaissance"* (Cambridge Press)

nucleus for the present volume in which profound knowledge, wide experience, impartial judgment and above all intense sympathy with every phase of the Renaissance are the chief characteristics. Another strong point is the fullness and accuracy of detail. The extensive collections of data in the text and the numerous foot notes may prove somewhat distracting to the general reader but the excellent summary and retrospect should restore the imperilled effect of continuity and ensure due proportion.

Naturally the book opens with an able chapter on the Renaissance in Italy. Petrarch, the Father of the Renaissance, the rebel against so many medieval ideals, was the source of the Humanist movement and the impulse he gave to the study of Latin literature was developed by the Universities of Florence and Padua. This led to the study of Greek literature and a Greek chair was founded at Florence in 1397. The first half of the fifteenth century was the grand Humanist period: it was also the period of the greatest and most versatile artists the world has ever seen brought together.

The Humanist movement in France was fostered by the friendly relations with Italy during the reign of Louis XI and it owed a great deal to the first publications of the Sorbonne printing press set up in 1470. Paris was always the centre of French Humanism: its leaders there were men of the highest ideals and morals—Guignardus, Lefevre d'Étaples and Budé. The consistent character of their teaching was the logical religious, moral and educational and the general attitude of Erasmus lent support to these aims. The new learning was for him a thing of life and a training in virtue. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the publications of the Paris Press at this period: whether they were classical grammars, dictionaries, treatises for beginners or general works in the Humanist interest. The educational design of Lefevre was from Grammar and Rhetoric to Aristotle, from Aristotle to the Scriptures and the Fathers, from the Fathers to the mystical writers and so upwards to beatific contemplation of the Divine Essence. This, says our author, for the really generous soul is the true ladder of education.

The expedition of Charles VIII into Italy in 1494 was a powerful agent in development of these new ideals and their manifestation in practical art. The king and his nobles were impressed by the magnificence of the Italian palaces, the monuments and the pictures and Charles on his return established a colony of Italian artists and workmen at Amboise. They were of various professions and trades, by far the most eminent was Fra Giocondo, the architect, but notwithstanding his great ability there was no immediate result of his labours. The native master masons and men had to be taught the methods of building and the ornamental details of the new style before they could carry out the architect's designs with any degree of success. French masters and workmen were thoroughly competent in Renaissance work in 1550 under Philip de l'Orme and Jean Coujon and in their buildings, although the outward forms were Classical or Italian, the spirit was indubitably French.

Sculpture was in a flourishing condition in France during the second half of the fifteenth century. The Burgundian school, marked by deep religious ideals broadly treated, was under Flemish influence. The school of Tours, the artistic centre of France, was more famous still for the leading sculptor in France, Michael Colombe, had his atelier there. In some parts of France Italian influence was not beneficial: it produced a tendency to affectation and conventionalism. The French school of painting was under Flemish influence both in pictures and miniatures and continued so for a long period. The one exception of any importance is the triptych of Moulins on which there is strong Italian influence. Illumination was in a more flourishing condition than painting but in common with most of the other arts the spirit of the Renaissance did not deeply affect it until the sixteenth century.

To France the author dedicates his book under the shadow of war with the prophecy:

Unless one has misread the signs of the times, we are nearing the dawn of a greater Renaissance than that which is the subject of these pages—greater because while the old Renaissance was chiefly intellectual in character and its chief work was the emancipation of human intelligence from the chains of worn-out tradition and authority, the new Renaissance will be largely of the spirit and it will bear the fruits of love and righteousness and peace.

ARNOLD BENNETT AT PLAY*

Brains and wit and a happy capacity for detachment give Mr. Arnold Bennett a big pull in the playhouse. He can achieve satire without heaviness. He can provide light entertainment which is not frivolous. He can, as in

The Title, hit out all round at our foibles and institutions, can show up marriage and politics and journalism and British snobbishness and even English middle class womanhood without incurring the suspicion of being didactic or having a bee in his bonnet, and can in an appeal to that most exacting of audiences, a London audience in war time, satisfy at once his public's intelligence and its demand to be at all costs amused. Now this wants some doing, and it need hardly be said that the author who does it is a rather different person from the Arnold Bennett who captured the admiration of discriminating novel readers with his monumental *Old Wives Tale* and *Clayhanger* trilogy.

We have travelled far from the patient, meticulous craftsmanship of those studies of the Five Towns, from their loving reconstruction of a past the minutest details of which have been preserved by a marvellously retentive memory, from their method of adding stroke to stroke, feature to feature, till a vision of urban mid-Victorianism complete in its types, its topics of thought and speech, its manners and habits, its very *decor*, is called up to startle the oldsters among us by its photographic realism. The Arnold Bennett of *The Title* has turned his back on his serious youth and is keenly joyously alive to the present. And just as perhaps because his reverence has been exhausted by the life of yesterday, he approaches to day with all a schoolboy's disrespectful high spirits and adventurousness, so he changes his methods to suit his difference of attitude. Here he is your careless, seeming improvisator, touching in character lightly, flashing out epigrams with regal carelessness, developing situation and clash of will with comic exuberance, almost it might seem as he goes along.

That means a different playwright even from the past author of *Milestones*, for there he was still under the influence of that underlying idea which gives a sense of unity to every one of his more serious Five Towns stories. The battle between each older and each newer generation, the revolt against parental tyranny and dogmatism, the intolerance of youth for the lessons and caution of experience—this was the burden of *Milestones*, as of the *Lotteries* tales, and so to present it adequately he and his colleague had to shape out a very orderly and elaborate scheme. The new Arnold Bennett has shaken off such fetters and set out on his own. *Great Adventure*, the so long hard working craftsman is going to have his fling. Having won his public in a sedulous apprenticeship, he proposes to please himself and enjoy himself and what pleases him just now, as we know from his *Regent* and other kindred efforts in fiction, is to run riot in what sometimes gets perilously near farce, but at its best is piquant and astringent comedy.

Two thirds of *The Title* is Arnold Bennett comedy of this welcome type. Its story of an official who had to take a baronetcy against his own and his children's will, its theme that it is the womenfolk who keep the traffic in honours going, can surely be taken for granted at this time of day. But it is difficult to resist quoting some of

* *The Title*. A Comedy in Three Acts. By Arnold Bennett. 3s 6d net. (Chatto & Windus.)

PELMANISM AND THE SILVER BADGE.

By George Henry

IF it were within my power I would so order it that every Silver Badge issued to a discharged soldier would be accompanied by a free enrolment for a course of Pelmanism.

For Pelmanism is of the greatest import to the discharged soldier and I am putting my views in regard to it upon record because I believe that the lessons to be learned from my own case may be of some service to many thousands of my comrades in the great Brotherhood of the Silver Badge.

It is just a year since the day when I cast aside I had consigned my tin of *Soldier's Friend* to oblivion and feverishly arrayed my self in the most flamboyant clothes that my tailor and hosiery could provide.

It is twelve months since the day I realised that after nearly three years' service I had become a free man—free to order my comings and goings as I listed, free from the tyranny of the bugle call, free to follow the dictates of my own will in everything, unhedged by restriction of prohibition.

And I was eager to burst upon a civilian world with all the theatrical *flair* of a newly discovered prima donna. In my innocence I thought that this same civilian world was waiting to lay its rewards before the sword of my wits.

But I was soon to discover that this vicarious savoured of the unsophisticated. It had not occurred to me that the battle for a living was quite as strenuous as ever—indeed had intensified during war time—and that in going over the top in business or professional life one must still be equipped with the most effective mental munitions.

In my pre-war days I had gained a comfortable income in the practice of my profession. My mind had enjoyed ample exercise and was always (if I may be forgiven the simile) at concert pitch. And so I thought that with a world teeming with new topics, ideas and ideals I could not fail to produce of my best and rebuild my shattered fortunes.

I took a holiday and returning came to my desk filled with a resolve to work as never I had worked before.

It was just there that I came down to earth and the bubbles of my childlike faith bespattered themselves on the stones of reality.

One morning of fruitless futile scribbling showed me that nearly three years' service as a soldier had had its inevitable effect on my mental processes.

That nimble wit I had been so proud to possess positively would not be stimulated; that ability to analyse a subject and classify its components that had made my previous work clear and forceful had fled; that ease in the choice of the right word that had made work a recreation had taken a fancy for aviation and winged away.

And it was not just a matter of mood for this inability to work persisted. In a week or two there came the realisation that it was a chronic state. The reason was not far to seek. For nearly three years my every day's activities had been planned ahead for me. Almost my every action had been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night week in week out I had and rightly so surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed I soon learned that 'thinking for oneself' was a short path to the pleasures of pack drill.

All of which resulted in a brain lying fallow. Its functions had not been properly exercised—it was a great obese brain overfed with facts and impressions suffering from a species of mental indigestion torpid and unresponsive to my will.

I had indeed come to a pretty pass! It was necessary for me to earn at least double as much as in pre-war days merely to provide the bread and butter of respectability. How was I to make provision for this—much less for the occasional jam that makes life livable—with my mind rusted faculties blunted and thinking power to a great extent atrophied by disuse?

Obsessed by this sort of query, little wonder that that sneaking little traitor the Imp of Introspection came upon the scene. I gave way to depression and doubt and tears for my future. I began to think that I was going to be one of life's wish-cuts and in the light of later learning I really think I did for a time belong to that peculiar species of humanity until Pelmanism came to me.

Until Pelmanism came to me by the prosaic path of a daily paper announcement and the subsequent clipping of it up in. Many thousands of Silver Badge men have hesitated over that same coupon. I wish I could make them a disc to the full import of it. For Pelmanism gave me what it has given many a thousand men and women. It gave me courage first of all. The first little trick I tried helped and stung my mind into activity just as a plunge into a cold bath reinvigorates a tired body.

The Imp of Introspection and the legion of other mental devils which have commiserated from my pen I had no further use for them and as *Grey Book* followed *Grey Book* and the lightning exercise of Pelmanism unfolded their interest and charm my mind began to listen itself and throw off the shackles of its hibernation.

Pelmanism changed my whole outlook on life gave me new interests and made me THINK.

My mind began to function more speedily and easily. I found that I could collect my thoughts concentrate on a subject analyse and classify possibilities and finally express myself with all the hair-tearing and other temperamental performances which are popularly supposed to be the accompaniment of creative work. The upshot is that to-day my work is accomplished with ease and I am never tired of reiterating the fact that Pelmanism pays for itself a thousandfold.

So much for my personal experience of Pelmanism. I have dealt with my own case at length because it is typical of thousands of others. I have lately had an opportunity of investigating the work of Pelmanism and found that the register of the Pelman Institute teems with cases of students who at their introduction to the Course had suffered from the same mental dry-rot that was once my portion. I found too that among my brothers of the Silver Badge there is a great army of Pelmanists equipping itself for the stern struggle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war. In many cases officers who have appreciated the qualities of the men who served under them have paid for a course of Pelmanism for such men on their discharge from the Service.

And no person who can read can escape the wonderful tributes which are being paid to Pelmanism by distinguished men in every section of the Press.

Yes Pelmanism is without doubt a vital necessity for the discharged soldier. For it is the men of the

Silver Badge and their comrades who will return when peace comes—the youth of the world upon whom the duty of rebuilding a new social order on the ashes of the old will devolve. It is the youth of the world who when the peace comes must consider things that the peace shall be kept and the earth cleansed of the corruption and loose thinking that played a great part in bringing about the mud and blood welter of the last four years. And to equip them for their labours in this respect as well as for their own individual welfare I think that Pelmanism is of inestimable value.

The Pelman Institute publishes a small book *Mind and Memory* in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated and a supplement treating of Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor. These two publications together with a reprint of *Truth's Report on the Pelman Institute and its work* will be sent gratis and post free to any reader of THE BOOKMAN who addresses a post card to the Pelman Institute 20 Pelman House Bloomsbury Street London W.C.1. All correspondence is confidential.

its epigrams—for instance this about a stuffy brained tyrant 'She's far too clever to understand anything she does not like' or this on a cause 'It's like champagne or high heels one must be prepared to suffer for it' or a married man's confession 'Being a husband is a whole time job' or the heroine's creed 'It isn't views that are disreputable it's the persons that hold them'—just as it is difficult to refrain from praising at length the gaiety with which for two acts the duel between husband and wife is maintained. But Mr Bennett has not quite learnt to walk by himself on the stage yet cannot quite rely on the aids of improvisation. There are signs that he grew tired or felt himself tied up in a knot as he began the last act of this play. Otherwise he would not have introduced so late a new and as it proves incredible and tiresome character. Impatience is a curious fault to impute to the author of *Clayhanger* yet it looks as if his carelessness in technique at this point could be put down to no other cause. His adventure evidently has its risks and he would do well in his frisky manhood not to discard too completely the discipline of his laborious nonage. Still two thirds of a loaf is better—far better—than none and it is delightful to come across a stage comedy that reads as well as it plays.

F. C. BELLAMY

POLITICAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM IN INDIA.

The pledge given in August 1917 by His Majesty's Government to introduce reforms in the Indian constitution with all possible speed has led to the publication of several books dealing with Indian politics and administration.

Of the three volumes under review* two are constructive in character offering well thought out schemes that deserve careful consideration. The third on the other hand is designed to prevent any political reform in India at any rate at this time.

Mr George M Chesney the author of the last volume was until lately in India connected with the *Pioneer* (Allahabad). He bluntly states that there is not the slightest need for change and that in any case this is no time for altering constitutions when every ounce of energy must be bent upon crushing the enemy. He seems to think that the Right Honourable E. S. Montagu will not rest until he has destroyed the fabric of the British Empire in India.

Mr Chesney evidently does not know that long before Mr Montagu came into power at the India Office the Government of India asked the Home authorities for a definite statement regarding British policy in India. Mr Chamberlain at the time Secretary of State for India had admitted the necessity for such a pronouncement and was actually in communication with Lord Chelmsford's Government in regard to the terms when considerations of honour led him to resign his office. Mr Montagu took up the work where his predecessor had left it.

The announcement that he made in the House of Commons on August 20th 1917 had been fully approved by His Majesty's Government and had received the blessing of the Government of India. Shortly after the publication of Mr Chesney's book the Government issued the

Montagu Chelmsford Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms* which leaves not a vestige of doubt that the highest officials in India and at the India Office are not only convinced of the desirability of giving India a new constitution but are also agreed as to the general course that is to be pursued in that direction. He cannot but be behind the times when the men whose interests he used to champion have shifted their ground. Any man who would speak of England as India's owner as he does is clearly out of tune with the spirit of the age and the war aims of his nation and her allies.

Unlike Mr Chesney Mr Lionel Curtis of the *Round Table* spent but a few months in India. His book shows however that he made exceedingly good use of his opportunities while there. Shortly after his arrival somehow or other one of his private letters found its way into the Indian press and roused Indian suspicions against his motives. I trust that his book will convince Indians that he is sincerely interested in the constitutional progress of the Indian people.

The scheme that Mr Curtis has reproduced in the form of an appendix at the end of the volume is largely his handiwork though there is nothing to give that indication to the ordinary reader. Anyone who takes the trouble to compare it with the Montagu Chelmsford scheme for the reconstitution of provincial governments will find that the two are much the same in basic principle. The kernel of both sets of proposals is that for the present important administrative functions be retained by the bureaucracy responsible to the Secretary of State for India through the Governor General while education sanitation and other departments of minor importance be placed under Ministers responsible to Indian electorates. While Mr Curtis and his colleagues propose that the experiment of responsible government be tried only in selected areas in various provinces Mr Montagu and Lord Chelmsford propose to try it in the whole of the eight major provinces. Whereas Mr Curtis and his associates wish completely to separate the bureaucracy and responsible sections of government Mr Montagu and Lord Chelmsford have designed a Cabinet which in spite of divided responsibility they regard as unified. (Nothing like that Cabinet exists anywhere. It is therefore difficult to predict how it will work.) Whereas Mr Curtis is in favour of leaving the central Government alone until the constitutional experiment in the provinces has proved a success Mr Montagu and Lord Chelmsford propose changes in the legislative and administrative machinery of the Government of India. From the time when Mr Curtis first circulated his proposals among Indians and others interested in Indian reform the main body of educated Indians have considered them to be inadequate. It therefore remains to be seen whether any scheme of compartmental autonomy will be acceptable to Indians.

Administrative as well as political reform is needed in India. The Government of India is centralised to a dangerous extent as shown by the Mesopotamia disaster. His Highness the Aga Khan strongly advocates in his new book the creation of a federal government with autonomous provinces. He hopes that one day Arabia the littoral of the Persian Gulf Persia Afghanistan and Ceylon will become federated with what may be termed the United States of India. Such a suggestion coming from an eminent Muslim leader descended from the Prophet is worthy of every consideration.

The Aga Khan would have East Africa earmarked for Indian colonisation. He is anxious to see not only German but also British East Africa transferred to the Government of India. Indians he contends, can easily civilise the natives of East Africa, and assimilate them whereas white colonists cannot and will not do so. That South Africans should have German East Africa because they have spilled blood in that country is he considers a mean, and an un-English argument. Indians could have easily conquered it had the Imperial authorities spared sufficient

* Cd. 9109 1s 3d net.

* *India under Experiment* By George M Chesney 5s net. (Macmillan.)
Letters to the People of India on Responsible Government By Lionel Curtis. 5s 6d net. (Macmillan.)
India in Transition By H. H. the Aga Khan 21s net. (Leo Warner.)

Indian forces instead of employing them in other theatres of war

His Highness's book covers such a wide ground that through lack of space I cannot attempt to direct attention to any more points. Every one interested in India ought to read the volume which is written in a pleasant style is remarkably free from prejudices and is brimful of suggestions many of which deserve to be adopted.

ST NIHAL SINGH

THE QUEST OF THE FACE*

These eleven studies or sketches are mainly illustrated from Russia in the hope that some readers may realise though Russia seems to have fallen there is an imperishable Russia which cannot fall. If there is it is not the Russia of this sentimental religiosity.

France spreads his banner in our not far land
With plumed helm thy state begins to thrum
Whiles thou a moral for us set till and then
Alack why do we hearken?

Put Germany for France and Shakespeare's lines from Lear are a prophecy of Lenin and Trotsky an anticipation of what serious indignant Russians must be saying in their hearts to dreamers such as Mr Stephen Graham depicts dreamers whom many competent Russians of to-day cannot recognise as Russians at all. However Mr Graham has gone into the Army and one must take his sketches as a farewell word. Closer contact with the realities of human nature may open his eyes to the deeper basis which ideals require.

The Face of Christ which is the first and longest of the studies introduces a Southern Slav Dushan a Serbian of mystical tendencies but it is really a disquisition on the relation between the ideal Face of Christ and conventional representations of it. Portraits of Christ are all more or less failures says Mr Stephen Graham. Yes and so are all essays on them even this in spite of some acute remarks on Verestchagin's famous picture of Napoleon in Moscow. To write on such a subject more than idealistic cosmopolitanism is necessary more than devout feeling there are qualities required such as humour and a sense of proportion and no one with these could have grouped a Diogenes and an Edison an Achilles and a Bertrand Russell as diverse types of a humanity for which God is to be glorified. Poor Achilles! Poor humanity!

Now and then Mr Graham forgets Russia and is more happy more convincing. One of the best bits in the book is the account of a Turk who was converted by an American missionary and who instantly went off to America in search of the light which the missionary's Bible revealed to him. His untoward experiences in New York end with him studying electricity. He has now returned to Turkey with the electric light an instalment of the light that never was on sea or land. There is a note in this essay which suggests that Mr Graham has powers which will develop in a healthier atmosphere than the overstrained idealism which has hitherto characterised his work. The pages of this book often are touched with the beauty and charm to which Mr Graham has accustomed his readers. Even the slightest of the sketches has a rare delicacy of touch. Where they are unconvincing is in the philosophy they assume. Mr Graham tells us that when he was a boy he was often punished for inaccuracy and laziness by having to write a hundred times in a fair hand. Samson was a strong man Solomon was a wise man but I am a donkey. It would be impertinent to say to the grown man what the schoolmaster said to the boy but a book like this suggests that Mr Graham has still to learn some things about life and visions particularly two things one the inaccuracy of supposing that Western civilisation and Eastern can be contrasted as monopolies of materialism and idealism the other, that a profound truth underlies the fact that Wordsworth's occupation was compatible with Wordsworth's imagination.

JAMES MOFFATT

* The Quest of the Face By Stephen Graham 7s 6d (Macmillan.)

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VERSE AND EVOCATION

If one seeks among men for a voice to say Arise with such power that something torpid shall rise up that something remote shall come nigh one's choice is likely to fall upon a poet for poetry at its best is an art of evocation as is music. At the present time owing to the vogue of irony the prevalence of insincerity and the rarity among artists of joyous faith in a Divine Individual the creative effects of poets have a great deal to be desired. Nevertheless we must allow every poem to be an artistic success which arouses or holds the attention of any quality in the listener except contempt for the poet himself.

Judged from this point of view Mr. Armstrong is worth a sentence of warm praise. From his love poetry proceeds an influence one may call nobly catholic. Here is a specimen of him from *Early and Late*:

I know I have left a light in you
Rising flaming through my spirit and then vanishing
And left behind the earth and the air
Suddenly into a holocaust of song.

Again that homesickness deeper than the longing for a positively remembered past—that homesickness which gracious myths and even mere phrase like *l'esprit* for contemplation engender—finds exquisite expression in Mr. Armstrong's poem *The Satyr* with its quiet Wordsworthian music. Excellent also if we condone a bad rhyme is his ballad of a queen who enticed and killed men herself ceaselessly longing for a finer prey and raging onwards to discover a better love.

The author of *The Dark Fire* has the feeling subtlety and eloquence that one associates with poetry which the business man will never find on his tear-stained calendar and yet there is often something wrong about his work. It is something obviously wrong when his moonlight weeps and his hills crowd wearily and his stars have a thin silver soul. But feeble fancy can coexist with perfect technique—it is unfortunately the technique of consistency or coherence which sometimes fails Mr. Turner. Yet he is uncommonly good at his best dignified by super-physical truth as for instance in the excitement he produces by merely confiding to us that

When the last note is played and laid the hall
I sometimes think that then must be my

Again the mechanics of organised tragedy have perhaps never been more cleverly shown up than in Mr. Turner's *Death Men* and a world of pathos sighs in these two lines from his poem *Soldiers in a Small Camp*:

They lie down on their plants and hear the wind
And feel the darkness fumbling at their souls.

There are few perhaps who wish to hear the voice of Diogenes any more than that of Ixionides but no one doubts that in any dramatic representation he should speak up to the level of his legend. Mr. Thirlmere¹ shows satiric power in depicting for us a Diogenes conversing with a Greek who has lost his son at Chalcidæa but in more than sixty pages of verse in which he is the chief speaker he expiates some of his misanthropy in the reader's yawns. One can treasure Mr. Thirlmere's volume however if only for such a charming poem as *An Invitation* in which the poet declines his Aunt Jane's hospitality because he has an appointment with a blossoming lilac. Memorable too is the small monologue by a spinner of cotton at Osaka. Clouds call and cog wheels answer those five or six words in that order show that Mr. Thirlmere is a poet quite as conclusively as Ciotto's circle showed the Pope that he was an artist.

Mrs. Eden² has both a comic and a serious Muse. Her

satire is so scathing that she asserts of A Chairman of Tribunal that his scarlet thumb was born reversed and the creature in her eyes is so hideous that the exempting letters D A H (dilated action of the heart) ought often to be written by the Army Esculapius against the more sensitive young men who confront him. There is a charming child poem in her little book but we think her best effort on the present occasion is *An Idol of the Market Place*—a versified description of a butcher's cat. This is worthy of Calverley.

When I read Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's *The People's Palace* I was reminded of a sentence in a dialogue by Bishop Berkeley: "O Laphranor! he who looks into the bottom of things and resolves them into their first principles is not easily amused with words." This poet is a devotee of *res libere*. Now there is much to be said for the unbuckling of the check straps of English rhymers. Much verse is incoherent under the tyranny of rules and again and again we find poets sacrificing the elegance and orderliness which good prose cherishes like health. But liberty in verse ought not to mean more liberty than belongs to prose. There is a happy mean between the fatid catchiness of *Hitchy Coo* which haunts the steps of us all to day (according to Miss Helen Dircks) and a timeless crowd of words hard to make sense of. I venture to think that Mr. Sitwell should ponder over the question of freedom as applied to language which functions imperfectly unless it is pretty strictly ruled.

These rather unsympathetic remarks do not imply that Mr. Sitwell's little book is devoid of merit. On the contrary he has the artist's eye and such a thing as his *Tripeze Song* could only be turned out by a clever hand. Moreover lines like

The roads shall reach the plain
And clump the hills down with their light

are not within the skill of a poetaster. And the picture of the girl on a hot day whirling dancing to a band organ seemed to twang her nerves with her hands and toes abides in one longer than a hundred or two average cockney sketches where dancing girls are as visible as flesh and blood. When Mr. Sitwell writes in words as well as he punts in them he will be an admirable poet.

W. H. CHILSON

GREAT POSSESSIONS *

They are not the great possessions that a man clings to in face of some higher demand not money not property at all but the love of nature and simple life and friendliness. Mr. Grayson has already won people to be interested in these pleasant common possessions. He is an author who is on good terms with his public in the sense that he has succeeded in establishing confidential relations with them. He contrives to create and maintain that personal intimacy which many people like in a favourite writer and this further volume from his pen dealing with the well flavoured earth and with well flavoured people is sure to deepen his hold upon his audience. The book has seven illustrations which add to its charm but the charm is already in the letterpress in the unaffected attitude towards ordinary country folk and the countryside. There are people who will find this book like a draught of fresh milk after most modern novels and sketches which are clever and bitter and highly spiced. The last chapter *On Living in the Country* is perhaps the most delicious of the fourteen—it does not depress the city reader and it does not sentimentalise over the country but its paragraphs breathe a cheerful philosophy of protest against the artificial self imposed limitations

* *The People's Palace* By Sacheverell Sitwell. 2s 6d net (Oxford Blackwell)

* *Great Possessions* By David Grayson. 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

¹ *Thirty New Poems* By Martin Armstrong. 3s 6d net (Chapman & Hall)

² *The Dark Fire* By W. J. Turner. 3s 6d net (Sidgwick & Jackson)

³ *Diogenes at Athens and Other Poems* By Rowland Thirlmere. 3s 6d net (Selwyn & Blount)

⁴ *Coal and Candlelight and Other Verses* By Helen Parry Eden. 3s 6d net (John Lane)

THE VEILED LADY: A Romance By May Wynne and Draycott M. Dell 1s net (Jarrlds)

For the benefit of those unaware of the euphemism the authors place on the title of this story the distich

Justice we blind—sight's quon
The veiled time *Ia Cullin*

The romance as these words indicate is a romance of the French Revolution. It is one full of sensational happenings of the narrowest escapes of strong passions strongly exercised—telling more particularly of the daring exploits of Gaston d'Armont Comte de Verneil and of the sinister doings of Corzon the friend of Robespierre. Extraordinary indeed are the incidents in the interplay of wits between these two the chivalrous daring representative of French nobility and the unscrupulous plotting of the revolutionary leader. The authors have crowded their pages with sensational adventures and take their hero and heroine through a succession of the narrowest of narrow escapes to what may be hoped was their final reunion.

THE SINGER By W. L.cott 1s (Duckworth)

This is an interesting story sufficiently of today to touch the fringe of life as it is. It is of the war but is not in the war—only towards the end of the book do the characters become involved in the world conflict. Miss Julianne Clinton Lennox is the heroine the singer who suggests the title of the tale. Frankly speaking she does not seem sufficiently heroic to be thus honoured. Beginning strongly she ends weakly and there is not enough grit in her nature to render her imposing. Environment controls her on all and every occasion—a surrender of will which tumbles her from the pedestal upon which the author has placed her. Apparently for love she marries Dr. Carnovius the Jentonic villain yet when it becomes a question of patriotism betrays him without much anguish. No doubt the question (which must arise given an international marriage) is a difficult even impossible one to decide. Mr. Lcott argues the pros and cons of the case cleverly enough but is scarcely convincing. As a heroine the singer is too weak. She wobbles wobbles is the word—and jeters out during the end of the story to marry a minor character who interest no one. Also the mode in which the Gordian knot of her marriage with Carnovius is cut suggests overmuch the long arm of coincidence. The book from being a matter of fact comedy—and a very good comedy too—becomes melodramatic—unexpectedly so which makes the sudden assumption of the ultra tragic mask the more glaring. Dramatic as is the solution of the marriage it is as the saying goes too steep. For the rest of the book there is nothing but well earned praise to be given. The characters are admirably drawn the descriptions are bright the story never flag and there is plenty of genuine humour. It is fresh it is human it is altogether delightful and entertaining—quite the book for the war weary and the mud worried.

THERE WAS A KING IN EGYPT By Norma Lorimer 7s net (Stanley Paul)

The Sphinx and Pyramid on the cover of Miss Lorimer's new novel contrasting with the pair of small modern figures may be taken as emblematical of the mysticism which lies back of the love story of Michael Amory and Margaret Lampton. It is a glamorous romance of exploration among the tombs of ancient Egypt and in it we are made to feel a sense of something of the persistence of personality through the ages for the author has very skilfully penetrated her story with this idea of the linking of long separated generations. Something comes between the lovers after all their wonderful experiences in Egypt and separates them. Margaret returns to England and Michael on the outbreak of the war enlists in the British Army and appears to bear something of a charmed life at the front. For a moment they meet at a railway station and then are separated—only to meet again by a

similar chance and to learn that calumny and slander had been responsible for their long separation. It is an interesting and attractive story full of the colour and feel of Egypt—a story in which the lover of romance will find some hours of absorbing entertainment.

FAR FROM THE LIMELIGHT By Gertrude Page 6s net (Cassell)

The merit and the unity of this volume consist in the fidelity of its pictures of life in the wilds of Rhodesia. Though the drawing is crude the impression conveyed is more vivid than that achieved by many books with greater pretensions to style. The writer indeed succeeds so well in her main endeavour that we are left in doubt as to whether she did not of set purpose essay a somewhat crude style for her delineations of a very crude society. The five items in the book cannot be termed short stories in the usual sense of the words. They are narratives of an older fashion and Miss Page can spin a yarn of engrossing interest. She is at her best when her theme is some natural sorrow loss or pain that has been and may be again. In the *Chronicles of the Hon. Dicky Baird* she attempts to draw the lighter side of Rhodesian life but horse play is horse play all the world over and small beer is an unexciting beverage wherever it is bottled. The best things in the volume are the pictures of the tragedy and the sorrow of life at the back of beyond. The tale which gives its name to the collection describes the shattering of a romantic love story by the death of wife and child—another tells grimly of a loveless marriage beyond the reach of alleviation by society and friends and again Miss Page in the best of all her studies tells of another wife who answered the call of passion and paid for it with her reason. We can recommend this book to those who prefer a real human document to machine made unrealities.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF PREMNATH By Edmund White 7s net (Methuen)

Seldom does a reviewer come across so faithful a sketch of the inner Hindu life from the pen of a non-Indian as that drawn in Mr. White's last novel. Premnath is a successful banker and landlord who at an advanced age wishes to devote himself to religious study and meditation. Accompanied by his wife Radhika Devi he makes a pilgrimage to the sacred shrines of Hinduism. While at Dwarka the dear old dame dies and the widower in company of a mendicant retraces his steps towards his home. On arriving there he finds that Dwarkanath the son he had left in charge of affairs has brought the banking house to the verge of bankruptcy through indulgence and speculation. The old man resumes the thread of life where he left it and aided by Balgobind his grandson a university graduate retrieves the family fortunes. The son who has been found wanting has been given by his father a broad hint to become an ascetic. After Premnath is once again able to hold up his head in the business world he seeks the former prodigal who in spite of parental persuasion refuses to return to the pleasures of the flesh. Dwarkanath dies of lockjaw contracted in an attempt to save his father and companion from being mauled by a tiger in the jungle to which he had retired. The plot is slight. Persons in quest of excitement may find the long monologues and dialogues dull but they afford an insight into the Hindu psychology. The author's portraits of Radhika Devi and Har Sundari the mother of Balgobind will give Western readers an idea of the tremendous influence that women wield in an Indian home.

TAINTED GOLD By Paul Trent 6s net (Ward Lock)

A melodramatic novel well written but based upon a very flimsy plot. Sir James Gretton of Gretton Court beset by financial troubles gets embroiled with a millionaire moneylender and finally dies from the worry of it all. Nalda the daughter of the deceased man is engaged to be married to Garth Dunstan a briefless barrister who

eventually discovers that his father is the moneylender Jasper Bossell who was the cause of the financial disaster which ultimately killed Nalda's father. Shocked by the discovery (Arth insists upon the breaking of the engagement much against Nalda's wish since the two are genuinely in love (Arth being in every way an admirable fellow). In the meantime a rival thinking the field to be clear pays uninvited and repugnant attentions to Nalda who still remains staunch to (Arth). Meeting with rebuff the rival attempts to revenge himself on (Arth) by spreading the information that the latter is the son of the notorious moneylender which is calculated to operate against the latter's success as a barrister. Everything comes right in the end by the moneylender confessing that (Arth) is not really his son but only an adopted child.

The Bookman's Table

TWENTY By Stella Benson 3 (1 net (M. Allen)

It is rarely one comes across an author whose personality gleams so vividly through her work as does the personality of Miss Stella Benson through her writings. Readers of *Ilse* and *The Island* will appreciate what we mean by this and will be eager to read Miss Benson's new book—a book of verse entitled *Twenty*—as we were. And here again we find the same delightful personality throughout the book adding in extra charm to the delicious things set before us. We meet several old friends in *Twenty* and make the acquaintance of some new ones and discover all to be exceedingly good company. When are we to have another story from Miss Benson's pen? We are looking forward to this and waiting meantime impatiently.

A NEW WAY OF HOUSEKEEPING By Clementine Black 3s 6d net (Collins)

A Paradise opens before the eyes of harassed housekeepers as they read Miss Black's scheme for saving labour and increasing comfort—a scheme revealed with a judgment and moderation which give genuine value to the idea. The root idea is co-operation on a comparatively small scale involving a Domestic Centre Managers, Secretary and staff of resident and non-resident servants. At this Centre meals would be cooked and served or sent to the group of householders. Also housemaids and parlour maids armed with their tools would go to the several houses according to prearrangement. The plan is a jewel—we shrink from seeing flaws. It is human nature that will remain unprogressive we fear. The maid who washed up carelessly in the private house will not wash up well merely because she is happier—she thinks she does wash up well. The manageress will have to convince her daily of her error. Miss Black herself deplors waste of labour—keeping clean unneeded brasses for instance. She wishes door furnishings to be of black iron. We wonder if she has realised the depressing effect of such doors. We know an invalid who is cheered every morning by the beautifully polished brass of the door opposite and the maid opposite loves the work that keeps it so. Too little allowance is made for the definite value of beautiful things and scenery. These are not luxuries—they are national assets. And perhaps the maid who gives up cleaning a beautiful door knocker to sit let us say in a factory turning out sham tortoiseshell hair ornaments studded with glass (one of our modern industries) is lowering her elf and her country. As for monotony! Is it more *monotonous* day after day to dust and keep a room bright for somebody than day after day to make gross after gross of paper bags for—anybody? However co-operation is valuable. Miss Black is broad minded—her idea should lead to good. Her book is suggestive provocative helpful. But we pity that Manageress of the Domestic Centre and heave a sigh over her inevitable early death.



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TWO PIERROT PLAYS. By Eric Lyall 2s 6d net
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Pierrot is the spirit of Romance and in Lieutenant Eric Lyall's two little plays his familiar elusive personality is sympathetically expressed. The first play *The Dream Stone* was written produced and published in the *Poetry Review* previous to the war. *The Dream Gate* the author tells us he completed while in hospital after his return from the Dardanelles. Both plays carry us far enough away from the racket of battle into the world of dreams which is and always must be Pierrot's world. In the first Pierrot and his band of strolling players are driven out of the important town of Westport by its officious mayor. In the second Pierrot finds himself locked out of the Dream Gate—eternally outside—that is Pierrot's role—but love opens the gate for him at last. The plays are poetical in idea and utterance and it is refreshing to come across work of such eloquent simplicity and delicate finish.

GOLD IN THE WOOD and THE RACE By Mark C. Stopes 2s net (Lillie)

Intensely modern in idea Miss Marie Carmichael Stopes' two little plays open up wide fields of thought. Each centres round a woman of advanced opinions and remarkable personality who has the courage to be true to herself. The first is an idyll of the open air—the second a problem play with a strong dramatic plot and the war as its tragic background. In each case the characters are cleverly depicted, the dialogue natural and on occasions delightfully witty and each provides excellent reading and could be produced at very little expense.

WINE DARK SEAS AND TROPIC SKIES By A. Middleton 1s 6d net (Grant Richards)

Mr Middleton has a facile pen and his supply of material dealing with his wanderings among the South Sea islands appears to be almost inexhaustible. His preceding volume

A Vagabond's Odyssey—the second in order of sequence—appeared a little over a year ago and contained among other interesting topics several very attractive details concerning R. I. Stevenson. The author is not so lavish with dates as with split infinitives but from one extract from his diary which he occasionally uses under the heading Thursday September 1st and our own reference to a very servicable almanac for seven centuries printed in Whitaker's Almanack some years back we should judge that the events narrated in the book took place not earlier than 1814 and certainly not later than 1900. The reader is introduced to many remarkable undeniably interesting even fascinating characters: old shell backs, beach combers, ex cannibal kings and queens, native girls, a delightful Roman Catholic priest, an attractive English girl, the daughter of a hopeless drunkard with no compensating qualities, an equally attractive half caste girl whose pathetic history forms no inconsiderable portion of this romance of the South Seas. Mr Middleton's mind is a storehouse of recollections of many exciting and memorable occurrences experienced during an adventurous career so well recorded that it is regrettable that his style should not infrequently be such as to warn off those readers who cherish a regard for literary form. It is at its worst a combination of pseudo poetic prose, banality and vulgarity—not a very agreeable compound. We resent sentences or phrases such as these: "We almost went balmy." "My tourist friend's heart belied his cold looking monocle." "a high toned job to reconstruct our extracts." Those insects fairly lifted me out of my bunk. We should much like to have had an extract or two from the *Works* of the philosopher Diogenes which we are solemnly informed were found by the author in the hut of an ex sailor on one of the Fiji islands. So numerous are these blemishes that we can well understand a reader exclaiming "I'll read no more" although in our case we struggled manfully to the end and on the whole did not regret it.

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN ST PAUL'S HOUSE WARWICK SQUARE LONDON E.C.4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

News Notes.

The December BOOKMAN our Special Christmas Number will contain all the usual features including Four Illustrated Supplements many plates in colour and black and white and a series of photogravure portraits of British Canadian Australian and American Soldier Poets. As owing to war conditions the edition will be limited orders for this Number should be placed without delay.

Messrs Methuen have in preparation a new volume of poems by Mr Rudyard Kipling. Two other books of poems which they will publish this month are 'Hearts Courageous' by John Oxenham, and 'The Cockpit of Idols' by Muriel Stuart who made a considerable reputation with her first book 'Christ at Carnival' two years ago.

'Edward Jerningham and His Friends,' edited by Lewis Gifford, which Messrs Chatto & Windus have in the press, contains a number of interesting and already unpublished letters from Burke, Walpole, and other eighteenth century English poets.

and society leaders who were among the friends and correspondents of Edward Jerningham himself a minor poet and a prominent social figure in his day.

Sir Henry Lunn has written his reminiscences, which will be published this month by Messrs Cassell under the title of 'Chapters From My Life.'

For Remembrance 'Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War' by A. St. John Adcock will be published this month by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton. It tells of forty four such poets and reveals from their poems and letters something of their personalities and the ideal for which they fought and died. The book will be illustrated with twenty portraits in photogravure.

The Rubbish Heap which Messrs Putnam have just published is the first novel by Rita that has appeared since 1916. Its scenes are laid at Bournemouth and Poole.

A new book by Mr W. H. Koebel 'South America: An Industrial and Commercial Field' will be published shortly by Mr Fisher Unwin.

Father Nikolai Velimirovitch, of the Monastery of Calcutz, is chaplain to the King of Serbia, and

professor of theology at the College of St Sava Belgrade. While the Serbian Government was at Nisch Father Nicholas was sent on a mission to the United States and he is now in England in charge of the Serbian Information Bureau. He is one of those who look after the welfare of the Serbian boys who to the number of three hundred and seventy are being educated in England and Scotland for various professions including the priesthood. Father Nicholas is an authority on Serbian folk songs and has arranged the book on the architecture of the Serbian Orthodox Church which has been published by Mr John Murray and is reviewed in the Supplement to this Number. His brochure 'The Lord's Prayer: A Devout Interpretation' with a foreword by the Archbishop of York was published by The Challenge Limited a few months ago and is now in its third edition.

The Last Poems of Edward Thomas will be published shortly by Messrs Selwyn & Blount who have also almost ready 'Memories of Childhood and Other Poems' by John Freeman. War Lyrics by Morley Roberts and 'A Miscellany of New Verse' by Edward Thomas, W. H. Davies, John Freeman, Vivian Loch Ellis and other authors.

Mr E. S. P. Haynes whose new volume of essays 'Personalia' Messrs Selwyn & Blount are also publishing is a member of an old established firm of London solicitors and has written much on legal matters in the *Fortnightly Review* and other periodicals, but is better known to literary readers for the admirable essays in his 'Standards of Taste in Art' and 'Early Victorian and Other Papers'.

The Rev. Arnold Hill Payne whose remarkable novel 'King Silence' (Jarrold) is reviewed in this Number was born and brought up in a school for the deaf and has put much personal experience into his story, nearly all its characters being deaf mutes. Mr Payne has served as chaplain to various Missions, Societies for the Dumb, and since 1914

has been chaplain of the Norwich and St. Edmunds bury and Ipswich Diocesan Mission to the Deaf.

Mr Charles Harrison who was for twenty one years publisher of the *Strand Magazine* sends us the following appreciation of the late Mr William Henry James Boot R.I. By the death of W. H. J. Boot which took place at his home in Hampstead last month illustrated periodical literature loses one of its greatest ornaments and the art world



Father Nicholas Velimirovitch

a fine and admired practitioner in water colour painting. Mr Boot was born at Nottingham on June 14th 1848 and studied at the Derby School of Art. When he came to London the demand for black and white work was keen and he soon made his mark. For many years he was incessantly engaged in illustrating the numerous splendid books issued from the firm of Cassell. By his work in landscape and architecture he deservedly won a unique reputation and his long connection with the Belle Sauvage Press may be said to have laid the

foundation of his fortune and his fame. His views whether of river or mountain scenery or the streets of a town or a noble cathedral were marked by beauty, accuracy and grace and he had the knack of introducing bright and effective foregrounds which almost gave his drawings a hall mark. In 1890 when Sir (then Mr) George Newnes contemplated starting the *Strand Magazine* he selected Mr Boot for his art editor and his choice was speedily justified. Mr Boot filled his responsible position with rare ability until 1910 when he decided to lay aside the cares of office. Devoted as he was to black and white, he never neglected his colour work, and exhibited at the Royal Academy

between 1874 and 1884 and occasionally. He was also a constant contributor to the *Art* of the Royal Society of British Artists and was Vice President for nearly twenty years, and the Royal Institute. His pictures sold well up to the last and will probably hold their place in the auction room. W. H. J. Boot was a man of lovable disposition, ever ready to turn the sharpest of



Plot b C i St dm
T i
Miss F. E. Mills Young
wh b ill t w i B i l A h gh Me H dd &
St j l b j i p bl h d

Bohemian By a pathetic coincidence his son Ernest who had been a prisoner in Germany ever since the outbreak of the great war arrived home only in time to see his father breathe his last.

A new volume of poems by Mr Laurence Binyon **The New World** will be published this autumn by Mr Elkin Mathews who published the three other collections of Mr Binyon's war poems.

Mr Elkin Mathews is publishing also a new edition of Lord Dunsany's first book **The Gods of Pegana** with Sime's illustrations. **Songs of the Ridings** a book of original poems in the Yorkshire dialect by F. W. Moorman whose **Yorkshire Dialect Poems 1673-1915** was published last year and an unaltered reprint of John Addington Symonds's essays **In the Key of Blue** - which has been out of print and a rare and much sought after volume for the last twenty years.

The late Mr A. H. Turnbull who made a hobby of collecting books and documents bearing on New Zealand and is believed to have had the finest collection of the kind in existence has bequeathed his great library to the nation desiring that it should constitute a reference library for Wellington. His collection of books on early New Zealand is unique as too are his portfolios of prints and sketches dealing with the genesis of the Colony, and his ships' logs dating back to the voyages of Captain Cook are of incalculable historical value. In order to house his treasures adequately shortly before his death Mr Turnbull built a special brick residence one half of which is taken up by the library.

Mr I. Skene Macdonald is publishing this month a volume of poems by Miss Sybil Bristowe for which Mr H. C. Chesterton has written a preface.

English Fairy Tales retold by Flora Annie Steel and illustrated in colour and black and white by Arthur Rackham will be published immediately by Messrs Macmillan who are also publishing **Literary Recreations** a volume of essays by Sir Edward Cook. **On Society** a series of studies by Frederic Harrison. **Essays in War Time** by Viscount Bryce. **The Candle of Vision** by A. I. and the second volume of Mr Saintsbury's **History of the French Novel**.

Sir J. M. Barrie's new book **Echoes of War** will be published this month by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton. They have also ready for immediate publication Sapper's new war novel **The Human Touch** and **Camilla** a new novel by Elizabeth



Mr Alfred Dodd,
whose exciting book of poems, **The Ballad of the Grey Cross**,
Mr I. Skene Macdonald has published.

Robins, "Viscount Northcliffe Some Pages of His Story" by Max Pemberton The Romance of the Red Triangle by Sir Arthur H. Yapp and 'The Father of the Red Triangle' the life story of George Williams the founder of the Y M C A by J. E. Hodder Williams

An admirable study of the Russian Revolution 'From Autocracy to Bolshevism' by Baron P. Graevenitz is published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin

A Poem and Two Plays by John Maschfield is announced by Mr. Heinemann who also has almost ready for publication Another Sheaf a new volume of essays by John Galsworthy

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson's series of studies The Women Novels will be published this month by Messrs. Collins

One of the most gifted of the soldier poets who have fallen in the war was Corporal Alexander Robertson. He was a brilliant scholar in History and lecturer on that subject at the University of Sheffield. His first book of verse Comrades has gone into its third edition and Mr. Elkin Mathew who published that is publishing immediately a further collection the Last Hours of the verses written by Alexander Robertson while he was on active service

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly the Reminiscences of Ambassador Morgenthau who

was American Ambassador at Constantinople during the fateful years 1913-1916

A unique collection of Canadian folk stories has been brought together by Captain Cyrus Macmillan in Canadian Wonder Tales which Mr. John Lane is publishing. Before the war Captain Macmillan was Professor of English at McGill University he is now an officer in the McGill contingent of the Canadian Field Artillery

The Course of My Ship a new novel written by Gertrude Jage in collaboration with R. A. Foster Melior will be published early this month by Messrs. Cassell

The late Earl Grey had a good habit of extracting from books in the course of his wide reading passages concerning celebrated people military and political. An anthology of these will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray under the title of Warriors and Statesmen

Cassell are publishing forthwith Mrs. Arnold Forster's revised edition of her husband's well known History of England. The chapters dealing with the Victorian Age have been greatly extended and others have been added bringing the record down to our own times

An important new war book which Mr. Heinemann is publishing Belgium under German Occupation is the personal narrative of Brand Whitlock who was the U. S. Minister to Belgium

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY

WARD MUIR

A WRITER who has the nerve to send a humorous article to the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* is entitled to the envy of his friends but a writer who actually succeeds in inducing that editor to print it and advertise it along with the lucubrations of the elect must not complain if he becomes a remunerative subject for needy paragraph writers. After all it is a great achievement, and one's curiosity is naturally aroused to discover what manner of man this is. A great deal is explained by the fact that Mr. Ward Muir is a son of the Manse. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Liverpool. The declining influence of the Church is exercising the minds of most thoughtful men in Europe, we are told. The question lies beyond our immediate scope, but I do seriously draw attention to one point which may be overlooked. If the whole

Christian Church eventually fails to attract to it men of character and culture to carry on its work we shall be faced with a great dearth of leaders in every important walk of life. For some time I have amused myself by reading obituary notices and articles and paragraphs on the successful climbers in our midst and noting the scores of them who hail from manse up and down the country. The reasons are not far to seek but the subject lends itself (perhaps Mr. Ward Muir would say) more to the *Nineteenth Century*!

As far as I know Mr. Ward Muir was never inclined to follow in his father's footsteps though I should not be surprised if he did follow in Ruskin's steps and at a tender age preach to his mother and nurse from a drawing room chairback on the simple and everlasting theme, 'Be good.' But there is no reliable record

of this fact extant. He is said however to have written a book which was privately printed (what vanity!) when his experience of this world only covered seven years. This is not yet to be found in the British Museum I am afraid but I am quite sure that an examination of its contents would reveal an exceptionally well developed faculty of observation. I do not think Ward Muir is desperately anxious to conquer the world but he is unquestionably bent on seeing it. Through rather melancholy circumstances he had the wish gratified very early in life. He broke down in health just after matriculating at Liverpool University and was ordered to Davos. Now

to go back to the Munse for a moment. If Mr. Muir's father had been a cotton king or a hipping magnate he would doubtless have allowed his delicate son a handsome income but in every probability he was only able to endow him with a vigorous mind and a sound education. At Davos therefore Ward Muir started writing yarns for boys. What is more he succeeded in selling them. At Davos also there happened to be sojourning one of those men who make and mar career—in editor of some Northcliffe paper. Subsequently Ward Muir found himself concerned in Carmelite House and was immersed in the women papers there. Heaven only knows how many pseudonyms he must have adopted here but I believe his nerve

deserted him when it came to the fashion hint. In a novel published by Stanley Paul entitled 'Cupid's Caterers' he who runs may read of those episodes in Mr. Muir's life. There are other novels (which I confess I have not read yet) which have come from the same source. 'The Amazing Mutes' and 'When We are Rich'. They did not make their author's fortune. Doubtless they yet will in the uniform edition of Ward Muir's works which will be the pride of every book lover. But Ward Muir is still young young enough to be affected by the war even in its first stages. After trying the regular office routine of Carmelite House Ward Muir broke down again and he settled in London at the age of twenty three as a free-lance journalist, and had the satisfaction of leaving it frequently for reasons of his health. On these multifarious expeditions he covered all Europe except Scandinavia and the Balkans and just looked in on Egypt and America.

*Most of us wait till the autumn of life to pen our reminiscences. Not so Mr. Ward Muir. I have before me as I write some chapters which Mr. Muir is contributing to the *Amateur Photographer* and *Photography* entitled 'Photographic Days.' The

camera has always been a good friend to Ward Muir. He tells us in these autobiographical chapters that a well known figure in Edinburgh (a certain Rev. Dr. S.— (notice again the influence of the Munse) gave him his first camera. Ward Muir is a really expert photographer and is one of the very few men who have succeeded in writing interestingly about photography. I am inclined to think that he ought to have been taken over by the Government on the outbreak of war as one of the official photographers. He would have enjoyed every moment of it and the experience would have given him endless material. One of the

best things I ever read was a series of articles illustrated by his own photographs of his trip in an airship down in the West of England. He is a man with a delicate organism but he related to me with tremendous gusto how he got lost in a fog in one of the airships and nearly came to grief. The crew were performing freely. Ward Muir was merely making notes.

Tell so many of his contemporaries Ward Muir really got his chance when war broke out. He has told us in his books of his valiant attempt to wear the King's uniform and of his repeated rebuff at the hands of an unsympathetic recruiting officer. Eventually however he became a corporal in the R.A.M.C. and was stationed at the 3rd London General Hospital at Wandsworth. As so often happen

the idea of a hospital magazine was mooted and the ideal man for conducting it was there on the spot. The result was an admirable publication called 'Happy Though Wounded' which was sold out immediately it appeared on the bookstalls. Since then Ward Muir (or I should say Corporal Ward Muir R.A.M.C.) has written two very charming books. 'The Happy Hospital' and 'Observations of an Orderly.' Both books have had a great sale. The copies I had have enjoyed a steady circulation and are still going the rounds of the folks who drop in on me and descend upon my little store of books like locusts. I dare be it from me to utter one single word in defence of the unspeakable habit of reading aloud. At the same time it is a great tribute to Ward Muir to say that his whimsical style of writing does somehow make one itch to declaim. I have heard it done and although usually one lovingly fondles the fire irons I confess to enjoying the experience. These hospital books of Ward Muir's are making his name. Given his health (and perhaps a wee bit more ambition) and that library edition jestingly spoken of will mature. At the present moment he is wandering about on the Italian front under official auspices, I imagine. I am sorry for the officials.

Ivor Nicholson



THE JOURNAL OF THE

Corporal Ward Muir

THE READER.

PRESIDENT WILSON AS A MAN OF LETTERS

By FREDERIC WHYTE

IT is a quaint reflection that but for the chance reading of an article from the pen of an English journalist—at the time obscure though famous later as Toby Ml of *Punch*—the name of Woodrow Wilson might never have attained eminence either in the world of politics or in the world of books. The future President of the United States was a youth of twenty-one, intellectual and alert but with no decided bent of mind when in 1877 at Princeton (the College of New Jersey as it was then called) he happened upon a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine* containing one of those vivid pictures of English political life entitled *Men and Manner in Parliament* in which Sir Henry Lucy gave a foretaste of the wit and humour and insight into character that were to become so pleasantly familiar in his subsequent writings. The young Princetonian was fascinated by what he read and at once set himself in earnest to the study of political science. How thoroughly he worked during the next two years may be seen by anyone who will look at his first published effort, a really striking essay on *Cabinet Government in the United States* to be found in the *International Review* for August 1879.

Of course he might quite conceivably have found similar inspiration elsewhere. He might or he might not. At all events there was nothing much in his antecedents to point to a literary or political career. Either the pulpit or the bench would have seemed a likelier fate for him. His father and his mother's father were Presbyterian ministers and it may well have been expected that he would follow in their footsteps. It is probable that he himself already thought vaguely of the law. Had his eye not been caught by that stray volume of the old-fashioned English magazine the Woodrow Wilson of to-day, one is disposed to believe, would be enjoying a less brilliant fame and a very much quieter life as one of America's most enlightened preachers or most just judges.

He did actually start life as a lawyer in which capacity he spent a year or two at Atlanta in partnership with a friend but politics and literature had got into his blood and in 1883 at John Hopkins University he began that professorial career which was to qualify him so completely and in so unusual a way for his great destiny. It was in 1890 that the earnest and strenuous young professor was offered the Chair of Jurisprudence and Politics at his own Princeton and this post he held until 1902 when he became its President. During those Princeton years he accomplished most of his literary work. His first book *Congressional Government* alluded to appreciatively in the Preface to Bryce's *American Commonwealth* had appeared in 1884 and had been followed in 1889 by a more important volume *The State Elements of Historical and Practical Politics* but the writings by which he is best known were the products of Princeton. *Division and*

Reunion An Old Master and Other Political Essays

Mercantile Literature and Other Essays George Washington and last but not most noteworthy of all in 1902 the five volumes of his *History of the American People*.

Mercantile Literature stands out from among these as the volume in which Mr Wilson goes furthest in self-revelation. It is the book of a real book-lover a little *maniere* and precious in its language but written very evidently *con amore*. It is largely a record of predilections. Among figures of the past his greatest enthusiasm is for Burke among contemporaries his keenest relish is for Bagehot and he enjoys dwelling on the idiosyncrasy of the two.

Walter Bagehot, he writes, is a name known to not a few of those who have a zest for the juiciest things of literature for the wit that illuminates and the knowledge that refreshes. But his fame is still singularly disproportionate to his charm and one feels once and again like publishing him at least to all spirits of his own kind. It will be a most agreeable good fortune to introduce Bagehot to men who have not read him.

Let us help Mr Wilson to do so. Even among readers of *THE BOOKMAN* there are doubtless some to whom Walter Bagehot is still only a name.

Occasionally, he continues, a man is born into the world whose mission it evidently is to clarify the thought of his generation and to vivify it—to give it speed where it is slow vision where it is blind balance where it is out of poise saving him or where it is dry—and such a man was Walter Bagehot. When he wrote of history he made it seem human and probable when he wrote of political economy he made it seem credible entertaining—nay engaging even when he wrote criticism he wrote sense. You have in him a man who can jest to your instruction who will beguile you into being informed beyond your wont and wise beyond your birthright. Full of manly straightforward meaning earnest to find the facts that guide and strengthen conduct a lover of good men and seers full of knowledge and a consuming desire for it he is yet genial withal with the geniality of a man of wit and alive in every fibre of him with a life he can communicate to you. One is constrained to agree almost with the verdict of a witty countryman of his who happily still lives to cheer us that when Bagehot died he carried away into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the three estates of the Realm.

But Bagehot, he recognises, had his limitations and you realise them if you know your Burke. You miss the deep eloquence which awakens purpose. There is a still deeper lack in him. He has no sympathy with the mass of unknown men. He conceives the work of government to be a work which is possible only to the instructed few. He would have the mass served and served with devotion but he would not trouble to see them attempt to serve themselves. He has not the stout fibre and the unquestioning faith in the right and capacity of inorganic majorities which make the democrat.

The essay on Burke *The Interpreter of English*

Liberty is perhaps the most interesting and most noteworthy in the volume. There are many things in it which one is tempted to transcribe, but I must content myself with a single passage, a commentary upon Burke's attitude towards the French Revolution—recent great events lend it an extraneous interest.

Let us admit, if you will, that with reference to France herself he was mistaken. Let us say that when he admired the institutions which she was then sweeping away he was yielding to sentiment and imagining France as perfect as the beauty of that sweet queen he had seen in her radiant youth. Let us concede that he did not understand the condition of France and therefore did not see how inevitable that terrible revolution was, that in this case too the wages of sin was death. He was not defending France; if you look to the bottom of it, he was defending England, and the things he hated are truly hateful. He hated the French revolutionary philosophy and deemed it unfit for free men. And that philosophy is in fact radically evil and corrupting. No state can ever be conducted on its principles. For it holds that government is a matter of contract and deliberate arrangement, whereas in fact it is an institute of habit bound together by innumerable threads of association, closely on which have been deliberately placed. It holds that the object of government is liberty, whereas the true object of government is justice, not the advantage of one class even though that class constitute the majority, but right equity in the adjustment of the interests of all classes. It assumes that government can be made over at will, but assumes it without the slightest historical foundation. For governments have never been successfully and permanently changed except by slow modification proceeding from generation to generation. It contradicted every principle that had been so laboriously brought to light in the slow stages of the growth of liberty in the only land in which liberty had then grown to great proportions. The history of England is a continuous thesis against revolution, and Burke would have been no true Englishman had he not roused himself even fanatically, if there were need, to keep such puerile doctrine out.

Of Burke Mr. Wilson never tires. Allusions to him recur frequently in the President's other volumes as in the different chapters of this particular book. Here from an essay on literary style is a characteristic passage in which the great name is again invoked.

Who shall say how much of Burke's splendid and impressive imagery is part and stuff of his thought, or tell why even that part of Newman's prose which is devoid of ornament, stripped to its shining skin and running bare and lithe and athletic to carry its tidings to men, should promise to enjoy as certain an immortality? Why should Lamb go so quaintly and elaborately to work upon his critical essays, taking care to perfume every sentence if possible with the fine savour of an old phrase, if the same business could be as effectively done in the plain and even cadences of Matthew Arnold's prose? Why should Gibbon

be so formal, so stately, so elaborate when he had before his eyes the example of great Tacitus, whose direct, sententious style had outlived by so many hundred years the very language in which he wrote? In poetry who shall measure the varieties of style lavished upon similar themes? The matter of vital thought is not separable from the thinker; its forms must suit his handling as well as fit his conception. Any style is author's stuff which is suitable to his purpose and his fancy. His only limits are those of art.

The forthcoming publication in England of a new edition of President Wilson's

History of the American People, hitherto known only to a few on this side of the water, is bound to call forth many comparisons between him and other chroniclers of the world of to-day and yesterday. In considering of the respective merits of great historians and of all the different ways of writing history is an agreeable game in which he himself has taken a hand with much gusto in another of these essays on

Mr. Literature. J. R. Green he confesses is his favourite historian, Gibbon on whom we have just heard him and whom all praise he says, but so few read he has evidently tried to read and cannot praise. Crèvecoeur's amazing flashes of insight and his unlooked-for steady light of occasional narrative arouse his admiration but only history was not all enacted so

boldly or with so passionate a rush of men upon the stage. Mainly he regretfully dismises for his tendency to turn narrative into argument and make history a vindication of the Whig Party. Green at once the patient scholar and the true artist comes nearest to his ideal, but even with Green Mr. Wilson is not entirely or not always satisfied. He is too monotonous. His method whatever the topic is ever the same. His sentences, his paragraphs, his chapters are pitched one and all in the same key. It is a very fine and moving key. Many an elevated strain and rich harmony commend it alike to the ear and to the imagination. It is employed with an easy mastery and is made to serve to admiration a wide range of themes. But it is always the same key and some themes it will not serve. And Mr. Wilson proceeds to remind us of the infinite variety that plays throughout history, every scene with its own air of singularity. The incidents cannot be rightly set, he maintains, if all be set alike. The tone of the narrative must change continually—the battle pages resounding with the tramp of armies, in peace the historian must catch in turn the hum of industry, the hustle of the street, the calm of the countryside, the tone of parliamentary debate, the fancy, the ardour, the argument of poets and seers.



President Wilson

and quiet students' And he must keep with the generation of which he writes not be too quick to be wiser than they were He must write of them always in the atmosphere they themselves breathed

This essay was written in 1896 The History followed six years later Did the historian smile a little at the excessive requirements of the essayist? For truly the essayist asked too much! The ideal pointed to is beyond the reach of mortal man it would tax the combined capabilities of an international syndicate comprising all the most versatile writers alive including Mr C K Chesterton and Mr H C Wells No one individual ever succeeded in being so *outré* as *de la* The only person for whom such many-sidedness was ever claimed even by himself either in fact or in fiction was the little old major general in the *Letters of Penzance*.

Yes I think we may take it that the historian smiles at the essayist He knows better now A History of the American People is a splendid book well planned well executed absorbing from the first page to the last but while he was engaged on it its author must often have reflected on his criticisms of Green and must have come soon to realise that they were a bit unreasonable Indeed it may be doubted whether he would wish now for a greater compliment than to be ranked as one of Green's most distinguished disciples by the side of Mr Herbert Paul and of Mr Justin McCarthy It is with A History of Modern England and A History of Our Own Times and The Four Georges that Mr Wilson's effort challenges comparison rather than with the more far-reaching work of Green Green undertook a much greater task and was able to devote to it infinitely more time and labour than Mr Paul and Mr McCarthy and Mr Wilson could spare from their other vocations In my case these three historians whether co-disciples or not of their eminent predecessor have many things in common above all their faculty for vivid and lifelike portraiture President Wilson's work like those of Mr Paul and Mr McCarthy abounds in admirable and really memorable character sketches I wish I had space here in which to quote from them—from his accounts of Washington and Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton of General Grant and Lee and Jackson and of Lincoln above all For at least this brief extract from his pen picture of Lincoln I must find room

Men noted the sad and anxious eyes of the new President noted also with a certain deep misgiving his gaunt and uncouth figure as of a man too new too raw too awkward too unschooled in affairs for the terrible responsibilities and tangled perplexities of the great office he undertook They did not know the mastery of the man they did not see that the straight fibre of this new timber was needed to bear the strain of affairs grown exigent beyond all common reckonings There was the roughness of the frontier upon him His plain clothes hung unthought of on his big angular frame he broke often in the midst of weighty affairs (as it were) into broad and boisterous humour he moved and did the things assigned to him with a sort of careless heaviness as if disinclined to action and struck some fastidious men as hardly more than a shrewd good-natured rustic

Over and above the fascination it has always had as a piece of narrative A History of the American People has derived of late an entirely new and unique interest from its author's election to the Presidency There is scarcely an aspect of the Presidential office that is not touched upon in its pages scarcely a problem of government as to which the future President does not indicate something of his own attitude *Ce livre est moi* said Montaigne of the book in which he gave us his whole self President Wilson in this History although never using the first person makes himself known to us very completely After its own fashion *a livre est lui*

It would be pleasant to glance at the President's other writings in particular at his fine study of George Washington but I have reached the limits imposed on me and must desist I shall conclude with one more quotation a little piece of practical philosophy from a slender volume published a few years ago under the title When a Man Comes to Himself Mr Wilson's train of thought I may explain has been started as so often by a phrase of Bagehot's by the saying that a bachelor is an immature in life

A man who lives only for himself has not begun to live has yet to learn his use and his real pleasure too in the world It is not necessary he should marry to find himself cut but it is necessary he should love Men have come to themselves serving their mothers with an unselfish devotion or their sisters or a cause for whose sake they forsook ease and left off thinking of themselves It is unselfish action growing slowly into the high habit of devotion and at last it may be into a sort of consecration that teaches a man the wide meaning of his life and makes of him a steady professional in living

BURNS AND PETER PINDAR

By DAVIDSON COOK

Incidentally annotating for the first time a hitherto unexplained passage in a letter from Burns to Thomson

THE byways of literature have an interest peculiarly their own Names flit across the pages of biography which looked at back through the Glass of Years seem strangely out of focus Chief Seats are occupied by men for whom Posterity will not find even a *grave*; and *Reputations* apparently securely enshrined in the Temple of Fame are found relegated to the Lumber room of neglect, and sometimes laden with the dust of decades of oblivion On the whole and in

the end the World is wonderfully correct in its ment and yet there will always be a fascination in poking around and disturbing the dust on the faded reputations in the World's literary lumber room

Burns is a world name Recently I met a Belgian lady from Ypres who talked quite familiarly of "B. Burns, fondly quoted Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw" and knew the songs of the Master Songsmith better than many who have made speeches on "The

immortal memory at Burns celebrations. Everybody knows BURNS but how many know PETER PINDAR? What did he write—was he a poet? If you cannot quote from his poems you need not be written down as an ignoramus nor seriously blamed if at the first mention of his name you confounded him with the Greek poet whom Peter familiarly addresses as My Cousin Pindar. I noticed some of his lines quoted in a literary article the other day but that is a compliment seldom paid to his Odysseus in these days and yet in his own day and generation Peter Pindar was reckoned a *great poet*—one to whom Burns did not think himself fit to hold a candle.

Burns in writing to George Thomson the *man* of Scots Wha Hic for whose collection he wrote many of his finest songs says

The very name of Peter Pindar is an acquisition to your work. His Gregory is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—that would be presumption and all.

In another letter Burns writes

Many thanks for my remembrance of Pindar—Peter is a delightful fellow and a first-rate poet of mine.

You may be sure that the Greek Pindar as Thomson dubs him in a letter to the Ayrshire Poet has *his place* he must have had something about him to win such praise in his day. He is but one of the many idols of one generation. Such a later one takes down from their pedestals and forgets to put up again.

Pindar's Gregory which Burns thought so beautiful is printed on the same page of Thomson's first volume of songs as Burns's set of Scots stanzas to the same tune beginning

O mirk mirk is this mid
night hour
And loud the tempests roar
A waefu wanderer seeks thy
tower
Lord Gregory ope thy door!
An exile from her father's ha'
And a for loving thee
At least some pity on me shaw
If love it mayna be!

Pindar's song began
Oh ope Lord Gregory thy
door
A midnight wanderer sighs!
Hard rush the rains the tem-
pests roar
And lightnings cleave the
skies!

Thomson appends a foot
note

It is but doing justice to the latter song to mention that it is the original. Mr Burns saw it liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject.

Burns published his first volume of Poems in 1786 (the famous *Kilmarnock*

edition) and by 1793 he had certainly more than a local reputation yet in September of that year we find him writing to Thomson in this fashion

But one thing I must hint to you the very name of Peter Pindar is of great service to your publication so get a verse from him now and then

Peter's lying Pegasus was mostly concerned though in no back-spittle manner with the great ones of his day—Royalties Society Dames Statesmen Actors and Actresses Academicians and others who loomed large in the public eye. He explains his choice of subjects in the lines

Besides—were I to write of common follies
No soul would buy my rhymes ostentative and jokes

His reference to his contemporaries are so voluminous and frequent that one might be forgiven for thinking that *nobody* who was *anybody* could be left out and yet in spite of Burns's manifest appreciation of the great poet the compliment was never returned. Peter took not the slightest notice in his verse nor as far as we know in any other way of the country which whose Muse might have found inspiration in such common things as *daisies* *lilies* and *lilies* *diontheas* and *lilies*. Indeed it would seem that the eccentric Peter Pindar otherwise Dr Wolcott had not even a nodding acquaintance with the works of the rustic bard for this is how he opens his

ODE TO THE DEIL

Prince of the dark abodes! I ween
Your Highness ever till now has seen
Yourself in native shine
No heed I sang with praise sincere
Sweet warbled on your smutty ear
I close this Ode of mine

Evidently he knew nothing of Burns's Address to the Deil beginning

O thou! whatever title suit
thee
Auld Hornie Satan Nick or
Clootie
Wha in yon cavern grim and
sootie
Close'd under hatches
Spurges about the brunstane
cootie
To scaud poor wretches

Students of Burns and others will find it interesting to compare *in extenso* these two epistles to Auld Nickie ben. Another Burns Pindar coincidence in choice of subject (a *creepy* one too!) is found in the Address to a House of the former and Pindar's Iousiad. The Iousiad as a title has a more classic sound than the one which in some editions of Burns has a dash substituted for the last word but in all the four long cantos of it there is nothing to approach

Frontispiece



Robert Burns

the closing lines of Burns's handling of this vulgar theme

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us?
It wad frae monie a blund' I free us
And foolish notion
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea us
And ev'n Devotion

Pindar has a little piece called

TO A KISS

Soft child of Love, thou balmy bliss
Inform me of delicious kisses
Why thou'st suddenly left me?
Lost in the moment thou art won?
Yet go—(I) what here should I sigh
On Delia's lip with raptur'd eye
On Dora's blushing lip I see
A th' usual full as sweet as thee

In nearly all editions of Burns there are three stanzas with an exactly similar title. They were first credited to Burns in a Liverpool journal and included by Chambers in their 1888 edition, but I have no hesitation in condemning them as spurious. They have been traced back to *The Oracle* January 9th 1790 where they are printed anonymously. I also find them still without author's name in the *Metrical Miscellany* 1850 edited by Maria Kiddle, a great friend of Burns, who would almost certainly have known if he had the remotest connection with

TO A KISS

Humid cold soft affections
Dearest of all future bliss
Dearest tie of young connections
Love's first snowdrop virgin kiss

It was a song writer that Thomson enlisted the services of Burns and Pindar. The song of Robert Burns is known the world over and have been translated into a hundred tongues. Though he modestly said

I am no poet in a sense
But just a rhymist like by chance

and looked upon Peter Pindar as one exalted by the Muses to their rarest pinnacle yet posterity soon reversed their positions and now the songs of the clever rhymester are forgotten. We resurrect one entitled

TO CYNTHIA

O thou! whose love inspiring
Delights yet gives a thousand woes
My day declines in dark despair
And night hath lost her sweet repose

Yet who alas! like me was blest
To others e'er thy charms were known
When Fanny told my raptur'd breast
That Cynthia smil'd on me alone?

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs
Forgive the jealous fires I feel
Nor blame the trembling wretch who dies
When others to thy beauty kneel

For there's no every winning art
With Fortune's gifts unknown to me!
I only boast a simple heart
In love with INNOCENCE and TRUTH

Very possible verse to find in the lumber room of literature, but compare it with Burns's song of the lone lover. My Nymph, Awake or has now rather neglected a fond kiss—four lines of which Byron quoted on the title page of his *Bride of Abydos*

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had never been broken hearted.

Sir Walter Scott said this verse contains the essence of a thousand love tales—a saying sometimes for an observation erroneously attributed to Lord Byron.

Had the world of Peter Pindar lived like those of his poetical admirer we would probably have seen oft quoted during the newspaper discussion on the Traffic in Girls in 1906

ON A NEW MADE FOLD

The carpenters of ancient Carthage
Although they had hit wood a stubborn piece
Nætt to make a block—yet a very odd!
Nætt or were the men of chipping trade
To use that same stubborn stuff they made
A hundred good jobs!

Thus of the Lower House a
stupid wretch
Whose mind to A B C can
scarcely stretch
Shall by a Monarch's all
creative word
Become a very
decent Lord

Smart enough in its way
but not to be bracketed
with the lines written on
the same theme by the
obscure ploughman

A Prince can mak a belted
knight
A marquis duke an a that
But an honest man's aboon
his might
(and faith he mauna fa
that!
For a that an a that
Their dignities an a
that
The pith o' sense an
pude o' worth
Are higher ranks than
a that

Peter Pindar—Dr John Wolcot—(1738-1819) lived forty four years longer than Burns and was a prolific versifier—clever enough to



George Thomson

evoke the enthusiastic admiration of Burns—but if you dig through every page of his writings though much of interest may arrest you nowhere will you find a verse as quotable as

But pleasures are like poppies spread
You seize the flower its bloom is shed
Or like the snow falls in the river
A moment white—then melts for ever

Nevertheless the brilliant versifier must have dazzled his contemporaries more than the poet. Many volumes of the period could be cited in evidence but one must suffice. In the *Pemities of British Poetry* (1801) selected by Sidney Mcmoth there are *twenty-five* poems by Pindar while Burns is represented by *one* little fragment of four lines called *The Thorn*.

In a letter written by Burns to George Thomson in April 1793, there is a passage which has never been annotated by any editor of the poet's works. It fits in as a kind of Pindaric supplement to our subject and students of Burns and owners of *edit 1* editions of his poems will be glad to fill in the gap with a little MS foot note of the explanation given. The passage reads:

I shall be extremely sorry if you set my other song to the air. She rose and lo! me in—except the song of that title. It would be cruel to spoil the illusion in poor unfortunate McDonald's pretty ode.

One of the *co-noscenti* in propounding the puzzle to me queried: Who was McDonald and where is his ode?

The illusion Burns writes of in this letter is to be found in an Ode on the Scottish Music which Burns must have read with supreme interest. It begins

No stroke of art their texture bears
No cadence wrought with learned skill



Peter Pindar

furnished by the fact that I found the Ode in a volume entitled *Supplement to Pindar* by Matthew Bramble London 1797. Matthew Bramble who wrote odes in answer to the odes of Peter Pindar was really Andrew MacDonald a native of Perth who died in great destitution in London in 1799. Pindar must have met the ode in his *McCallum's Work* which was published in 1791. MacDonald who was originally an Episcopalian minister in Glasgow where he wrote a novel called *The Independent* figure in *Disraeli's* *Columns of Authors* and anyone reading his life can well understand Burns's feeling reference to poor unfortunate McDonald. As for his poetry what he was but an imitator for in the Pindaric movement and he suffered the same eclipse as the brighter humanity. They are forgotten and like scores of former favourites including many poets I can recollect round it of the line of Pindar

There's other poets much your letter
Far outrun Cicer' deep mine letters
Have thought they had a new Pindar
A future age
New methods deform in shadow's letters
Then unknown Pindar

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

OCTOBER 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Page THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square F.C.4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric

SPECIAL NOTICE—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses the Editor cannot undertake to return them

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3) competition both for the current month and the month following as below

and the allusion is contained in these six lines

There Night her silent sable
wears
And gloom invests the
vaulted skies
No star amid the void
appears
Yet celestial Nelly blushing
rises
And lightly stepping moves
unseen
To let her panting lover in

The poem was printed in *The Star* (edited by Peter Stewart who responded with *Linn*) of January 5th 1790 with the signature *Linn*

A reference to the old song in question will prove that the allusion to it which is simply the first line (slightly paraphrased) was undoubtedly what Burns had in his mind when he penned the passage. Further proof is

- I — A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric
- II — A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature
- III — A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best statement by herself in not more than a hundred and fifty words of 'The Effect the War has had on Mrs Grundy's Opinions' (The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best motto from any British or American author for the proposed League of Nations)
- IV — A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review
- V — A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *three months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

- I — The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Hilda Skæ of 16 Jordan Lane Edinburgh for the following

THE PIPER

Oh sweet and full by the mountain pool
And low and sweet in the meadow
The Piper plays in the woodland ways
Through sunshine and in shadow
The flows of earth hear the voice of his mirth
The bird in the tree top swaying—
Anon shall his note through the green alleys float
Where lasses and lads go maying
And where is the Piper now?—
Ah he hides in the topmost bough
While young lovers muse in the midsummer noon
For sweet are the days with the magic of June
And sweeter the nights with the stars and the moon
And the spell of the Piper's playing

Ah soft and low shall the music flow
O'er the fields of autumn's glory
Though reapers sing at the harvesting
There's sorrow in their story
Though gleams the gold on the woods and the wold
We mourn the year's betraying
For leaves lie dead on the paths that we tread
The paths where we once went maying
And brief was the summer's boon
Cold winter is coming soon—
For flown are the swallows that built in the eaves
And bitter the blast at the fall of the leaves
But the husbandman sings as he garners his sheaves
For he still hears the Piper playing

Ah cold and chill is the wind on the hill
And cold are the snowdrifts lying
When woods lie still neath the winter's will
And summer's hopes are dying
And birds have fled from the storm and the dread
And the Piper has hushed his playing
When lovers grown old shun the frost and the cold,
The lovers that once went maying—

Ah where is the Piper then?

He is far from the haunts of men—

But weep not for Summer that's buried and past
Nor the wail of the voices that cry on the blast
For the cuckoo shall waken the woodland at last
And the Piper shall come again

We also select for printing

LAST I GAVE

Let us forget to-morrow! I or to-night
At least with curtains drawn and drift wood piled
On our own hearthstone we may rest and see
The firelight flickering on familiar walls
(How the blue flames leap when an ember falls!)
Peace and content and soul security—
These are within Without the waste is wild
With storm clouds sweeping by in furious flight
And ceaseless biting of autumnal rain
Upon our window pane

The dusk grows deeper now the flames are low
We do not heed the shadows you and I
Nor fear the grey wings of encroaching gloom
So softly they enfold us One last gleam
Flashes and flits elusive as a dream
And then dies out upon the darkened room
So even so our earthly fires must die
Yet in our hearts love's flame shall leap and glow
When this dear night with all it holds for me
Is but a memory!

(Fileen Newton White Haven Whitby Yorks)

TO A C

May these poor lines escape at least thy scorn
I forgive their boldness and accept their truth
Not mine the songs of sentimental youth
Of deeper calmer reverence are they born—
Oh! to recount in verses less uncouth
The half of all thy treasure house of grace
Or to proclaim within my measured space
The justice of the name thou dost adorn!

A proof art thou—and thus the Ancients thought—
That grace of mind must outward grace impart
Thus have I seen thee always in my heart
Thy beauty has for inward beauty stood
In thee for thee has Nature once more wrought
The unity of Beautiful and Good

(Captain A F W Torquay)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by
E. R. Worth (Harrogate) Helena Drezinska (Paris)
Lieut R. C. Tattersall (Stockport) Lieut C. Dearmer
(York) Minna Browning (Cheltenham) Cyril G. Taylor
(Bedale) C. R. Price (B.E.F.) Vivien Ford (Bristol)
Ivan Adair (Dublin) Margaret Bardwell (Kingston on
Thames) T. Cleghorn Davidson (Edinburgh) Evelina
I. San Cardo (Accrington) Florence Lylee (Bath)
Lettie Cole (Pontrilas) Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury)
Edwin L. Gregory (Leverhulme) Hilda Gravelyan
Thomson (Middlesbrough) Private R. C. Bodker (Wool-
wich) Barbara Storey (London N.W.) J. Richard
Ellaway (Basingstoke) J. Reginald Wilmot (Birken-
head) Frank Denty Pescott (Guernsey) Kathleen A.
Brambridge (Kidderminster) Private Hitchcock (B.E.F.)
France) Peggie Lawford (Newton Abbot) James Hilton
(Cambridge) Nancy Pollock (Glasgow) Lieut Kenneth
Wyche (Norwich) Anthea (Alresford Hants)
F. Morogh (London S.W.) M. A. P. Price (Birming-
ham) A. Crawford (Bangor Co. Down) Dorothy G.
Muller (Wallington) Margaret Brooking (Gloucester)
B. I. Evans (London N.) A. Ritchie (London, S.E.)
E. M. Herring (London N.W.) Constance Goodwin
(London S.W.) Reginald Gray (Darlington) A. M.
Christie (Torquay) Abce W. Linford (London N.)
V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham) Private L. Horton (Harro-
gate) Anne M. Impey (London N.) Dorcen M. Dillon

(Lee) W G Hail (Cardiff) Mary C Main (Bristol)
John A Belchambers (London N) Fileen Carfra
(London S W) Agnes L Hillman (Stevenage) Lieut
J C B Brown (B E F France) C Mary Hills (Cardiff)
Beryl Carter (Bexhill) Rev Edwin C Lansdown (1st
bourne) S R Noyes (Larys South Africa) Irene
Wintle (Portland) Mrs Kathleen Hunter (Belfast)
Janet P Dove (Blackrock Co Dublin) Majorie Crosbie
(Wolverhampton) Wilfred W Keishaw (Birldale)
Margaret Brown (Culne) Dorothy I Warr (Luton)

II—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Edward Ward 51 Leighton Street South Shields for the following

OH! MONKY! MONKY BY ELIAN R H FORTER
(Cuttill)

What makes all this noise and how?
About two hundred pound
And that which was proved true tickle
Prove false again? Two hundred more

SAMUEL BUTLER *Herbert* 1st III Cant

We also select for printing

THE AWAKENING BY PAUL LUGGARD
(Ward Lock)

You may go away Jeremy Come and call me tele n
H S LEIGH *Strain for a Strand*

(Rev Edwin C Lansdown 53 Hatfield Road
Eastbourne)

COAL AND CANDLELIGHT BY HELEN PARRY LIPP
(Lane)

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

YOUNG *At the Hill*

(Nora Ford 136 Cromwell Road Kensington W)

MY ERRATIC IAI BY ALFRED CLARKE & ZMC (Lan)

For he sometimes sh... taller like an elephant
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all

R L STEVENSON *My Sheltie*

(A D Somerville 10 Bury Street
Lower Edmonton N 9)

III—This PRIZE is divided and TWO NEW BOOKS are awarded to Mrs Ethel Renton of Westfield Bradley via Keighley Yorks and Two to Cunner A J Palmer 161090 (Signals) 41st Battery 42nd Brigade R F A B L F France for the following

WHAT I INTEND TO DO AFTER THE WAR

What *we* intend to do after the war used to be a subject full of charm and one on which I never tired of dwelling. But three months ago my husband laid down his life for his country and now the question I am obliged to face is what *I* intend to do after the war. I intend to continue what I have already begun—the upbringing of my three fatherless children. Naturally I am a home woman and gladly left the solution of national and international problems along with the fulfilment of outside duties to my capable partner. But now I realise that if I am to fill the father's as well as the mother's place in the home I must broaden my outlook on life and interest myself in the general welfare of mankind and thus help my sons and daughter to develop large sympathies and well balanced minds

ETHEL RENTON

WHAT I INTEND TO DO AFTER THE WAR

I had a dream! No longer had I the ever present stench of ground soddened with noble blood spilt for England. No longer the terrible sights of headless men huddled as they had fallen. No longer was my deep sympathy awakened and humanity pained by the sight of mutilated horses who had fallen as nobly as their riders. No the vast plain of desolation and death was changed as to a scene of paradise

Through a billowy cloud I gazed, gazed at a figure seated

at a student's desk in a light and airy room as serviceable as beautiful. Its walls were decked with pictures that spoke to the soul of art of quiet and restfulness. Filled with well thumbed books shelves were near at hand. I saw the seated figure turn as though to reach a book—

Place had at last returned and I was dwelling once again in Utopia

CUNNER A J PALMER

We select for special commendation the essays by C Phillips (Northwich) Navigator (Liverpool) J A Jenkins (Liverpool) Jancepl Morden (1stbourne) Private R C Bodker (Woolwich) Maud Montague Bruce (Summerville) Private Percy A Staub (B E F France) Catherine J Davis (Thrapston) J Edmund Wilmot (Bilberrah) Cyril Wiggly (Leds) Corporal C Kalton Baird (York) A D Somerville (London N) Katharine J Wood (Birmingham) W H Dove H Dilton Vesey (Leamwood) J Swinlow (Lunbridge Wells)

IV The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is not more than a hundred words is awarded to Isabelle Criffin of Lyville Cottage Badmore Wolverhampton for the following

THE DAYS OF A CHILD BY EDWIN PUGH
(Chapman & Hall)

Mr Pugh is one of those rare and fortunate people who retain through life a clear and vivid picture of early years. Shades of the prison house have in no way dimmed his vision of childhood and in bringing knowledge and experience to interpret his memories he revives in others many blurred and faded recollections. The book is of absorbing interest and full of that sympathetic humour which is half akin to sadness yet many ponderous tomes on child study might not yield such a wealth of understanding of a child's thoughts feelings and emotions as this little volume portraying the boyhood of Tobias Morison

We also select for printing

A SON OF THE MANSIE

BY ALFRED TRISUDA SHUTTLE (Melrose)

A series of clearly cut pictures gives us his tragic career. The story moves quickly and is extraordinarily vivid. Its characterisation balanced. The Welsh Megan gives colour and brusque Pinkie strikes a welcome note of humour. The father is an artistic triumph. His dourness and rigidity repel but it is the springs of pity not condemnation he finally touches. Grace is the least satisfactory figure. The folly of making moral sanctions depend upon literal infallibility in a book is patent in the son's struggles but the warning against religious repression would be more convincing were the final tragedy less complete

(Elizabeth H Robertson 47 Ramsden Road S W 12)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Private F G Mitchell (Dublin) Rita C (Lyford London S W) J Stanley Stokes (Luton) Elsie M Meredith (Bideford) H W Mottram (London W) T A Percy Smith (Birmingham) A D Somerville (London N) Private R C Bodker (Woolwich) Frederick Willmer (Ramsey I O M) E C Wickham (Burrington Salop) D Hare (Bath) Helen Mills (Ballymena) Sidney S Wright (Swanley) Miss J A Jenkins (Liverpool) Ethel Mulvany (Dublin) Rolanda Hirst (London S W) Miss H A C Legge (Alresford Hants) Grace G Webb (Southam) S Hunter (Chesterfield) William Saunders (Edinburgh) Alan D Emerson (Launton) M L Rotton (London N W) E Street (Kenilworth) Owen Nugent (Belfast) Mrs Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg) Florence G Fidler (London) C J Pollard (Bournemouth)

V—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Jessie Jackson of 83, Walker Gate Beverley, East Yorks,

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE*

By C. F. SAINTSBURY

IT would appear that Professor Sir Arthur Quiller Couch intends (and there is not the slightest reason for quarrelling with his intention) to conduct the publication of his lectures and essays on what may be called the principle of the *macdoine*. *Macdoine* appears to be a horribly difficult country to make war in but against the mixed food which derives name from it there is no objection whatever and your literary *macdoine* may be as relishing as your culinary one. To spend no further in parables there is no pretence of connection—of course—in this volume and once more there is not much if any reason why there should be. The Commerce of Thought—a pleasing paper (though perhaps Commerce in Literature would be a rather less puzzling title) and Introduction in English Literature—Ballads and The Horatian Model in English Verse—Some Seventeenth Century Poets and Mr Hardy—The Terms Classical and Romantic and Charles Keble—Coleridge and Meredith—Matthew Arnold and Swinburne—do not in the least jostle but (to alter Lever slightly) make the general bed and then lie down beside each other on it in a most amiable and satisfactory manner.

A book however of this kind is not easy to review except scrappily. You may feel inclined at one moment to say 'Hear! Hear!' when Sir Arthur laughs gently (he might have made the laughter a little less gentle) at the communal dance theory of Ballads for though a communal dance might produce

I slew him—he fell by the Wurra Curre river

it must have been a most remarkable commune that turned out 'The Wife of Usher's Well' or 'Thus it might'. You may on the other hand feel tempted to shuffle your feet like a Scotch student when his professor says something that revolts his feelings at Sir Arthur's remarks on Crinkles—French Revolution. It is certain that all the oysters or at least the muscles of the Isle of Britain have *not* as Sir Arthur thinks they have and themselves of the diadem of pearls. He has only got to go up to the River Loth in the northern division of that isle and even without waders he can soon gather specimens which will convince him that the union is there still if not of Red Cross bulk. The 'Hear! Hear!' might come again at his emphatic insistence on the too little recognised value of vowel music in poetry and the shuffling at his statement that he does not know why Dr Johnson called certain poets metaphysical with some remarks following—that puzzle has been explained long ago. Perhaps it would be better if Mr Swinburne were now left alone in his glory for a little time inasmuch as his memory has certainly been confused by much abuse of speech recently. Not that there is anything in the least offensive about Sir Arthur's own remarks. But even he in regarding the last thirty years of the poet's life as a period of occultation seems not to have noticed that one thing was not occulted—namely the pure poetic element. Perhaps there was not much left besides

Studies in English Literature By Sir Arthur Quiller Couch (Cambridge University Press)

poetry but there was always that. It was poetry more or less *in vacuo* but there are so many people who have given us vacuity without poetry!

One of the most interesting essays of the batch is that on 'The Horatian Model in English Verse' which is full of good things though one may not agree with Sir Arthur that rhymelessness is the secret of Horatianity. It is of course easier to be Horatian without rhyme in verse just as it would be easier to play Horace in person without a tweed suit and a modern hat. But that is a different thing. Nor need Sir Arthur have been so much surprised at the late Dr Tyrrell's sneers at the *Regulus* ode. Dr Tyrrell was a most amusing companion and an excellent scholar but like other excellent scholars (Bentley and Ichmann in old days and Wilamowitz-Moellendorf in modern instances) he was by no means a trustworthy critic of literature especially of poetry.

But this application of the methods of Ickey and Flipsy to a book of the kind is never very satisfactory so let us take a single point and deal with it more seriously. At p. 68 Sir Arthur justifies the programme of his Chair which was it seems expressly to open the study of English down to our own time. He does not in fact in this book deal with any living writer except Mr Hardy who is a classic already but he seems rather anxious about the principle though he frolics round it opponents as fixing upon a date upon which English literature took to its bed and expired. Of course nobody does anything of the sort and the remark like others is a harmless joke. But perhaps it may be permitted to one who has thought (and had practical occasion to think) the subject out rather seriously—and who with all due respect to Sir Arthur and the University of Cambridge does not agree with them—to state his reasons for disagreement. Why did I (there can be no harm in the *ego* here for it makes the matter more practical) deliberately abstain twenty years ago from lecturing on Francis Thompson and John Davidson—for the first of whom I had some and for the second great admiration? And why should I if I held a chair at the present moment decline to lecture on those living writers whom Sir Arthur suggests?

The reasons are too numerous to exhaust here but some of the chief of them may be given.

The first and most obvious though by no means the strongest is the difficulty of speaking out and the probable unfairness of such speaking when it is done *ex cathedra* and not as the scribes. The second objection is stronger. About the writers of the past there is a certain *corpus* of more or less settled judgment. The professor himself need not and should not merely spoon this into his students' ears he may and should comment contest vary fill in and so forth as his wits and his knowledge allow him to do. But there is always the general judgment remaining and unless he is a silly paradoxer he will respect it and refer if not defer to it. And with it to qualify steady and correct his own estimates his pupils will have a body of literary doctrine on which to form their own mind and taste.

Overseas Addresses 46-48 Market Street Melbourne
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The things are set and seen in the firm perspective of the past' and will so abide

Contemporary writers are in a wholly different case. Their work is usually not done and work in that condition is always unsatisfactory to judge. There is between them and the contemporary student a distracting atmosphere of mist and dust and dazzle and all manner of illusion while (almost worst of all) the atmosphere though existing in both cases is not the same between the professor and the object on the one hand and the student and the object on the other.

But the strongest argument though perhaps it may be the most unexpected is the last. Is it not a mistake — almost a crime — to thrust in the personality of schoolmaster and professor between student and contemporary poet? It was not the least sensible and respectable action of the life of Mr. Arthur Lendennis that he did not insist on walking home that night with Mr. Philip Firmin and Miss Charlotte Baynes. And there is a real analogy between the relation of young readers to young poets and that of man and mind. The schoolmaster and the professor may perhaps should doubtless have prepared — the youthful reader to judge new poetry by what they have taught him about older — they may and should have guarded him against going a flirting with the Tupperis and following after the Lewis Morrisises of his own day. But this done the commerce of new writer and young reader should be — at any rate had best be — undisturbed. The harm done to literature by making it the subject of teaching has I think been exaggerated and affects some people hardly at all but it exists and does affect a good many others. Out of which last fact a humorist might perhaps extract a Gilbertian argument on Sir Arthur's side and urge that if professors begin to lecture on Mr. Abercromby or Mr. Masfield the students will be driven by natural recalcitrance to prefer Tennyson and Browning, Coleridge and Shelley and so on backwards. But in seriousness there can be I think no better motto than

Laisscz la verdure. I never myself had any difficulty in liking Æschylus or Lucretius because I learnt

them at school or was lectured to on them at college. But I do thank the goodness and the grace which spared me lectures and classes on Tennyson and Swinburne.

A few words may be given to the lecture. On the Terms Classic and Romantic but as it is to have a sequel of apparently more scholastic character perhaps it would be better not to say much about it. It is however in reality so far not so much a discussion of the two things selected in its title as an onslaught upon the abuse of isms generally in literary history and criticism with a more particular castigation of Dr. Brandes. Those who have never made much case of that industrious and ingenious Danish German Hebrew will not quarrel with what Sir Arthur says of him. Nor will they dissent as to the general question of tendencies, schools, and so forth — terms which undoubtedly have been and are abused and which should be very carefully used in literary study. But when he seems to attempt to bar them altogether and says

When we attempt to convert our epithets of opinion — classic, romantic, etc. — into abstract nouns — classicism, romanticism, etc. — we are at once *hip leidy lost* — some slight protest is necessary. An intelligent person means by romanticism the sum and substance of the things which in his opinion are romantic and one does not see where the losing comes in. If of course you attempt to abstract too much you may lose your way in your abstractions but you need not do so. The present writer has never inclined to excessive theorising, generalising, schematising and so forth in literary history and criticism. But if you are to have no grouping and comparing and arranging it all if the study is to consist merely of individual glances at this writer and that that book or this neglecting time, place, circumstance, influence, filiation and the like *altogether* criticism becomes a mere rag bag. Do not push your classifying too far and never separate the abstract from the concrete but let classification and abstraction have their fair place. And after all Sir Arthur probably means no more or not much more than this in the words quoted above.

New Books

THE SINGING SEASON

The war sets more and more poets to singing as over the battlefields the birds sing the louder because of the guns. Some of these poets sing to ease their own pain and bring a bruised sweetness to those who listen. Others again give us what they see of the tremendous issues in which they have part and these are the simple songs of simple soldier men. The war because it dominates all else slips into singing which would else be concerned with bird or flower and is not equal to the crashing discords. Not much of the poetry of the war is essential but the remarkable thing is the quality of it as a whole.

Here in a bundle of new books of poetry and verse one finds a slender paper covered volume on which the understating reviewer will fasten with the thrill of the discoverer. It is *Lost City* by Kathleen Montgomery Wallace and to the mind of the present reviewer it makes a trilogy with Rupert Brooke and Rose Macaulay. It is a

¹ *Lost City* By Kathleen Montgomery Wallace is not (Cambridge W. Heffer & Sons)

book of Cambridge and the Fen Country and of those who went from Cambridge that city of youth never to return. The poetry has the clear colour, the pure music, the intensity that entitles it to a place in the trilogy. It is so good to be able to praise without a sense of being kind. This woman's poetry haunted by the shades and beauties of the university town speaks for itself. It is poetry one need say no more. The little book is all beautiful but I must make room for this.

Because you are dead so many words they say
If you could hear them how they crowd they crowd!
Dying for England—but you must be proud
And Greater Love — Honour — A debt to pay
And Cry dear! some one says and some one Pray!
What do they mean their words that throng so loud?

This dearest that for us there will not be
Laughter and joy of living dwindling cold
Ashes of words that dropped in flame first told
Stale tenderness made foolish suddenly
This only heart's desire for you and me
We who lived love will not see love grown old.

The Leaf * is contemplative poetry and gives the reader the pleasure of quiet contemplation that sees in the leaf on the tree the whole meaning of the Universe. The title poem takes us away happily from the agonies of our day but it is only for a little while for the writer goes back to the war like nearly all of us. One would rather sit by him in this mood.

Will I still find my day
Under the old apple tree
And the cherry tree in May
Butting the daisies of May
And the up the path to the gate by
Still it is the same
I will let him sit in contemplation
A while more in the old tree
There is still such a thing in the

The list of the Fitch has a picture cover of a soldier sleeping on the battlefield dreaming of mother, wife and child who lean above him. This picture truly indicates what is to be found between the pages of Poems of Love and War. Good honest soldier's sentiment which finds expression in musical and very pleasant verse much of which might very well be set to music.

KATHARINE FITCH

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES *

Personality is the vital factor of things written. On the force and charm of a writer's individuality depend the power and appeal of his book. Skill in construction, qualities of characterisation and phrasing, the necessary technicalities, are available to anyone who may use them but the individuality behind, the personality that imbues and controls, is the influence that ultimately decides. It is largely the cause of the quality and success of Mr Galsworthy's writings. A master of technique to the finger tips though rather inclined to overtouch and overdo, he has a reserve of sympathy, a human note, that softens the harshest circumstance. He can see the kinder side of the blackguard's case and knows that to understand everything is to pardon. He is moreover alert to irony and the combination of the ironic spirit with an unshakable gentleness means that he can see, can show, the eternal humour of things but finds it impossible to laugh at the absurdities of pitiful humanity strung on the wires of the world with the screech of the gods.

These Five Tales are ironic in a characteristically gentle manner. We are shown old age confronting death and an inevitable disgrace with defiant blasts of cigar smoke and an absolute enjoyment of the ultimate sips of fatal liqueur brandy. We see the hero on his silver wedding day brought by the imps of accident to luminare by the roadside grave of her who six and twenty years before had killed herself because of his lost love. Cupid's wings having been curbed and the blinded god lured to a suburban destination. Throughout the tales in some degree the little ironies of life are illustrated so that we are brought to realise how absolutely man's strutting and gesticulating importance is a marionette condition subject to the mechanism and whims of the immortals. The only unconvincing story of the five is the first. It is an account energetically and nervously wrought of an established barrister Keith Darrant who becomes in accessory after the fact to a murder virtuously committed by his weak and lovable younger brother Laurence. A woman who despite her trade is drawn sympathetically has become the victim of a loathly bully who exploits her for his own base purposes. He is killed in a fury of passion. Suspicion however is fastened on another man who is subsequently condemned to death. This proves too much for Larry. He leaves a confession and kills himself and then Keith Darrant destroys the confession for the poor purpose of

The Leaf and Other Verses By R. D. Norton (Langley)

* Poems of Love and War By Lieut. S. B. Macleod 3s 6d net (Simpkin)

* Five Tales By John Galsworthy 6s net (Heinemann)

saving his family name and thus although another not the murderer will inevitably be hanged for the crime. Doubtless amongst the individuals of an infirm humanity there are persons who might let the innocent die rather than brave the passing contempt of the gossips but not this barrister. Trained in practice and by tradition to regard law, order and even property as sacrosanct, it would be impossible for such an one to destroy the evidence that saved an innocent man from death. All else in the tale is admirable. Its verisimilitude is finely helped by the tense directness of the dialogue.

The second and the fifth stories are studies of old men taking the last sips of the wine of life before the cup is inevitably removed. Old Heythorpe, the chairman of a shipping company, is a first class reprobate, a scaramouche of distinction, elaborately indifferent to the calendar of conventional virtues yet thanks to Mr Galsworthy's sympathy we like the old dog and are a willing party to his malicious doings and against the unpleasant decent people his justified persecutors. The pity is that Sylvanus could not bluff them at the last and was compelled to take refuge in the most tolerable of possible forms of suicide. So also with number two. John Forsyte we are glad to find was a friend of Sylvanus Heythorpe and though less of a practical desperado than he shared his love of good things, liquid, solid and feminine. When the domestic watchdogs of his family were away the old fellow refused the Indian Summer of his life by befriending and enjoying the company of the divorced wife of his nephew. Again does Mr Galsworthy's kindness triumph over the harshness of reality indeed it looks very much as though the malefactors of the world, they who have braved the censures of the formally good, win the warmer share of his sympathy. Irene Heron is an attractive woman who bears the consequences of her forbidden love with a modesty and courage that are admirable. Better such as she a thousand times than the coldly unkindly virtuous who narrow their conduct to the mere requirements of the Decalogue. As human instances these stories of old men, vivid and vital, are delightful. Artistically we could have wished that Mr Galsworthy had omitted the last paragraph of A Stone and the concluding two sentences of the Indian Summer of a Forsyte. Each is a case for suggestive reticence, the silence that is more eloquent than speech. The Jury man is a sufficient fragment that points the consciousness of brotherhood between respectability and the criminal. Why is it the dock gapes for John and gets him while Jonathan, no less guilty but more happily circumstanced, continues to wear the clean collar of a blameless life? Henry Bosengate is an eminently self-satisfied citizen when he is called to act as jurymen at the trial of little Lewis, the poor rat in khaki who because in the Army he missed the affection of his wife had tried to kill himself. If Bosengate were treated as Owen Lewis had been—well, most of us are lucky to scape whipping! The Apple Tree will probably be the best liked of these Five Tales. It is the one that loses most by Mr Galsworthy's insistent gentleness. It calls for a fierce irony, its humour, satire, demands merciless laughter, its denouement is actually cruel but not in the realisation.

The whole book is a joy for its feeling and artistry. Mr Galsworthy is a master of his craft who plays on the keys of an intricate human existence with a deftness and sympathy that bring out the full richness of chords builded of laughter and tears.

C. E. LAWRENCE

JOHN BUTLER YEATS *

There are some books that the reader finishes with solid relief, others whose concluding words seem like the parting farewell of a much loved friend. Mr Yeats's wholly delightful Essays belong to the latter kind and there is this consolation in the parting so different from

Essays Irish and American By John Butler Yeats 4s 6d net (The Talbot Press)

TWO NEW BOOKS BY TAGORE *

Though on the whole *Lover's Gift* and *Crossing* does not come up to Sir Rabindranath Tagore's earlier works, yet it contains many pretty fancies. Who else would have referred to the Taj Mahal at Agra as a tear drop of love? Who but he would write of the beloved as Dark as the longing for unknown love in the wistful night of May? What other poet would liken moonlight to a kiss for the *malati* flowers?

In places in *Lover's Gift* Sir Rabindranath is deliciously unorthodox. To his fathers the forest was a place to which men past the middle mile stone of life retired to contemplate upon the attributes of the Divine Being. To him the birthplace of flowers and the haunt of birds and bees is the abode of love its hidden nooks waiting for the thrill of lovers' whispers.

Many are the types of women who catch the poet's fancy. He has a song for the woman alone with [a] few sheaves of rice for her whose young body is slim and swaying for the one who has a twinkling smile on the edge of her eyes for the peasant whose basket is heavy and whose limbs are tired and for her whom her neighbours call dark in the village—but she is a lily to my heart yes a lily though not fair.

His message is full of hope and inspiration. He urges

Do not sit down silently to tell the beads of your past tears and smiles do not stop to pick up the dropped petals from the flowers of overnight do not go to seek things that evade you to know the meaning that is not plain—leave the keys in your life where they are for the music to come out of their depths.

Many and varied are the pictures of Indian life that he draws—always with a sympathetic loving hand. The homeliest of the themes that he selects are illumined by his rich imagery. In a single poem (the one numbered 20) he compresses descriptions of the place where the learned muddle the summer breeze with their snuff where yellow manuscripts frown upon the fleet footed frivolousness of life of the marble palace where the man of fortune grows enormous in pride and flesh of the room where the young student sits with his head bent over his books with prose prowling on the desk and poetry hiding in the heart and of the house where the bride runs to the bedroom the moment she is free and snatches from under her pillows the book of romance so roughly handled by the baby.

Only a third of *Lover's Gift* is by Sir Rabindranath. The rest is made up of translations from the Bengali of Devendranath Sen Satyendranath Datta and Dwijendralal Roy. They all are well known in Bengal. Devendranath Sen the oldest among them took M.A. and LL.B. from the Calcutta University and set up practice as a pleader (lawyer). But he was too much of a dreamer to attend to his legal work. Unlike him Satyendranath Datta is quite young—about 30. He is the grandson of Akshay Kumar Datta who is spoken of as the father of modern Bengali literature. Dwijendralal Roy a contemporary of Tagore died recently. After passing through Cirencester he returned to his country and was appointed a deputy magistrate. His heart was however in literature. He enriched his mother tongue with many patriotic lays comic songs, and historical dramas. The instances selected from the work of these authors by Sir Rabindranath all reflect the tropical luxuriance of modern Bengali poetry.

In *Crossing* the rollicking passionate lover turns into a devotee helpless and trustful. He prays

Accept me, my lord accept me for this while
Let those orphaned days that passed without thee be forgotten
Only spread this little moment wide across thy lap holding
it under thy light
I have wandered in pursuit of voices that drew me yet led
me nowhere
Now let me sit in peace and listen to thy words in the soul
peace
away thy face from my heart's dark secrets but
hem till they are alight with thy fire

* *Lover's Gift* and *Crossing*. 2s. net. (Macmillan)



PHOTOGRAPH BY
H. J. T.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

As devotee quite as much as lover Sir Rabindranath is full of optimism and hope. He rapturously proclaims

Light's rays break up from the East the West
And at the summit of the crumbling mountain the plains of
Victory

In strange contrast with the note of joy and inspiration in *Lover's Gift* and *Crossing*, a note of pessimism runs through the pages of Rabindranath's *Mashi* and *Other Stories*. The only explanation for this that occurs to me is that most of his tales deal with one phase or another of the transition through which India is passing, and that transition is inspiring anxiety in the minds of men like Tagore who are vitally interested in the preservation of Indian culture from the ravages of the vandal forces of indiscriminate Westernisation.

Mashi, maternal aunt—the chief character of the first story—is typical of the woman whom Indians adore. Her one interest in life is to mother the son of her dead sister. We are introduced to him when he is in the advanced stages of a fatal malady. *Mashi* weaves a close meshed net of deception to make him believe that his wife really a thoughtless girl is deeply concerned and is devoting her whole time to cooking his invalid food and knitting shawls to keep him warm. The deception succeeds for a time but in the end the husband discovers the truth. The careless wife returns too late. As in the minstrel song

O my heart! you woke not when the man of my heart came
to my door
At the sound of his departing steps you woke up
Oh you woke up in the dark!

A touch of humour relieves the pessimism of some of the stories. For instance in *The Supreme Night* Rabindranath indulges in good natured banter at the expense of young Indians who would fain play the Garibaldi in their homeland. The hero is a rustic lad who runs away from his village to pursue studies that he considers will open the portals of Government service. In that he comes in contact with boys who are first with to regenerate their Motherland. While he is pining to become a great leader, his father is marrying a girl, S

princess which has now definitely been saved from destruction. It lies in a very old abbey—and by the way may we whisper that Bishop Merbeau on page 22 becomes Archbishop Merbeau on page 56 and that the exhortation to the dead Boches on page 168 is—but no doubt the French of an earlier Bishop of Meaux is much more than they deserve. Miss Aldrich heard from an officer that with a favourable wind the big guns could be heard at a distance of a hundred kilometres—we in the Vosges used in 1916 to hear the guns at Verdun which is very much farther—but the shell travelled through the earth not through the air.

HENRY BAILEY

HARLEQUINADE *

Parts of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new novel irresistibly recall the harlequinade with which our printemmes used to conclude a bewildering evening. The whole book is a much halter and slower entertainment so that we seem to see what the late H. C. Felissier called "the whiff of the four eyes"—but at its worst it is like the harlequinade. That is when Mr. Mackenzie is being at all costs funny. The funny parts are the inferior parts of *Sylvia Scarlett*. The best parts are those in which narrative at times dilatory at times rapid catches the reader as well as the author and bears him along. The Prologue is thus easily the best portion of the whole book. It recalls the dexterity of *The Passionate Pilgrimage*. It belongs to the early part of the nineteenth century and it has a delightful ease and grace. Then again the early life of Sylvia brings vivid recollections of *Carnival* in which book Jenny Earl (like Sylvia) had her genuine childhood. As *Carnival* however lost its way in a mass of luxuriant details of west country scenery and conventional melodrama so does *Sylvia Scarlett* by developing into harlequinade cease to impress the reader as a vital whole. It becomes a reckless and unconsecutive series of rapidities of ridiculous episodes and flights until one breathlessly catches at any rival book which possesses unity. It becomes what is inexactly called a picturesque novel which is as though one should say it lost interest as a whole in the erratic interests of passing events. So it is true do our lives appear when we are submerged in events. If the novelist's business were only to record events *Sylvia Scarlett* would be a good novel because there is an unending succession of scenes grave and gay in most of which Sylvia appears as a lay figure. She is there a girl amid men and women and temptations and excitements as girls must always be in any active kind of modern life. But if the aim of the novelist is to give form and colour to the queer mixture of which we are conscious as touching our own characters at every turn then Mr. Mackenzie has failed in the novelist's task. He presents us with huge numbers of people all as clearly differentiated (one must hope) as Fielding's two landladies—he runs us hither and thither from land to land from person to person from one variety of experience to another—but he does not succeed in interesting us in his principal character. Sylvia tastes all kinds of danger and emotions. She is dressed as a boy she meditates among the tombstones she plays in a troupe of entertainers wanders into a side show at an exhibition marries seeks shadier paths does theatrical work over and over again runs away with ebullient young males. And all the time she is only a girl to whom these experiences happen. Mr. Mackenzie sketches character with great cleverness—he has a quick eye for an effect and a contrast—but he cannot give his book the unity of a single interest. As a skimming of the book is veracious. It has all sorts of interests and is free hand drawing from actuality. Much observation is shown in its pages. It is almost free from those splashes of style which gave his earlier work the air of young Oxford showing its paces. And finally it never



Mr. Compton Mackenzie

makes us feel agony at the risks Sylvia is running in her headstrong pursuit of affairs. That is its weakness—that it is not a whole but only a loosely woven series of excitements in the life of a girl who with all her excellently rendered characteristics does not succeed in standing clear from her surroundings. She is not that is to say individualised though the minor realities of the book are innumerable. It is full of little sketches that one feels to be exact and finely rendered. It shows in many passages a genuine talent that gives Mr. Mackenzie a high place among our novelists. But it follows a structureless convention that has been superseded for good reasons—and it is less a novel than an exhibition of talent perversely employed.

FRANK SWINNERTON

PRE EXISTENCE *

The art of Mr. Algernon Blackwood has presented to us many phases of traditional occult doctrine and also of practice transmuted in the alembic of literature—and his illustrations of this kind of alchemy have been convincing on the score of attainment. He knows the old subjects and in the wide range of their dreams and reveries not to speak of what may be veridic amidst them he has found his own wide field for the work of the shaping spirit. Better I think than he does no one visualises the strange hierarchies of Paracelsus the *Ætnæi*, Salamanders and other igneous spirits the Durdals who are woodland denizens and Sylvestres their elder brothers—allied to the classical fauns the Lorinds and Undines the Sylphs of air and Melusinae with others of the genus Nymphæ in the free fields of heaven—and that last class—most human of all Sagani—the Gnomes and Trameses, rapping and throwing spirits in mines and cavernous profundities. Here is a selection only from the antique German mythology in part perhaps devised but borrowed for the most part by the Sage of Hohenheim from mediæval folklore. They are the hidden life and intelligence which people the world of elements some few spans and no

* *The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett* By Compton Mackenzie 6s. net (Martin Secker)

* *Karma* By Algernon Blackwood and Violet Paget. 6s. net (Macmillan)

farther beyond the normal range of sight. We may not find them under the old names but they are for ever slipping round the street corners and over the forest tracks in the realm of Mr. Blackwood's explorations. He has the freedom of their palaces and solitudes and has learned to speak their language. In part at least they have told him their secrets and have unveiled their ways of being. Nor yet is this all for in his work are now and then as it were echoes and reflections which come to us from beyond all plummet of the senses like in eye of heaven itself which opens unawares and reveals depths of splendour. It is for such cause I think that not a few of us are looking for some greater work than all speeding from the heart of universal Nature and announcing things which have been intimated of a truth there and here in Mr. Blackwood's books but have not as yet been expanded fully. He will look to it I hope and remember. Now.

Karma is after in their manner for it belongs to an old belief about human life and being which is apart from all the mythologies, the fables and all the fictions an eastern dream of the soul. It is a beautiful story carried on through life and fate—of soul rejoined to soul by a marriage of mind and female in successive bodies of flesh till there comes at last a lay in this our modern world when she who has been a little child enters into planetary under-tuning in a great star of life and purpose rises ever both. The tale is cast into dramatic form and becomes among the mysteries of Egypt 2000 B.C. under the shadow of a great temple. It ends in the dramatic world of modern London. It is at once a story of doom and a soul's comedy the title implying that there is something to be worked out and worked off. The pity of it is that the name and its thesis have been officialised by the conventions of modern occult speculation. Indeed Mr. A. J. Sinnett wrote a novel under this designation—it is high upon thirty years since. However Mr. Blackwood's *Karma* is not exactly the *Karma* as it seems to me—of Modern Theosophy being that doctrine precisely which Ramanathan—a distinguished eastern mystic—refused to discuss when he was speaking to certain *clerics* during one of his visits to England. The book takes me back to excellent old Joseph Chynil and his *Las Orientalis* on the pre-existence of souls which he offered in the seventeenth century as a key to the Grand Mysteries in respect of Sin and Misery. Well in time the reincarnation play is after Mr. Blackwood's own good manner and if I have not mentioned Miss Violet Tarn's collaborator previously in this notice it is because they have worked so well together that I know not one from the other.

A. J. WAITE

THE SAD YEARS *

In the sympathetic memoir that prefaces this posthumous volume by Dora Sigerson Katharine Lynn says touching on the end of a life that had been happy till these latter years overclouded it. Her breakdown in health was sudden. She attributed it herself to an intense and isolated suffering—isolated beyond the perfect sympathy of her devoted husband over the events following Easter week 1916 in Dublin and the troubles that menaced the country she adored. I think she need not have felt so bitterly isolated—the spirit of humanity is strong in the good English—and the good English are very good—but the fact remains that she broke her heart over it all.

A sense of this heartbreak runs through nearly all her last poems—there is in nearly all of them a note of farewell a wistful turning away from life as if the burden of it had grown too heavy to be borne and she were already half in love with easeful death. Man's inhumanity to man baffled and bewildered her till she appealed despairingly to God.

Is this indeed Thy man that Thou hast made
Is this Thy likeness and are these Thy ways?

* *The Sad Years* Poems by Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) With a portrait 5s net (Constable)

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The same despair is in Progress 1914-1918 in October 1915 in the passionate protest of The Question It is the despair that comes of failing health and such sleeplessness as is pictured so poignantly in The Hours of Illness

How slow creeps time! I hear the midnight chime
And now late revellers prepare for sleep
A last gay voice rings in a passing rhyme
And past my door the anxious footsteps creep

And the bitterest despair of all is in the last poem An Old Proverb which broods over the horrors of war the passing sorrows and joys of the world and sighs that

In a thousand years
It will be all the same
Which of us was to blame?
What will it matter then?

The profound sadness of the poems would be intolerable but for the beauty that is in them too—beauty of thought and fancy and feeling that are the ecstasy of grief and as stars that shine in the darkness make its night more lovely than the day There are things that one turns back to for the delight of reading again such as The Comforters

Nora A Song for Evalcen and I Saw Children Playing—perhaps the most touching lyric in the book and the most characteristic of it

I saw children playing dancing in a ring
Till a voice came calling calling one away
With sad backward glances she went loitering
Hoping they would miss her and so cease to play

So as I went chatting through the city's hum
With my old companions laughing on the way
Came a voice low calling calling me to come
To my lonely sleeping leaving work and play

With sad mournful glances lo I look to see
If a heart should loving pause and turn aside
From the happy circle and then on to me
Sighing Do not leave us—still with us abide

No! they still are playing chatting in a ring
Eager voices seeking other games to know
Lone I go protesting—hear them laugh and sing
Feeling not my absence heeding not my woe

A SCOTTISH KIRK*

Though it has now lost its identity in a larger union the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland was a great force in its day Its leaders were men big in brain and large of heart many of them sprung from the pious peasantry of the country John Cairns for instance has been spoken of as a sort of personification of the U P system Cairns himself might almost be called its soul and in that case we have a presentation of U Pism at its highest To be sure this particular section of the Scottish Kirk had its roots much farther back than Cairns's day but its most glorious epoch came to fruition when Cairns was Principal and when men like John Ker and John Brown were the gracious luminaries of the U P firmament

The U P Church stood for three things It was intensely democratic it was undeniably spiritual and because it was spiritual it grew to be the missionary denomination in Scotland Its scholarship was hardly as considerable as that of the other great churches of the North It produced however a set of celebrated pulpit orators and it made a noble contribution to the literature of the land Among poets it gave us Ralph Erskine (one of its founders) whose Gospel Sonnets was long a household book lying on dusty window shelves beside Boston's Fourfold

State and other curious old world disquisitions We cannot forget that Michael Bruce—to whom is certainly owing the cream of the Scottish Paraphrases—came of good Seceder stock So did Robert Pollok author of

The Course of Time who was a licentiate of the church So was Thomas Davidson the Scottish Probationer *par excellence* made known to the world through Dr James Brown's fascinating biography The greatest literary worker in the U P Church was George Gilfillan who did more to foster a love of literature in the Scottish youth of his own and a much later period than perhaps any other man in Scotland And the supreme literary artist in the U P body was Dr John Brown author of Rab and His Friends—that half hour's lecturette at Biggar (as was its origin) which will live as long as the language lasts

It is interesting to recall that Carlyle nurtured in the bosom of the Secessionists might have been a U P minister that Burns sat under an Anti Burgher divine at Dumfries that a considerable crony of Scott was Dr Jamieson of the Scottish Dictionary—an excellent good man and full of auld Scottish cracks

Of all these—and more—a faithful account has been furnished in Mr Woodside's skilfully manipulated chapters He writes with feeling and insight what does not profess to be a history but is nevertheless a satisfying and stimulating record of a church whose fruits of independence and integrity and intellectual stability were surely the best evidence of a living soul within

W S CROCKETT

MODERN SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY*

The name of Cardinal Mercier has passed for the time being at least from the record of events in Belgium and his personality from its terrible pagant It might not be difficult to ascertain where moves now the slight picturesque figure with the grave intellectual face but it is enough to rest assured that he is about the business of his country and his church within and without the archdiocese of Malines A further memorial of his life in thought is before me being the expected second volume of his work on Scholastic Philosophy presented in modern form and reflecting its light of criticism—a touchstone for those who are concerned—on modern problems and modern points of view In noticing the first volume of this excellent translation I enumerated such characteristics and set down such impressions as arrested the mind of one independent reader The undertaking is here completed We have in the first place a complete presentation of Natural Theology its very subtle distinctions on the idea of the Divine Being conceived in the mind its proofs of the existence of God embodying and examining arguments and considerations from Anselm Augustine and above all Thomas Aquinas its tabulation and distribution of rational notions concerning the metaphysical essence of God and lastly its summary sketch of Divine Activity—*ad intra* in the thought and will of God and subsequently *ad extra* in the creation conservation and government of the universe It seems to me—but I speak as one who is detached because there are other worlds in which the Divine is realised beyond and more intimately than in this brilliant world of debate—that here is a contribution to the greatest of natural subjects made from an intellectual throne and that it is as wine and sunshine compared with the moonlight and water of the Paley school A long treatise on logic comes next in the list but I confess that I have passed it over having brushed it in doing so with the extreme flourish of Mrs Browning's astonishing phrase The final cause of logical order suggests dread matters of research yet I found one triumph of comfort since it appears that the orderly arrangement of

* The Soul of a Scottish Church By the Rev David Woodside, B.D. Glasgow & (United Free Church of Scot

* A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy By Cardinal Mercier Authorised Translation, Vol. II 102, 6d net. (Hogarth)

our ideas is no guarantee of truth. One knew already that truth Divine Essence and all these desirable ends of being have an unsearchable aptitude for slipping through the mesh of a syllogism but one might have doubted whether Modern Scholastic Philosophy would admit so much. It is understood and affirmed therefore that truth is extrinsic to logic though it is the final end of this. The third division of the volume is a study of ethics which—in the words of one of the Secret Rituals—takes us speedily

where we should be always in spirit namely to the Throne of God for it tells us how man has one end which is not in anything created but in God only and whereas moral goodness is in conformity with this supreme end so moral evil is the condition of being in separation therefrom. These sections are followed by certain outlines of the History of Philosophy and they are of conspicuous interest for they may be taken to present the last word and considered views of the Latin Church on post Kantian and contemporary theories. It is explained in the final paragraphs that Neo-Scholastic Philosophy may be said to have originated during the pontificate of Leo XIII though a new vigour was given to the old forms by Liberatore, Taparelli and Carnielli towards the end of the nineteenth century. The *Institut de Philosophie* at Louvain was its first home under the direction of the Cardinal Immate of Belgium then Mgr Mercier who is directly or otherwise responsible for the sections of this volume those on Special Ethics and the History of Philosophy excepted.

A. L. WAITE

THE DOMINIC—NEW STYLE *

It seems to be a fixed habit of mankind to bestow the name of New upon anything particularly old and stale as for instance the New Woman the New Honour and the New Lud Jagg. Now things may be properly called New and yet be ancient they having claimed their title in the beginning as in such cases as New College the New River and the Pont Neuf the last of which has become a proverb of antiquity. Add to these the things that are really new and never called so and you see the fine possibilities of confusion. Therefore when a book proclaims in its title a special novelty (to use Lamb's word) we must be pardoned if for a moment we are suspicious. Teaching (especially in its least amiable forms) being one of the primal instincts we ask in doubt if there really can be any thing new about it. A few of the writers in this very volume seem at such pains to insist upon their novelty that one almost suspects a doubt in their minds too.

There is for instance the great principle of correlation of connecting related subjects and especially hand activities with brain activities. I have seen with my own eyes a proudly exhibited collection illustrating the correlation of handwork with English literature. The poem chosen for the operation was Browning's How They Brought the Good News and the process was simply the representation of things named in the poem by paper or cardboard models. Thus there was a stirrup and a saddle and a wall and a gate (with practicable bolt) and so on. I do not venture to question the value of the exercise but I am doubtful of its newness. I seem to recall the doctrines of a quite early educationist.

'We go upon the practical mode of teaching Nickleby the regular education system C-I-e-a-n, clean verb active to make bright, to scour. Win win der der winder a casement. When a boy knows this out of the book he goes and does it.'

I don't know that the principle has ever been better put. But, after all there is a new teaching a kind of teaching that would astonish the old time pedagogue by its methods and its results. Even here however I feel that the modern spirit cannot be better described than in the words of a now elderly writer the creator of *Sylvestre Bonnard*. Perhaps the editor and authors of the present volume will forgive me.

The New Teaching, Edited by John Adams M.A.
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me if instead of quoting them I recall the conversation of the dear old bookworm with Maître Mouche when he wishes to rescue Jeanne from the clutches of that French Miss Linkerton the detestable Mademoiselle I réferé.

The notary then took it upon himself to justify Mademoiselle Préfère's educational system and arrived by way of conclusion: It is not by amusing oneself that one can learn.

It is only by amusing oneself that one can learn. I replied. The whole art of teaching is only the art of awakening the natural curiosity of young minds for the purpose of satisfying it afterwards—and curiosity itself can be vivid and wholesome only in proportion as the mind is contented and happy. The requirements crammed by force into the minds of children simply clog and stifle intelligence. In order that knowledge may be properly digested it must be assimilated with a good appetite. I would teach Jeanne to have sympathy with all that is beautiful—comely landscapes, the ideal scenes of poetry and history, the emotional charm of noble music. And in order that she should have a still higher pleasure, I would train her to find delight in exercising her faculty. And inasmuch as none of us may escape pain, I should teach her that Christ in wisdom which elevates us above all suffering, and gives a beauty even to grief itself.

It is the theory of Wordsworth and of the modern play way perfectly stated.

Professor Adams in his illuminating chapter on the New Teaching is at some pains to rebut the charge that this play way of teaching is a soft pedagogy. Much more convincing even than his sound argument is the general effect of his contributors' papers. Such essays as those of Mr. de Clehm on modern languages, of Dr. Nunn on science, of Mr. Strachan on mathematics, of Mr. Fargrieve on geography and of Messrs. Keatinge and Husbuck on history will convince any but the wilful ones that the new teaching means an almost appalling expenditure of energy and that the real soft pedagogy was the old. The French teacher (old style) set his pupils to work with a book and then quietly corrected their exercises; the new teacher is hard at it all the time talking, questioning, answering, acting, and using never a word of English all through the lesson. There is no comparison between modern science teaching (so admirably described by Dr. Nunn) and the old in which the pupil got up prescribed pages of the textbook, watched a few faked experiments, learned to draw apparatus from blackboard copies, or performed a piece of elementary analysis by the ritual of a prescribed table. Those were the good old days in which (as Dr. Nunn tells us) a White-chapel evening school could head the list with its number of passes in Agriculture. And as for classics in which one had thought that teachers would rub out in the old hereditary way for ever, the change here is most extraordinary. That boys should be speaking Latin before they encounter as much as a declension sounds too good to be true, yet that it is what happens at the Lercé School under Dr. House, who describes the miracle here. But this kind of miracle cometh not out but by prayer and fasting. In the elementary schools too the same story holds. Under the old regime of payment by results, when nothing more was expected than the successful hustling of a class through a simple examination in three subjects once a year, the teacher's life was possibly strenuous, but certainly simple; now that the aim is education and not examination, his life is even more strenuous and harassingly complicated into the bargain. The new teaching (like a much advertised political remedy) means more work for all.

Professor Adams has done a public service in compiling this book, for from its pages the general reader (i.e. the ratepayer and taxpayer) can learn something about the aims and methods of the best teaching, and will see the teachers themselves, not (as so often of late) as discontented persons clamouring for better payment, but as public servants with high aims, living lives of continuous strain and uncovenanted effort, and always seeking for a better way. These are the people to whom that great educationist, Bernard Shaw proposes to give thirty shillings a week, and the status of dog trainers. They will appreciate the unintended compliment. The bilious buffoon who has ceased to draw is a common object of the circus.

GEORGE SAMPSON

Novel Notes

WREN'S WIFE By Cyril Russell 6s. net (Collins)

Wren was an anomaly among Irishmen—he had no redeeming quality. Somehow we find ourselves questioning if the author need have inflicted him on Ireland or Canada, either seeing that this whim serves no purpose and only throws a certain air of remoteness around what should have remained a definite and not altogether disagreeable figure. For a parallel to the fascinating way in which he nurses a fluttering and inveterate hatred against his friend, the anonymous narrator, we have to go back to *The Master of Ballantrae* or *Clubb Williams*.

The result is a series of early chapters which make a forbidding and uncharacteristic opening to a story that clearly deserved a better augury. Once Wren enters on his curious wager, the tone of the book lightens and the author's peculiar turn for invention comes in. Wren's wife begins to breathe again and the reader dares to hope against hope that the knot is to be unravelled without horror. This expectation is fulfilled in most ingenious ways, for every surprise is well contrived, and the narrator touches his triumph with a whimsical, scarce eloquent power that enforces one's unguarded admiration. You forget the early foibles, see the light in the uneasy grouping, and the rather crackling dialogue. Instead you perceive that the author has been telling with a decided plan with freshness and merit in it, and you congratulate yourself that there is a good and natural ending well in sight. Still, the author's previous tale was clever and promising, but it fell a long way short of the merit that is manifest here, and we can see a future for a young novelist who can write so well. Most novels, something like eighty or ninety per cent. one might say, suffer from one incredible failure on the part of the writer, and fade away from visions into something resembling a reproduction or despatch. *Wren's Wife* is free from this very common weakness, for the second half of the book is twice as good as the first, and shows a growing consciousness of power over characterisation and plot. Note for instance the ease and restraint with which Wren's stratagem and finish are conveyed. The same also with regard to the way in which the narrator takes his chance of missing the heroine by making a trip to the West Indies to break the news of her release and bring her back. Chances like these used to be a favourite device in fiction until Mr. Hardy and his school spoiled them by turning them too often to cross purposes, and one is glad to see them brought back for the use of a story like this, where there is nothing to offend the sense of probability, and where the development of a human and engaging situation is secured in a perfectly natural manner.

KING SILENCE By Arnold H. Payne 6s. net (Jarrold)

This novel resolves itself into a plea for a fuller and more enlightened education for the deaf. With no mean literary talent the author tells his story—for it is in the form of a story the doings of the silent people are described, and the sketches of student life in the American College of Sicard are peculiarly attractive. Mr. Arnold H. Payne stands for a humane common sense in the treatment of the deaf, and he writes with knowledge and experience of the subject. Against him are a certain number of scientific specialists who will hear of nothing but the German method, the oral method for the speechless, and object to signs and hand language. (In spite of the war the deaf are still generally the victims of these specialists, and the manual and combined schools Mr. Payne points out are by no means given the encouragement they deserve.) Incidentally the author combats with statistical aid the notion that the deaf must not marry lest their offspring be similarly afflicted. *King Silence* should be read by all to whom the speechless are a trust, and by the general reader for the information it contains.

MERCHANDISE By Roy Bridges 6s net (Hodder)

In a singularly well constructed book Mr Bridges has given us almost as much of a rough and strenuous romance of Australia as his three hundred pages will hold. His story of the emergence of Edward Jewes from a city slum into rural and domestic content with his grandfather and then into a strenuous success back in the city whence his son goes out into the turmoil of the war has been well and sufficiently varied by the author's vivid faculty of telling a tale as well as by his power of getting the right curves upon his invention. Few things could be more gripping or dramatic than the scene at the finish where an hereditary taint of unfaithfulness leads him up to an impelling temptation and then the news of his lad's death at Gallipoli brings him back to his own real self and duty. We have had so many war heroes figuring in the centre of the stage that it comes almost with a touch of relief to view the war from the other side of the earth. We gain much more freshness and force from this blow to the hero's hopes by striking at his pride of fatherhood and we feel that we have come into a reward and a riches which we have earned. In the evening so far as this book goes is a pleasure and an opportunity in itself.

OUR ADMIRABLE BETTY By Jeffery Farnham 7s net (Simpson & Co.)

For the pivot characters of this vivacious story Mr Farnham has selected two blunt old bachelor campaigners Major John Darcy and his soldier servant Sergeant Zebadiah Fring. Forty one and forty three are their respective ages but—to quote the amorous widow Mrs Agatha—they are both monstrous young for their years. Veterans in war—the Major's son is a legacy from Rammilles fought ten years before the story opens—these simple gallant fellows are the veriest babies in love and consequently fair and proper material for the mischievous hands of Mrs Agatha and that dainty bewitching rogue Lady Betty. The internal rejuvenation of the Major dates from Lady Betty's appearance on his orchard wall in the role of ravisher of his favourite cherries. His external rejuvenation on the other hand he owes to his exquisite nephew from town—one of Mr Farnham's most delightful characters—who himself the gloss of fashion and the mould of form—and a rival for the hand of Lady Betty instructs his uncle in the dress and deportment of a fashionable beau of the period.

Could you see what a beautiful thing it is?
I am able to put it in my right hand
O Lord so many a thing
In heaven's name I say it
Because it never knew me I am a beautiful man
never committed by the law
But damn me I am what I hit for
I show off my hand in the sun and I tell fully to the
horne negligently with the arm to get me back and for
to in a game to work in the field with the field and result
with this for a thousand and one things in but never to
to put on one head—to a private unmediated reprehensible
and altogether admirable!

So the dialogue sparkles along. All who enjoy a full flavoured romance told with a dancing mischievous wit and freely besprinkled with ducks strange oaths masquerades pretty sentiment and elegant manners will want to read *Our Admirable Betty*.

THE SOUL OF SUSAN YELLAM By H. A. Vachell 7s net (Cassell)

Mr Vachell has found a very congenial subject for his gift of dramatic narrative in the change wrought in a typical English village during the course of the war. Susan Yellam is the most masterful character in the village strong self-reliant very lovable but with a pride that in its downfall nearly crushed her spirit and her faith. Mr Vachell takes us back to the scene of Flapdingle and we have glimpses of some old acquaintances as they severally acquit themselves during the stress and the griefs of war. The Squire and the Parson forget their feuds, and are amazed to find how they range together

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unconsciously against the common foe. Parochial pettiness and meanness are shrivelled up and the leaders of the village life rediscover the old truth that the animosities are mortal the humanities live for ever. But the war discovered dross as well as gold and against the nobility of Susan Yellam and the winsome charm and courage of her son's sweetheart—Fancy Broomfield—is set the mean and calculating prudence of a William Saint who receives no more than his due when he is thrashed by Uncle Habakkuk and conscripted by the tribunal. Alfred Yellam's love story moves to its tragic end. Fancy's strength is less than her courage and she slips away from a war worn world leaving her fatherless child to the care of brave old Susan Yellam who found in it not a burden but a restoration of her sorely tried faith. Mr Vachell has tried successfully to depict all sides of the village life the high endeavour of the hall the heroism of the cottage the fatuous gossip of the village house and the naive simplicity of a rustic courtship. I wish it is a bit of realism and not a ground of complaint that Squire and Parson are a little verbose and are reported at undue length.

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The whimsicalness of Miss Kirby's story lies perhaps as much in the manner of the telling as in anything inherent in the story of Miss Muffet's pilgrimage from a Yorkshire vicarage through Certain Experiences in London journalistic life to the Goal of Love. Readers of the story itself will readily realise that we have caught from Miss Muffet's Diary the trick of capitals which she caught from the novels of Mr Philip Hungerford. It was largely the glamour of Mr Hungerford's novels which made Miss Muffet look towards London and the fascinations of the Literary Life and a happy thought on her part made it seem as though her dreams were to come true. She even had the felicity of meeting her idol—and found him a somewhat fascinating individual and a shameless philanderer. It is a bright and entertaining story of young ambition setting out full of dreams and illusions and of the shocks that are met by the way. Miss Kirby has made ingenious by play with fairies and gnomes in a manner that might have been suggested by the machinery of Pope's Rape of the Lock and it may be said that the beneficence of the fairies overcomes the maleficence of the gnomes. It is a pity that the author did not stop short of the cynical postscript which she has entitled Anti Climax.

THE BEST IN LIFE By Muriel Hine (Miss Sidney Coxon) 6s net (Lane)

This is the romantic story of Isobel Dairl mannequin in a fashionable London costumier's when she is first introduced to our notice. The daughter of a British naval officer who had been a failure and had gone wandering on the Continent and a French mother she had been brought up with an exaggerated idea of her social importance. The father having disappeared the mother and Isobel came to England in search of him and then left alone in the world the girl had to take such work as offered. Thus she became a mannequin sharing diggings with a girl friend and dreaming of some big social success that is to be hers some day somehow. By a happy chance just when she has quarrelled with her employer she gets the opportunity of travelling on a lonely holiday to Venice. There chance throws her in the way of Francis Doran V.C. and also of the pleasant though mannish Judy and despite her readiness to invent and embroider in the way of the traditional adventuress she is heartily appreciated by both. Her mendacity and other circumstances bid fair to wreck her prospect of happiness but the author who tells the story in crisp and skilful fashion has been well advised in smoothing things out for Isobel's attaining that 'Best in Life' which is something more than wealth and social position.

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Why has Joan Sutherland tantalised the British housewife by describing servants like the resourceful Ziyarulla. But for such incidental characters Indians do not figure in her new novel Wynnegate Sahib a highly skilled surgeon in lucrative practice in London finding himself in an awkward position through no fault of his own gets a commission in the Indian Military Service and buries himself in the interests of his beloved science in an out of the way station on the Indian frontier. While there he meets the daughter of the very man who had threatened to drag him into the divorce court as co respondent if he did not exile himself. The two fall in love but the girl refuses him because she believes that she is destined to become mad and does not wish to transmit the taint to her progeny. Love triumphs in the end however when the girl proves to be the victim of a mad woman's spite. The story is excellently told and the surprise is maintained to the very last. Throughout the volume there is a deep note of anxiety for the improvement of the Indian Military Service inspired no doubt by the breakdown in Mesopotamia though the incidents related in the story are supposed to antedate the present war. The author is extremely daring in the names that she gives to her Governor General Irish ex Commander in Chief and others.

ASKEW'S VICTORY By Harold Bullous 5s (Ward Lock)

This story is not particularly new in plot and execution but it is none the worse for that in these stormy days War has shown itself so much more original than Peace fiction that the imagination of novelists now becomes a vain thing. Not that Mr Bindloss dispenses with sensation he places a piece of good red meat between two slices of homely bread and butter so that the reader who approves of melodrama and the reader who disapproves may be equally satisfied. From quiet rural England the author takes us to the tropics and after the hero has duly undergone the adventures expected of a hero carries us back to the homeland. The characters are all good but the best are undoubtedly Peter and Adam representing the older generation. Kit is excellent so is Grace and their sober wooing is a relief after the violently coloured romances of the war novel. Old Osborn with his dogged pride and inexperienced prejudices is well drawn and the way in which Kit shakes him into common sense could not be better done. But where Mr Bindloss excels is in picture drawing. The placid English life its rural simplicity its delicate colouring its homely sounds its atmosphere are extremely good. His tropical pictures are not less so although one returns with relief to the cold grey north country. Altogether Askew's Victory is a boon and a blessing in war time. The drums and trumpets of the Caribbean Sea are stimulating but nowadays we have too much of that in real life to appreciate the same in fiction.

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in this Utopia is by no means drastic and his order is not one that would test the ordinary man in any great degree. The description of the gardens, the village and the entire rural life of this Arcadia discovered by the authoress are admirably depicted—full of colour and old world charm. To sum up Miss Leslie Moore's tale may be paradoxically described as a common sense fantasy, not quite fairy legend, not quite actual life, but something between the two. All those weary of things as they are—the majority of us alas—will enjoy these pages which describe things as they ought to be in this best of all possible worlds.

The Bookman's Table

SONGS OF LOVE AND LIFE By Lieut. Col. Dudley Simpson (1st Lieut. Mardonald)

These are the verses written at long intervals by one who at the age of thirty-seven when he left the Army had already seen twenty-one years' service. He carried the regimental colours at Cawnpore, saw a great deal of service in India and was known as the finest gentleman rider of his day. In this book the most memorable poems are those that were inspired by the death at the age of nineteen of his eldest son in 1877. Sometimes says the father, he would be absent.

Put now he is ever present—Lyc and car
And busy thought are never now alone.
Who'er is distant he is always near—
Never so ever near as now he's gone.

And the last stanza of "The Garden" is well worth quoting. The father has been thinking that if beauty is now vanished its music denied and its fragrance wasted.

Ah! beauty deeper than the eye can see
And fragrance sweeter than can fill the air
And songs more sweet than all in melody
Wherever he has been we have with me there.

The other poems in the book show that their author was a gallant and delightful old soldier, a worthy friend of Lord Roberts, a fine old very active country gentleman.

WAYFARINGS By William J. Lipp (1st Lieut. H. L. L.)

This "Record of Adventure and Liberation in the Life of the Spirit" is a book of deep human interest showing the mental and spiritual growth and development of the biographer from his early childhood till the thunderbolt of war shattered for a moment his hopes in mankind. But for a moment only, for in the fire-runners of that great company of comrades and lovers who would remould to the heart's desire this suffering human world, he recovered his faith in his fellow men. The book is permeated with a great hearted tolerance and deals mainly with the many and various problems—economic and ethical—which beset us at the present time. There is much to be learned from it. And may be its chief charm lies in the modest attractive personality of its author which inevitably manifests itself in his genial outlook on life and his immense sympathy towards humanity.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY Edited by Harold Bayley 6s net (Cassell)

The present book is in the nature of an anthology and an extraordinary anthology at that. It is intended to constitute a substantial reply to Mr. Edward Clodd and those materialists who assert that out of the mass of communications purporting to come from discarnate spirits not one ennobling thought can be extracted and that the whole is one mass of nauseating frivolous mischievous spurious drivel.

The result of Mr. Bayley's work is rather astonishing. One is forced to disagree with Mr. Clodd on the score of the literary merit of these messages and to dissent from his opinion of their substance. Doubtless Mr. Clodd's opportunities for perusing these alleged messages from the dead—or so called dead—were rare as most people's were. Published as most of them were hitherto in obscure journals and through private channels the average man was prevented from forming any reasoned opinion through his lack of data. It is difficult for any unprejudiced person to peruse this volume without feeling that much lies behind these messages and that they do by their substance and their unanimity upon certain aspects of spiritual life open a door which even if dimly suspected seemed infinitely remote. The messages from Alice Owen here published for the first time are particularly interesting. As to the genuineness of the messages it is obviously impossible to form any definite opinion without having been present at the time of their reception, but in fairness it seems strange that men some with extraordinary literary ability should go to such extremes in order to perpetrate a fraud with no apparent object to their deception, since the market for such literature is considerably smaller than that open for work of equal merit on other subjects. As for the spurious drivel we find none in the present volume—very much to the contrary. Both the editor and Sir A. Conan Doyle contribute interesting prefaces. Certainly Mr. Bayley is to be congratulated upon a very interesting and enlightening book.

SONNETS By The Nawab Nizam Jung Bahadur (1st Lieut. Mardonald)

In a book of Sonnets by a new poet from India—the Nawab Nizam Jung Bahadur—we find an earnestness and loftiness of thought that should claim for him the attention of all lovers of poetry. The book has an interesting foreword by Mr. Richard Charles Fraser in which



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From wrapper design of "The Shapfold" by Laurence Housman (Duckworth), recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

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we are given a glimpse of the Indian poet's personality. Mr Fraser also contributes a note on the History of the Sonnet in English Literature which should be most useful to those who only reply when asked to define a sonnet—a short poem limited to fourteen lines. The spirit of Nizam Jung is that of the true poet and the book deserves success.

THE CALL OF THE WORLD By Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia M.A. 5s net (D. nt)

The Call of the World is an account of a fourteen months tour round the world taken by a learned Parsi of Bombay. Mr Wadia insists greatly on his Zoroastrianism and on the right to deliver his opinions freely on the war and on every topic under the sun. He is shocked at a young lady in Canada deciding to become a nurse on the death of her father. An officer's daughter going to nurse common soldiers! Outrageous! Do you know the risks you run by associating with vulgar men? The explanation for this outburst is my old Oriental class pride and two hundred years of race culture. Mr Wadia also explains that Zoroastrianism, unlike Christianity or Buddhism, does not preach altruism or self-sacrifice but stands for egoism and duty to one's self. Naturally calling himself a devoted disciple of Nietzsche, Mr Wadia laments we have no great general at the head of the Army. However, he is an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Marie Corelli and her novels, finds the late Brigham Young a man after my own heart and approves the polygamy of the founders of Mormonism as a proof positive of extraordinary virility. Daudet's *Salome* and a novel by Victoria Cross also come in for commendation. I very body treated Mr Wadia with great kindness on his tour but the Circle at San Francisco unkindly thought him a commonplace young man in commonplace dress with commonplace ways. None the less there are good things in his book and it makes interesting reading.

TROPIC DAYS By E. J. Banfield 16s net (Unwin)

We are told by Mr Banfield that the normal white population of his little island off the coast of North Queensland numbers three. A good many of the illustrations are from photographs by W. F. Ferroux and if he is one of the permanent inhabitants one wonders whether the rest of the white population is a remarkable sculptor or musician. Some of the photographs, particularly of sea shore views under various weather conditions, are extraordinarily good and of the writing it is perhaps scarcely necessary to speak for Mr Banfield's reputation is made. In this book he tells us much about the strange birds and the vegetation of his beloved island while for other readers the account of his aborigine neighbours will be extremely fascinating. He reproduces, no doubt very faithfully, their attempts on the English language that one who learned to speak correctly had a most tragic fate. Seldom in fact have we read anything more horrible and more pathetic than the tale of poor Soosie, the black child who was saved—for some years—from her own people. There is the story of a regal personage called Cassowary who in his old age was in such fear of assassination (though all his worldly goods appear to have been a few rags) that he scarcely ever assuaged the pangs of hunger. The other natives apologise for his surliness. They pity and excuse him and endeavour to soothe him. And to the strangers whom Cassowary—the greatest canoe builder of his day—has never loved and would now assault with spear and nulla nulla they apologise. Poor fella Cassowary. Him no good. Close up that fella finis. There are excellent chapters on the blacks as fishermen, on the pearls and snakes and frogs, on the remarkable cook on the yacht of the Chief Protector of Aborigines, on certain Chinamen and on a variety of other topics. But an island of such beauty of such gorgeous vegetation, such fascinating stretches of shore and such a climate does surely deserve more euphonious name.

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crest of Vimy Ridge when he and his comrades captured it. A Song of the Flag is a song of all the men who fight or have died under it—

In hush and hush I weary land
I hear the sea for ever
But very often spirit (and)
I see the flag (and) by

There are tenderness and emotion in some of the poems and none in two or three but the prevailing notes are a stirring patriotism and a burning love of brave men and brave things.



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The Flying Poilu
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**A SEARCHLIGHT CAUGHT
US IN ITS BEAMS**

adventure. Never was a hero invested with greater resourcefulness than Ranjoor Singh, the senior Indian officer of the Sikh squadron that (see chapter the author) went into the firing line in France the day of other Indian regiments. What remained of his men after stiff fighting in the early days of the war had surrendered to the German, who packed them off to Germany. Nothing daunted Ranjoor Singh succeeded in getting them sent to Turkey under the impression that they would join the Ottoman force in the field. After their arrival in Constantinople the Indian officer managed to get them placed on board a Turkish vessel. The German non-commissioned officer who could speak to the Sikhs in their own language and who had been set to watch over them was overpowered, the captain of the ship was bribed, and the entire party was taken to Asia Minor. Thence Ranjoor Singh led them through Persia and Afghanistan to India, fighting Turks and Kurds every step of the way. The author gives a true picture of Sikh heroism though he betrays here and there his lack of intimate knowledge of this fighting community which forms the backbone of the Indian Army. These blemishes however but slightly mar the story which is interesting from cover to cover.

THE FLYING POILU

By MARCEL NADAUD 7s 6d net Illustrated
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The Flying Poilu a story of aerial warfare written by Marcel Nadaud, Observer Bomber in the French Aviation Corps, is a work full of cheerfulness, excitement and high spirits, but whether the hero Chignole, a street urchin of Montmartre who becomes successively mechanic, observer and pilot, is a typical aviator or an idealised specimen of the class is a point not so easily settled. Chignole's gaiety

efficiency, courage and good humour may probably be accepted as true to type, but his new found decency and aspirations, his ready acceptance of the code he found prevailing among the social superiors he met with in the Aviation Corps, postulate a conversion which, having made all allowances for the transfiguring influences of war, we cannot easily take for granted. Chignole, however, is an amusing person and an original person, and no one who takes up the book of his adventures is likely to put it down unread and unenjoyed. The translation has been very carefully made by Frances Wilson Hurd and Charles Hurd, provides some clever drawings.

HOW WE TWISTED THE DRAGON'S TAIL

By HUSSEIN HUSSEIN 6s 6d net Illustrated
(Hutchinson)

This is a graphic and lively written narrative of the various attacks made by our Naval forces from the sea and from the air on Zeppelin bases and U-boat Harbours culminating in the brilliant raid of this year under the command of Vice Admiral Sir George Bayly, when both harbours were laid up by the sinking of all concrete hidden ships across the mouths of them. It was a daring enterprise, cleverly planned and daringly carried out, and Mr. Husseins carefully detail of the raid does full justice to one of the most glorious and dramatic episodes of the war. A complete list is given of officers and men killed or wounded in the attack, and of the honours and special promotions awarded.



**From How We Twisted the
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(Hutchinson)

**ON ZEPPELIN MOLE: RESCUING
WOUNDED UNDER FIRE.**

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1918

THE DEVOUT RUSSIAN

By ROSA NEWMARCH 3s net (Herbert Jenkins)

To such persons as care to concern themselves at the present moment with Muscovite religion and ecclesiasticism *The Devout Russian* may be heartily commended despite the fact that the title of the volume must needs seem obviously ironical or rashly presumptuous in the autumn of 1918. Miss Rosa Newmarch's work is a book of thoughts and counsels gathered from the saints and fathers of the Eastern Church and from modern Russian authors and though these thoughts and counsels are marked by all that divorce from the ordinary practice of life which makes most devotional anthologies seem a disgust and weariness to the spirit they appear to be well chosen and well arranged. Certainly there are not too many of them for more than half of the book is devoted to biographies of the authors quoted from and to an account of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Orthodox Church. Slavonic mysticism has its attractive points no doubt but a perusal of *The Devout Russian* has convinced me English reader at least that there is more to be said for our own national empiricism in religious matters than is generally allowed by the Multis.



From *A Gallipoli Diary*
(Illustration)

Y BEACH CAPE HELLES
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NEW ITALY

By HELEN ZIMMERN 11 ANTONI ACETSI 6 net (Constable)

When so many political treatises and surveys are self-contradictory even when they proceed from a single pen or in all the more sincerely joy and admire a real and unified piece of old tradition Miss Zimmern has written frequently and well on various phases of modern Italy. She has been in unofficial liaison officer one mission between the two countries for many years and some of the best of her writing was done in days when it was hardly the fashion to take Italy seriously. She was a holiday ground for archaeologists, artists, historians, vacationists, but the enthusiasm in England widened by Italy's heroic struggles in the Risorgimento time huddled away into a mere habit and until Mr. Trevelyan came along this great feat of self-emancipation had faded away in the mental off-nice of her taking a share in the Triple Alliance. Here as Miss Zimmern shows Italy has been a long way ahead of her politicians as every enlightened mind ought to be and that when the time for the indignant uprising of the world arrived the Italian people joined the Allies in the face of a vacillating Government and a Parliament which was hugely antagonistic. It was in the same spirit of progress that the Italian public came into the Colonial wave of the period and once they had realised that there can be no assured or serviceable system of emigration without an enterprising spirit equal to developing some waste tract of the earth they concurred in the most recent of the North African schemes when their statesmen were still squabbling over ways and means glory and blame. Yet Miss Zimmern and her collaborator are not mere rulers against politicians or given to the newspaper habit of thrashing idols and fetishes to atone for the fault of letting the worshippers go free—they give the unscrupulous Ciolitti credit for improving and reconstructing the country in many respects and even to the Austrians they grant a certain measure of praise for their administration towards the end. The Vatican they believe is coming into line over the war and its best rebuke should be that though modern Italy is practical and modernistic in ways that the Vatican distrusts and we have not yet realised she breathes the same spirit of liberty that she did in the Risorgimento and in many an earlier age when the Vatican had less need of the spectacles of hesitation and apologetics. The book is thoroughly alive and has a solid value for the English reader.

friendship of your troops it was
the same hat as you wore when
we met so briefly in America
What? — you? you are
travelling away from me at last
unreal already — can't believe
you with this optimism
dark — must be alone
Do you? — of all
even? — what? —
Which I say — I only
an incident — hardly
amusing and perhaps a little
pleasant? — never spoke of that
day before — indeed —

FACSIMILE SHEET OF MS OF THE
LOVE OF AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

the remarkable book of love letters found in a dug-out and now published by
Mr. John Lane

CONSTANTINE KING AND TRAITOR

By DEMETRA VAKA (MRS KENNETH BROWN)
12s 6d net (Lane)

The report of the mission undertaken by Mr and Mrs Kenneth Brown to clear up misunderstandings in Greece is faithfully set down in these pages. Born in Greece but long settled in America her husband an American Mrs Kenneth Brown went out to Greece with patriotic intent to bring the King and Venizelos together. The latter was at Salonika and Constantine not yet deposed. Then Couple Brown as the Athenian Press described the visitors worked indefatigably. They saw everybody of importance, heard what was to be said, received the confidences of Royalists and Venizelists, inspected numerous documents, endeavoured to turn Constantine from his pro German inclinations and finally decided—on good evidence—that the Royalists were hopeless. It is an amazing series of interviews here recorded and the information extracted by Mrs Kenneth Brown is valuable to all who would seek to understand the policy of Constantine and his advisers. The blunder of the British and French Governments in dealing with Greece before and since August 1914 are neither concealed nor extenuated. But now Constantine and his pro German Court have departed and Venizelos is once more at the head of affairs we hope with Mrs Kenneth Brown for a happier Greece. Many portraits of the Couple Brown and of the various notables they interviewed add to the interest of the book.



The Fifty first in France
By C. J. R. B. R.
(Hodder & Stoughton)

DISSEMBARKING

tive writing contributed by Mr Izzard to that paper will surely be glad to have these contributions gathered up and bound in book form, in order to study the changes of earth and sky, the movements of birds, the uprising and setting of flowers, and the notes on common objects of the country therein recorded. Mr Izzard is an observant lover of rural life in the Eastern Counties of England, and has a sense of colour. Seven very pleasing illustrations by Florence Izzard and W. Gordon Main accompany the procession of the seasons, and assist this record of the countryside.

HOMELAND

By FREDERICK W. D. IZZARD / 1s 6d net (R. B. N.)

This is the diary of a year of country life. It is one of the *Daily Mail* family with the little pieces of descrip-

GOD AND TOMMY ATKINS

By DR. ALEXANDER IRVINE / 3s 6d net
(Hutcheon)

To stand up and lecture heroes is about the hardest job going—if only the clergy knew it. The obvious difficulty, if you think it over, is to impose abstractions on men who have graduated through action in one world to practise the old contradiction of putting the horse behind the cart. Dr Irvine belongs to the few chaplains who have done any soldiering themselves so he is safe from all the elementary blunders of talking 'hot air' and the rest of it. He gives his hearers stuff as solid and as telling as they want, and the men to whom these talks have been delivered, in camp, in hospital, in the munition shops and shipyards, or at the base—must have felt as they listened that this was a man of themselves who had also been through it all. He showed us his quality in that fine idyll of intensive poverty, *My Lady of the Chimney Corner*, and again in his own life story, *From the Bottom Up*, so that those who have read either will conceive a shrewd idea of the manly stuff the present book contains. It bolts away at all sorts of angles from the line of precept and didacticism until you wonder where it is taking you—but before the loop is finished the object has been achieved. The audience has been set thinking and thinking with the heart. Few men surely could listen unmoved to the ruthless tale of the foremost hand who faced a formidable trial by sending up a prayer that was all his own. He flashed a signal message to his Maker and in his simplicity never conceived of its being taken down by a midnight watcher somewhere ashore. In his way Dr Irvine makes us think repeatedly of Billy Hicks and the messages he has flashed out in all directions are all of them worthy of permanent record in this profound and downright book.



From Homeland
By Percy Izzard
(John Richmond)

THE WINDING ROAD.



From *A Gallipoli Diary*
(Allen & Unwin)

28TH DIVISIONAL HEAD QUARTERS GULLY
BEACH AT THE FOOT OF THE GULLY
HELLES

THE LETTERS
OF
THOMASINA ATKINS

6s net (Hodder)

The gem of this book being a record of the experiences that came to a private in the W A A C s on active service in France is the foreword by Miss Mildred Aldrich whom we shall long remember for her wonderful little book *A Hill top on the Marne* a tiny record which makes a perfect observatory in miniature for all time of the first great turning point of the war. Here in this generous and warm hearted introduction she pays out her chaplet of laurel to the noble way in which the women of Great Britain have done their work over there work often soiled often mental never—or almost never—picturesque. There is no limelight shining on them. There are neither foot lights nor public. There is only hard work and the sense of a duty to be done and they have done that duty heroically. The rest of the book seems to be a no less creditable effort to show that it was all done in the quietest of any spirits and with a blithe determination not to allow the Boche or the burden to impair the valiant resolution of



From *From Czar to Bolshevik*,
By E. P. Stebbing
(John Lane)

KERENSKY IN THE TRENCHES ON
THE EASTERN FRONT JUNE 1917

the workers. The key of the book is its happy go lucky temper and the steady determination never to admit that there can be heroism in anybody but the troops and other people—never in the person of the writer. That would be heresy to the spirit of the race.

THE
COUNTERBALANCE

By LAURIE TRENT 5s
(Ward Lock)

Mr Trent is always interesting and not less so in this story wherein the hero has to decide between right and—right. In dealing with a dying request Geoffrey Blair is given the choice of being unjust to his father and just to himself or the reverse so it is the contest between the feelings



From *From Czar to Bolshevik*
(John Lane)

KERENSKY IN PETROGRAD

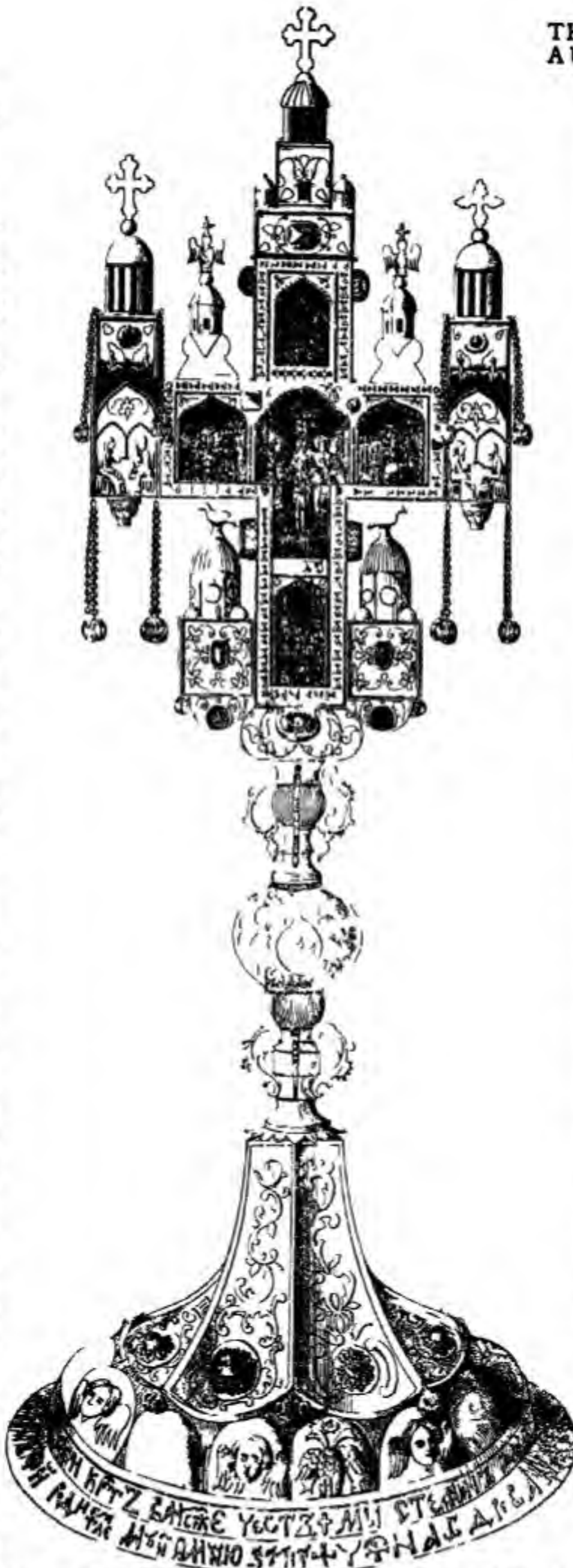
of human being and those of a son. Solomon himself would have been puzzled over the problem. Mr Trent has settled the matter very fairly and in a way which it will be best to let the reader learn for himself since to reveal it prematurely would destroy the interest of the tale. The various characters are well described as is their environment and there is just enough of the war to bring the story up to date. Mr Trent's most conspicuous failure is in delineating Hurst whom he describes as bad through the mouths of his characters yet who seems to act decently enough save in one instance. The man is neither fish fowl nor good red herring one does not know how to place him. He is not white he is not black he is not even grey yet something he must be if one could only arrive at what that something is. And yet in this kind of fictional wobble Mr Trent is perhaps true to nature. But the result is certainly exasperating. *The Counterbalance* will be read with pleasure and ought to be read if only for this person or that to decide how he or she would act in like circumstances. To choose between right and wrong is comparatively easy to the average man to choose between right and right—well this book may or may not afford a solution of the problem. But curiosity should stimulate a large sale.

SOUTH SLAV MONUMENTS SERBIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH

Edited by MICHAEL
J. PUPIN Ph.D.
Hon. D.Sc. II.D.
etc. Professor of
Columbia Uni-
versity Member of
the French Acad-
emy of Science etc. etc.
With an Introduc-
tion by Sir THOMAS
JACKSON
Bart. R.A. Cl. 11
3 guineas b. cl.
2 guineas (Murray)

In turning over the leaves of this fascinating book one cannot help being amazed that it should have been possible to publish it during the war that it reflects the highest credit upon all concerned is what every reader will say and on closer inspection he will see that this book which Mr. Murray has so magnificently produced would have charmed us even if it had been arrayed in a less glorious garment. The religious buildings of the Serbian people are closely interwoven with their history. Our gallant Allies have had a stirring history and the text which accompanies the pictures is like a torch in what I am sure has been for many of us mere darkness and will henceforth be a cave of Aladdin. Nor is it necessary to go back into the Middle Ages. Tsar Dušan's Cross for example was given by that Tsar to the monastery of Dečani in 1348. It was brought by two monks to Cetinje in 1848 for the Prince Bishop Peter II. Njegoš wished to inspect this wonder of gold and wood. He admired it so much that he asked the monks to leave it at Cetinje, where it would be safe from the Turks and he

would give 50 ducats a year to Dečani. But in 1852 the monks at Dečani, owing to rumours that they had sold the Cross, came to take it back. They travelled for greater safety through Dalmatia and Croatia. In Zagreb the capital of Croatia they showed it to Count Jelačić the Ban who ordered a painting of it to be made and it is from that painting that the illustration in this book was prepared. As Sir Thomas Jackson points out in his interesting Introduction the architecture of Serbia is based on its antique example but is influenced from the West by the Romanesque of Dalmatia. The church of Crkvice also displays some features in Early French Gothic having been built by the French princess who married King Uroš and died in 1314. It was in 1389 that the Serbs under Lazar were overwhelmed by the Turks on the fatal field of Kosovo after which the architects either fled to Roumania or stayed and built mosques for the Turks. Thus the most beautiful mosque at Serajevo in Bosnia was built by a Serb. There is by the way a legend which says that the red poppies that cover the field of Kosovo will turn white when the land is at last liberated. In consequence of the Balkan War this part of the country was set free in 1912 but when Father Nicholas Chaplain of the King of Serbia who has supervised the arrangement and production of this book was on the field of Kosovo in 1913 he found that the poppies had not



From South Slav Monuments (John Murray)

DUSAN'S CROSS

yet changed their colour he inquired of a peasant who shook his head and replied that perhaps the country would have to undergo further trials before being liberated—an answer that must have deeply moved the poet in Father Nicholas for he is a poet even when preaching in English. This book will replace him when he is able to go back to his monastery and we are left in England without his picturesque presence his mingling of pathos and laughter of tragedy and enthusiasm. He has endeared Serbia to many of us. May the years bring white poppies to all the lands of Jugoslavina.

It is interesting by the way to observe that the church of Milutin in Sofia has now had to change its name as Milutin although he gave the Bulgars their finest church was a Serb an alien enemy. It is a pity that such things have to be. In folk songs at any rate there is not always such chauvinism. One of the Bulgarian folk songs which recounts an exploit of Milutin and a fellow potentate is full of gentle laughter at Milutin. And let us hope that the Bulgars under the sway of their beautiful folk songs rather than under Ferdinand and his adherents will come to live in unity with all the Serbs.

ASIA MINOR

By WALTER A. HAWLEY
15 (1 net 1/1)

The simple title of Mr Hawley's volume suggests, perhaps of little more than a dull geographical record does scant justice by way of introduction to what is really an attractive and even fascinating volume of personal experiences and gathered lore. The mere words Asia Minor convey probably little more than a vague impression of a some what bare bit of the map somewhere between Constantinople and Egypt. Yet this tract of country the most westerly portion of Turkey in Asia not only has a story rich in classic lore—are not the site of Troy and Mount Olympus to be found where it is divided from Europe by the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora—but it is rich also in association with the early history of Christianity and with the conquests of the Turk. The interest however is not merely that



GENERAL SMUTS

A 3 d w l b y C H W I C K Y 1 8 1 1 1 1

Dr Rappoport's book should do much to clear away many misapprehensions that fog the minds of those anxious to acquire a full knowledge of the situation in Russia. He traces the history of the Revolutionary Movement during the last fifty years giving vivid sketches of the men

of association it has ancient ruins galore some of which have been patiently excavated throwing light on the long past culture of the ancient Hittites and of the Greek colonists. Furthermore it is a country which on account of its vast forests undeveloped mineral wealth grain producing plains and fertile valleys is capable under proper conditions of a great development. Mr Hawley in his deeply interesting volume deals with all the aspects of the land in which he has travelled with an alert mind and a seeing eye and is able to accompany his record with a large number of admirable photographs. Altogether his book will rank as one of the most valuable and vividly interesting of the travel books of recent years.

PIONEERS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By DR. A. RAPPAPORT
1 8 1 (1 net 1/1)
n 1 (Stanley Paul & Co.)

and women who have fought and suffered in the cause of liberty and showing the many factors which led up to the world shaking transformation of last year. Much space is devoted to an interesting comparison between the Russian Revolution of 1917 and the French Revolution of 1789 demonstrating the evolution of classes and pointing out that where is the French upheaval was a revolt of the bourgeois class against the aristocracy in Russia at the present moment the fight is between the proletariat or working class and the capitalist. Dr Rappoport writes with broad minded toleration endeavouring to give the standpoints of the various organisations in Russia and explaining their reasons for differing in their efforts to construct a new system on the ruins of the old which they have destroyed in unity. It is a helpful and valuable book and will contribute its share towards establishing a better understanding between the Russian and English peoples.



Photo Fendin

From The Business of
War,
By Isaac F. Marcuse
(John Lane)

L
R
TO

GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS,
QUARTERMASTER GENERAL
FORCES 1912.

THE LITTLE GOD

By KATHARINE HOWARD 2s 6d net (Harrip)

This is a pleasing little book of child verse for grown ups and expresses a child's thoughts and feelings in a quaint and easy manner. The author appears to be governed by no rules in her verse writing—sometimes she puts in a little metre and rhyme and sometimes she does not but employs blank verse. She chooses whichever way happens to fit in the more naturally. The book opens with 'The Little God' which is a good example of the rest of the contents.

Mother say there's a little god
Lives in my garden
I asked her—In the tree?
I ask her—In the front?
And she says—That she
Plays as plain as all
I say I will see
The little god.



MISS MARY HENDERSON

When I was a little girl
I was very fond of
The little god.

What's he like like in the
Of the sand like the flower
Like the summer flower
Like the morning dew—
Like you
She says he's everywhere
In my garden—I can't see him there.

There is a charming frontispiece in colour by Miss Margaret Larrant.

MEMOIRS OF SIR ANDREW MELVILL

Translated from the French by TORICK AMER ALI 10s 6d net (John Lane)

Sir Andrew Melvill was a Scottish soldier of fortune who forced by the loss of his patrimony and by the failure of King Charles's cause to go abroad served as a mercenary in France in Poland in Hungary and in Germany from 1647 to 1679 when he was made Governor of Gifhorn by the Duke of Celle. Despite the fact that he had fought at Worcester, he was never successful in gaining any reward for his services from King Charles II though he came to England in 1667 and again in 1680 and was graciously received and pleasantly spoken to by his Sovereign. He died in 1706, having brought out at Amsterdam 'Memoires



CAPTAIN H. G. GILLILAND
The author of 'The Little God'.

of Monsieur Le Chevalier de Melvill a couple of years previously. Read without notes and without some account of the military state of Europe in the third quarter of the seventeenth century the 'Memoirs of Sir Andrew Melvill' would often be a little puzzling but provided is they are by the translator Mr. Torick Amer Ali with an account of the century's war and with extracts from contemporary memoirs they are very good and piquant. A volume of this kind is particularly useful in any of the little fields mentioned in being again brought out by the series.



MR. TORICK AMER ALI
Translator of 'The Memoirs of Sir Andrew Melvill' (John Lane)



From *The Kaiser I Knew*
By ALAN D. D.D.S.
(Hodder & Stoughton)

DR DAVIS'S OFFICE IN BERLIN
TO WHICH THE KAISER USED
TO COME

of the Allies. General Sir Ian Hamilton furnishes a very racy foreword to the volume though we confess we cannot understand why he should have gone out of his way to depreciate that admirable war novel. *La Feu*. Sir Ian knows something about war. If he finds Henri Barbusse's work lopsided why does he not write a romance of the battlefield himself?

THE GIRL FROM KURDISTAN

By JESSIE DOUGLAS KERRISH (S. N. I.) (Hodder & Stoughton)

Naturally it is with great expectations that one opens this second novel by an author whose former book won the first prize in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's 1000 guinea Novel Competition. And these great expectations are fully realised. *The Girl from Kurdistan* is a worthy successor to *Miss Haroun Al Raschid*. The same masterly style and unusual setting distinguish the second story as they did the first. This story has a Persian setting, and the quaint customs and ideas of the natives form a striking contrast to the European element which plays a principal part in the tale. The book has a thrilling prologue in which a murderer takes sanctuary in the shadow of the Cannon of Pearls. This is a piece of ordnance captured from the Portuguese by Shah Abbas the Great. Under its original owners it took life; now it saves life for in touch or shade of it no wrongdoer need tremble, be he petty thief or the slayer of a king. In a sentence the Pearly Gun is *Bas*, and *Bas* means sanctuary. While the murderer crouches in the shadow of the Gun, the brother of the victim sits down, knife in hand, immediately without the bounds of sanctuary—waiting for vengeance. It is a vividly told prologue full of atmosphere which puts one in the proper mood for the absorbing story that follows.

MY LIFE AS A NATURALIST

By W. HERCIVAL WESTALL F.R.S. 7s 6d net
(Cecil Palmer)

As the writer of a large number of books on birds, beasts and flowers, nature study and the open air, generally Mr. Westall must have made innumerable friends among readers of kindred tastes, and such readers will assuredly extend a ready welcome to this result of his excursion into the realm of autobiography. The story of his life as a naturalist is bright

discursive, informative and 'has the pleasant friendly qualities which make such a work an engaging companion to those who share the author's enthusiasm for loving study of the aspects of nature. Mr. Westall's enthusiasm for wild life came to him; he tells us both by inheritance and environment. He appears indeed to have been born a field naturalist, and thus in the very prime of life is able to give reminiscences of nature study extending over a goodly range of years, and summing up those years is able to say: 'My own life has been one continuous round of knowledge seeking and unalloyed delight.' The author tells us that he is of the same family which gave Richard Westall to art more than a century ago, though it is not precisely complimentary to that great uncle of his to record that Westall is said to have achieved in art what Thomas Haynes Bayley did in poetry. He tells us further that besides artists, notable cricketers and other open air folks were among his immediate ancestry, and he gives pleasant impressions of his native

county of Hertfordshire. Whether telling of his natural history holidays around the British coast, of his observations of bird and beast in their native haunts, or the finding of rare flowers, whether describing his past exploits as piscator or describing his own study or garden, he is always bright, genial and readable.

A MINSTREL IN FRANCE

By HARRY LAUDER. Illustrated with portrait (Cecil Palmer)

Most of our celebrities win only the admiration of the crowd; not many are happy enough to win both its admiration and its affection, and Harry Lauder is one of the few. He is going out to France again to entertain the men of the American Army, and you have but to read this genial record of his former visit there to realise how welcome he will be. He writes with the frank simplicity of one who feels that he has an understanding and sympathetic audience, and you are allowed to share the natural pride and pleasure that he felt when great crowds hearing of his coming turned out to greet him on his arrival, or when in some shell-shattered corner of France he arrived unannounced and made ready to sing to a group of war-worn soldiers, and some grimy Tommy in the crowd recognised him and yelled delightedly. Why it's old Harry Lauder, and perhaps begged for the song he last heard him sing when he was at home. There is an intensely human note in the humour



From *The Kaiser I Knew*
By ALAN D. D.D.S.
(Hodder & Stoughton)

DR DAVIS'S RESIDENCE
The office was on the first floor; the windows face on the Tiergarten

as well as in the pathos of the book. The most poignant things in the narrative touch upon the brief career of Mr. Lauder's only son and the gallant death he died and what his death meant to those who loved him. But the sad and tragic side of things is not unduly stressed. A Minstrel in France is in many moods. It is an amusing book in interesting book but more than all a book that should give comfort and courage to those who have had to echo the cry of David over the body of Absalom.

PRIVATE PEAT

By HANOLD R. PEAT (Hutchinson)

If ever we get to the inwardness of propaganda in the best sense spontaneous instant and effectual it will turn out to include some such book as this. It is his modesty that prompts our Canadian trooper friend to dub himself private for as he shows at the first his commission was duly signed and sealed before the wound arrived which laid him by and sent him back to Canada home and beauty. The epilogue is provided by the last of these happy destinations in the shape of a chapter by his wife and thus a book is pleasantly rounded off which begins with all sorts of gay prepossessions and is too sincere to justify them always. But throughout the sombre chronicles of Ypres and Neuve Chapelle where the horrors and the heroism still leave room for vivid description and it is not exhausted yet there is usually a gleam of sunshine somewhere in these pages either temperamental or merited or both. One might very well challenge a search through all the individual chronicles of the war for a better and more convincing account of memorable experiences than the chapter. Out of it which relates the wounding and rescue of the author at Ypres with an explosive bullet through the chest. He pays a well-deserved tribute to the doctor for his steady clinging by mass formation into walls of rifle and machine gun fire and showers of shell and he shows how the gallantry and heroism of a comrade



R. Hugh Knivett

I am Over There!
By R. H. Knivett
(Hodder & Stoughton)

CAPT. R. HUGH KNIVETT
15TH AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY

saved his life—an unknown comrade who refused to leave his name and then went to death a moment after. But the pearl of his prose is saved for the devotion of the hospital nurses and staff. Don't be foolish enough to die, he says, while you are lying out because you can't die once they bury it. And the simplicity of this is characteristic of a book which is written straight from the shoulder and straight from the heart. The same is to be said of the practical chapters which conclude it chapters of advice on refusing enemy lie about obedience in the field and of the sending of gifts to the men in the trenches. It is all the voice of experience pathetically expressed.

THE DUCHESS GRACE

By MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON (Ward Lock)

Certainly when Sir Lionel Goring was murdered on his Thames houseboat at the circumstantial evidence was such as pointed pretty conclusively to the crime having been committed by a certain beautiful—though of course innocent—young lady. That's me y' see, lady is tried found guilty and sentenced to life long imprisonment. Mrs. Leighton's story is concerned with showing how it was that Rosaline was the victim of the most abominable machinations how her lover remained loyal and at length achieved her freedom and the clearing of her from the stigma of crime. It is perhaps a weak point in the story that Arthur Goring lets three months elapse before revisiting the houseboat in search of further clues and that having found such clues he does not immediately place them in the hands of the police. The descriptions which the author gives of life in a female convict prison are grimly realistic.



ARTHUR GORING. ROSALINE FANE. CHARLES WARRINGTON.
From *The Duchess Grace*,
By Marie Connor Leighton
(Ward Lock)

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1918

LIEUTENANT BONES

By EDGAR WALLACE 5 net (Vard Lock)

Bones was not his true name but one that came to be fixed upon him for physical reasons. Officially he was Lieutenant Augustus Libbett stationed at a lonely place in West Africa his companions being his superior officer Captain Hamilton (and his sister Fritchie) and Mr Commissioner Sanders. There are native troops and chiefs and such like who play their parts in the successive adventures in which Bones plays the principal part. It is a somewhat foolish yet courageous and resourceful hero. Each of the adventures forms a story by itself for though the four Europeans appear all through and there is a certain unity of place the effect of the whole is that of a collection of somewhat diverting short stories. There is a certain lightness of touch in Mr Wallace's book—perhaps it is the incorrigible levity of Bones himself which prevents the reader from feeling thrilled even by the most tragic or sensational of the escapades which are included. The fourteen stories that make up the volume are more entertaining as variations on the convincing descriptions of West African life.

POETS OF THE INSURRECTION

1 net (Merrill)

In this book is given just an outline of the personalities and work of three of the dead leaders of the Dublin insurrection: Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunkett and of McIntee whose death sentence was commuted to penal servitude. McIntee's work is new to us but the few lyrical examples given show great promise and much sweetness and simplicity. We gather that McIntee is still in his twenties and that the verses here published are some of his earliest so that the publication of his maturer work will be something to look forward to. Of all the poets of the Sinn Féin movement Pearse must remain the most interesting because in life no less than in death he had a personality which drew all manner of men irresistibly towards him. Cathaor O Braonain's sketch is written sympathetically and illuminatingly. In his capacity of poet of educationist as the writer of short stories Mr Brennan shows him to us in a large and loving manner. The sketch of Thomas MacDonagh by Professor O'Neill S.J. is done by no such sympathetic hand. To Father O'Neill, MacDonagh the seeker the warm human creature with the right hand of good fellowship ever extended has been overshadowed by MacDonagh the doubter. It is with relief that we turn to Peter McBrien's vivid character study of Joseph M. Plunkett. Mr McBrien

has a distinct style with a wonderful wealth and directness of language. The book is rounded off by an appreciation of Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunkett by Professor Arthur F. Clery and here MacDonagh comes into his own. As an insight into the characters of the leaders of the insurrection the book is well worth reading.

THE HERITAGE OF ELISE

By MARY J. H. SKRINE
1 net (Arnold)

The heritage of Elise was a double one but hardly a double grace. Elise was the daughter of a flighty girl who married a drunken Englishman of good birth. Father and mother dying left her with no suspicion that an immense fortune had fallen to the man and would have been the girl's in due course. So Elise, a poor little thing, became a millionaire and Elise's cousin was brought up in a cottage by her grand mother until she ran away and found the oldest profession in the world. Hereditary but a certain way in Mr Wright's life and in the poem. Elise is a little of a romantic father and a flighty mother sister of Elise's father the other the daughter of a staunch old family proud and noble by tradition and conduct. The setting of the tale is sympathetic and really well felt both by the author and the reader. The working out of the hereditary theme will challenge some dissent but it is careful and restrained. And Elise is certainly well observed.



From Lieutenant Bones
By Edgar Wallace
(Vard Lock)

WITH A QUICK TWIST THE MAN
PLACED THE GIRL BETWEEN
HIMSELF AND DANGER

THE EVERLASTING QUEST

By HENRY I. WEBB 4s 6d net (Macmillan)

This is an unusually well done Chaldean epic narrating the heroic and other adventures of Gilgamesh as related in the Twelve Tablets. These old Babylonian tales are not nearly so well known as they deserve to be and the present volume should do much to popularise them. Gilgamesh is an embodiment of the divine restlessness in man and the story of how he goes through earth to heaven and again back to earth questing for that which neither seems to hold is both interesting and instructive.

Who can have told the birds and fishes
That of all man's dreams and wishes
Loves and fears and prophecies
Some as bubbles would be broken
Some would fade some be unspoken
Some like ghosts would haunt the mind?

is one of the many charming fancies scattered through the poem. It is to be hoped that Mr Nichols will render some more of these Chaldean tales into verse.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman"—James Russell Lowell

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NOTICES

All communication intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, 51 LAUREL HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, EC4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes

The December Bookman's Christmas Number will contain all the usual features including four Illustrated Supplements presentation plates in colour and black and white and a series of photo-gravure portraits in addition to many in half-tone illustrating a special article on Poets in Khaki. Some Soldier Poets of Great Britain Australasia Canada South Africa and America. As owing to war conditions the edition will be limited and the Number cannot be reprinted orders should be placed without delay.

Our portrait of Sir James Frazer is from a crayon drawing by Lucien Monod now in the Fitzwilliam Museum Cambridge and we are indebted to the kindness of Mr Sydney C Cockerell the Director of the Museum for the photograph from which our reproductions are made

After being held over for four years on account of the war a new edition of Mr Mex Beerbohm's delightful play "The Happy Hypocrite" with

illustration and decorations in colour by Mr. George Sherrington will be published immediately by Mr. John Lane.

All lovers of K. I. S. will be glad to hear that a new collection of poems by Stevenson has been made from manuscripts originally in the possession of his stepdaughter, and that Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing it this autumn with a prefatory note by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

In "The Naval Side" which Messrs Cecil Palmer & Hayward are to publish this month Mr Edward Noble describes what has been done by the Navy and the Mercantile Marine during the war. The book is illustrated with photographs and with decorations by Frank Brangwyn R.A.

A correspondent sends us the following interesting note from Dublin:

The war seems to have had no great effect on the sale of books in Ireland. The late W. J. Stead once said that he would sell more books in a week in any go-ahead English provincial town than in a year in the whole of Ireland. It is still as it always has been a sporting rather than a reading country and the librarians of circulating libraries in fair sized towns in the provinces have not two hours of real employment throughout the day. In the interests of one of the War Committees I

have recently traversed the greater part of Ireland visiting Belfast in the north east Waterford and Cork in the south Limerick and Galway in the west To buy a guide or merely to put a question is to business in war time I looked into a good many book shops In Belfast they were selling fiction and a little poetry Waterford and Cork (these charming old cities of the south are said to be rather jealous of one another) admitted a slight and varying call for books or pamphlets on Sinn Féin Limerick seemed indifferent on all literary topics In Galway the war conscription politics in general and literature in particular had suffered temporary eclipse in the burning question of what would win the Galway Plate

The well known French newspaper *Le Figaro* is running as a serial one of Chai Holland's Japanese romances under the title of *Mio San Un Komon Japonais* The translation has been skilfully made by Mme Nadine de Cyon a lady well known in Parisian literary and society circles

One of the most charming of Christmas booklets is the *From Friend to Friend Kalendur* (Simpkin Marshall) which Mr Joseph Shaylor has compiled and edited yearly for some years past The 1919 *Kalendur* with its diary spaces for the months and for each month a poem touching on some aspect of friendship and a very handy list of postal regulations at the end is a gift book as pleasing as it is useful

The Growth of Religion by Joseph McCabe tracing from its beginnings the development of the religious impulse is to be published by Messrs Watts & Co

Messrs Constable have published new and cheap editions (3s 6d net each) of Emile Faguet's masterly studies Balzac and Flaubert the former

translated with notes by Winifred Thorley the latter translated by Mrs R I Devonshire

The Poodle Laker and Other Sketches is a collection of prose pieces and occasional verses which have appeared over the signature of Lat ator in the columns of the *Civil and Military Gazette*

of Lahore and is published in a neat paper covered booklet by that journal's press at a rupee and a half Kipling collectors will know the format of these modest volumes because his earliest production appeared in this guise and nowadays sell at fabulous sums when ever they turn up in the sale rooms But it does not need any virtuoso in bibliopoly to recognise something of the old Kipling flavour in these character sketches and rhyming stanzas Their point is well chosen and in station types like *The Secretary Bird* and *The Croucher* and a genuine turn for the counting and episodes and absurdities in *The Home and Red Cross*

Suppliment is an unnecessarily pungent name for the imaginary lady who figures as a confidante in many of them but the other nicknames are more merciful than this and whether he turns off prose or verse the author always contrives to be amusing and fresh in his point of view

Father Noah and Other Fancies by Geoffrey Whitworth which we reviewed last month is published by Messrs Chatto & Windus and not by Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson to whom our reviewer inadvertently ascribed it

On the fourth anniversary of the destruction of the Library of Louvain a meeting was held at Havre with a view to taking steps towards its partial restoration Many eminent literary men were present and official representatives from Great Britain France America Spain and Switzerland It was decided to form an international committee



Mr W B Maxwell



Portrait of **Lieutenant J. C. Squire**
 by Miss M. M. S. K. J. B. K.

which should endeavour to collect books and manuscripts in allied and friendly countries to be presented to the University of Louvain as soon as Belgium shall again be free. After trying by the most palpably ridiculous reasoning to shift the blame for the destruction of Louvain on to the Belgians themselves the German professors have sought to minimise the crime committed by their military leaders by saying that after all the library was not so very important. This of a library that contained 950 manuscripts, some very precious such as the best manuscript of Cornelius Nepos, an autograph manuscript of Thomas à Kempis, and many manuscripts dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a valuable collection of sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century books, engravings, miniatures, and a superb collection of sixteenth century bindings, part of the archives of the old university and all those of the new, a gallery of portraits and busts of the rectors, chancellors and professors of the Alma Mater since its foundation in 1426, and much else of the highest literary and antiquarian interest. The best examples of Jean de Westphalie's press were included among the 250,000 volumes which the Germans sent up in flames. Three hundred thousand volumes of modern literature were also destroyed in the burning of the commercial and consular school with a unique series of Chinese porcelain and several technical collections, the fruit of much labour and study. The library itself is irremediably

damaged. There were treasures in the old library that are irreplaceable but it is hoped that the committee will succeed in bringing together the nucleus of a new collection that shall go towards enriching the university when it is again once more and has been restored or rebuilt.

Mr. E. H. Mathews will publish shortly *The Lamp of Destiny and Other Poems* by Sir Ernest Wild, the eminent K.C. Sir Ernest who describes his verses as "indiscretions of the Long Vacation" has always had strong literary interests and has written much verse but has not until now gathered any of it into a book. He was the founder of the Hallwell Phillips Shakespeare Society and joint founder of the Coleridge Literary Society at Jesus College, Cambridge. Sir Ernest has made a close study of Spenser, a long poem in his forthcoming volume is written in the Spenserian stanza and some while back he published his lecture on the *Lucifer Queen*.

WAR BOOKS

War Lyrics. By Morley Roberts. 2s. net (Selwyn & Blount). A study patriotism, glowing love of the Homeland of our overseas Irishmen and



W. Curran Reedy
 with new book *The Sea-Peace Under the White Ensign*
 M. E. Skelton & M. McDonald publishing

our great ally France and a deep sympathy with outraged Belgium—these are the themes of some of the best of Mr. Morley Roberts's war lyrics and he handles them with no little poetic feeling and imaginative power. He has faith still in Russia following her dim star—prisoners to be free through all the long years of her dark history.

But he is young.

There is youth—wonder in her troubled eyes
She dreams yet wide-eyed even now her tongue
May it we listen after people here.

There is in his vivid little
etch of London in war
time an exultant sense of
the new spirit that has
uplifted most of us.

London's hue
Its meanest alley—hues
With something that is new
Bright
That simple light.

And no one has written a
noble more important
tribute to America than he
has put into the sonnet
that closes.

Kinsmen! I see in these
lark-pregnant hours
Of shadow when the heroes
are overcast
With smoke from distant
and ancient towers
While throttle people with
and nations die
The million—year of
vengeance—hunger—fast
And hear your armies
thunder prophetic.

The Secret Hand By Douglas Valentine
6s net (Herbert Jenkins). Mr. Valentine's first
novel *The Man with the Club Foot* was one of
the cleverest of the many stories of the German
secret service that the war has occasioned. Its
ingenuity and headlong excitement *The Secret
Hand* does not equal it nor does it wear so cunning
and convincing an air of probability. It is never-
theless a thoroughly readable yarn with plenty
of startling situations and a plot that may be some-
times far-fetched but is alive and interesting from
beginning to end.

Forlorn Adventurers By Arthur Lewis
Jenkins 1s 6d net (Sidgwick & Jackson). There
are lyrics in Lieutenant Jenkins's book that will give

him place with Rupert Brooke and Crenfell with
Vernède and Leslie Coulson among the first five or
six poets of the war. His *Forlorn Adventurers*
are the wayfaring men who are always roaming
in quest of the ideal happiness that is always elud-
ing them.

The sweetest love of the loves of earth
Freedom, that a tried love fire
Lowered and the dreams of things
The clay was not I am venturing
But never in heart desire.



Sir Ernest Wild, K.C.

WE LISTEN TO THE PROPHETIC
THUNDER OF THE MIGHTY

ness and fantasy of *The Lure Roads* to the
vivid pictures of the magic of the desert and
the fighting on its arid wastes in Arabia and the
gallant martial valour of *Crusaders* written in
Palestine.

The clamorous guns by day and night
Foss echoes to and fro
White-winged above the dusty fight
The ranging war hawks go
And stout King Richard's proud array
Is but a shining tale—
But English courage goes as gay
In khaki as in mail.

The headmaster of Charterhouse speaks in his
Introductory Note of Arthur Jenkins's brave
sanguine lovable temperament of his keen eager-
ness of spirit his generous instincts, his air of 'glad

He joined the Army on
the outbreak of war and
in October 1914 was
gazetted to the Duke of
Cornwall Light Infantry.
He saw service in India
at Aden in charge of a
military construction and
then in Egypt. In 1917
his section was disbanded
and he transferred to
the R.I.C. trained and
obtained his wings in
Egypt returned to
England and was engaged
on home defence when he
was killed in an aeroplane
accident on the last night
of last year. His work has
spontaneity and fancy and
feeling it rings in expres-
sion from the poignancy of
Bondage on. And one
there be that have left no
Memorial to the breezy
joyous *Song of the
Road* from the tender-



Mr W. Riley

ESTABLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

confident morning—and there too, in the distinctive qualities of his voice.

The Love of an Unknown Soldier (ed. net) (John Lane). Mr. John Lane has made another discovery following at a long interval on the findings of the famous MS. in the Red Fox—this time it is of a bundle of unposted love letters written by an unknown soldier and discovered in France in one of the dumps of an abandoned gun position. Having no indication of the writer's name or unit and the name of the girl to whom the letters are addressed being never once recorded, Mr. John Lane has published the documents, hoping they may be read by the one who unconsciously inspired them. On reading the tattered MS. he says:

I was from the first impressed with its literary value—but as I read on I became more and more deeply absorbed in its poignant human importance especially in its importance to some particular American girl who all unknowingly had quickened the last days of this unknown soldier's life with romance. I felt that she must be discovered and that the only chance of doing so was by publishing the documents. Meanwhile I ask her pardon for this necessary means of making known to the world the romance that she kindled in the heart of her lost soldier which he himself did not tell her. The letters are full of the poetry and pathos of a

love that never found its earthly close—they tell the story of the soldier's meeting with the girl to whom he instantly gave his heart and describe in vivid detail his experiences in the throes of battle. They would be well worth reading even if there were no mystery surrounding them because of the clear vision they give of the tragedy of war, the high thoughts they express and the lovable heroic

self-sacrificing personality they reveal. The mystery lends them an added charm and the book will doubtless be widely read alike for the intrinsic interest of its romance and the strangeness of the unwritten romance that lies behind it.

First Fruits of Alexander Robertson With a Preface by P. Hume Brown F.R.S.E. (B.A. and not of Hon. Mathews.) Alexander Robertson's poems have all been written since the beginning of the war. He resigned his post of lecturer in History at Sheffield University in 1914 which it had all along been his ambition to do. He had from childhood been an ardent and dedicated soldier in the 1st York and Lancaster Regiment in September 1914. He fell in the great Somme offensive of 1916. His poems were written in training camps, France, and while he was on active service in France. And if there is nothing in his second and last volume that surpasses the finest things in his Command which is now in its third edition, there is a fact that one is glad to have both for its broad philosophy of life and its involuntary revelation of a character that was generous and soldierly as it was scholarly.



Mr Will Caddy

the well-known photographer who illustrated his wife's delightful book for children, 'Filling in the Gaps'. In that and 'A Doll's Day' all the illustrations are reproductions of beautiful photographs. For the picture in 'Filling in the Gaps' of the child of Mr. Henry Wilson of Art and Craft fame was the model.



M. Venizelos

F. C. I. K. E. R. D. I. V. O. I. T. Y.
R. E. I. H. B.

Fishermen in War Time. By Walter Wood. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.) A very graphic narration of how our fishermen at the coming of war became fighting men and of the magnificent share they have taken in hunting down U boats mine sweeping and otherwise protecting our ships at sea and our coasts from invasion. No records of the war can beat the stories of dogged endurance and indomitable courage. It is difficult to estimate all we owe to the trawlers and drifter and the men who have manned them but Mr. Wood makes us realise much of our immeasurable debt and fills us with pride in the gallant fellows we can never adequately repay. The book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs.

The Years for Rachel. By Berta Ruck. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Miss Berta Ruck seems to get into the very hearts of her heroines—a gift that has made her deservedly popular especially among women readers. In *The Years for Rachel* Gwen Brook tells the story of her long engagement to Selby Harrington how it commenced in the days of her budding womanhood and continued over the years that preceded and finally flung us into the great war. The war plays an important part in the romance and the end of the story is not what one expects when Gwen is first discovered radiant in the knowledge of Selby's love for her and giving him in return all the devotion of her youthful heart. Miss Berta Ruck

knows how to tell a good tale and *The Years for Rachel* answering the questions: How did those years seem to Rachel herself? What did Rachel think of the whole affair? will be added to her lengthening list of success. She writes in a cosy intimate style that holds the interest, leavens her sentiment and pathos with an entertaining and airy humour and leaves you satisfied that the lengthy engagement is a mistake and short ones and weddings are more likely to bring happiness.

The Great Unborn. By Edwin Hugh. 2s. 6d. net. (Geoff. Palmer & Hayward.) One of the biggest problems we shall have to solve after the war or sooner—the bringing to an end of the age-long war between Capital and Labour—is handled earnestly, imaginatively and with no little power in this story by Mr. Edwin Hugh. It is a fantasy in the sense that *The Cricket on the Hearth* is a fantasy but it brings you up against the sternest and most human reality. Mr. Hugh illustrates his argument with the contrasted picture of a working man burdened, powerless to bargain with his master and reduced to slavery and misery by the needs of a large family and of a shrewd man who is careful not to give so many hostages to fortune and so is able to save, to retain his freedom, to take risks and win his way to independence and comfort and the joys of success. Also he is able to give his two children plenty of food, an adequate education and a start in the world that enables them to do better even than himself. Mr. Hugh's argument is that the workers at present play into the hands of those who exploit them since as a result of their careless self-indulgence the supply of labour is in excess of the demand for it and that it rests with themselves to remedy this state of affairs by reversing it. You may disapprove of his scheme or doubt its practicability but the passionate sympathy with which it is presented, the intimate knowledge of how the poor have to live and the pathos and humour and interest of his story are undeniable. There is nothing much of the war in it except that it presumes the present war is over and foresees how the War Minister and Reconstruction Minister of the future would feelingly protest that in so reducing their numbers the lower orders were unpatriotic, left us short of fighting men to resist the Germans when they were ready again to attack us and would involve the country in financial, national and moral ruin. There is truth in the book as well as irony and if its proposals are fantastic they are also full of suggestion.

THE READER.

FRAZER OF "THE GOLDEN BOUGH"

BY C. F. LAWRENCE

LET us now praise — a famous man or rather a man whose work has entitled him to more fame than has been his portion. It is evidently the easiest thing in the world to overlook true merit for the reason that opinion largely runs with the crowd. Repetition by paragraph, the child of puff, is the surest means of securing the necessary repetition by mouth, and it is generally through the mouth — mightier than the word! — that passing reputations are made. In the long run this does not matter for nobody morally worth expense judges the claims to the favourites whether deserved or not, but when the effect is that true merit enjoys less than its due share of the laurel, then is the time for subordinates to be firmer than the laurel.

My only excuse for mentioning with this humble tribute to Frazer of *The Golden Bough* is that I have waited for the angel, and they have been coming. Sir James Frazer's character and the enormous body of his constructive and suggestive work in many departments of scientific and literary life entitle him to a place amongst those on the pinnacle of national honour through personal achievement. Had he been a German scholar his name and work before the war would have been chanted and paraded about the world with all the brazenness of the accepted absolute authority. But he happens to be British; he was born sixty-four years ago in the peaceful village of Glasgow and had been working for years in quiet rooms in Trinity College Cambridge before he came to live in the Temple realising in the process such a mass of information not

only on primitive man, his practices, habits of thought and superstitions, but on subsequent stages of the psychological development of humanity. The present remains a pagan and a savage at heart — as will remain a monument to his scholarly insight and amazing perseverance and a stimulus for future investigator to work upon for many a year to come. I venture to assert positively that he has had nothing like his share of the appreciation due though himself would be the last to notice this or to care about it. How useful the coming indifference has been we brought home to me when preparing the Cambridge History of English Literature. This is the elaborate production of the Press of the University wherein most of Sir James Frazer's work has been done, the University that will enjoy lasting credit for its association with him, and in him it only once mentioned in the fourteen volumes — and that in a mild

reference in a footnote to his edition of the Letters of William Cowper. There is nothing more! Yet for balance and charm of style for precision of statement and nervous imaginative phrasing his written work from the first slender

Volume published in the eighties to *Balder the Beautiful* is worthy of very high rank among the achievements of English prose. As an example and to point the injustice through forgetfulness that Cambridge has done herself let me quote from the preface to his translation of Pausanias's *Description of Greece*:

The windows of my study look on the tranquil court of an ancient college where the sundial marks the silent



Sir James Frazer

From the portrait of Lucien H. Monod, in the Fitzwilliam Museum Cambridge

passage of the hours and in the long summer days the fountain splashes drowsily amid flowers and grass where as the evening shadows deepen the lights come out in the blazoned windows of the Elizabethan hall and from the chapel the sweet voices of the choir blend with the pealing music of the organ float on the peaceful air telling of man's eternal aspirations after truth and goodness and immortality. Here if anywhere remote from the tumult and bustle of the world with its pomps and vanities and ambitions the student may hope to hear the still voice of truth to penetrate through the little transitory questions of the hour to the realities which abide or rather which we fondly think must abide while the generations come and go.

This passage of measured dignity and charm is characteristic of the man. It is expressive of his intellectual spaciousness, his thoroughness and his modesty, the modesty of the truly great. There are indeed many aspects of parallel between Sir James Frazer and Charles Darwin: the same boldness of aim and concentration of purpose, a similar capacity for collecting and arranging masses of evidence, the same spirit of patient perseverance, thoroughness and—modesty. I am convinced that if some shattering evidence were produced to knock away the bases on which his greatest effort of work is built and the twelve volumes of *The Golden Bough* are but one chapter of his particular field of study, the description of one special rite serving to start an infinitude of investigations—he would bear it with resignation realising philosophically that truth is always the thing. Indeed in one of the prefaces of the series he makes in acknowledgment that even the ordinary scholar resolute for the truth would find it difficult to make to say the least of it. I believe says he that while theories are transitory a record of facts has a permanent value and that as a chronicle of ancient customs and beliefs my book may retain its utility when my theories are obsolete as the customs and beliefs themselves deserve to be. There is something almost

sad in this consciousness of the transitory nature of any contribution to science and yet it accounts for Frazer's insatiable zest in the pursuit of knowledge and the catholicity of his scientific interests. His record shows an extraordinary range of intellectual sympathy and adventure. He is prepared to sup the truth from any well as his constant attendance at the lectures of the Royal Society have shown to me. There in the privacy of a retired bench he listens and watches and occasionally without doubt finds details to add to his vast collection of the very diverse facts upon which the structure of his studies is raised.

The extraordinary range of his interests is shown in the printed record of his works. They are not limited even to the wide department of science he has made his own: the history of Greece and the elaborate mythology of Egypt. Savage customs, beliefs and languages. Totemism, Fetish worship and Libon, the evolution of the idea and fact of kingship. Oriental Religion and Social Anthropology, the study of Comparative Ethics, the influence of superstitions on the growth of Institutions, the amazing powers and ceremonies of Witchcraft and other Magical practices, the tyranny of the Evil Eye. It needs no addition to this casual list to emphasise the extraordinary stores of resource and energy and patience of research that have gone to the service of anthropological science and the infinite fund and possibilities of the results. But that is after all only a single aspect of the interests of the sage of Brick Court. One of Sir James Frazer's earliest books was *Issues of the Bible Chosen for Their Literary Beauty and Interest*—the latest to appear in this autumn is a work on the *Folk Lore of the Old Testament*. It has been my privilege to hear the author read certain of the chapters of this volume and I know it will prove an enjoyable, inspiring and suggestive contribution to the extraordinary department to which Frazer has made the principal and the most generous offerings. He is an expert in geography and for an instance through his knowledge in this respect gives in *Adonis Attis Osiris* an admirable description of Asia Minor thereby explaining many of the local customs.

Yet one more department and this the most attractive to many of us, his loving work in the English literature of the eighteenth century. His edition with a memoir of the *Letters of William Cowper* has even been discerned by the microscopical eye of the editors of the *Cambridge History* (as I have already fervently said) while his *Selection of the Essays of Joseph Addison* published in two volumes since the war broke out contains an introduction of very especial insight and charm. It is no exaggeration to declare that it has the style, ease and imagination of Addison combined with the sparkling geniality of Richard Steele. We visit the Temple Gardens in the company of Sir Roger de Coverley and find the delectable knight better company than ever—yes better company than ever!

A many-sided man whose variety of interests keeps him from the possibilities of Dry as dust. Sir James shares the capacity of plodding patience with the dull doctor but is blessed with an imagination that flyblown deadening authority is incapable of. It is this that differentiates him from so many who delve in the gardens



From a photo kindly lent
by Mr. Noel Griffiths

Brick Court, Temple

Sir James Frazer's home in London.

of science. Frazer is no mere collector of facts or arranger of evidence. He is architectonic. Let me quote the opinion of an explorer and anthropologist who had travelled and made investigations among primitive peoples. Said the expert at a luncheon—when the truth will out. Frazer is the brain we need the feeder. The great mistake made by the world who has not read him is that it looks upon him as a collector of facts and justly so. But the explorer and anthropologist are the bricklayers. Frazer is the architect. They are the witnesses. He is the judge. It is admitted by all who have studied primitive peoples that no one has so well understood the floating texture of savage psychology as James Frazer has done. Yet he confessed at a complimentary dinner a little while since he has only seen one savage and that was in a cage at a show many years ago. His wide authoritative knowledge of his very elusive subject comes from the constant study of many years and the genius for putting his case together. He is the complete student generally working fourteen hours a day gathering information from every field and sifting it well before it is applied. So complete a student is he that (this is a fact I enjoyed from Lady Frazer) he has continued absorbed in his reading with his clothing on fire and when the Boche was raining bombs on the Temple (I must quote a French paper *La Victoire*).

Je m'attache qui renforce le flegme anglais de son humeur croissant ne daigne interrompre sa tâche ni même relever ses lunettes de son front.

The extent of his reading and the diverse multitudinous nature of the subjects dealt with are best shown or suggested by the ultimate volume of the series of

The Golden Bough containing the General Index and Bibliography in five hundred and thirty six closely printed demy 8vo pages. That great work is the crown of his labour. His publisher the Macmillans deserve ample credit for the readiness and generosity through which they have enabled this scholar to realise his theories and sound his voice. They have also enabled him to add to the established glories of British scientific endeavour. The vast web of information covering the customs of peoples of the highest culture and the most primitive over a span of ages almost from the dawn of time until now has been woven from one centre—the symbolic worship of the priest king of Nemi in the mystical shadow of the mistletoe raising hands of ceremony and awe to the deity enthroned with the oak and rolling thunder and the sky. An universe of possibilities has been poised by this scholar on the Golden Bough and yet no one is readier than he to disclaim



Fountain Court Temple
Fountain Court Temple

modesty even to any one of the thousand of details discussed. There is something fatalistic in Sir James Frazer's realisation of the inadequacy of human effort in any sphere and yet how we puppets strut and wear our tinsel! Such a plaint as the following is actually pathetic. The circle of human knowledge illuminated by the pale cold light of reason is so infinitely small the dark regions of human ignorance which lie beyond that luminous ring are so immeasurably vast that imagination is apt to mistake the shadowy reflections of her own figure for real beings moving in the abyss. It is rare indeed to find a scholar and investigator wise enough and sufficiently brave to acknowledge the brevity of the flickering candle light with which he illuminates some corner of the universe of problems. It is part of the greatness of the man to whom I have paid this inadequate and belated tribute that he recognises the inevitable limitations and yet works on patiently modestly and lovingly.

THE VISIBLE WORLD •

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THE children of experience—are they wiser and happier than the children of intuition? Some think that to miss an experience is to miss an opportunity and this in a way is true. But there is also

• Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands By Arthur Symonds
7s 6d net (Collins.)

an opportunity in avoidance and some may gain more by restraint and discretion by a fierce refusal to confuse truth with a medley of facts than others will gain by an infinity of running to and fro peeping and seeking and inquiring. Just as in its basest forms the passion for experience may be merely an unrestful inquisitiveness.

so the refusal to experience may be a cowardice a mental or moral laziness which would keep the soul shut in some false ivory palace deaf to the movement and magic of the world. The problem is perhaps most acute for the artist. The philosopher and the mystic the lover and the religious they have a wisdom which fuses experience and intuition for them experience if they handle it is not proof but merely evidence evidence of a truth to which their lives and their hearts have long ago assented. Yet all of them if they be of the temperament which thrill acclaim the Dominical word is the very expression of the inmost mystery. Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed. For them there is given the great experience for them the divine paradox is true they accumulate sensations and experiences of which the sensuous man is incapable and undesirous and if the world fail them they can make a universe free only to themselves to the beloved and to God.

With the artist it is different. Experience actual or imagined he must have and it is by handling of experience only that he establishes that contact with his fellow creatures which make the position of the poet and the painter the musician and the architect more assured than that of the priest the statesman or the soldier. Yet the artists are a divided company. You have the supreme spirits Shakespeare or Michael Angelo or Sophocles for whom there seems no division between the visible and the invisible world one is the pattern of the other the spiritual the soul of the material. And you have those lonelier souls such as Blake or El Greco or San Juan de la Cruz for whom the flame of the inner beauty has almost burned away the world of experience until it lies a little golden dust of pure or syllable caught for a moment in the hands of those pilgrims of eternity. And at the opposite pole you have Rubens or Titian or Dürer whom the decorative pattern of the world the gay colour and swing of visible things make momentarily oblivious of the spirit which alone gives to colour and gaiety and movement their meaning and their truth.

Mr Symonds as artist and critic has always hilted a little between the two extremes but generally with a very definite inclination to that mode of writing of which Gautier was the classic example. Classic but not I think the best. There is always something a little over-flourished in Gautier's work he loses his decorative effect by sheer crowding—and for pure deliberate colour he does not approach the best of Rossetti or Morris or even Swinburne. He is however certainly the supreme instance of the disciple of the visible. For him if a thing makes colour and pattern it does not matter what else it makes—even if it make nonsense. His hard enamelled style his cold luxury of mind his brilliant jewelled phrases give but a false picture of a world which is full of tone and shadow and uncertainty. Frankly Mr Symonds's pictures of places seem to us better than the great Frenchman's. His sensitiveness is more modest his receptivity more generous he is more anxious to give an impression than to make one.

He writes of many places and the essays are of very different dates. London Spain Ireland Cornwall Dieppe Dover—he has experienced them all. And in all he has gathered something which he can turn into beauty and from which he has learnt something of wisdom. He suffers at times from that passion to describe the passion of which Huysmans is the great master. At times I wish he would be a little simpler a little less elaborately picturesque. Everything is handled with an equality of emphasis which is rather tiring for so much of life is naturally unemphatic and would be unbearable were it otherwise. At times the curiosity seems to grow morbid and we get the horrible impression of the bull-hell at Valencia—an impression he tries to excuse by a suggested philosophical interest in the nature of cruelty.

The chapters on London are among the most successful in the book. They deal with that fabulous city of humours Arthur Roberts the Rhymer Club and the early days of the I.C.C. and the dirty smoky Underground. His description of the old-fashioned London fog is an admirable instance of his vivid accuracy his fanciful truthfulness.

Foreigners praise it as the one thing in which London is unique. They come to London to experience it. It is as if one tried the experiences of drowning or suffocating. It is a penalty worse than any Chinese penalty. It stifles the mind as well as chilling the body. It comes on slowly and stealthily picking its way choosing its direction leaving contemptuous skips in its course then it settles down like a blanket of solid smoke which you can feel but not put from you. The streets turn jute-cent the gas lamps hang like rotting fruit you are in a dark tunnel in which the lights are going out and beside you unseen there is a roar and rumble interrupted with sharp cries a stopping of wheels and a beginning of the roar and rumble over again. You will like a blind man fumbling with his staff at the edge of the pavement. Familiar turnings which you fancied you could follow blindly deceive you and you are helpless if you go two yards out of your course. The grime blackens your face your eyes smart your throat is as if choked with dust. You breathe the foulness and it enters into you and contaminates you.

After the London essays the best are the Cornish but that on Dieppe with its side-long recollections of Conder and Beardsley will have its own fascination for those who remember the gallant excitement of the Savoy. The young men of to-day are a little inclined to laugh at the æsthetics of the nineties. Of that notable group which made the Yellow Book and the Savoy and the Bodley Head notorious none has kept the attitude quite so firmly as has Mr Symonds. And I am struck again as I always am in reading a new book of his at the admirable intellectual equipment of the men of that time. The hasty unbaked follies of our Vorticists whatever interest they may occasionally provoke can lay no claim to intellectual respect. There is after all a certain modesty in the art of these men who are devoted to the visible world for they ask their readers to give attention not merely to their own ideas and fancies but to the great soul of nature or to the cunning variety of man as shown in cities or in the glamour of woods and mountains.

WORDSWORTH'S ACADEMIC HONOURS

BY MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH

I REMEMBER writes Matthew Arnold in 1879 in his Preface to the Selection of Wordsworth's poems in the Golden Treasury series—bearing Lord Macaulay say after Wordsworth's death when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him—that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone to do honour to Wordsworth than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never either before or since been so accepted and popular so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry as he was between the year 1830 and 1840 and at Cambridge. Cambridge however was the only one of the three then existing universities in England that did not pay him any honour. True the master of his own college of St. John writing in his own name and that of several of the Fellows asked him to sit for his portrait which painted by Tuckersgill in 1832 now adorns the dining hall of the college but that mark of distinction was only a local one—not one conferred by the University. The first academic institution to bestow any favour was the Durham University which admitted him to the Honorary Degree of D.C.L. in 1838. The extract from the Minutes of Convocation kindly transcribed for me by the acting Registrar runs as follows:

At a Convocation holden July 1 1838 the following Grace was passed

It is proposed to confer the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon William Wordsworth Esq. of Rydal Mount in the county of Westmoreland to mark the sense which the University entertains of his distinguished merits and of the beneficial influence which he has exercised upon the Literature of his native country. Mr. Wordsworth was presented by the Greek Professor and admitted to the Honorary Degree of D.C.L.

The acting Registrar states that this was a special convocation and that there were no other degrees conferred on that occasion.

In the following year Wordsworth received a similar honour from the University of Oxford at the Encenia on June 12th 1839. It has not been the practice the Keeper of the Archives declares to enter more than the bare facts in the Register of Convocation but each person is given a short description for the sake of identification. The entry is as follows: Vir Poeseos

omnigenae scientiæ peritissimus et ipse loca dulcissimus celeberrimus *Gulielmus Wordsworth* de Monte Rydal in comitatu Westmonie armiger.

Keble the Professor of Poetry in the University who had some five years previously dedicated to Wordsworth his *Tractations on Poetry* did him ample honour from the rostrum in the course of his delivery of the Ciceronian oration. Wordsworth's

reception was overpowering to others though he stood it firmly and apparently unmoved as one of his Westmoreland mountains and it seems to have been very gratifying to him. Writing to his friend John Leake of the City Library Bristol (who as Christopher Wordsworth states in his Memoir of his uncle had walked to Oxford to witness the ceremony) he tells him that it was not a little pleasing that I had not the pleasure of shaking you by the hand at Oxford when you did me the honour of coming so far to join in the shout. I was told by a Fellow of University College that he had never witnessed such an outburst of enthusiasm in that place except upon the occasions of the visits of the Duke of Wellington.

William Wordsworth

Dr. Arnold who was also present is an interested spectator tells his friend the Rev. G. J. Cornish that it was striking to witness the thunders of applause repeated over and over again with which he was greeted in the theatre by undergraduates and Masters of Arts alike.

In Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth's short sketch of Wordsworth published in 1861 we are given some interesting details following the graduation ceremony.

He breakfasted at Magdalen with Dr. Bloxam and Keble who said I should like it of all things for I have never been in the same room with him. Wordsworth asked for a copy and translation of Keble's passage about himself naively adding I want to take it home and show it to my wife for she never thinks that I am anybody. He was the guest of Dr. Gilbert of Brasenose whose little blind daughter Bessie was delighted to hear him say he had almost leapt off the coach in Bagley wood to gather the blue speedwells. One day she was in the room alone when he entered. For a moment he stood still before the blind child whose sensitive little face turned wonderingly towards him. Then he gravely said Madam I hope I do not disturb you? She never forgot that Madam grave solemn almost reverential.

The next occasion of Wordsworth's receiving an academic distinction was when on March 17th 1845

• Life of Elizabeth Gilbert By Miss Martin



he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was elected at the same time as a considerable number of other eminent men of the day of which the following is a complete list kindly compiled for me by the General Secretary of the Royal Society:

Sir M. I. Brunei Knight	W. J. Mordaunt Esq.
Sir John Lubbock Knight	Prof. J. A. Owen
Professor Thomas Graham	Sir Edward Fry Knight
H. Hallam Esq.	The Earl of Rosebery
Sir W. J. Hooley	Th. Key Esq.
Dr. Lloyd of Dublin	William Wordsworth Esq.
Charles Lyell Esq.	

The above list of names appears to have been unknown to Wordsworth's biographers as I am not aware that it is mentioned in any of the numerous Lives of the poet. In the catalogue of the library of the late Winston H. Hooper sold at the Anderson Galleries, New York, Dec. 1-5, 1917, there is a note with reference to one of Wordsworth's letters to his publisher, Edward Mosson, undated except for the day of the month, December 9th. The year in all probability would be that of 1845. The note states that it is a late letter to his publisher, Edward Mosson, in which he states that he has been elected an Honorary

Member of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and suggests that these distinctions be mentioned in the next edition of his poems.

Upon this hint I wrote to the Royal Society of Edinburgh and thereafter made inquiries from the other universities and the Royal Irish Academy, the results of which so courteously complied with I have embodied in this article.

Later on in the same year in which Wordsworth received the Honorary Fellowship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh he was made an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy, the date of which was November 29th.

Hitherto none of the poet biographers have deemed it necessary to give the exact dates or when they have attempted to the date are not correct. In Mr. Thomas Hutchinson's chronological table prefixed to his edition of the Oxford Wordsworth we are merely told that the Durham Doctorate was awarded in the summer of 1838, that of the Oxford one in July, and the Honorary Membership of the Royal Irish Academy, March 1846, instead of November 29th of the preceding year, and as above mentioned there is no record of the Honorary Fellowship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

THE DOMINIE—NEW STYLE

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN

SIR: I am indebted to Mr. George Sampson's review in your columns under the above heading for an introduction to the collection of essays entitled *The New Teaching*, edited by Dr. John Adams.

The *New Teaching* is nothing but the practice of teachers who really teach. These men are continually struggling against the competition of men who are not teachers but simply schoolmasters. They do not teach; they set lessons and beat or otherwise torture children who do not learn them. They may be and often are callous ruffians as cruel as they are lazy and incompetent. At best their work is no more skilled work than the work of a prison warder. If they were police constables they would be unable to take the beats which require sense and tact rather than the assertion of brute force and the maintenance of the crude terrors of the law. Of these I have said that thirty shillings a week and the status of dog trainers represent the market value of their labour and their manners, and I have protested against the genuine teachers being dragged down by their competition to this level. I have never lost an opportunity of insisting on the value and dignity of genuine teaching, and denouncing the masquerade of mere boy farming and child taming as education in so-called schools which are merely prisons in which children are locked up to keep them from worrying their parents. In this I have the support of every genuine teacher and educationist in the country, a

support generously expressed in their correspondence with me.

Yet most people are so unaccustomed to make any distinction between a mere schoolmaster and a teacher that Mr. George Sampson in the very act of reviewing a book in which the strenuousness of real teaching is impressed on him calmly adds: "These (the genuine teachers) are the people to whom that great educationist Mr. Bernard Shaw proposes to give thirty shillings a week and the status of dog trainers." He then adds, "and I confess he extorted the laugh he played for even from me, its victim." The bilious buffoon who has ceased to draw is a common object of the circus. Now I protest I am not bilious. I have obviously not ceased to draw. Mr. Sampson and the buffoon who has ceased to draw is not a common object of the circus because he cannot get an engagement there. There is no truth in Mr. Sampson's statement and no sense in his comment.

I do not answer such stuff when it appears as it mostly does in *The Schoolmaster*, but in *THE BOOKMAN* it might mislead people whose esteem and support is of importance to me on public as well as personal grounds.

I am therefore reluctantly driven to stand Mr. Sampson in the corner. It is I grant a poor pedagogic method, but if I cannot reform Mr. Sampson I must at least be allowed to make him ridiculous.

Yours truly

G. BERNARD SHAW

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

NOVEMBER 1918

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

The Prize Judge THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder and Stoughton Warwick Square E.C.4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that competitions II, IV and V are the same each month and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Competitors must please keep copies of their entries, as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

WAR TIME NOTICE—The subjects of four of these competitions are the same each month and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and nowadays cannot always obtain their copies of THE BOOKMAN punctually we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. Nov.) competition both for the current month and the month following as below:

I—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

Let them bless us to get the day
Hail the hymn of the Angel saint
I mean about thy way!

II—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

Take the gifts that our hand are bringing
Roses that round them sit a clump
His fall in the grass upspringing
Still by lakes and fragrant thyme
Cairlands called where the birds were singing
High in the be-loved time.

III—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto from any British or American author for the proposed League of Nations.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best eight lines of original verse addressed to our soldiers on the prospect of Peace.)

IV—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER

I—The Prize for the best lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Miss M Crump of 14b Ashbourne Mansions Hendon N.W.4 and to 36782 Sergeant D. F. Finn Norfolk Regiment c/o Mrs Brown 19 Balfour Road Birkenhead for the following

HYMN TO FLORA

Dawn is here but our Lady
lingers
Hasten Goddess thy children
pray
Touch the buds with thy dewy
fingers



Catherine Court
Tower Hill London

Drawn by F. L. E. et al.
From The English Heritage Collection by J. Alfred G. et al. which
Bridford, C. H. et al. published

Brown bees hover about thy tresses
Wild things follow in shy desire
Light winds woo thee with soft caresses
Song birds hymn thee nor cease nor tire
Far through the groves thy presence blesses
Poppies spring up like fire

Night shall come and shall find us waking
Raise ye the song of praise anew!
On through the glens your torches shaking
Living lanterns the long night through
Till the dawn in the far east breaking
Shines on the fields of dew

Harken Goddess and let thy light
Clothe the earth with a finer grace
Give the shepherd who wakes to night
Joy in a glimpse of thy passing face
Lo we twine of these earthly flowers
Fading garlands a gift for thee
Let those offerings frail of ours
Shine anew in thy garden bowers
Where thou dreamest through summer hours
In the vales of Arcady

M CRUMP

ON RETURNING FROM WAR

Do you remember love not long ago
That winter fireside in a northern land
Where we sat idly dreaming, while your hand
Touched mine? Before us in the fiery glow
The unending pageant of the future passed
With crimson magic dyed and in the night
Outside the creeping dullness hid the light
Of winter's faint gray twilight and the blast
Wailed and whumped and tried the noisy latch
And shook the pane and shook the forlorn flame
And from the gloom the monstrous shadows came
Leaping o'er wall and euling swift to snatch
With crooked fingers at our souls content
Then sink back mouthing inarticulate
In impotent hate They could not penetrate
Our souls on whirling dreams of passion intent
They were but shadows

And then the putting swift—the unspoken fear—
The winding column four abreast—the strong
Quick tread of youth timed to a roar of song—
The vibrant cheer that had it not been a cheer
Must else have been a sob—the backward glance
Over the shoulder Then the singing dies
The half jestful and youth with manhood's eyes
Grim purposeful swings on to war perchance
To honours earned or to a hero's end
To death! Ah worse than death for I have crept
Out of the press of war (I that would have slept
Quiet on the hill where wooden crosses extend
Their most beseeching arms) a thing for tears!
A broken battered blinded wreck of one
That was made in God's image! Life but just
begun!
The shadows conquer and though I have not years
I have no youth

There is a love expressionless and pain
Past all expression Knowing each I pray
For sleep that so the Blessed Virgin may
Waken me in thy loving arms again

D F FINN

We also select for printing

SORROW

(After Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*)

In the midst of our pleasure comes delicate wavering
sorrow

Like the scent of that rose which you see will be fading
to morrow

It is ours ours alone
And though never a moan
Shall declare it the wound is too deep any comfort to
borrow

Should a rough hand come near it unheeding what exquisite
pain

Does it pour out in blood that no effort of ours can restrain
And though love lightly touch
Be it scarcely as much

As a breath it will flow—but with tenderest sorrow—
again

Where sorrow is sanctity hovers and holy is the ground
Thus supremest emotion that through a man's soul may
resound

Of our art and our life
Is a test and a strife
Which perchance teaches all of the truth that a human
has found

(Mary Salford 30 Newstead Grove Nottingham)

COMMUNION

I have swept my soul's hearth clean Lord
And kindled a fire
And my table is spread and garnished Lord
With Love's desire

I have opened my heart's door wide Lord
So that afar
The glow of my fire shall gleam Lord
Bright as a star

If You should be passing by Lord
Wearied or cold
You might make of my humble heart Lord
A sheltering fold

There is room on my glowing hearth Lord
For the Lamb of God
And my love shall cover you warm Lord
From the blight and sod

Make this your travelling road Lord
And my door a star
Where the manna of faith and love Lord
All waiting are

(Ivan Adair 54 Palmerston Road Dublin)

HANNAH'S LULLABY

The long road quiet now,
My precious one
No more the hasting feet
For day is done
Only the cool of night
My little son

Jehovah revered is
In Shiloh fair
Thy father's sacrifice
Goodly and rare
But here I worship Him
Who heard my prayer

The years so dark in front
Seem dim with pain
Though grudge I not the Lord
His own again
But little wise-eyed babe,
My heart seems slain

Awake at night I lie
To feel thee near
The long years stretch ahead
To grip with fear
But now we two alone
Oh child so dear

The fierce heat now is past
The hours are run
The shades fall clear and cool
For day is done
And thou—thou still art here—
My little son

(Mary E. Steel 39 Cleveland Terrace Darlington

We specially commend the lyrics by E R L (Durham) Private Peter Milne (Invergordon) Winifred Fasker (Llandudno) M E Painter (Gravesend) Lieutenant J D Greenway (B E F France) C A Renshaw (Sheffield) Edith Beechey (Pentre) Cyril G Taylor (Edinburgh) Jessie Jackson (Beverley) J S Young (Cheshire) L A N N (Sowerby Bridge) Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton) M K Smyth (Brockenhurst) Laurence Groom (London N) Pioneer R W Shaw (Gosport) 2nd Lieutenant C N Goodman (Northern Command Headquarters India) Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate) J A Bellchambers (London N) Rusticus M E Morris (Torquay) C W H (London S E) Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool) Darien (Lutterworth) A Kotlar (London S E) Alice Linford (London N) Rachel Sweet Macnamara (New Milton) Dorothy L Warne (Buxton) L J Pratt (Toronto Ont) Iesho T Comber (B E F France) F M (Cwmffrwdor) William Dennis (Hindley) John A Stevenson (Glasgow) Miss V M Hirst (London W) Cuthbert Ellison (Rochdale) Margaret E Riley (St Austell) R Scott Frayn (Skipton) B B Horton (Westerham) Edith Arundel (London S W) Winifred W Kershaw (Birkdale) Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate) Frances C Dennis (Edenbridge) May Herschel Clarke (London S E) C M (Stretch) Doris Amy Ibbotson (Natal S A) Emily H Rowan (Birmingham) W V J K (Alvaston) Ethel Boyd (St Helens) H Seager Darby (Lydd) Lila C Buchanan (Edinburgh) Private L D Cosgrove (London S E) Margaret E Richardson (Sunderland) Jessie Hare Wakefield (Worsbrough Dale) Beatrice Skilton (London E) J Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke) A Dykes (Leeds) Leslie D Cockerill (London E) Richard L Smith (Lancaster) Edith E Hammond (Ruthin N Wales) J Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell S Wales) Grace H Hill (London N) D H Southgate (Maidenhead) May B Wardale (Shrewton Wilts) Faith Hearn (Ilminster) Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth) D M Procter (Llanelli) Constance Goodwin (London S W) Private William Pocock (Dublin) B Campbell Guerin (Guernsey) Freda J Philips (London E C) M Mackintosh (Henley on Thames) W H Dobinson (London N) F Baxter (Catford) J Reginald Wilmot (Birkenhead) Rev Edwin C Lansdown (Eastbourne) Ena D Reynolds (Newport) Margaret Bardwell (Kingston on Thames) Guy Kendall (London N W) Rosalind Fuller (London S W) Madge Beaumont (Huddersfield) Barbe H Annand (Glasgow) Anthea (Bishop's Sutton) Ethel Barton (Birmingham) 2nd Lieutenant W G Liles (B E F France) Violet Barras (Dublin) R A Finn (Surbiton) C Vere Sturt (Tenterden) E M Lyat (Sandgate) R P (Parkgate Cheshire) A W Somerville (London N) Dorothy Silverman (Southsea) A G Thomas (Bangor) Kathleen E Douglas (Salisbury) Doreen M Dillon (London S E) William Murray (Aberdeen) Helen Christine Havers (Edinburgh) M A P Price (Birmingham) Mrs N Heard (Parkstone Dorset) M D Withey (London S W) Winifred Barrows (Malvern Wells) R. G T (Stockport) Margaret Brown (Calne) H Cochaux (London N)

II —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Irene Lalonde of 14 Forester Road Bath for the following

OUT TO WIN BY CONINGSBY DAW ON
(Line)

In his sleep which were long there were twenty four
124

FRANK HARTF *He Hath a Chance*

We also select for printing

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

EDITED BY HAROLD BAILEY (C 155011)

It was men there. If they are hit

RUBEN BROOKS *The Old Woman in the Church*

(Captain W I Dudley Welsh Regiment Llanion
Barracks Pembroke Dock)

THE LIFE OF CRILEN BOUNDS

By Mr. AUGER RICHARD (Duelworth)

My love were not of clouds

1.00MA 14 30 00

(Dorothy Marshall Bridge Ind House Old Hutton
near Kendal)

THE ANZAC THEATRES OF LOSS

TAYLOR & FRANCIS CORPORATE COUNCIL (Simplified)

Still a lot in the fall (150°C).

in	all	f	t	s	v	k
fcs	ttl	w	t	d	(n)	(t d)

(M. K. Perkins, White of Princess Kensington Bucks.)

TRENDS OF THE WEST

TABLE 1. M. J. ARRI (H. J. Ider & S. H. Hight)

The α -factor, α , is defined as

11. $\frac{1}{2} \pi$ to $\frac{3}{2} \pi$

W 11 0 *One Fall*
(*One*)

(John Lovett, Hopkinson House, Vincent Square, S.W. 1.)

III - The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best statement by herself of the effect the war has had on Mrs Grundy's opinions is awarded to Mr. Sylvia Kirkland Vesey of Fording (Clonfarg) Leithshire for the following

THE EFFECT THE WAR HAS HAD ON
Mrs. GRUNDY'S OPINIONS

It is very kind of you to give me this opportunity of expressing my changed opinions. The war has radically altered my former view and taught me many lessons.

I am *not* indispensable as I once believed. Men and women can take care of themselves without my aid though I flatter myself that my past teaching has not been altogether in vain.

I am very old, but if I live till the end of the war I hope to start a new campaign. My watchword will be

Learn life as it really is and then live I shall teach the young to profit by the mistakes of their elders and shall endeavour to persuade the old that they must guide the young, but not seek to dominate them entirely and above all that they must remember that outward symbols change with the times though fundamentals remain for all eternity

We specially commend the statements sent by A D Somerville (Edmonton) Miss Shaw (Harrogate) Lance Corporal T W Morden (Seaford) Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno) J Stanley Stokes (Heavitree) Captain James R Young (NZEF France) Mrs J O Arnold (Sheffield) Mannington Sayers (Totnes) Ida Tompkins (Stockport) Helen Christine Havers (Edinburgh) H W Mottram (London W) M G Dodds (Cheshire) S M Isaacson (Campton Hill) Cunner C B Rutley (Lee S E) C E Ransom (Bovey Tracey) Staff Sergeant H Dalton Vasey (Brentwood) D Haro (Bath) Margaret S Smithson (Worthing) Amaryllis (Bournemouth) Private F G Mitchell (Dublin) A Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter) Winifred B Williams (Watford) M C Jobson (Bedford)

IV - THE PRIZE OF HALF A CROWN for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Jessie Jackson of 8 Walkergate, Beverley, Yorks for the following:

THE GARDEN OF SURVIVAL

By ALFRED DOUGLAS (Macmillan)

TO LIVE, in spirituality and beauty Mr. Douglas's book will come as a satisfaction and a delight. It is full of delicate and sensitive thought, a study in possibilities that are welcome to all lovers in the richness of soul which make death only a transition, a passing from light to light through brief darkness. The title is based on the Edenic ideal of communion in the garden of the heart, and this is very tenderly fitted from the human standpoint as well as being fitted with the Divine presence in the growing lives.

We also select for printing

RELIGIO CRAMMATICI: THE REVELATION OF
A MAN OF LETTERS

By CHURCH MURRAY TILD (Allen & Unwin)

This presidential address to the Classical Association is Professor Church Murray's 'Confession of Faith'. Concise and beautifully phrased, it is an apology for a life devoted to Greek studies. In his task of interpreting and so relieving some of the chosen moments of human life, Professor Murray claims to have discovered a truly religious experience. This experience begins with a sense of de-

liverance from the bondage of the *external present* and leads to a consciousness of communion with the external spirit of man in the working out of a great though unknown purpose.

(Douglas Harrison c/o Y M C A A P O S I L E T
France)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Claude Farmer (Kensington), Lieutenant Ralph Edwards (B.I.L. France), Alice White (Leicester), Lew (Brighton), H. W. Mottram (London W.), Eric M. Meredith (Birkford), W. J. Makin (Manchester), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Gladys J. J. Judd (Lombay), Reginald Gray (Dorington), Munington Sayers (Totnes), Frederick Willmer (Kensington), Gladys Fletcher (Highbury), S. A. C. Smith (Leicester), B. M. Morris (Leith), M. L. Rotton (London N.W.), Roland Hirst (Cardiff), M. C. Barnard (London W.), Evelyn Ida Samuels (Accrington), J. M. Kendall (High Wycombe), Ethel Webster (Bristol), J. Burgess (Douglas), Lyndal K. C. Jodder (Salop), J. N. Douglas Smith (London W.C.), S. Hunter (Chesham), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), W. A. Newman (Brighton), Hilda Matthew (Edinburgh), Liza C. M. Cayford (London S.W.), N. V. Z. (Watford), Jessie L. Carr (Boston U.S.A.), Clara Miller (Hemel Hempstead), M. J. (Stowmarket), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Heather M. D. Woods (Stokeport), A. D. Somerville (Edmonton), Isabella Griffin (Wolverhampton).

V - THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Gordon Fletcher, 81 King's Road, Lidington, near Birmingham.

New Books

THE NEW EMILE

Mr. Wells is really an amazing person. In sheer fecundity he outdoes all his contemporaries. Scarcely have we finished one long book of his before another is published and waiting to be read. The wonder is that he keeps the level of them all so high. 'Join and Peter', called by the author, the story of an education, cannot be ranked as a novel with his best, but it contains some of his most penetrating and practical criticism of contemporary life. It belongs in spirit to Mr. Butler, and in a sense pursues the theme of that fine work. As a piece of social history it is even more extensive, for it ranges from 1893 to the present day and sketches with vigour, with strong sincerity and sometimes with a touch of caricature, the movements, the crazes, the obsessions, the defects and the animosities that have combined to bring the world down in ruins about us. The degradation of the Empire, that noble ideal into a dirty little scheme for taxing the foreigner, the degradation of patriotism, that noble emotion into sloppy adulation for a little German widow, and her vast crowd of German relatives and dependents, the invincible ignorance of our governing Bourbons who learn nothing and forget nothing, the fatuous refusal of our schools for the little to give the future governing class the faintest vision of what they have to govern, the enormous self-satisfaction of the public schools at their wholesale manufacture of young men, with the outlook of clean serious bricklayers, labourers, densely ignorant and intensely opinionated, the evil influence of rich, idle, old women who scheme in secret to hold up social progress and amelioration of every kind—truculent illiterate harridans who stir up bad blood in all the great houses of London, finance every destructive and reactionary movement and deliberately try to create civil war in Ireland—gross old idols who are kept at vast cost in great expensive houses, use the labour of innumerable people, terrorise the

and consume (like sacrifices) huge pyramids of birds, sheep, cattle, and bottles of wine, and in return devastate the land with immosities and bitter class hatreds—these are some of the themes upon which Mr. Wells descends, perhaps a little breathlessly, but with dauntless courage and burning interest.

But do not imagine that the book is all pamphlet. Mr. Wells is before all things a novelist, a maker of men and women, an artist who creates not only the fine folk, but the people who tell of them. Peter and Joan are a pair of delightful children whom we encounter as babies and leave at the end the one a damaged fly, a man, and the other a khaki-clad chauffeur for the Ministry of Munitions. Their guardian is Oswald Sydenham, V.C., a fine serious Englishman of the best sort—the kind our rulers are supposed to be and aren't. It is his adventures in search of an education for his wards that provide much of the philosophical interest. And then there are Joan and Peter's parents, their aunts, their innumerable friends of childhood and adolescence, with the usual London crowd of political intellectuals, artisticals and detrimentals, the whole making a numerous and vivid population. Two unusual details may perhaps receive special mention. Mr. Wells's brief summary of the unofficial educational forces of the period includes a thumbnail sketch of himself, surely the most unflattering, not to say libellous, self-portrait in literature. The other, a very different point, is a declaration of love made by a girl to a man (we name no names), the most moving and delightful moment in the story.

The many petty faults and failures of this long and sometimes hurried book may be left to the cooler critics of next generation. Its sterling and urgent merits have much more concern for us. They can be found both in the personal drama of the chief characters and in the spiritual drama of the national movements. Those who seek in novels nothing but the romantic make-believe of sentiment may find their lush enjoyments impeded by the fierce discussions, but this must be said with all possible

* Joan and Peter. The Story of an Education. By H. G. Wells. 9s net. (Casell)

earnestness the whole future of Britain depends upon the degree to which we take to heart the warnings that Mr Wells has woven into this absorbing story.

GEORGE SANDISON

THE MACHINERY TO MAINTAIN PEACE

As Professor Jastrow himself says his new book is in a measure an outgrowth of his former work *The War and the Bridged Railway* which I reviewed some time ago in the *BOOKMAN* and in which he showed to my mind quite conclusively how by the converse of what should have been a purely commercial enterprise (the Bridged Railway) into an imperialistic project backed by a powerful military authority, Germany became a menace to the entire civilized world. From his intimate knowledge of the German people, their history and literature, he proves in his new book that during the last quarter of a century Germany did not produce as many great literary, philosophical, and scientific scholars as she had before she lost her victory in France. The great civic philosophy set forth by Kant at a time when Cæsar's Germany was undivided, by Goethe and Schiller flourished while Germany was under Napoleon's shadow. Heine sang his lays of freedom while the people were engaged in a struggle for independence. The first sight of Germans saw the danger arising from the building up of a great military machine. But their warnings went unheeded and ultimately the military oligarchs involved their own people (and most of the other nations) in the present struggle.

The American entry into the war Professor Jastrow holds is due solely to the American desire to settle the moral issue that dominates the struggle. Our entry, he triumphantly proclaims, is a mighty people, and by its traditions to peace and not to war, solemnise the war because of the moral issue involved. So indeed it does. One has but to talk with the young men who are coming over from the United States to fight, and with the young women who are crossing the Atlantic to render them medical and other aid, to realise that these people are going to war with the zeal of crusaders that they are men and women who are bent upon making the world safe for democracy, and who will not rest until the spectre of militarism has been nailed in its gory coffin. During the last few weeks I have had the opportunity of meeting many of America's intellectual leaders, some of them after a lapse of eight or nine years, and in each case I have been struck with the deep moral note that runs through their talk about the war.

Though Professor Jastrow's condemnation of the German peace overture because they ignore the moral issue was written months ago yet it remains essentially true of the proposals that lately emanated from that quarter. He warns the enemy as well as the Allied nations that the moral issue dominating this struggle demands that never again shall it be left in the hands of a few in any country to bring on a war or to dictate the terms of peace. According to him peace must surely be more than a temporary and patchwork settlement of the issues between the European

nations that existed at the outbreak of the war. He does not wish to see the next peace settlement modelled on the pattern of that of Vienna in 1814 or that of Paris in 1871, nor that of Berlin in 1878, for in each of them continued the seeds of another war. On the contrary, it shall continue the good work begun by the Peace Conferences of 1889 and 1897, which decided that it was the duty of the civilisation of the day to prevent war, and to the investigation of the question that should guide nations in the settlement of a war after it has broken out.

Like Professor Jastrow, and I am sure fully that the civilian world of the future, they very much to prevent the possibility of another world war, his studies are indicative of the wisdom of the world were not so prepared for peace. The fact that I was present at the conferences were filled with the thought of war, and some of them with preparation for war, and not the influence of the international tradition that it should be a purely political, and the ethical of the war in the world, a very common one, we cannot, when we see the absurdity.

But as I said in the first chapter of my Mr Herbert Stead's new book is a very different thing, disputes (by warring war) but I can find on the most logical side, and in which is learning in the world and to us in unspeakable torment and shame that the world's way is in a moral, immoral, and in the truth, an utterly unpractical. He goes on to say that mankind has not broken with million-fold betterment, may turn almost in despair to the way of Jesus, which once thought to be impractical and visionary, is now seen through a deluge of tears to be the one wise, practical way.

Mr Herbert Stead like his brother Mr W. J. St. John who went down in the *Titanic*, considered permanent peace to be a practical ideal long before this frightful war turned the popular mind into that channel. How many many times I sat in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the *Leicester Hall* and discussed with our brethren of the other, or both, the evolution of the effort to end the mad race for armaments! Though Mr Herbert Stead has thrown the veil of fiction over the characters in his book, it is not difficult for one who has taken any interest or part in the crusade to recognise them. The plot though slight holds the interest to the end and enables the author to give a vivid and faithful sketch of the origin and progress of the Hague

No More War by F. Herbert Stead M.A. 6s. net (Simpkin Marshall)



The Peace Palace at The Hague

From No More War by F. Herbert Stead (Simpkin Marshall)

Conference of the influence this war has exerted upon the movement and of its future development and possibilities.

There is a passage in the book which gives a splendid idea of the all-comprehensiveness of the pre-war effort to ensure peace. Mr. Stead puts these words in the mouth of Franklin:

This Palace (of Peace at The Hague) is not simply built out of Mr. Carnegie's pocket. It is very largely the product of the free gifts of the Governments of the world—the gates and railings that guard the grounds are the gift of Germany. The granite on which all the walls repose is presented by Norway and Sweden. Little Denmark supplies the fountain. Italy provides the marble of the corridors. The City of The Hague has given the grand marble staircase. Holland gives the seven staircase windows. The stained glass is the present of Great Britain. That great picture and another in the smaller court are the gift of France. The Tsar sends a vase of jasper. Hungary six precious vases. Austria ix canklabra. That group of statuary in marble and bronze on the first landing, of the great staircase is a present from the United States. The rosewood and satinwood that panel the rooms of the Administrative Council are presented by Brazil. Turkey and Roumania supply carpets. Switzerland gives the clock in the great tower. Belgium the beautiful iron work. And Holland supplies the art.

The development of the Hague idea would not give rise to any disputation about what nations are to enter the League of Nations and what nations are to be debared therefrom. It further would preserve the continuity of human evolution which a new movement that was not based upon previous effort would not do. Mr. Stead sketches in the concluding pages of his novel an elaborate and on the whole a practical programme for making The Hague the capital of the United States of the world with a world president and a world cabinet possessing an adequate international police force and the power to employ economic boycott to enforce its will upon any unruly nation. His book deserves to be read carefully at a time when the end of the war is in sight and men's minds would be full of thoughts for ending for ever the nightmare of war.

ST. NICHOL SINCH

LIBERATION *

Mr. Begbie's readers are aware that his approach to a subject is always serious and considered. They probably also know that he has a taking and persuasive way with him. If the subject is to be treated largely through the interview he is easily the best man for it, since in this art he has no present rival. His instinctive sympathy gets him at the closest quarters with his man, and he is as resolute as are none but the very best of interviewers in shifting his own chair outside the light.

Let no reader then be daunted on discovering that in these pages Mr. Begbie's theme is education. For this is in no sense a professorial treatise on a matter which soon if ever must engage if it do not engross the general mind. Nothing could be happier or more adroit than Mr. Begbie's method. Having stated his proposition concisely in a few pages of preface, he leaves its practical illustration to the characters of his stories. These characters are sundry typical workers whom he met in the course of a recent tour through industrial England and the colliery, the factory, the workshop, Parliament itself and Parliamentary officials are represented. From among the diverse opinions of these people intelligent above the common and earnest above the common Mr. Begbie's reader is indirectly invited to form some opinion of his own as to the directions in which the mind of Labour is at present tending and the most casual study of them will lead him to an understanding of Mr. Begbie's own plea for a new kind of national education.

Education in one word as Mr. Begbie conceives it is liberation.

Its end is the liberation of the human spirit. The end of education is to make the dead soul a living soul and

* *Living Water*. Chapters from the Romance of the Poor Student. By Harold Begbie. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

the living soul a growing soul and the growing soul a Personality that still hungers and still thirsts for the ultimate satisfactions of divinity.

Fifteen readers in twenty will at once exclaim that this is a counsel of perfection. They will I think be less ready to say so when they have gathered and sifted the mass of personal confession, suggestion and criticism of which the living histories in this little book are composed. For these toilers in the Midlands whom Mr. Begbie has been interviewing—colliery and factory hands and clerks and the rest—are often less preoccupied with wages (cardinal in importance as wages must be to the whole wage-earning class) than with schemes to create a better environment for all. Again and again is it urged by workmen themselves that an unlettered democracy or a lettered democracy which fails in worthy ideals will achieve nothing good for the community. Here is what an idealist in Birmingham says himself: a young man of the people.

The old order must be changed. Not how much can I get out of the community? but how much can I put into it or give to it?—remembering that the greatest gift or the greatest sacrifice one can make is life. This is the only hope we possess. If democracy is not to be led into its ruin by great leaders, it will rise when called on by us, become a great and noble thing, developing the best that is within us and sharing each with each the best that we have and know to the utmost.

There are miners and factory hands in the North says Mr. Albert Mansbridge, I understand of the splendid Workmen's Educational Association—who don't care twopence about increasing their wages or living in bigger houses or wearing finer clothes, but who can discuss Greek history with men like Alfred Zimmern, Greek poetry with men like Gilbert Murray, and Greek philosophy with men like W. H. Hudson.

Amid so great a diversity of thinkers—from the Leeds materialist out for revolution to the old Saint-maker who flings his hat in the air with three cheers for Nature and the student who sits the night through at his books and goes straight from them to shop or office—there is naturally much conflict of opinion, and a common ground can hardly be discovered. As to the extent and the moral earnestness of the movement of the working man's soul towards a higher and more enjoyable existence there is however no question at all. It tends to a new social order. As Mr. Begbie states in conclusion:

There is a new spirit at work in our midst—a spirit which at once threatens the State with violent change and yet is its chief hope for a strengthened survival. On the manner in which the whole community receives this new spirit of Democracy hangs the fortunes of the British Commonwealth.

FREDL. HOPKINS

AN EMANCIPATED PROFESSION *

Teachers have been greatly exercised of late over the point at which they should draw the line between history and politics. Hitherto there has been a tacit understanding that the periods of history dealt with in school should not include contemporary events. For a long time the Battle of Waterloo was held to be the most recent event that could be decently treated in a class-room. Gradually the limiting date was advanced till now the whole reign of Victoria is regarded as legitimate and daring spirits are found who ask why we should not teach up to the very year of grace in which the instructor does his work. Teachers seem to be no longer abashed by the contention that present-day history is really politics. Some of them appear to have courage enough to ask: What if it is? At any rate we have before us a clever and good-tempered book under a plain title that challenges controversy. Messrs. Gollancz and Somervell make no bones about the matter. They are out to teach politics pure and simple and they made their experiment in the holy of holies—one

* *Political Education at a Public School*. By Victor Gollancz and David Somervell. 3s. 6d. net. (Collins).—*Education for Liberty*. By Kenneth Richmond. 6s. net. (Collins).

of the old public schools. It is true that the name is not given but it may be divined without excessive strain. It is further true that the class in politics was conducted out of school hours and was voluntary. But the fact remains that the head of the school permitted the experiment and that it was successful. The second experiment was the transformation of an ordinary school magazine into a more or less political review in which current events and current literature were criticised in a perfectly natural and frank way. The authors of the experiment have the courage to reprint several of the articles from the review and are justified in claiming that the venture marks a clear step in the progress toward naturalness and freedom of thought in school.

Mr. Kenneth Richmond approaches the question of liberty rather from the point of view of the future of the pupils than from that of the work to be done in school. The pupil is to be educated for liberty when he enters what is sometimes curiously described as the real world as if the school itself were in some sense unreal. But as we learn to walk by walking, so we learn to be free by exercising freedom. Accordingly the method recommended by Mr. Richmond for use in school is to be based upon the free activity of the pupils. This is well illustrated by his persistent recurrence to the need for encouraging, instead of repressing, guessing in school work. He will welcome I am sure the sympathetic criticism.

The book is called
That's mainly for the sake of truth.

Indeed, if a descriptive sub-title were needed for the book it would be hard to improve upon "The Cold in Cues." For this notion of intelligent independence underlies the whole of Mr. Richmond's developing philosophy of mental process.

The book falls into three parts. The first two, "Notes on Method" and "The Content of Education," are more or less orthodox and will not attract much opposition. Let it not be supposed that this implies a commonplaceness. Mr. Richmond could not be a commonplace even if he tried. But in these two sections he deals in his own fresh and stimulating way with the recognised body of truths that form the ground-work of educational theory, what Professor Fiske used to like to call "the institutes." In the third part, which makes up less than a fifth of the whole, Mr. Richmond lets himself go and sends out the delicate feelers of his peculiarly sensitive intelligence to probe the recesses of "The Unexplored Mind." I notice that some of his reviewers shake their heads over this unusual departure and confine their attention and their praise to the more familiar subject-matter of what Mr. Richmond himself calls "the more sedate chapters." To me it is a joy to find an author unwilling to play for safety all the time, and willing to take the plunge into the unknown and face the consequences. It is true that the sea on which he embarks is not altogether uncharted. He acknowledges his indebtedness to the Vienna and the Zurich schools. But everything depends on the use to be made of the material supplied by the pioneers. One has only to compare the forty pages of this book with the huge tome in which Pieter treats the same subject to realise how infinitely more suggestive our present author is in his educational applications of the underlying ideas of psycho-analysis. Above everything Mr. Richmond is eminently sane in his suggestiveness. The sub-Jones and the super-Jones are as real and vital as the plain Jones that comes between and as important for the practical teacher. The whole of our cast-iron system of education is a sin against super-Jones and a study of Mr. Richmond's all too brief analysis of the possibilities of the superconsciousness will abundantly repay the most practical of teachers. No display of erudition is made in this volume yet the reader feels all the time that he is in an atmosphere of intelligible psychology in which the best of each of the schools comes to its own. Mr. Richmond knows his James, his Bergson and his Macdougall as well as his Freud and his Jung. No less thoroughly does he know his Jones and I am

inclined to believe that he knows that still more elusive personality, his schoolmaster. What makes me a little doubtful about the last is the demands the book makes upon its readers. To get the full value out of the first two parts requires a background of *analysed* experience that not every mature teacher possesses. Still even those who have not the lore that is necessary to get at the kernel of the esoteric third part will be able to profit greatly by the exposition of the unity of knowledge in the rest of the text. For the book justifies the claim of its author to the sub-title "A Cure for Cross Purposes."

JOHN ADAMS

THE HUMAN TOUCH*

This title would have suited any of Sapper's books for it is the human touch that is the distinguishing quality of all of them. It does not idealise the engines or the horrors of modern war, but it does not turn them with the sturdiest realism, but does not fail to reveal how the unity, the kindness and indomitable energy of the men who have to endure them are yet a soul of goodness in these things evil.

But in no tale he has told is the touch more human than it is in the first and most the longest of his new collection of stories, "Shorty Bill," a tough customer, a tough puller, but human all the while. A man to trust, a man who wouldn't let a woman or a



Sapper

gild down. His odd, quaint humour justified the glint of humour that was in his eyes. The glimpse you get of his queer, pathetic love affair is touched with fleeting lights of elusive pathos. An ordinary sort of working man at home, he has developed into a good soldier and a sniper of particular genius. So blended of all types is our new democratic army that his special pal is John Mayhew, sometime tutor in the realms of the purest and highest and deadliest mathematics, and now he is not only Shorty's willing pupil, learning from him many out of the way subtleties in the art of war, but his intimate friend, having come to regard him with affection as well as with admiration. The story is of these two, of the relations that grew up between them in spite of the incongruous differences in their temperaments and social training, and of the grim war adventures they shared in common. Shorty has a private and tragic reason behind his passion for killing Germans, and few things in war fiction are more stirring or more moving than the record of his berserker and heroic end.

But there are no heroics anywhere. The heroism of the motley characters in these stories is the unconscious heroism of ordinary men who have become mired to hardship and to danger and take them as part of the day's work. The humour of the book is the gay, flippant or grotesque humour of the British soldier, the philosophy of it is his shrewd common sense philosophy full of homely

* The Human Touch. By Sapper. 6s net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

wisdom and often as entertaining as the stories themselves. Mayhew's musings on the war on the question of right and the way to arrive at a permanent peace represent the practical rational thought of the man who is close up against the difficult job that so many sheltered idealists are merely talking about from a distance. And the vision at the end of *The Education of Bunny Smith* of how the lessons the war has taught us may be applied in the future is the practical fighting man's contribution to the problem of reconstruction. All which and other philosophy is however incidental; it grows naturally out of the stories and is touched with the humor, the emotion, the broad human sympathy that are the life and strength of the stories themselves.

II II

TWO LITTLE COUNTRIES*

The fate of Denmark and of Roumania has been very different in this war—Denmark has had much to compensate her for the trials of neutrality. Roumania has lost nearly everything. And here is a book of recent Roumanian history which leaves one comparatively cheerful and a depressing book by an observer who has been living in Denmark. Not that Mr. Desmond is himself unhappy when he finds that Denmark's battles were fought long ago, that her good-natured army is more than a little bored and that all the country asks for is to be let alone. He seems to be much more concerned with the delectable food and the morals of Denmark than with the soul—we do not understand why a book that in referring to the island of Fyn calls it the sleepy, the fat, the idyllic and alludes perpetually to its material side and never once to a certain Hans Christian Andersen who lived in its chief town, Odense, in what is now a small second-hand furniture shop—we cannot understand why such a book should be called *The Soul of Denmark*. The writer appears to have learned the Danish language but he passes in silence over such matters as literature although that wonderful book *Pelle the Conqueror* in four volumes, a kind of Northern *Jean Christophe*, has been put into English. But we are depressed not so much at Mr. Desmond's omissions nor at his way of saying things—on one page he talks of Johnny Bull which is a novelty that some people may like and in order not to be too modern he refers to the tale of the fur-hatted Angles and reminds us that we are a nation which in inverted commas goes down to the sea in ships. Rather are we made sad by the Dane's melancholy which evidently beats under his large waistcoat. Disappointment after disappointment has taught him that the ancient glories of his state will never be revived. And now he would laugh at the aspirations of Slesvig he would scoff at the black Pullman car attendant whom the reviewer once met in Mexico and who proud of his birth in one of Denmark's West Indies (which have now been sold) told every one he was a Dane though he could only speak a sort of English and a sort of Spanish. However the Danes are one of the small nations that thanks to the Allies will in the new Europe go their way in peace and after all we cannot be a world of Vikings. The Roumanians on the other hand stand forth in a more heroic light. Mrs. Gordon does not seem to have been there during the war but her collection of newspaper articles and letters is quite interesting although she seems to accept everything the Roumanians tell her. The illustrations are good and especially the coloured ethnological map. Her own chapters on the Roumanians are very pleasant and full of information.

HENRY BAERLEIN

* *The Soul of Denmark* By Shaw Desmond 10s 6d net (Fisher Unwin)—*Roumania Yesterday and To Day* By Mrs. Will Gordon 10s 6d net (Lane)

THREE ANTI CLIMAX NOVELS AND ONE OTHER*

I believe I am expressing the opinion of countless novel readers when I say that I do wish authors would keep the war out of stories that have inherently nothing whatever to do with the war. Novels that are based upon the war that find in the war their best inspiration and so make it their main motive and theme are all very well. One has nothing to say against them. One may even read them with profound interest and perhaps profit. Almost inevitably out of this tumult and chaos of the battlefield there will come sooner or later a novel fit to take its place beside or even above such massive masterpieces as *Iolstoy's War and Peace* or *Frederick Mann's Chatterbox*. Until then those who are no more intimately familiar with any aspect of the war other than the obvious aspects which affect us all would be better advised to leave the war out altogether or if that be impossible to leave it in the background. As it is we most of us want books that for a while will divert our minds from this horror of great darkness rent by the thunder of the guns and the lightning of devouring flame which for an eternity as it were has brooded over us and robbed us of all joy in life. For writers to seize upon the chances and the casualties of the battlefield as a means of disentangling the knot they have tied in the destinies of their self-created puppets is hardly fair either to themselves or to their readers.

We would much prefer for instance to go to South Africa in Miss Mills Young's always delightful company and view again that land of new romance through the magic of her vision than find ourselves involved toward the end of her latest book in the ghastly commonplace of the present world conflict. But Beatrice Ashleigh has nothing whatever to do with South Africa. This fact came to us at first not wholly as a disappointment but as something of a shock—from which however we speedily recovered on finding that one of our most popular authors is as easily and gracefully at home in the homely atmosphere of England and in the realms of high comedy as in the more hectic atmosphere and rather more grim spheres of action she has hitherto explored to such good purpose. That she has advanced in her art is manifest at every turn in her deft use of words, her character drawing, her wit and her sure perception of the right perspective of things. She has a much of a story to tell. It is in the interplay of well-defined individualities that she intrigues us—until she turns the real hero of her book into a travesty of the man he was meant to be and similarly disposes of other inconvenient characters through the same evil agency of the war.

And Mr. Eric Leadbitter tumbles headlong into the same pitfall. In his exquisitely wrought study of a genius in music as child and youth he gives us the promise of a finer interpretation of the soul of an artist than I have ever read even in French literature. And then the promise is wrecked and the whole plan defeated by the unutterably silly and unnecessary death of young Oliver Longways at the Front. But this is only a detail in the structure of the book as a whole—a book that it would be hardly possible to overpraise in its solid strength and subtle insight into human nature. The story is just a plain chronicle of three generations of a Northumberland family hide-bound by tradition and with a curious sense of caste that to me is virtually unknown among the small land-owning middle classes. It is none the less impressive or compelling for that. One feels the truth in every stroke of Mr. Leadbitter's pen. Father, son and grandson each utterly unlike the other in their superficial attributes and yet all of them of the same essential stuff differently moulded are to me as beings throbbing in every nerve and

* *Beatrice Ashleigh* By F. E. Mills Young 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)—*Perpetual Fires* By Eric Leadbitter 6s (Allen & Unwin)—*The Mirror and the Lamp* By W. B. Maxwell 7s (Cassell)—*Glenmornan* By Patrick MacGill 6s (Herbert Jenkins)

fibre with the essence of life itself. And as with the men so with the women. A book almost perfectly done within its appointed limitations, save for that one fatal blemish at the end.

Of Mr. Maxwell's *Mirror and the Lamp* I had best begin by saying that it proves him to be perhaps our greatest living novelist. His one defect so far as I can see is that he is far ahead of his time and generation. I should say that only a chosen few of the elect are qualified to appreciate the fineness and delicacy of this study of a man who is at once fundamentally religious and at the same time a rationalist. It is as if Mr. Maxwell had lived for years in Edward Churchill's skin, and as from within had shared all his inmost thoughts, doubts, prevision, and revisions of conduct. This is the greater part of his thesis. But in its lesser parts, especially in that part which has the East End for its milieu, he is equally great. His handling of his subject is as sure when it touches lightly the intimate in his police as when it probes sharply into the clouded consciousness of the brute beast of the slums. The imagery of the mirror and the lamp, elusive as a spring zephyr, belongs more truly to the sublimer realms of poetry. The delineations of Mr. Churchill and of the two women most particularly portrayed moving in such worlds apart as they do, are on the same high plane as Mr. Maxwell's at its best of his book. In the sequel it may displease me to say no more. And somehow even as it is I feel in a way a little presumptuous in having said so much.

Mr. Patrick MacCall's *Chenmuin* is hardly to be described as a novel at all. It is rather a series of loosely studied impressions of a small remote district of Ireland. A good deal of it reads as if it might have been contributed as first-class journalism to a first-class journal. For the rest it shows us that Ireland is still the spilt darling of the world. Like the usual spoiled child she alternately smiles and weeps, rages and wheedles, fights and cozens, is deaf, dumb, and blind to every interest outside her own, and yet all the while lovable for her charm and beauty, whilst at the same time hateful for her cruelty and treachery. Mr. MacCall writes good straightforward downright English, only here and there marred by light affectations which he will doubtless grow out of, and to fine has produced

a volume of studies and sketches woven into a slight story about the real Ireland and the real Irish, agreeable and disagreeable but always readable—until he blunders up against the usual tiresome anti-climax of the war.

LEWIS LUCH

THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

This is a standard work by a man who knows China from within. The author displays a thorough knowledge of the land of mystery.

An interesting book even for the layman, says the publisher, is not inside whilst outside, in the protecting paper cover stand.

A semi-official statement of China's case to the world and a concise, reliable and thoroughly interesting account of the Chinese Republic. It is to be noted that this advertisement is inspired at least by the writer, the Preface signed by the man who first with distinction under the name of Putnam Weale leads off with:

This volume tells *exactly* that the student or the casual reader needs to know about the Chinese question. The little world, everything, warns I solemnly entreat to be ware how they presume to doubt my statement in this remarkable volume, or even comment upon the suppression of any fact. We are accustomed here to writers securing some well-known personage to lend an endorsement to their work. But this self-indication recalls the old English proverb: 'God wine need no bush' and the more sadly because of the delight Putnam Weale's first book afforded.

It is hardly possible to imagine anyone reading with delight this very nauseous matter, as far as page 100 where an electric thrill ran through Peking—Yuan Shih-kai was dead. It seems that the surgeon of the French Legation testified that the man known so long as the ablest Viceroy in China died of an illness, otherwise one might be tempted to think Mr. Putnam Weale knew who had caused his death, at so evidently had to occur.

The remaining hundred pages are less repulsive. Liang Shih-yi is still alive and may yet again become a financial power, if not a President. Thus we are not even told that

if Yuan Shih-kai bribed Liang Shih-yi did so tenfold. The author counts it as an evidence of China's traditional luck which brought him (Li Yuan-hung) to the helm, fifty-two year old general son of a lieutenant colonel risen from the ranks, the man in whom all Hupeh puts its trust, whom Hankow both foreign and Chinese may be said to have from the first esteemed thoroughly. Not having been among the fools who believed that parliamentary institutions

* The Fight for the Republic in China. By L. Putnam Weale. It is not (Hurst & Blackett)



The Palace entrance lined with troops
From *The Fight for the Chinese Republic* (Hurst & Blackett)

Modern Peking

because they were so distantly related to the real China of the farm yard would always stand outside the national life and consequently agreeing with the current of the views and opinions stated in the concluding pages I cannot help regretting that Mr Putnam Weale should have found it necessary to spend two thirds of his volume not only in recording disgusting scandals but as he reveals each one adding some words of comment that suggest the joy crow of a cock when he discovers some particularly unsavoury dainty. Surely even Mr Putnam Weale cannot believe that when the news reached Peking of the great Province of Szechuan declaring its independence there is any truth in

The story still told with bated breath of the terrible manner in which Yuan Shih kai visited the rage—Sze huan being governed by a man he had hitherto thoroughly trusted—one General Chen Yi. Arming himself with a sword and beside himself with rage he lurched into the room where his favourite concubine was lying with her newly delivered baby. With a few savage blows he butchered them both leaving them lying in their gore thus relieving the apoplectic stroke which threatened to overwhelm him. Nothing better illustrates the real nature of the man who had been so long the sole telegraph of the Powers.

I at least cannot accept this story on his authority having a warm recollection of the pussy cat expression the then great Viceroy wore during my solitary interview with him when he explained to me the difficulties that lay in his way in discouraging foot binding viz that the ladies of his household at that moment all had bound feet—but which difficulties he said he hoped to overcome and I hope did so. For some little while afterwards he put out a very fine edict against binding. The soft pussy cat expression did not conceal that there might be claws beneath the velvet paws nor did it at all convince me that he was a man of such ability or remarkable character as Peking friends proclaimed him. But such a deed of German savagery would seem incredible of a Chinese Viceroy.

Chinese are a highly civilised people. Having lived among them for years and known men of high integrity and unselfish devotion to the people it grieves me that a European should give such a picture even of Peking officialdom always reckoned as the darkest part of the nation. There are scandals in the United States Republic there have been scandals in most countries but as Dante wrote *Guarda! e passa*. The faults of this book are the more regrettable because the official documents embodied though like most official documents dry reading may be very useful for purposes of reference. And in the case of Liang Chi chiao master of the best Chinese style as well as one time Minister of Justice his subtle irony and unswerving eye to the right course make them both very lively also ennobling reading. Purple patches occasionally recall *Manchu and Muscovite* the book by which Putnam Weale leapt into fame—why his very dull novel which one would think any writer would want forgotten is mentioned on the title page gives one to think. The first purple patch occurs in a certainly much called for apology.

Unfortunately a great deal is lost in the official translation for by transferring Eastern thoughts into Western moulds things that are like nails in the hands of soft sensitive Oriental beings are made to appear to the steel clad West as cold blooded evolutionary necessities which may be repellent but which are never cruel.

Again

Almost with a gasp of incredulity China at last realised that Yuan Shih kai had been seduced to the point of openly attempting to make himself Emperor. It was as if the old city walls which had looked down on so much real drama had determined to lend themselves to the staging of an unreal comedy. For from first to last the monarchy movement had something unreal about it and might have been the scenario of some ~~very~~ picture play.

But is there not a little of anti climax about the concluding sentences

It is to America and to England that China looks to rehabilitate herself and to make her Republic a reality. If they lend her their help if they are consistent there is still no reason why this Democracy on the shores of the Yellow Sea should not

be reinstated in the proud position it occupied twenty centuries ago when it furnished the very silks which clothed the daughters of the Caesars.

Surely China can aspire to something higher now having for centuries produced the best silks and who especially are now the daughters of the Caesars?

It becomes evident however from the last two chapters why this book was written. Partly to denounce the Japanese and their twenty one demands upon China—not be it noted fourteen nor twenty four but yet more to denounce the Diplomatic Corps who have evidently refused to be guided by brains more brilliant than their own where.

The clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses girdled with the gleaming world

But they smile they find a music stirred in a lonely song
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong.

Putnam Weale's words are strong he writes. The politico economic relationship between the Republic and the world must be remodelled at the earliest possible opportunity and it seems that he means more than that the long word territoriality must be banished.

MICHA J. HILL

THE GREAT HUNGER *

All over the world the revolt is growing. The seed sown by Ruskin and Tolstoy is springing in the most unexpected places and none can tell what harvest will be gathered. Now from Norway comes this powerful attack against the once popular gospel of getting on. It is a gospel which appeals strongly to the people of the smaller countries. They feel that there is some connection between size and depth between experience and wisdom and it would be shallow to deny that there is. The mistake lies not in thinking that a man who travels a man of wide experience and great activities does not have opportunities of getting wiser and better but in believing that such experience is bound to lead to greater wisdom and greater happiness. The hero of *The Great Hunger* always has a suspicion that the career for which his talents fit him is not going to bring him more happiness than would life in his little village or his small town but his faith in the things of the spirit is not strong enough to conquer circumstance or the pressure of those he loves. Peer Holm is a little like that great name sake of his Peer Gynt easily impressed and avid of quick success. He gets his success and returns to Norway from Egypt returns from the murmur of Assuan to the small mills and small life of his father in law Lorentz Ulthong. But his wife Merle is not contented and when she learns content Peer's friends come from the great world and tempt him with stories of large fortunes easily won accuse him of vegetating rouse that competitive ambition which is the parent of progress and discontent and unhappiness. And Peer tries again and fails. His failure drives him nearly crazy and then he has success—only to learn that an unknown American has been more successful still the fortune which should have come from his improved mowing machine flows into other hands and breeds misery in the home that gets as well as in the home that loses it. Mr Bojer spares us nothing of Peer's misery and misfortune but he shows us his gradual return to the old belief that happiness and truth matter more than wealth. Finally when his daughter is killed by his neighbour's savage dog Peer learns that only in love in loving the injurer can the heart's true hunger be satisfied. The whole of this powerful sombre story is indeed but an exposition of Augustine's great text.

The story is told without any unnecessary elaboration. Mr Bojer never distracts us from his main theme and his main characters by superfluous decoration or redundant

* *The Great Hunger* By J Bojer 6s net (Hodder & Stoughton)

commentary. He lets his people speak for themselves and his moral is all the stronger in that he neither evades nor underlines it. In the same way his handling of his characters is simple and economical. His terse method clothes a deeper insight into people than many more ambitious and pretentious styles.

A GREAT SOLDIER-STATESMAN*

In 1836 appeared Sir John Malcolm's *Life of Clive* and this work, some five years later, was reviewed by Lord Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review* in his brilliant essay on the career of the great proconsul. Malcolm could see no faults in Clive; his love for him is characterised by Macaulay as passing the love of biographers. Although the essayist was far indeed from sympathising with Malcolm, he was at least equally far from concurring in the severe judgment of Mr. Mill (whose *History of India* was published in 1817-1818) who seems to it to show less discrimination in his account of Clive than in any other part of his valuable work. Clive, he states, committed great faults, but he goes on: "every person who takes a fair and enlightened view of his whole career must admit that our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, had scarcely ever produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council." And he ends his essay in the following passage: "His name stands high on the roll of conquerors. But it is found in a better list, in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind. To the warrior history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan. Nor will she deny to the reformer a share of that veneration with which France cherishes the memory of Turgot and with which the latest generations of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck." Macaulay is rightly severe on Clive's action in connection with the deception of Omichund in the matter of the two treaties which were made with Meer Jaffier preparatory to the revolution which placed the latter on the throne in supersession of Surajah Dowla. Sir George Forrest's exculpation seems unconvincing. The excuse he offers for the deception is that if Clive had not in the false treaty consented to Omichund's terms the plot to depose the Subadhar would have been revealed to the latter by Omichund and that the consequence would have been the murder of Watts the resident at Surajah Dowla's court. It appears however that Surajah did know of the intention of Meer Jaffier to join the English and that Watts effected his escape. The opinion of Sir Charles Wilson in his charming monograph on Clive in the *English Men of Action* series is

* *The Life of Lord Clive*. By Sir George Forrest, C.I.E. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Camel.)



The Great Pagoda
Trichinopoly

THE LIFE OF CLIVE

that the trick by which Clive deceived Omichund has done infinite harm to his reputation and most people will agree with that opinion. Several misstatements of Macaulay are corrected in the present work on reliable grounds and the biography is full of much new material. The author has ransacked every available source of information: the public archives of India and Europe and the vast accumulation of private papers at Walcot, the fine country house which Sir Robert Chambers built for Clive. Sir George Forrest's industry and patience are manifest on every page, but the work, though invaluable to the special student, is not one which will appeal greatly to the general reader. It is at times so confusing and bewildering that more than the one word of Stuart Calverley was required to express and relieve one's overwrought feelings. It must be added that the author is clearly not a master of style. The reader who wishes for a clear general view of Clive's life and work will find pretty much all he requires in the volume already referred to above. Another is to be had on Clive in an interesting series, *Builders of Greater Britain*, by Sir A. J. Arbutnot. In that work will be found—what are not given in any other—the two speeches delivered by Clive in the House of Commons in 1777 and 1778 when his administration of affairs in Bengal was the subject of a parliamentary inquiry. These are a most interesting addition as they are no longer available in a form accessible to the public.

There is in Sir George's two volumes a good sprinkling of errors of facts and dates. We are told that bhang, which is an intoxicant made from Indian hemp, is opium; that Arcot is on the left bank of the river Jalar; that Cassim was the brother-in-law instead of the son-in-law of Meer Jaffier (though on a subsequent page this statement is corrected); that a maund—a standard of weight—is 50 lbs. instead of a little over 80 (this slip, however, is probably a misprint); and in referring to the Mohammedan festival of the Bukra led to celebrate the substitution of the Ram for Isaac, the author states boldly that Abraham intended to sacrifice Ishmael. And on page 387 of the second volume the omission of an important clause in a sentence makes the passage from Clive's speech illogical and nonsensical. Such an increase of wealth might have

added to my peace of mind because all men of honour and sentiment would have justly condemned me. After added to there should have been printed these words my weight in this country but it would not have added to

S. RUTLERWORTH

SHOPS AND HOUSES *

There is something that is almost disquieting about the cleverness of Mr. Frank Swinnerton. One never picks up a new book of his without a feeling of mingled awesomeness and trepidation. He knows so many secret and subtle things about the human soul he can get so far into action and motive. He has such a just and sensitive sense of character that one is kept always hovering on the brink of expectancy waiting for something that never comes something big and immensely important something that will gather up all the details of the design into a single unifying thought. This is a foolish kind of attitude of course but it is an attitude which Mr. Swinnerton's cleverness encourages. He is always so palpably a master of his subject that one feels at every moment that there is a possibility of his subject mastering him in which case wonderful things might happen. But the subject never does. Mr. Swinnerton handles it always with amazing adroitness—he can do what he likes with it and he keeps it resolutely under discreetly fanning the various flames of life that he has set aglow and watching them carefully to prevent the chance of any uncontrollable conflagration.

The very title of Mr. Swinnerton's new book *Shops and Houses* awakes in the mind of the reader this curious sense of uneasy expectancy and the opening lines of the first chapter intensify it.

Upon the south side of London at about a mile from the City lies a small town which mirrors the characteristics of the suburb with which it is united. It has some fine old and near the railway many pretty little houses.

There one has it and one settles down to read the description of Beckwith and its leading families the Vechantors and the Toppetts and the Hugheses and the rest marveling at the extraordinary acuteness of it all. In twenty pages the scene is set. Mr. Swinnerton's design seems obvious—he is going to give us another of his group pictures and show us a number of individuals acting and reacting upon each other against their environment. He has done the same kind of thing before in *The Young Idea* and *On the Staircase* notably but this time the environment itself is manifestly going to be drawn much more clearly into the scheme. *Shops and Houses* is going to be a sort of modern Cranford written quite coldly and precisely without any sentimentality and with the strictest regard for psychological truth. Such a design in Mr. Swinnerton's hands has obvious possibilities. He will bring to it all his sureness of intuition his almost mathematical clarity of presentation—he will make no concessions to the difficulty of his subject and he will be restrained to the very edge of austerity. When he has finished we shall have a work of art that is clean cut like a jewel a fragment of life hewn from the quarry and finely shaped by the artist's intention.

So one settles down and for a time all goes well. This is the familiar Mr. Swinnerton doing his work in the familiar way—a little aloof and cold very much preoccupied with what is going on inside his characters' heads paying attention to every nuance of feeling every subtle change of mood. He brings on his characters each in their turn realising them in a few sure strokes. We are shown the leading families of Beckwith—the Vechantors father and mother and son. Mr. Toppett the rector with his mouth drooped at the corners through too much public speaking. Mrs. Toppett kindly ineffectual diffuse the three little Toppetts each of whom has something the matter with him—one wears goggles and one a sort of bridle to restrain

projecting teeth while the third has some undeveloped infirmity for which his parents in common with all Beckwith are constantly looking. We are shown the village gossips Mrs. Callum and Miss Lampe who has a house near the station and watches all comings and goings through thick lace curtains with a sort of ghoul-like constancy. Then there are the three Hughes girls Adela and Judith and Veronica and the first hint of complication comes when we realise that Adela and Vera are both in love with Louis Vechantor. When a little later a by branch of the proud Vechantor family arrives at Beckwith and sets up a grocer's shop and Louis insists upon visiting them and displays an interest in their daughter Dorothy to the scandal of his father and his mother and the unholy joy of Miss Lampe and the jealousy of the Hughes girls the threads of a very amusing comedy are spun.

And it is just here that the familiar Mr. Swinnerton begins to fail us. For some time one has been conscious that something has gone awry with his method. He views all these people with a kind of somnolent appreciation almost as though he as author enjoyed their unpleasantness. He even goes out of his way to present them unpleasantly with all their snobbish pretensions and affectations. Against them in strong contrast he throws the character of Dorothy the grocer's daughter in all its sturdy independence and essential sweetness of grain. Inevitably Louis Vechantor falls in love with her as Mr. Swinnerton—imagine a revelation—has done long before and Dorothy who has already provoked his approval by being at once a Vechantor and a tradesman's daughter now awakens direct hostility and ostracism.

So Mr. Swinnerton enunciates every interesting problem. Is it up to marry Dorothy? Is the son of the leading Beckwith family to contract an alliance with a shopkeeper? Is the shopkeeper to go on keeping his shop and selling currants and cocoa to his daughter's mother-in-law? It is a problem which ought to delight our familiar Mr. Swinnerton but the surprising thing is that he runs away from it. More surprising still he gets out of his difficulty by a lapse into sentimentality. There are tears and consolations. We assist at the spectacle of the demoralisation of the self-reliant Dorothy oppressed by social persecution and are finally given an incredible picture of her running after Veronica Hughes to ask whether she thinks her wicked for having been rude to Miss Lampe.

The fact of it is that in *Shops and Houses* Mr. Swinnerton's design halted in the middle. He set out to give us a modern Cranford from a sane and if truth be told rather mean point of view and he may have felt half way through that he was doing a thing that was not worth while. Hence his sudden switching off into a rather sentimental love story. In the Epilogue he attempts to draw the scattered threads together by detaching a conversation between the village gossips who tell us what they think of it all. But he does not succeed. He is not clever enough for that—nobody could be.

C. S. EVANS

HOMO SAPIENS *

That we are all a little mad is one of those uncomfortable thoughts which at times bring a real consolation to the mind for it breeds a healthy indifference which may be the mother of great things. If however there be a dividing line between the sane and the insane it lies surely here the sane man is incurably interested in his fellows. By what name he calls his interest will vary with his temperament and his religion—he may call it charity or sympathy or a sense of humour or curiosity—but if he is sane, he will have it and use it. This altruism (not at all to be confused with unselfishness) is the great provoker of art, of philosophy of games and of divinity. To it we owe the Homeric poems the Republic (Plato) and Mr. Mallock's

* *Trivia* By Logan Pearsall Smith 4s 6d. net (Constable)—*Some Suggestions in Ethics* By R. Bosanquet 6s net (Macmillan)—*Small Talk at Weyland* By Cecil Torr 7s 6d. net (Cambridge University Press)

* *Shops and Houses* By Frank Swinnerton 7s net (Methuen)

PELMANISM AND PEACE.

By ARTHUR F THORN.

Author of *Richard Jefferson and the Civil War* Social Science to

The truth that civilisation has been strangled almost to breaking point by the war will not be denied by those who are able to recall the cataclysmic events of the past few and a half years. Nothing less than a revolution has taken place in society but its progress has been too gradual for immediate realisation. The spectacular horrors of modern warfare have largely distracted the public conscience from the social hangings which have come about as a result of world conflict. It is when peace comes that the things which have to be appreciated in their true perspective. If future generations are not to be faced with the problems that it will leave behind, the central dominant effort of the civilised human world must be directed towards meeting the needs of the people. It will be a long and arduous task but it is the only way to a new era of general happiness for the people. It is our duty to ensure that the triumph of the world will mean that the needs of the people are in sufficient supply for the true happiness of all put upon them the will of the people of the human world.

[illegible]

Thought rightly directed and intelligently applied to the complex problems of human life can alone lift the race beyond the devastating effects of mental apathy and intellectual inertia. We have neglected our brains. We have failed to apprehend the infinite power of mind and we suffer in consequence. Then, it will at once be said, education is also a failure. What has education been doing all these years? What is wrong with our educational system that the average person is not in the highest sense of the word educated? The answer is that educationists have been much too anxious to provide a utilitarian education, an education purposely designed to fit in with conventional ideas of life and with things as they are. Educationists have not properly appreciated the fact of individual psychology. Conventional

[illegible][illegible]

Butly then the coming of peace will demand if anything it will demand the civilisation and reconstruction of the world. It will demand intelligence. Nothing less than the most fully educated man will be qualified to deal with this supreme national issues which must affect the race generally. Nothing short of national mental education will be of any practical value in the enormous task of social reconstruction. Humanism will play a much greater part in the laying of our national future than many of us imagine. The world cannot become safe for the people and free for them until each individual unit in society fully realises the possibilities of its own particular mentality and its power over the conditions of life which form its environment. The hopes which mental education hold out for the future are stupendous. There is no limit to the happy possibilities of the future if only humanity will collectively realise the divine potentialities of thought and awaken to the necessity of creating a condition of human life which shall bless the children of to-morrow and justify the sacrifice and sorrow of to-day.

Mind and Memory (in which the Pelman Course is fully described with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free together with a reprint of Truth's famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of THE BOOKMAN to the complete Course for one third less than the usual fees on application to the Pelman Institute 20 Pelman House Bloomsbury Street London W.C.1.

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15 Toronto Street Toronto Club Arcade Durban

cricket Mrs (lows the Fabian Society and even D O R A. Whether it shows itself in a misanthropy as acute as Simon's or a peccoling inquisitiveness as maddening as Paul Fry's this altruism is the most persistent trait of normal human nature. Without it a man is either a lunatic or a god and if the latter a very undesirable sort of a god. It behoves us as Christians to remember that one of the Pharisee complaints against our Lord was that he was a gossip.

It is this altruism which binds together the three otherwise very dissimilar books of Mr Smith Mr Bosanquet and Mr Lorr and the three as it happens display their varied interests in humanity in three classic forms. Mr Pearsall Smith pokes fun at his fellows. Mr Bosanquet gives them advice and Mr Torr chats with them. The natural home of Mr Pearsall Smith is the pulpit of Mr Bosanquet the platform and of Mr Lorr the inn parlour.

Mr Pearsall Smith's wit is of a kind more common in France than in this country—it is the wit of the inverted cleric of the man who might have been a curate had he had the heart for it. Having mislaid a head too big for the curate's job he has to gibe at the luckless creatures who wear their collars the wrong way round and very prettily he does it. Mr Smith allows himself a sentimentality which would be impossible to an Irishman or a Frenchman—at times he reads like a faint Cambridge echo of Whitman as *In the Street*.

These eye encounters in the street little touches of love liking faces that ask is this I am. Are you my new lover. Shall I one day—in the Strand or Oxford Street perhaps—see the unknown face I dread and look for?

A good deal of the book reminds one of Mr George Moore's deliberate interest in other people and in himself as he affects other people—but Mr Smith has not that quality of rather charming impudence which endears Mr Moore. There is something arid something dimmer in *Irvia*. It remains however in its restrained style its admirable economy a remarkable and readable little book.

Mr Bosanquet is frankly at ease in this book of essays. They are popular discussions of great subjects—Evil Stupidity Punishment. Mr Bosanquet's theory of the State is rather under a cloud at the moment. We are all more inclined to individualism than we were in 1914 and although the state of Russia may give an impetus against anarchy the world is not likely to return to that worship of the State which it believes is so largely responsible for the pride of Germany and the horror of the war. In the essay on Punishment Mr Bosanquet tries to explain the growing repugnance to the very idea of punitive measures. We believe the case is simpler than he thinks. It is not merely the callousness of administration which has shocked the public—it is something deeper. A growing belief has spread due largely to Tolstoy and in English speaking countries to Mr Galsworthy that no man can be trusted to be a judge to administer punishment. The Christian counsel of perfection Judge not is growing in influence in most unexpected quarters and to that growth we owe our revulsion from prisons and penalties. That brings us to Mr Torr's book. *Wreyland* is a hamlet in Devonshire and Mr Lorr's book of gossip gives us the life at Wreyland in his own his father's and his grandfather's days. The concrete pleasure and happiness of it the deep association between man and man and between man and nature bring one back to reality and life. There is a richness in country life whether of peasant or squire which make the epigram of the pulpit and the philosophy of the school seem thin and foolish. The unconscious wisdom of life radiates through Mr Torr's pages and it is a bigger thing and a better than any despair or mockery than any explanations or excuse. Here is a tale as Mr Torr tells it which contains the germ of all the social philosophies in the world.

An old man who lived some way from here was refusing his consent to a thing that could have been done equally well without his consent though at much greater cost and I went over to talk to him about it. He did not know me and resented my intrusion but presently he asked. Be you a son of Mr

loor as were a friend of Mr — —? I said I was and in a moment he was genial slapped me on the back and said. Why one day they two pretty near drowned I. He was going along a clum—a bridge formed of a single tree trunk thrown across a stream—and they gave the trunk a twist when he was half way over. The recollection of it put him into such good humour that he promised his consent.

And if there be greater wisdom on the question of the war than is contained in the remarks of two old men of Wreyland I know not where to find it.

Not long ago one of the oldest inhabitants was talking to me about the war and this was how it struck him. It be a terrible thing this war proper terrible it be. I never knowed I a on such a piece. Another one looked at it from another point of view. What be the sense of their outending? Why us in Lustleigh don't wage war on they in Bovey and wherefore should the nations fight?

Have you not got there all Norman Angel and all Tolstoy? And in the second old man's remark is contained the final argument against those young lions of the *Morning Post* who urge that a League of Nations is impossible because the spirit of patriotism is too strong. No patriotism can be stronger or stiffer than that of the West Country village Devon Dorset Somerset or Cornwall. That has yielded to police and the law—why not the lesser patriotisms of the European nations?

R I LUIS ROBERTS

Novel Notes

BRIDGET By H M Croker 6 (Hutchinson)

Mrs Croker's bright story is a war tonic and a weather tonic just the kind of necessary book to read during these troublous days when the nerves of all are overstrained. With an excellent and decidedly original plot admirable and picturesque descriptions of Irish scenery amusing dialogue and clever character studies the interest of the tale never flags. Bridget is the most charming of heroines. Aunt Nicky could not be more delightful than she is and Chick the irrepressible is a joy in the way of juvenile marplots. The selfish criminality of Captain De Burgh—it is little less—is capitally described and his wife is one of the best drawn characters in the book which is saying much. Mrs Croker is always clever in delineating the cat woman. Through many amusing pages up to the dramatic end of a brilliant story the reader will find constant enjoyment. The finish could not be better—it reveals the true dramatic instinct of dropping the curtain at the right moment. Bridget can be heartily recommended to all who wish to be taken out of this weary world as it is into the very soothing world as it ought to be.

THE UPROOTERS By J A T Lloyd 12s net (Stanley Paul)

The reader who enjoys psychological problems will find a treat in Mr Lloyd's latest volume. Packed full of solid fare crammed with incident it differs in almost every particular from the ordinary work of fiction. A study of the artistic temperament of a painter incapable of creating except under the stimulus of his love for the subject of the moment it is big in the best sense of the word. The author's method is as unique as his material—he minutely dissects the emotions of his figures displays motives and describes consequences as exactly and as painstakingly as he builds up character. Care is lavished upon each detail but the effect is far from heavy. The artist and his infatuations are real. Vera stands out plainly and the secondary personages are just as lifelike. It is a tangle a complication yet one painfully common a few years ago. If the war has done nothing else it has swept away these idlers turned them into men and women of a different type forced them to face realities broken their playthings and prevented them from any longer trifling with life. Hardship sorrow and the obliteration of old landmarks have had a revivifying influence—they have purified the

atmosphere tried the lounge and the dilettante in the fires of adversity. It is as though the cleansing force of a deep sea gale had blown through the hot houses of the land. The war answers the queries propounded here. It makes a hero of the painter; it brings Vera and her husband together; it saves the sisters from rusting away; it unmasks the smug hypocrisy of the German American pacifist and clears everything up with startling alacrity. Mr Lloyd is to be congratulated upon his craftsmanship. Conscientious to a degree he omits nothing likely to add to the completeness of the picture; the result is a tale of unusual graphicness, one full of human interest.

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS By Marmaduke Pickthall
6s net (Collins)

We had not read far in this volume before we were agreeably reminded of some of the most delightful episodes in *Eothen*. This is high praise, but every later page deepened and confirmed that impression. For here we have many of the most alluring ingredients that go to the making of a good book—excellent writing, keen humour, abundant knowledge. Mr Pickthall makes no parade of his knowledge, but we feel in every line that he can read his *Orientalis* like an open book and that in the guise of fiction he has made a valuable contribution to ethnology. It is unfortunate that the author was precluded from calling his book by its rightful title, *The New Arabian Nights*, for that alone could have given an adequate suggestion of its manner and its scope. Mr Pickthall in his unconventional travels through Palestine and Syria was attended by a very choice rascal called Rashid, a Turkish soldier whose release from the army was obtained with a little well spent money. Rashid was an ideal serving man for a picturesque novel and his fidelity equalled his humorous rascality. The other hero of the tour is the dignified dragoman Sulezman, who is always at hand to point a moral and adorn an allegory. Sulezman combined many of the most admirable qualities of Solomon and Sanherib, but as to how far he was wise man and how far rascal we share Mr Pickthall's doubt. We regret that we cannot offer here a sample of Mr Pickthall's quality. It is a book to be cherished for re-reading in rainy days to come, and the prudent collector's ear will make a point of securing a first edition. Not for many a year has there been such an accession to the literature of travel and adventure.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF By H. L. A. St. Paul
6s net (Hurst & Blackett)

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People Miss Johns who we take it is intended for the chief place in the reader's heart is an amiable middle-aged lady of courageous charity. Her mental attitude towards the County is naturally deferential and is a very minor matter compared with the kindness and goodwill displayed to her neighbours. As for the hero Lieutenant (acting Captain according to the illustration on the cover) Wise no suggestion of the pathetic snob touches his healthy and romantic common sense. Miss Primrose Day Garcia follows her star equally with her lover without misgivings. The characters greater or lesser like are sketched with understanding and observation and the comments of the author display shrewdness and sympathy for the people with whom she is concerned. But the style is slipshod at times and this is to be regretted in the work of Doll Walden.

A LOVE OFFENSIVE By I. I. Fenny (6 net) (Holt & Windus)

In this story full of romantic incident and love interest Mrs. Fenny once more successfully draws upon her knowledge of Ceylon. Presented by way from the usual holiday in England a number of planters have sent their women and children to a bungalow on the edge of the jungle and it is here that the domestic drama is enacted. Fred Coldenham's wooing of Mrs. Loveden is disturbed by the mysterious appearance of a white man in the jungle who consorts with a party of native snake charmers. This proves to be Noel Loveden who had escaped from Germany after undergoing such brutal treatment that on his return to Ceylon he seeks the shelter of the forest in his distraction. A German planter is the chosen agent for carrying on the vendetta against him but the natives protect Loveden until he is restored to his family. The horrible end of the German spy is a powerful bit of writing and enables Mrs. Fenny to display at its best her talent for scenic description. Fred Coldenham is the delightful hero of a charming love story but the most distinctive and arresting chapters in this book are those that describe the Ceylon jungle and the life of the Sinhalese gypsies and snake charmers.

SWAYNEFORD By I. Thicknesse Woodington (6 net) (Allen & Unwin)

Formerly the mention of a German in fiction indicated a musician or a scientist now that criminal nationality suggests a spy. Yet the hero of this tale is not Teutonic but purely English and is entangled in Berlin trickery through plausible circumstances. But the character is not convincing—it is inconsistent for no really clever man—and Swayneford is represented as being superlatively clever—could possibly work as an inner circle spy without knowing all about *Der Tag*. His feeble regrets that he has been a wheel in the vile machinery that has prepared the way for this war strike one as singularly futile and knowing what he must have known as unnecessary. The heroine is an equally improbable person after working for her country and achieving miracles she goes all to pieces and ruins her past cleverness out of sheer sentiment. Both Swayneford and Ena Cardonnel begin well and end badly. So does the story which terminates anyhow and anywhere. The other characters are so excellently drawn—particularly Lady Dearham and the Baron that one wonders at the feeble handling of the hero and heroine. Mr. Thicknesse Woodington has put much good work into this story many of the pages are admirably written—notably those dealing with the flight from Germany—and his dramatic instinct rings true. But the author by transforming his clever people into fools has attempted—and with some success—to remake a silk purse into the proverbial sow's ear.

HERONSHAW MAIN By J. S. Fletcher (6 net) (Ward Lock)

A story of a Yorkshire colliery with Capital and Labour as the chief protagonists and a little love and a lot of pride to keep the quarrel human. Matthew Revis the self-made master of Heronshaw Main Colliery is proud with

reason for he and his father between them had made Heronshaw and not a week goes by but he hugs the thought that the town and every man Jack in it owe their existence and well being to him. He had built them an institute with a library a news room a gymnasium and a swimming bath. He had even endowed them a church. In return he expected Labour to be obedient and grateful. He liked to do everything in his own way and hated Government interference as much as he hated unions. Altogether a shrewdly benevolent despot riding fast—despite his benevolence—for a fall. Master and men alike are sympathetically drawn and the inevitable clash is portrayed with strength and feeling. The fact that Revis's daughter—a girl possessing her father's obduracy—sides with the men and falls in love with one of them gives spice to an engrossing story of labour (and love) unrest.

FAIR INEZ By Douglas Sladen (6 net) (Hutchinson)

Mr. Douglas Sladen has given a free rein to his imagination in his most recent novel *Fair Inez*. He carries us forward to the twenty-first century and lands us in Australia at a period of history when it takes no longer than five days to travel by air to that continent from England. The scope for the inventive and deductive mind is a very large one though it is possible that even greater changes will have manifested themselves than Mr. Sladen predicts. There is a fascinating love theme running through the tale which turns on the real descent of the unassuming young man who figures as its hero and provides the Empire with its first Colonial King. The Australian setting adds much to the attraction of a novel and absorbing story.

THE THRESHOLD By Majorie Benton Cooke (6 net) (Jarrolds)

Here is another *Bambi* to delight us with her rich personality and sparkling humour. But this *Bambi* is named Joan Babcock and she is a child of the people having through her own efforts acquired an education and escaped from her heritage of slavery. There is a unique situation on the market and being a unique person she happens to fill it to perfection and obtains the control of a large country house and the management of two men of entirely different types. She gets the best out of life and in return gives—herself—her wonderful energy her inspiration her love. A thorough democrat she devises schemes for raising the class into which she was born and how she is able to perform miracles with practical results and influence every one who comes across her path. Miss Majorie Benton Cooke describes in a story brimming over with vitality and good spirits. Joan's vivid charm and strength of character are a trifle dazzling and it is not surprising that a girl of such individuality should obtain her ends. The story is as original and daring as we expect the work of this author to be—it is like a fresh breeze blowing new ideas into the brain and dispersing the fogs of social prejudice and apathy which cloud our vision.

GUDRID THE FAIR By Maurice Hewlett (Constable)

Nobody waits for a reviewer's verdict before purchasing a novel by Mr. Maurice Hewlett and assuredly they will be laying up a store of pleasant hours who invest in his latest book *Gudrid the Fair*. The story is gleaned from saga history and its scenes laid in the icy North. It is a happy diversion from war novels to read of the fortunes and misfortunes of the beautiful Iceland maiden of her early love and disappointment her many later lovers who cannot reach her heart the fortune teller who casts a gloom over her young life her three preordained marriages and ultimately of the consecrating of herself to a higher life of love and service. Mr. Hewlett has caught the atmosphere of the rugged islands in which his story is set and the placid docile spirit of Gudrid moves through the narrative like a haunting melody. The book is one that will appeal to a wide public and is very sure of the success it deserves.

UP AND DOWN By F. F. Benson 1s net (Hutchinson)

It is a story of two friends during the period May 1914—April 1917 that is unfolded by Mr. Benson in this book. It is story less of happenings than of thought despite the fact that its course includes that of the first two and a half years of the great war and it touches on that borderland of the eerie which the author has explored before with somewhat creepy effect. The hearing of footsteps where nothing corporeal can be seen and intercommunication between the living and the dead are the points of contact with the eerie and these are connected with the talk in which the two friends indulge when speculating on the first great cause least understood. The ghostly footsteps are not heard by Francis the one of the two friends most given to pondering on the great problems of life and death. He has lived for many years on an island in the Bay of Naples and is convinced that he has become to all intents and purposes an Italian but the outbreak of the great war shows the call of race is stronger than he had believed. The second of the pair of friends is narrator of the story and he gives some very vivid descriptions of life with his chum on the happy isle of Alatri and also of his own life in London—especially in an intimate presentation of the record of a removal from an old home to a new one. The story is of the slightest but the book has all the charm which we associate more especially with the work of a discursive essayist.

THE PELICANS By Miss Delafield 1s net (Hutchinson)

The strength of Miss Delafield's book lies in its remarkable characterisation and pungent humour—a humour that touches on cynicism in its merciless representation of the weaknesses of human nature. The interest of *The Pelicans* does not lie in its plot which is of the slenderest but in its marvellous study of the effect of a self-assertive not entirely agreeable personality upon other personalities brought under its dominating influence. Bertha Irigaskis is a woman of amazing vitality cheerful overbearing mingling aggressively generous and self-confident. She sheds her beneficence on the two orphaned daughters of an old friend and in spite of her many and much bragged about responsibilities adopts them and insists upon mothering them. The girls are naturally reserved and resent being treated as children and Miss Irigaskis blissfully imagining that she understands the little darlings perfectly blunders over their temperamental sensitiveness and never so much as gets in touch with them. Her own daughter deliberately defies her in the matter of choosing a husband. Frances the younger of the two adopted girls also quietly but definitely settles her own future against the wishes of her benefactress while the elder sister who has bowed in sullen rebellion to her foster mother's arrogant will in the end finds sympathy and happiness and a refuge for her proud reticent nature. Miss Delafield keeps her readers engrossed in the destinies of the very natural people who figure in her story and amused by their foibles and artificialities. Written in a crisp vigorous style and almost cruelly realistic in its characterisation *The Pelicans* stands out among recent novels as something unusual something singularly alive yet in spite of its prevailing wit and humour it leaves one depressed with a sense of the folly and futility of most of such human lives as the author has pictured for us.

ADVENTURES OF BINDLE By Herbert Jenkins 6s net (Jenkins)

Bindle of the wicked wink is by this time an established institution. He came at a time when the highways of the capital were roaring for a hero after their own heart and his dry humour seems as native to our London thoroughfares as dust or racket or shops or lamplights or police. Two volumes have not exhausted either his inventiveness or popularity and this third one endorses both with every promise of success. He has no need like so many popular heroes to break out in an uncongenial guise or tackle the impossible. All his admirers ask him to do is to remain



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undisguisedly himself and here he does it every time throughout a series of sixteen racy chapters. Of course he makes new friends and associates if Mr Cupperduck the lodger can be called either—a personage whom Bindle accepts with the same gay philosophy that inclines him to bend the neck of submission to his vinegary spouse. Mrs Bindle is temperate in everything but temper. Bindle is prodigal in everything but words. Cattle itself as well as gaiety he stays on the side of right and the reader and contents himself on occasion with a touch of domestic sentimentousness that one might almost call chaff before the storm. When the storm has passed and his spouse is quiet then the sunshine breaks out again and Bindle is ripe for a bout of adventure. He circumvents solo and impromptu a virkaid of suffragettes, he counters a pacifist crusade, and he does all sorts of things with a rollicking and natural imperturbability. We like him better the more we know him and we feel we have known him from the bottle up as he would say himself.

The Bookman's Table.

TWIXT EAGLE AND DOVE By I. V. Lucas (s. net)
(Methuen)

Of the present volume the simplest thing to say is that it repeats the success of its many predecessors. Mr Lucas's special function is not to discover the unknown but to reveal the known. His text is not seek and ye shall find but look and ye shall see, and so he takes us with him on his walks and opens our eyes to the little dramas of the streets and the little incidents of the journey. The weightier papers (it would be alleged of such excellent levity) include capital biographical sketches of Hans Andersen and John Leech, both subjects made to the Lucasian hand, and one really ingenious essay on 'The Day'. The heavens were informed blaze forth the death of princes. How do they mark the birth of a prince of evil? The day of Mr Lucas's speculation is January 27th 1859 when there was born the babe who was, as the All Highest destined to plunge the civilised world into the profoundest depths. Apparently the heavens were not informed for the remarkable fact about the day is that 'there was nothing remarkable about it except that coal could be had at 14s and a fun and consols at 45'. The paper is in his happiest vein and the whole book a brief but delightful entertainment.

LIFE OF ABDUL HAMID By Sir Edwin Pears 6s. net
(Constable)

If the destroyer of a great empire deserves to be ranked among the 'Makers of the Nineteenth Century' Abdul Hamid certainly merits that honour. No one is however likely to contest the decision of Mr Basil Williams, the able editor of the useful series, for he entrusted the work to one who certainly knows Turkey of our time and who has given us a reliable record of an important though inglorious period of Ottoman history. Comparatively few persons can recall that Abdul Hamid ascended the throne in 1876 as the result of a revolution for a constitutional regime in Turkey. Midhat Pasha and his reform party got rid of Abdul Aziz—the reigning Sultan—because he was opposed to every form of reform and was extravagant. Sir Edwin Pears says that the news of his deposition reached the British public before it reached Downing Street. Murad, the natural successor, was placed on the throne. But he was addicted to alcohol and showed signs of mental aberration, and he was deposed on August 31st 1876. Midhat Pasha placed Murad's younger brother Abdul Hamid on the throne because he had promised the reform party that he would

grant even greater reforms than they asked for. But no sooner had he become the Sultan of Turkey than it became apparent that he hated the notion of any change in the form of government. His hand however was forced. Two months after his accession a conference of the representatives of the various European Powers met at Constantinople to consider how the Turkish administration could be reformed. Midhat Pasha, clever man that he was, advised the Sultan that if he would proclaim a Constitution the wind would be taken out of the sails of the Conference. Abdul Hamid followed that advice and on December 23rd 1876 the Constitution was proclaimed. From that day forward the Sultan never rested until he had taken away from his subjects every right that he had given them. Instead of a constitutional regime he inaugurated an era of unmitigated absolutism, appointing as members creatures who had proved their subservience, and robbing his non-Muslim subjects of such privileges as they possessed, even ordering Armenian massacres. The Sultan's oppression drove mad contents into one another's arms. In 1907 a central committee (afterwards known as the Committee of Union and Progress) was formed at Salonika, and a similar body was organised about the same time in Paris. In spite of an extensive spy system the movement spread, and in the midsummer of 1908 it brought the Sultan to his knees and made him regrant the Constitution. In the spring of the following year occurred the counter-revolution instigated so it is said by the Sultan. The Young Turks—as members of the Committee of Union and Progress were called—were driven out. But the Sultan's supremacy lasted only a fortnight. Towards the end of April 1909 the army of liberation under Sheraif Ishak made him a State prisoner, and he died as such. Had Abdul Hamid not obstructed reform Turkey would have become modernised and a strong power instead of losing large portions of her territory and becoming the tool of Germany.

BUZZ BUZZ! ESSAYS ON THE THEATRE By Captain
June I Agate 7s. 6d. net (Collins)

It is to be hoped that this volume with its recondite title (see *Hamlet* Act II sc. 2) will not be overlooked in the season's rush of publications. The subtitle 'Essays on the Theatre' might well have read 'A Look of Joy in the Theatre' for the most noticeable fact about Captain Agate as a dramatic critic was that he went to the theatre not to earn his living or to exploit his superiority or to bestow his patronage but simply to enjoy himself. In particular he was keen upon the acting. With some critics the centre of attraction is in the structure of the play, with others in the matter of the play, with Captain Agate it was in the rendering of the play. He rejoices in the player who is thoroughly well equipped in all points of technique—such a player as Coquelin for instance—who with unheroic figure could yet be heroic, who with a face of fun could yet be romantic, and who with a voice of no intrinsic beauty could make speech a thing of beauty. That of course is not the whole of the critic's interest but it is a great deal, and in that aspect he has much to teach the modern playgoer. The book is written in a pungent personal manner of convincing sincerity and it should help the sensible playgoer to reach a sound appreciation of a rare and lovely art.

SPUN YARN AND SPINDRIFT By Nora M. Holland
3s. 6d. net (Dent)

A Canadian poetess of considerable skill has written this charming book of poems called *Spun Yarn and Spindrift* in which there is a wide variety of subject matter, the verses range from moving war poems to liting Irish lyrics. All of them show sympathy and deep understanding of human nature. There is a lightness of touch even in the more serious verses, which should go far towards making the book uncommonly popular.



A flower of bliss beyond all blessing Blest

From THE SPRINGTIDE OF LIFE
Poems of Childhood By A C SWINBURNE
Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM
With Preface by EDMUND GOSSE
Wm Heinemann Publisher London

The Amazing Interlude by Mary Roberts Rinehart which Mr Murray has in the press is a story of an American girl in Belgium in war time and of the two men who loved her

Mr Laurence Binyon's new collection of war poems The New World is to be published this month by Mr Fikin Mathews

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS

DECEMBER 1918

As we are compelled to go to press with the Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN early in November the announcement of results in these Competitions is unavoidably held over for our January issue

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY

J S FLETCHER

GOD gave all shires for men to love and circumstance or chance has fixed our predilection. Ingenious argument have been devised to show why a man should love the place of his engendering whether kindly or not and why he should prefer it like the mother ape in Aesop before rivals of manifestly higher attractions. Chateaubriand turns the problem to account as a plea for faith in a supreme wisdom. Nothing, he said, but an invincible and inexplicable passion like patriotism restrains mankind from crowding the places that are favoured in scenery and climate and fertility beyond the rest. But the philosophy of the matter is not half so enlivening as the results.

Who for instance ever knew any company full to revive, however dull, when some Irish spirit challenged the rest with a repartee about his native wilds? I have known a sane and well read man bestow the palm on a notoriously ugly borough in the Midlands and this without provocation while we were looking on the blue waters of Carda in the early calm of a cloudless August morning. Perhaps it served me right for choosing him as a travel companion—in any region but the Black Country. On our return I sought the Anatomy to see if Burton had as much to say about the whimsicalities of patriotism as he has of the eccentricities of lovers. I forget with what result and indeed it hardly matters. The best cure for these æsthetic lunks is to keep an open mind and to

admire the man who can give a reason for the faith that is in him. Under the conditions patriotism is not merely a virtue it is a canonisation. And if York here does not enter the name of J S Fletcher upon the permanent calendar of its heroes and benefactors it does not deserve the long tale of patient service he has done it with his pen.

Being the conscientious chronicler he is he would hardly thank me for a full appreciation of this kind without some biographic detail. He confesses to a Halifax parsonage for his birthplace something more than half a century ago and this perhaps is why he keeps in awe to the cloth in so many of his thirty books.

He fledged his pen in journalism to some purpose and for years did sound in individual work in the leading and special columns of the *Facts Magazine* and other first class papers besides any amount of magazine skirmishing and commissioned writing in a possible holds. Before he left the trenches of the press for the no man's land of authorship he had made himself a reputation long to be remembered as a thumper on rural problems over the signature 'A Son of the Soil' and in the post-war reconstruction of this country and its agriculture his idea should assuredly find a hearing. It was inevitable in a period like ours and with his genuine gifts of imagination that he should turn to fiction and over twenty novels bear witness to the successful court he has paid romance which we may take to be the shadow



Photo by Elliott & Fry

Mr J S Fletcher

of the great adventure Life. Most of us harbour grateful recollection of stories like *David March* and *Daniel Quayne*—stories in our native character that could only have proceeded from a true humanist with a keen sense of incident and temperamental conflict. *Highcroft Farm* and *The Harvest Moon* sufficiently voice his love of the English countryside and the patient heroism that colours and enriches it. But the last of these stories is something more than a rural idyll and I know no novel except *Loggiero's Santo* that dips so deeply into the somber picturesqueness of Bruges or the heart-swelling splendours of Rome—not as mere scope for word-play but as the sympathetic environment for profound emotion.

One has to allow not only for a man's patriotism but the proportion of war-untilled pride in his different lines of achievement. It may be that Mr Fletcher is more enamoured of his fiction than he is of his topography—that ludicrous and barbaric term. There have been enough forerunners of men's time-stored by books of their—such as other men could write—rather than by worthier books that made them unapproachable. Personal foibles like the compelled attention of not respect—especially from a stranger who has never met our author or seen a line of his handwriting—and who knows him only through the medium of print. But my debt to him personally is all the greater. There can hardly be honester witness after all than the man who has been led to tramp the Yorkshire dales through two men's enthusiasm for that wondrous county—or continent whichever it is. Certain desultory rambles in nearly a dozen lands have left impressions that are inextinguishable and I hope their total is not ended yet—but I doubt if any of them past or future can beat a lonesome trudge that took me through the uplands of Craven six or seven years ago. My way lay up Wharfedale under Wharfedale and Stake Fell over the Cray and down by Sennar water into Wenkydale and then from Swaledale over the hills into the dales lying north—so many furrows left by uncouth titanic agency eons before time was born. Natural theology and Pantheism are beyond me—but one has to wander through Pennine scenes like those remote from public haunt and petrol fumes to trace the various stages from a primeval wild to the village community and the brimming town and read the drama of social evolution that a richly varied district like the West Riding has to show. You may read it in an armchair if you will with Mr Fletcher or Mr Keighley Snowden is your guide—but the better way is the Inappreciable one believe me and their books taste all the better if you read them beforehand or afterwards or both.

Mutland in a lecture somewhere speaks of the way in which a crowd of mediæval petitions would be inscribed upon one parchment and then cut into strips as required. This does credit to the business-like methods of our ancestors—but it is a pity that this separatist habit has descended to so many modern scribes. Too often writers on places are content to rifle our records and scatter them piecemeal as their special weakness may decide to the winds of archaeology institutionalism parochial history ecclesiology or folk lore. The right plan surely is to build up with due respect to roundness and proportion and this is the course that has usually

commended itself to Mr Fletcher at his best. If one could acquit him of yielding to a popular demand for the miscellaneous this praise might stand with no reservation—but let it pass. After all it may very well happen that the average reader's fancy is caught by an anecdote or the sparkle of a curious trifle in a guide like

Nook and Corners of Yorkshire or a larger circuit like *The Enchanting North* before he proceeds to really constructive work like *A Book About Yorkshire* or *Memoirs of a Yorkshire Parish*. The first is a broad and admirable survey from nearly every human aspect—the second a like study of a hamlet with a history and a place upon the Great North Road. Roads are eloquent at all times to our author—and he delimits modern England from the past at the middle of the eighteenth century. Then the Yorkshire worthy Metcalf and his peers and successors put a net-work of sound engineering upon the face of this island and brushed the old jungle of traffic disability away for ever. Blind Jack of Knaresborough—as Metcalf was called—is only one of a host of Yorkshire worthies who people Mr Fletcher's pages each with a halo of hero-worship from Cudmon and Alcum Frobisher and Coolthaxman and Liffy and Loughton to Miss Jane Harrison and Sir William Watson in our own immediate day—all proud of their rise from the slurs of broad-acre—and duly rewarded by its honourable pride in them. Truly it one owed no allegiance to some other corner of the island (and mine is Warwickshire) it Browdie is what Mr Fletcher's book would make one most desirous to be.

It is when you come to *The Making of Modern Yorkshire* that you wonder if our author after all has taken the region that he knows simply to make it a lantern slide for illustrating his theory of mankind at large. For he makes his story of the Four Fiddings—a compendium of British sociology—and few men have better struck the balance of judgment on what we owe the Funtin era—that period which we may well call the Dark Age of so much that makes for the amenities and the unbought grace of life. He elects either for an enlightened day that is ahead or else for the pre-Reformation time before our grammar schools were robbed of their endowments the abbey and cathedrals were despoiled workhouses and poor laws were set up and the best estates in the kingdom were handed over to palace flunkies who turned them to shepherding and hunting and starved agriculture into beggary. Those who talk so glibly of the good old days confining the phrase to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had better read Mr Fletcher to be reminded what an era of misery and indignance they brought the poor of our rural areas. Things culminated in a stage when four thousand Acts of Parliament were passed for dividing up six million acres of common land among the undeserving while Hodge the real owner was disinherited for all time and has not realised the fact even yet. It makes one feel reading so much here to similar purpose that journalism and fiction have been simply the cover for a great and strenuous humanist. Or is it that the many beguiling articles and stories Mr Fletcher has written have educated us up to the nobler message he has kept in his heart all along?

J. P. COLLINS

THE READER.

POETS IN KHAKI

SOME SOLDIER POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN CANADA AUSTRALASIA
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BY A S. JOHN, Vol. 11

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V a l l o l l Th e t y l
T (Ch i f A W a l l l)
C O P I N C l e R y d W e t
K n t l g t B u t l l
P i (H e l d e A
S t u g l i n)

GAVE LILLIE Capt RAH
W i l l I l l l
n l l l l (H e m m a n n)

GIBNEY LUT PIC Clu st
l e l e l S n a l
S m m (S l k w l A
J a k n)

HARVEY I W DECM I l
Cl u f l r R e k l A
Cl t o l e c l l t H i
and M l l l l
s l u l i e n l s l o m f r o m
C e r m n l i n n o n i m p
(S l k l A J a k n)

HINESLEY LINDSEY Sergt
H l Artill y C l
l u t (H i s k n M a
d o n d l) l e c S o n g s l A
S o l b (N i s l l)

HERBERT A I I ut RND
H l l H u l l H e l l
(H l a k w e l l) l b B e l l
C a p y l l O t h e r F e l l
(M e t h u e n)

HOLMES W KERSLEY Captain
B a l l a d o f I r i s h and
B i l l e t M e r B i l l e t
I r i s h and B i l l e t (H u l y
A l e x a n d e r C a r l n r)

HUIPLER FORT MAIOX Lieut
W e l s h R e g t O n H a v e l
and O t h e r P o e m s (J o h n
L a n e)

KENNEDY C A STUDDERT MC
(W o o d h u e W i l l i e) C l a y
l a i n o f t h e F o r c e s R o u g h R h y m e s o f a l a d r e M o r e
R o u g h R h y m e s o f a l a d r e (H o d d e r & S t r a u g h t o n)

LEE JOSEPH Lieut KRRC Ballads of Battle Work a
day Warriors (John Murray)

MACGILL PATRICK Sergt Irish Rifles Soldier Songs
(Herbert Jenkins)

NICHOLS ROBERT Lieut RFA Invocation War Poems
and Others (Elkin Mathews) Ardours and En
durances (Chatto & Windus)

OWLETT T C RAF Kultur and Anarchy (Elkin
Mathews)

PITT BERNARD Lieut Border Regt Essays Poems
Letters (Francis Edwards)

RUSSELL EDWARD STANLEY MC Capt 1st Herefordshire
Regt Memoir by Rev Arnold H Lewis and selection o
Poems in preparation

SASSOON SIEGFRIED MC Lieut Royal Welsh Fusiliers
The Old Huntsman and Other Poems Counte
Attack and Other Poems (Heinemann)

WAUGH ALEC 2nd Lieut Dorset Regt attached MGC
Resentment (Grant Richards)



Alfred Clark
Captain NZMC

WILKINSON, FRANK C. (under Alf Anz and After
(Du kworth)

NEW ZEALAND

CLARK, ALFRED Lane)	Capt	NZMC	My first Aid	(John)
FEA, DONALD H Matheys)	Pte	NZLI	Stand Down	(Ilkin)

SOUTH AFRICA

JOHNSTONE C MURRAY Capt South African Forces The
Avengers and Other Poems from South Africa (Erskine
Macdonald)

AMERICA

LIPIMANN LEONARD BLACKLIDGE Air Serv C A F F From
France With Introduction by Edmond Rostand
(Erskine Macdonald)

CYNADA

[illegible]

ACSRMIA

FRED JAMES DICKSON
The Ballad of the Story of
the War (Mellish)
JENNIFER LEON SUTHERLAND
The Dry Battle of Austrian
Dienstag Singing of the
John (Sydney Angus &
Robert London Oxford
Lions)

MATTHEW HARELY PITCHFORD
The Ballad of the Unkilled
Of the Sly (Triskine Ma
Lindell)

SKYHULL TOM Signaller 8th
Batt All Soldier Song
from Anzac With Intro-
duction by Major Gen J W
McCoy CB (Fisher Unwin)

BARNES WILKINS at All
The Dark Fire (Sudwall
& Jackson)

WALL GORRIEY Lieutenant RICE
Songs of an Australian
With Memoirs by L A
Adams Letter of an

SEECER ALAN Pte Foreign Legion of France Poems
 With Introduction by William Archer Letters and
 Diary (Constable)
 VAN NOFFEN LEONARD Lieut USNR The Challenge
 War Poems (Ilkin Matthews)

When our children's children shall talk of War as a
 madness that may not be
 When we thank our God for our grief to day and blazon
 from sea to sea
 In the name of the Dead the banner of Peace
 that will be Victory

ROBERT W SERVICE—*Phonies of a Red Cross Man*

UNTIL Thomas Hardy wrote *The Dynasts* no poet had attempted to fashion into one great poem the epic story of the Napoleonic wars. There had been odes lyrics sonnets narrative and didactic poems innumerable on Waterloo and other famous battles by land or sea on dramatic or sentimental episodes in the fighting on the aims or personality of the Emperor himself but the theme as a whole had seemed too vast and too complex even for epic treatment and had been left to the plodding Muse of History. Nor has Hardy welded it all into anything like another *Iliad*—there is something more in his verse than that horror of arms endlessly thundering pity justice valour and royalty which Chapman found in Homer's. He has not the simple directness of the story tellers of the ancient world because he has not their simple faith in the glory of war nor in the warrior as the loftiest of heroes. He relegates the supreme war maker to his place in the universal scheme of things puts him in relation to the spiritual significance of life and human progress and recognises that he merely fulfils his destined functions.

I like meanest insects on obscurest leaves



Photo by Walsham

Leonard Blackledge
 Lippmann
 American Air Force



Photo by Walsham

Murray Johnstone
 Captain South African Forces

The pomp and circumstance of war are the business of both *The Dynasts* and the *Iliad* but Hardy has a habit of looking through the dazzling pageantry to the underlying wrong and individual suffering to the squalor the cruelty the tragedy the stupid and piteous waste of it all and shows you his defeated hero at the finish stripped of his childish splendours and dignity foreseeing the coming of a day when despite the howl and noisy wonders he has done

I shall be nothing
 To shoulder Christ from out the topmost niche
 In human fame as once I fondly felt
 Was not for me I came too late in time
 To assume the prophet or the demigod
 A part past playing now

His punchbored imitator in Germany must by this have arrived at the same self knowledge. The warmonger has become an imbecile in the modern world that from hard experience has got sense enough to know that if stealing a man's purse be a vice stealing his country can scarcely count as a virtue—that it is a hypocritical mockery of justice to build a gallow for the man who slays one of his fellows and a throne for the man who slaughters millions. That was the great argument it issued in the latest and one hopes the last of wars and the free peoples of the world have risen to the height of it. Their aim was to put an end for ever to government by autocrats and the rule of the sword. They did not fight for any imaginary divine right of kings but for the common natural right all humanity has to freedom to self government to immunity from depredation and enslavement at the hands of imperfectly civilised survivals who would revive the bloody tyrannies of a day that is dead and ought to be buried. I am not offering this as a pious and original opinion but as the plain gospel to be distilled from almost all the multitude of books that have been written by the men whose opinions on this subject count—the men who so believed in the hope of the world that they were ready to die in its defence and by fighting for it manfully have saved that which must otherwise have been lost.



I

The Napoleonic wars were not so immeasurably vaster than the siege of Troy as the present titanic struggle is than the far flung wars of Napoleon—and the probability is that it will take more than another century to produce the poet who shall be fitted to put the full story and significance of Armageddon into one tremendous song. Meanwhile to say nothing of what has been done by civilian poets the soldiers themselves have written such an enormous body of verse touching on its infinitely varied aspects that it would be possible to compile from their ballads lyrics sonnets and miscellaneous rhyme a sort of composite epic which in range and variety in poignant truthfulness and intimacy of experience would exceed anything that any one poet could compass. That is an undertaking far beyond the scope of a magazine article but we may get a glimpse of what is possible in that direction by supplementing here our last Christmas article on the British poets who have fallen in the war with a consideration of what the war means or has meant to soldier poets living or dead of the English speaking nation.

The dominant note in the writings of those other poets most of whom fell in the earlier stages of the war was of a triumphant idealism—a love of justice and liberty in which even the love of country was but put of a greater love of mankind.

They died not merely that England might live but that France the very Mecca of the free might be saved—not merely to rescue and avenge Belgium and Serbia but for the redemption once for all of all mankind from the horrors and iniquities and outrageous folly of war.

These too were the ultimate ideals that led hundreds of young Americans to anticipate the decision of their own country and enlist in the French and Canadian armies immediately the war was upon us—and one of these hundreds was Alan Seeger. His was an old New England family and he was born in New York in 1888. Two or three years residence in Paris had inspired him with a deep love and admiration of France and her people and when the Huns were swarming into Belgium the menace to Paris the prospect that France might be broken and humiliated again as in 1871 so wrought upon him that he promptly joined the French Foreign Legion. Rupert Brooke's ideal of self sacrifice was not higher nor Julian Grenfell's joy of battle keener than are the idealism and the eager soldierly spirit that are alive in Seeger's letters and diary and poems. He claimed to share with Sidney a devotion

To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song

but like the friend he honours in Champagne 1914-15 he went to his heroic martyrdom not for military glory but

That other generations might possess

From shame and menace free in years to come—
A richer heritage of happiness.

Nothing but good can befall the soldier so he plays his part well—he writes in his diary—and in a letter to his mother from the front he says

You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not you must be proud like a Spartan mother and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly. I very

body should take part in this struggle which is to have so decisive an effect not only on the nations engaged but on all humanity. If so large a part should fall to your share you would be in so far superior to other women and should be correspondingly proud. There would be nothing to regret for I could not have done otherwise than what I did and that I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life.

It is the slacker and shirkers alone in this war he writes again to his mother in 1915—who are to be lamented. Had I the choice I would be nowhere else than where I am. He notes in his diary that he is glad to be fighting with the French who have the admiration of all who love liberty and

heroism in its defence. Whatever be the force in international conflict of having justice and all the principles of morality on one's side it at least gives the French soldier a strength that's like the strength of ten against an adversary whose weapon is only brute violence. And in a last letter to a friend written on June 28th 1916 the night before he was killed in a victorious charge he rejoices—We go up to the attack to-morrow. We are to have the honour of marching in the first wave.

I am glad to be going in the first wave. If you are in this thing at all it is best to be in to the limit. And this is the supreme experience.

A delight in the loveliness of nature—a passion for life and all the beauty and mystery of it and expression in the sensitive music and jewelled phrasing of the poems he wrote at peace in his homeland or in Paris—but there is a deeper note of feeling and a more passionate sincerity in the verses that he wrote after he had started on his last great adventure down the Valley of the Shadow. I think if he had lived until now he would have revised some bitter passages of his *Message to America* and of his glorious ode *In Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France* but assuredly he would have left untouched in the former his call



Photo by F. H. J. J. II

W. J. Turner
Lieutenant A. I. F.

to his countrymen to pay homage to the French who wanted the war no more than you but will fight heroically to the last for their hearths their altars and their past. Nor would he have found it necessary to take anything from his triumphant eulogy of those Americans his friends who had died for Liberty.

Yet sought they neither recompense nor praise
Nor to be mentioned in another's breath
Thou their blue-circled minutes whose great days
It was their pride to have—ay share even to the death!
Nay rather France to you they render thanks
(Saying they came to honour not for gain)
Who opening to them your
Glorious end
Gave them that good
Occasion to end
That chance to live the life
Most free from stain
And that rare privilege of
Living well.

And is surely he would have taken no word from his appeal to America to be proud of those dead in others.

And say now heaven be praised
That in that hour that most impelled her
Menaced her Liberty which
Foremost ruled
Europe's bright flag of
freedom some there were
Who not unmindful of the
unique debt
Came back the generous path
of Lafayette.

And when the most formidable foe
She checked each onset—arduous to stem
Fouled and frustrated them—
On those red fields where blow with furious blow
Was countered whether the gigantic fray
Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois de Sabot
Accents of ours were in the fierce melee
And on these furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn the gallant charge expire
When the slun bugler has long ceased to sound
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers crumbles stops
Withered beneath the shrapnel's non showers—
Now heaven be thanked we gave a few brave drops
Now heaven be thanked a few brave drops were ours.

All America since then followed Segger and his comrades and went but the generous path of Lafayette to take their stand by the gallant legions of France. The compelling causes that so transformed the peaceful Republic into one of the mightiest of war machines find eloquent and vigorous expression in the long series of sonnets that fill the larger part of Lieutenant Van Noppen's book of war poems. The Challenge, The martyrdom of Belgium, the ravaging of Serbia, the murder of Nurse Cavell, the sinking of the *Tusilant*—these and the Hun's defiance of all law human and divine, set the tocsins sounding that called America to arms—these and the menace to freedom to civilisation itself and a love of France and a love too of England.

Burn up the world and yet that living spark
Which once was England would for ever shine

And be a star. It would be as a sign
Hung on the silent forehead of the dark
A light for them who listen and cry 'Hark!
Hoping for hope And to the holy shrine
Of her dear name by dying made divine
Would come the pilgrim ages Like an ark
Would float her memory upon the flood
Of Cosmic change Great deeds would enter there
Deeds of great daring consecrate with blood
Immortal times and grandeurs words sublime
That like strong eagles soared above despair
And thoughts beyond the highest reach of Time

It is good to read these and again this American poet's glowing word of

England the home of
poetry the hearth
Where the world's heart
so often warmed its
hands

and in confidence that she would never be at before Germany on fight

Never to such hail England
bend the knee
Never as long as England
has one arm
One sword shall she surrender

There is a quaint truth in this little humour in some of his sonnets but most of them are too firmly in earnest even for satire. Laughing again and again he returns to the agony of Belgium, the heroic endurance of France and

in *Can Any Hell* The Virtues of the Liever Loten. The German's Secret Shame, both from the most scathing indictments of Germany and it is a into most masculine and splendidly rhetorical verse. Lieutenant Van Noppen has long since a poet won recognition in his own land and the war poems have carried his fame across the water into Europe.

Leonard Lippmann's poems from France have received and are fully worthy of the accolade of Edmond Rostand's praise. If some of Lieutenant Lippmann's charmingly fanciful lyrics and sonnets of love and happy memories soar above the stress of war and forget or only half remember it has 1918 though with the passionate exultation of the heroes who are in their graves that their ideals will go marching on to victory in their living comrades the agony and something of the revolting foulness of battle are in his *Flg* 1914 and *The Still Night* is poignant with the simple truth that it is hypocrisy for either side to tell as if war was not made on women as well as men. For somewhere up the Hallow Road her eyes swollen with weeping

Staring at a letter is some bloke's girl

while

Somewhere out in No Man's Land half way 'twixt the
trenches
Swathed in sodden khaki is a corpse with stiffened arms
Arms that thrilled and tingled once to battle and to
wenches



Harley Matthews
Australian Expeditionary Force

Boyish lips that stumbled
 o'er a Cockney maiden's
 charms
 Hardy lips that echoed to a
 sentry's hoarse alarms—
 I allid in the star light fouled
 with blood and smoke
 Cropping toward the Goal
 Head is some girl's
 bloke

All the seamy side of war—the side which the glory and glittering shows of it may hide but cannot conceal—is one way or another turned to the light by almost every present-day poet who has served as a soldier. It is significant that the prevailing note in the songs that were sung in the first red dawn of Armageddon were the joy of fighting for a just cause of self defence for freedom and humanity and that through the burden and heat of the long day that note had deepened and hardened into a stern revolt against the beastliness of the carnage a bitter anger that so many young lives should be so thrown away a flaming indignation that the mud and greed of a few should make so vast a sacrifice necessary. It is significant not of any faltering idealism but of an idealism matured, grown practical, pressed into such a familiar everyday habit of thought that it is less concerned to expose itself than to reveal the naked horror of the realities that the world has blindly idealised too long.

II

Probably the most popular Australian poet to-day is C. J. Dennis, author of the immutable "Sentimental Boogie" and there are some of the quaintest lyrical and most picturesquely colloquial of Australian verse ballads in his "Conger Mack" but so far as I can learn he is not in the Army. Henry Lawson is like me too old for a campaigner but his name has so long stood as the representative name in modern Australian poetry that it would be inexcusable not to pay a passing tribute here to the stirring verse things in his "Song of the Fiddler" and Other Poems which Harrap published in London last year. There is humour and pathos and a right democratic fighting spirit in them and in "The Vanguard" and at the close of "Fighting Hard" written while the Anzacs were hammering the Turks in Gallipoli you have a hint of his feelings at being "out of the hunt."

Rolling out to fight for England singing
 songs across the sea
 Rolling North to fight for England and to
 fight for you and me



Geoffrey Wall
 Lieutenant R.F.C. (Australia)

leave him paid at the front to struggle against overwhelming odds

Well I've picked up me old fiddle and
 And buckled me Webb about
 I'm only a bloomin' private
 An' I've got to see it out
 An' though it shames us much at
 And stuns us for a time
 Thank God we are still in the trenches
 An' we'll fight until we're free
 But if I do get shrapnelled
 Though I die with it a groan
 Well the devils surely killed me
 Is Me Brother Wat Staved at Omie

The singing of no romance or splendour in the war except as in "Fallen Comrade" the unsheathed courage of the men who fought beside him but he bears the filth and horror and misery of it with a queer careless drollery and you have to turn to the preface to learn of his own heroism—how he landed on Anzac Beach on April 25th 1915 took part in the fighting of that first fierce week and how in the great charge of the 2nd Brigade on May 8th a high explosive shell burst beside him and sent him to hospital a blind and helpless man.

Harley Matthews fought at Gallipoli and in France. He told me when I happened to meet him on leave in London some two years ago that he had written a record of his experience at Gallipoli which was so uncompromisingly and realistically truthful in its detail that he had been advised not to publish



Frank Brown
 Sergeant Princess
 Pat's Regiment

Fighting hard for France and
 England where the storms
 of death are hurled
 Fighting hard for Anzacs
 and the honour of the
 World
 Fighting hard

Fighting with the old fiddle
 Fiddle with the people that
 you know
 And the only way to find
 you (the old fiddle time is
 going slow)
 I'm the private of a
 fiddle com' you had a
 never come
 And they say that the
 fiddle after things at
 home
 Fiddle had a good
 fiddle
 Fiddle had

The same he was
 hardly put in a
 yet through smaller
 hill soldier sons from
 Anzac and it is not the
 idea brother but the younger
 the better whom he
 in "Me Brother Wat Staved
 at Omie" as he says I
 placed them the Turk since he

it till after the war but there is curiously little of the war in the lyrics he has included in *Under the Open Sky*. There is a fanciful mysticism in *The Quest of Love* which tells of a vision which passed before him at Gallipoli when he woke at night among his sleeping comrades but the more striking things in the book are the vividly imaginative line on *The Breaking of the Drought* the graphic sketches in *A Bush Mood* two memories of Australia and in such charming lyrics as *The Mirror* dated from France

My love looked in her looking glass
And I looked in to see
And there beside her face mine was
My eyes smiled happily
To see such beauty close to me.

I in a mirror look these days
And see myself alone
If I went mad I'd gaze and gaze
Till in the glass had grown
A face that smiled beside my own

The war is only an occasional intruder too in *The Dark Line* of W. J. Turner and under his touch its ugliness grows beautiful. His descriptions are often as clear and sharp edged as delicate carvings in ivory. It is so you see the squads drilling in *Death's Men* and the scene and the human figure in *Soldier in a Small Camp*

There is a camp upon a rounded hill
Where men do sleep more closely to the stars
And tree like shapes stand at its entrances
Beside the small dark shadow soldiery

Then in the awful beauty of the world
When stars are singing in dark ecstasy
Those ox like soldiers sit collected round
A thin metallic echo of human song



Donald H. Lee



Stanley Harrison
Lieutenant Canadian
Expeditionary Force

And click their feet and clap their hands in time
And wag their heads and make the white ghost owl
Flit from its branch—but still those tree like shapes
Stand like archangels dark winged in the sky

And presently the soldiers cease to stir
The thin voice sinks and all at once is dead
They lie down on their planks and hear the wind
And feel the darkness fumbling at their souls

This curious haunting dream like quality characterises all Turner's poems even the tale of *The Shepherd Goes to War*—from the opening where while he tends his flock on the hill side

The days and years half life slips by
Under that bright Australian sky
The gum trees are a rustling dream
Upon the sunshine's golden stream

till when fifty of his years have gone by come rumours of war and a voice that calls him out into it. The swift glimpses of his fighting in Gallipoli and in France are strangely quiet like violent things seen happening from a distance then he is wounded on the Somme sent to a hospital in England and after he learns he is to be invalided home gives himself up to visions of the placid old life to which he will return which yet will not be quite the same again because he will take back with him memories of the horrors he has seen

No such subtleties of fancy no bizarre atmosphere of enchantment soften the harsh outlines of reality in Gunner Westbrook's *Anzac and After*. There is noise enough for him in Gallipoli and nothing of beauty in

All the foul man killing terrors and the ripping shot and shell

which make Home Australia and Lindenow his



native place seem heaven by comparison when he thinks of them

Here where the Goddess of peace and quiet
And Muses all from the place have fled

He writes with a lusty soldierly heartiness and comfort in the Music of the Guns that are hurling death among his enemies and sings simply and with genuine feeling of The Fallen and in Good Bye of the thoughts that pulled at his heart on the evacuation of Gallipoli

It has come to the list and
its good bye Bill
I am sick at the heart and
sick
To leave you sleeping and
Cobber the best
That ever a swaddy had

Somebody lunged the job
it is sad
What isn't for me to know
But leaving the place where
you fought and died
I stabbing my heart to
it

Two books from Australia that have particularly interested me are the Song of an Airman and Letter of an Airman by Geoffrey Wall a young Australian who died in an aeroplane accident whilst he was training in England. He was born at Invercargill in the late but went with his family to Melbourne when he was ten years old. The war came while he was still at school there and in 1915 he offered himself for enlistment but fell short of the standard chest measurement and was rejected. Towards the end of 1916 he came to England bent on joining the Royal Flying Corps and after surmounting the usual War Office obstacles succeeded in getting into the Service and qualified as a pilot. He narrates his experience in England and expresses shrewd and frank opinion on some of our national institutions and things in general in his letters home and in the diary he began to keep in the last year of his life. He took the rough as cheerfully as the smooth was full of pluck and energy and eager to play his part in the war but he saw the absurdities as well as the necessity in the circumstances of Army discipline. How do I like it? he wrote to his mother. Well frankly I hate it. I was never cut out for a soldier and have no desire to be one longer than I can help. It is easy enough to theorise and idealise at a distance but when you get right up against it you begin to see that absolutely nothing can justify war.

There is an extraordinarily graphic account of his sensations on his first flight alone in an aeroplane and that he enjoyed life in England even the slack days when he was loitering in London whilst the War Office tried to make up its mind about him is evident all

through his diary and his letters. He got a thrill out of recognising Kipling seated near by him at an Albert Hall concert and replying to an inquiry from his father as to what literary work he had been doing lately he says. I shall never write in the proper sense for one thing between them Chesterton and Rupert Brooke have left nothing for me to write about. And he goes on to give a capital sketch of his only meeting with Chesterton. Did I tell you I had met him

quite unofficially? It was at the War Office. I was waiting for an interview with one person Sir A. J. E. Corbett gave me an intro to. I forgot his name and while I was waiting C. K. C. came in and sat down heavily opposite me. It was unmistakably himself with a cap thrown over his shoulder and a soft felt hat over his eyes. He picked up a couple of papers glanced at me (I was the only other occupant of the waiting room) then regarded the chandelier fixedly for about ten minutes and suddenly heaved himself up on to his feet again and remarked sonorously. My God! am I to wait here all day and I lumbered out.

When he died in August 1917 Geoffrey Wall was only twenty. He had shared his ambition chiefly between

literature and mechanics. He built himself a motor car tool an early interest in aviation development and in the first month of the war wrote in praise of Wilbur Wright that he had toiled not for gain and indifferent to the sneers of the doubter was the first who shaped the burden of an age's thought and fearlessly navigated the air.

Because of these his name shall sound
Full gleaming like a comet's tail
Across the dark that knows no light and
We ply the Interplanetary Mail

He poured his keen delight in life into such ringing songs as The Hound The Call of the Hound and Moonshine his sorrow for those who had died in the war as he was to die and his confidence that a better world should rise out of the chaos which had engulfed them into his Requiem

Yet not in vain that final sacrifice
For when Australia's sons have shed their blood
The petty bickerings that mearth peaceful skies
The people's weal the Nation's wealth withstood
Shall cease through sorrow Unity shall rise
There shall Australia come to Nationhood

So far as I have seen no ingot of the younger nations has been more terribly conscious of that revolting inglorious underside of war than have certain soldiers



Theodore Goodridge Roberts
Captain Canadian Expeditionary Force

poets of the old country that has perhaps known enough of it in the past to have grown more completely disillusioned but only one or two of these latter have revealed it and denounced it with a sterner sincerity than has Icon Cellert in certain of his Songs of a Campaign. Cellert is a born Australian. He had entered upon the Arts course at the Adelaide University and August 1914 found him training for the teaching profession. But he had no doubt where his duty lay and as a corporal of the now famous 10th Infantry Battalion he sailed for Egypt with the First Australian Division fought his way ashore with the first landing party at Gallipoli and in the early days of the desperate fighting that followed was made sergeant of his company. After nearly three months in the front line septic poisoning succeeded by an attack of enteric broke him down. He was transferred to England but his health remained so hopelessly shattered that he was invalided back to Australia. Not from any love of war but from a conscientious objection to staying safely inactive whilst his comrades were still fighting he re-enlisted as a private as soon as he was apparently recovered at the end of 1916 but the trials of military service proved too much for him and he was presently discharged again as unfit.

His Songs of a Campaign were written while he was in Egypt in the Gallipoli trenches in hospital and some few after he was back in civilian life. He opens with a sonnet sequence in which he mercilessly pictures the gross materialism into which we had all fallen in the years that led up to the war. Then he sings of the thoughts and dreams that came to him during the spell of waiting in Egypt and gives a third section of his book to songs of the voyage to Gallipoli and the fighting there. But he writes nearly always introspectively and with an air of detachment. In Before Action The Attack at Dawn and A Night Attack he is not concerned to describe the actual conflicts but lays bare starkly and simply the thoughts and feelings of the men as they wait tensely for the order to go over the top. The fight matters less to him than its searing before and after effects on the mind and body of the man who has to go through it.

In the two last sections Songs of the Sick and Afterwards are the poems I would commend to those fire-eaters who have never eaten of the fire themselves and so are still obsessed by the ancient delusion that war is the manliest most splendid of sports. It is true of the brave dead that they have enriched the world

that their pain is past and they sleep in honour that—

These were they who lost their everything
Gave all and left the earth a vaster sphere
In memories

but The Consumptive The Epileptic The Blind Man The Cripple show you something of the pitiable wreckage of humanity that is flung aside along the path of glory. What can you ever make again of lives that are so broken beyond hope? When peace that is now returning lifts us once more and it may not

seem to matter so much whether or not the tragedy that is ended was a war to end war it is good that we should have these songs to reproach us with memories of those who have been so maimed in our service that they feel like the man in I ever

Everything seems lost and gone
The world seems void and I alone
It mourns its emptiness that
is too well to mourn

III

Nor is it strange that this darker mood colours intermittently so much of the vast body of verse that has been written by the men of the greater Britains overseas if you remember that for all the eager reckless spirit of adventure that was kindled in some of them they were not professional soldiers but

civilians who went to war as lovers of peace and because the hopes of a free people are irreconcilable with the obsolete aims of a conquering dynasty and if the homeland with all its faults had not stood for the same ideals of liberty and righteousness her danger could not have appealed to her far scattered sons with such a compelling force.

There is a song by Corporal James Burns who was killed in action in September 1915 which voices the heart of Australia in the hour when she heard the far off reveille

The bugles of England were calling o'er the sea
As they had called a thousand years calling now to me
They woke me from dreaming in the dawning of the day
The bugles of England—and how could I stay?

O England I heard the cry of those who died for thee
Sounding like an organ voice across the winter sea
They lived and died for England and gladly went their way
England O England—how could I stay?

A feeling as deep an impulse as irresistible swung the men of New Zealand into the battle line. One of



Photo by H. H. & S. Ltd.

E. Stanley Russell M.C.
Captain 1st Herefordshire
Regiment

New Zealand's soldiers Donald Lea tells in his *Maoriland* how they had heard at their mother's knee of the old grey Isle that was their home of how it had fought and suffered that freedom might endure and they had grown up in the creed that it was New Zealand's part to guard the Empire whole to take up arms for it should circumstance give just and righteous cause

And you the old grey mother Isle
Will surely understand
That that which makes
the Creed worth while
Is love of Maoriland
We love you too and
you are Home
But there is this beside
There is a Home across
the seas
Round which at eventide
The robes of Night so
softly fold
The hills in silence
pray
Our West is also rimmed
with gold
Our seas are turning
grey
Murmuring sounds at
Night rise
There where the flux
swamps us
Deep in the lush the
weeds rise
Ours is the Maori
path
These are the things for
which we live

A brave soldierly ballad is *The Regiment's Name* there are lighter humours of campaigning in other of Donald Lea's poems and in *Cold Stripe* is strong protest against the injustice and filth and torment of war is any that Cellert has written I was a private all through the war he tells me (until he was wounded and invalided out of it) and as a private unit serposed to think it gave me something to think about I should like to make one remark about the verse and poems this war has brought forth Many think it strange I do not see that point of view When the deepest emotions of a man or woman are stirred from time immemorial poetry seems to have been the only form of expression that met all the requirements And verse writing is to verse writers I take it what poetry is to poets And sometimes the simple verse is more significant than the poetry more spontaneous more heartfelt as the peasant in his homespun may be a truer man than the prince in his purple

Alfred Clark ascribes the verse in *My Erratic Pal* to his friend Jim and linking the poem together with a brief prose commentary lays bare the soul of a man who is intensely human—follows him through the bliss and disappointment of first love through the

thoughts and emotions that grow out of his Bohemian life in England and then away to New Zealand where he falls passionately in love with a girl whom another man had wronged Then the cynicism goes out of his songs for a while except for his lampoon on celebrities and they breathe of his love for her and for New Zealand But the girl whom he calls by no other name than Mite falls ill and dies of typhoid and his verse reflect his gloom and despair till the sudden outbreak of Armageddon

hoels him into sanity and gives him a new purpose in life He enlists in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force goes into the war in peace of mind and forced and wins back to spiritual communion with the girl he has lost

You never died to me
left Mite
The river holds it on
the night you

Tramped in the desert
he can be breezily humorous on the Egyptian heat and sturdy emotion on his reasons for soldiering

I've swapped the peace
at An Hind
The drowsy peace of
Auckland
The drowsy peace and
comfort
Of the land I call my
own
For the desert and of
Egypt
The sand and sun of
Egypt
The sand and sun and
vermin
Of the land God leaves
alone

Bernard Pitt
Lieutenant *Bo de Regiment*

For I heard the cry of Belgium
The wailing cry of Belgium
The sobs of little children and the shrieks of outraged life
And peace and comfort pained me
And humanity arraigned me
till I left my haunted corner and entered in the strife

And he shares the common determination of the English speaking troops at the front

But till the game is ended
The ghastly game is ended
I'll keep that sense of humour which the devil so much hates

Love and loyalty to England ring triumphantly again through Captain Murray Johnstone's *Poems from South Africa* His *Marching (South West Africa)* *Marching (East Africa)* and *The Flag and the Guns* *Picket* *The Soldier Born* and *One of*



Photo by E. J.

the Mounted Police are virile spirited things that smack of the fierce sun and winds and rough adventure in the outlands of the Empire. South Africa too has her memory of many gallant gentlemen who living their daily work aside fought and died to ransom their fellows from a future that would have been worse than death. They were of those who yearned for one long sight of England and were impatient for the sailing of the homeward bound transport in the red dawn of the war: they were of those trusted in comrades All for whom have arisen

The cross that marks the hill side
The cross that marks the plain

To them and to such as they who have lived to com-



Photo by Sydney A. P. I. I.

Ivor Gurney
Private Gloucestershire
Regiment

plete the great redemption we owe it that the prophetic cry in Murray Johnstone's *Not By The Sword Conquest* —

We have overcome
The darkness of a world's despair —

is fulfilling itself in these hours that are passing over us

IV

While I am writing these words a sudden swiftly increasing clamour breaks upon the air— from near and far one after the other the syrens are sending a long drawn cry into the November mists. The last time they sounded there was a note of terror in their call for then again they shrieked the familiar warning along the sea-coast here that enemy air raiders were winging through the night toward us. To day they are echoing along the countryside news that the Armistice is signed the reign of blood ended and there is a new and uplifting significance in their uproar that fills the grey

rainy morning with such gladness as no sun has brought into our days these four years past.

Scarcely are they fallen silent when the bells catch up the message and clash and chime in their steeples with the very madness of joy. Here at last we have reached that hour foreshadowed in *A Prayer of a Coffin Deamer's*

When all the world is free
And cleansed and purified by floods of pain
We turn and see the light in human eyes
When the last echo of War's thunder dies
Lord let us pause again
In silent memory —

and so remembering our thoughts go out with an intenser gratitude and affection to those brave men living and dead who by their heroism and self sacrifice brought this happiness to pass. One saddens for

The unreturning army that was youth
The legions who have suffered and are dust

and thinks how the indomitable victors were less than a year ago as they are pictured in Sassoon's *I Rode*

Disconsolate men who stamp their sodden boot
And turn duller sunken faces to the sky
Haggard and hopeless
Yet these who cling to life with stubborn hands
Can grin through storms of death and find a grin
In the clawed cruel tangles of his defence
They march from safety and the bird sung joy
Of grass green thickets to the land where all
Is ruin and nothing blossoms but the sky
That hastens over them where they endure
Sad smoking flat horizons reeking weeds
And foundered trench lines volleying doom for doom

Such stubborn endurance of such men and the wry humours and pity and agony of war are the themes of Joseph Lee's *Ballads of Battle* — some of them as terse as artless as poignant in their stark simplicity as those old ballads that are the glory of Scottish literature but at this moment one could sooner forget the bitterness of *The Green Gra* and the grim satire of *The Penitent* than the pathos of that *Honour* Commemoration of the dead whom no strange soil might hold from the land they had loved and died for

When the bells shall rock and ring
When the flags shall flutter free
And the choirs shall sing
God save the King—
They shall be there to see

or than *La Croix Rouge* with its vision before the wayside Calvary in Flanders of Christ crucified again and of the judgment that should fall and has now fallen on the man who has been Judas Pilatus Peter—three in one

O King in name who might have been in deed
Who chose the darkness rather than the light
I see thee go
Forth from thy foe—
And it is night!

Somehow now the years that seemed so endless while they were passing dwindle to a span in memory and coming to the end of the war we are drawn also nearer to the beginning. Almost it seems only yesterday when that morning enthusiasm swept over England and the young men of all classes rich and poor plebeian and patrician rose with the clean handed ardour of



those old crusaders who went forth to their Holy War against the enemies of God. There have been many songs of that supreme uprising and none that more finely interpret what the great adventure meant to certain of the homely heroes of it than *The Volunteer* of Herbert Asquith.

Here he, a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament
Yet ever twined the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came
And horsemen charging under phantom skies
Went thundering past beneath the effluence

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied
From twilight to the halls of dawn he sent
His lance is broken but he lies content
With that high home in which he lived and died
And falling thus he wants no recompense
Who found his battle in the last resort
Nor needs he any horse to bear him hence
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt

And thus from the same poets. On a Troopship 1915
thrills to the quickening spirit that ran like a flame
from end to end of our islands in those first days of our
renaissance.

Now England stirs as stirs a dreamer waked
In immemorial slumber lids apart
Soon will she raise her giant limbs attuned
To that old music hidden at her heart
The small occasions and the mental cries
Fade fast away the little men bewail
She rises in her circuit of the skies
An eagle drinking at the mountain fountains

That song of awakening was sung, too, of Australia
and South Africa and by Robert Service of Canada
in *The Call*.

Rich and poor, Lord and low
Hark to the blast of War!
Linker and taylor and millionaire
Actor in triumph and priest in prayer
Comrades now in the hell of there
Sweep to the fire of War!

For such an acceptance of the challenge was common
to all our race everywhere and inspired much of the
first war poetry of Canada as of the rest of the Empire.

V

It is in Lieutenant Stanley Harrison's *Canada Calls*
the battle cry of a free and mighty spirit born of the
prairies and forests and smiling homesteads that give
their colour and atmosphere and vigorous life to so
many of his lyrics and ballads. The rugged virility of
the backwoods is in *The Pioneer* and *The Open*
Rail the loyal love of Canada for the homeland in
From the Canadian Front and in *Vox Clamantis*
the natural human appeal of the brave man who was
bred to the trade of war.

Lord grant me the spirit of soldiers
Strength for the task that I dread —

the idealism that lifted him and his like above
native savagery and gave them something nobler
light for than booty and the boast of conquest

Give me, Lord strength to remember
Thy teaching on Calvary Hill

Sergeant Frank Brown of the *James Paterson* son
of an Ontario clergyman and a schoolmaster until he
marched out to the war from which he was never to
return repeat the deathless story of Canada's awaken-
ing in *Call In* and *The Call*. The doughtiness
and breezy humour of the son of the Dominion are as
native to his *Contingent Ditties* as to the more
definitely lashed songs of battle in *The Soldier*. Of
Captain Carling, one of that gallant company who
marched from Poplarville to Ypres

I shed fire in glory on their guns
I rode bravely in the fighting line
I made maple leaf

I have seen in divers journals and in columns memor-
able poems of the war by Lieut. Colonel Canon F. C.
Scott who was wounded at Cambrai while giving us



Robert Graves
Royal Welsh Fusiliers

Chaplain with the Canadian forces and by Captain
Theodore Goodridge Roberts one of Canada's most
distinguished novelists. These have not been collected
into any book I have been able to lay hands on but
Captain Roberts's ballad of *A Canadian Day* (Sep-
tember 15th 1916) is as sure of a place in the war
anthologies as was *Dargu Ridge* his stirring ballad
of a great moment in one of our earlier smaller wars
for it glows as that does with the old heroic odour of
Britain's fighting men.

The word was said and they moved up and over
They topped the ridge and clear in the morning glow
Beheld the war-torn wastes the puddled trenches
The pitted and deadly strongholds of the foe

Into it through it they flamed like fire through stubble
With death before them behind them and swift in
the air

They struck stark fear to the hearts of the craven foemen
With bomb and steel they dug the Beast from his lair

September the Fifteenth! That was the day of glory
 With blood with life they captured the fortress town—
 While far away in the dear land they died for
 In frosty coverts the red leaves fluttered down

Also among these uncollected war poems I recall
 the restrained pathos of *The Silent Toast* by Canon
 Scott and his fine tribute to France.

What is the gift we have given thee Sister?
 What is the trust we have had in thy hand
 Hearts of our bravest our best and our dearest—
 Blood of our blood we have sown in thy land

Sorrow hath made thee more beautiful Sister
 Nobler and purer than ever before
 We who are chastened by sorrow and anguish
 Hail thee as Sister and Queen evermore

One of the chief of Canadian living poets better known
 over here perhaps for his brilliantly imaginative animal
 stories is Major Charles C. D. Robert. He has been
 on active service first in an English regiment later with
 the Canadian troops since the beginning of the war.
 Some of his war lyric and ballad are in the new paper
 files and I am glad to hear that a book of them is in
 the making. It should include his address: To Shille
 speare 1916

How must thou burn to have endured
 The acclaim of those whose fame and in
 Reels from the *Iustitians* slain
 Stools from the orgies of Malines

But surely too thou art consoled—
 Who knowest thy stidwrt breed so well—
 To see us rise from sloth and go
 Hun and unbragging through this hell

and his vibrant and vividly recited *Cambray and
 Marne*

Before our columns at Cambray
 We saw their columns crumple away
 We saw their masses melt and reel
 Before our line of leaping steel

A handful to their storming hordes
 We scourged them with the scourge of swords
 And still the more we slew the more
 Came up for every slain a score

Between the hedges and the town
 Their cursing squadrons we rode down
 To stay them we outpoured our blood
 Between the beetfield and the wood

In that red hell of shrieking shell
 Unfiltering our gunners fell
 They fell ere that day was done
 Beside the last unshattered gun

But still we held them like a wall
 On which the breakers vainly fall—
 Till came the word and we obeyed
 Reluctant bleeding undismayed

Our feet astonished learned retreat
 Our souls rejected still defeat
 Unbroken still a hon at bay
 We drew back grimly from Cambray

In blood and sweat with slaughter spent
 They thought us beaten as we went
 Till suddenly we turned and smote
 The shout of triumph in their throat

At last at last we turned and stood—
 And Marne's fair water ran with blood
 We stood by trench and steel and gun
 For now the indignant flight was done

We ploughed their shaken ranks with fire
 We trod their masses into mire
 Our sabres drove through their retreat
 As drives the whirlwind through young wheat

At last at last we flung them back
 Along their drenched and smoking track
 We hurled them back in blood and flame
 The reeking way by which they came

By lumbered road and desperate ford
 How fled their shamed and harassed horde!
 Shout sons of Freemen for the day
 When Marne so well avenged Cambray!

A day to remember proudly and thankfully while
 the bells are shouting their joyous mes-
 sage far and wide for without that hard won victory we might
 long since have fallen to a fatal peace for which the
 bell would not have pealed from any steeple of our
 Commonwealth

No Canadian poet has a wider popularity with civilian
 and soldiers than Robert Service. I have heard ballads
 of his recited in huts behind the lines in France and
 could have found it in me to envy him the laughter and
 tears and the thundering cheers that greeted them.
 Though Service has developed into one of the most
 typical of Canadian writers he was born at Huron in
 Lincolnshire forty years ago and spent much of his
 youth in Chicago. He was a bank clerk there but the
 office routine wearied him. He saw himself growing
 bald and puny in a land of respectability and
 rebelled. At twenty one he kicked over the traces
 and precipitated himself violently into the Wild West.
 When he arrived by steerage at Vancouver his whole
 wealth amounted to five dollars. He picked up any odd
 job that was going, tramped the country and worked
 on the land for a living. Then when he thought to
 settle down again as a bank clerk and let the life adven-
 turous slide gold was discovered at Yukon. The bank
 sent him up there to a branch that was opened for the
 diggers and readers of *Songs of a Sourdough*

Ballads of a Cheechako and other of his books know
 what tales he drew from his experiences in that wild
 and glamorous region and how cunningly he has steeped
 his verse in the bizarre atmosphere of it

The war was not many weeks old before Robert
 Service was in it at the front with the Second French
 Army Corps as an Anglo American Ambulance chauffeur
 and his *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* take you
 through many and various of its phases. They cover
 the widest range of experience and emotion from the
 drollery of *The Haggis of Private McPhee* to the
 passionate earnestness of *The Song of the Pacifist*
 the humour and queer pathos of *The Volunteer* to
 the picturesque romanticism of *The Man from Atha-
 baska* the quiet tragedy of *The Convalescent*
 and the grim grotesquerie of *The Odyssey of Erbert
 Iggnis*. *Tipperary Days* catches the fire and
 buoyancy of the glorious Old Contemptibles

Fighting mad and mirth mad music in the feet of them
 Swinging on to glory and the wrath out there



and the charming idyll of Fleurette contrast sharply with the Song of Winter Weather in the trenches when

It isn't the foe that we fear
It isn't the bullets that whine
It isn't the business career
Of a shell or the burst of a mine
It isn't the snipers who seek
To nip our young hopes in the bud
No it isn't the guns
And it isn't the Huns—
It's the MUD

MUD

MUD

But through all his rhyme Robert Service carries the banner of that ideal which lifted the peoples of our race to spiritual heights at the outbreak and transformed the war into a conflict between the powers of darkness and of light, the old world tyranny of barbarism and the love and fellowship of the new democracy. Say his soldier in A Song of the Sandbags the fall of Empire and its destiny be damned!

There's only one good cause
Bill for poor blokes like
us to fight
That's self defence for earth
and home and them that
bears our name

and you leave him

Die man etc by the sandbags
On a day when war will cease
When Aus and Fritz and
Bill and me
Will clink our mugs in
fraternity
And the Brotherhood of
Labour will be
The Brotherhood of Peace

Which is only a rougher way of adumbrating the terms of Free Nations and expressing the aspiration that a Service's own in the sonnet Faith

Then let's have faith good cometh out of ill
The power that shaped the strife will end the strife
Then let's bow down before the Unknown Will
Fight on believing all is well with life
Seeing within the worst of War's red rage
The gleam the glory of the golden age

The glory and gleam of this hope in which such myriads have died is implicit in that undying song of John McCrae's which stirred the hearts of our people the world over like a prayer and a prophecy from the grave

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below

We are the dead Short days ago
We lived felt dawn saw sunset glow

Loved and were loved and now we lie
In Flanders Fields

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch By yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields

Nearly a year has gone since McCrae laid down his life in France for Canada and he and his gallant brothers in arms may sleep well. The living have kept the faith they caught up the torch that fell from the dead hands and have carried it forward till it is lighting us at last into the morning.

V



Robert Nichols
Lieutenant R.F.A.

It was impossible that the optimistic enthusiasm which moved and emboldened us in the hour of our setting forth on the great quest could remain burning at white heat through the hardship and disillusion the weariness, agony and inhuman horror of the four long years of the war. After the eager swiftness of the onset our soldiers settled down to a dogged endurance of the lilt and peril and tedium of trench warfare to a fixed determination of seeing it through which let me emphasise again was only the old enthusiasm adapted itself to circumstances and manifesting itself in a sober and more durable form. This change of mood which came over the soldiers came also over the songs which many in their ranks were writing.

These no longer or seldom reiterate the shining ideals for which they are fighting but instead expose and denounce with a stern outspokenness the injustice the madness the tragic misery and indescribable beastliness of war and so revealing it justify and insist upon the realisation of that ideal of ending it for ever which still lives in their hearts unquenchable and has become the more potent because they have done with clothing it in words and are stubbornly putting it into action.

The idealism that rings like a trumpet call through so much of the earlier poetry is a heartening note in the scholarly verse of Captain Stanley Russell. He had trained for the Nonconformist Ministry and from 1910 to 1913 was successively Assistant Minister and co-Pastor of Ullet Road Church Liverpool. After his marriage in 1913 he devoted himself to literary work and occasional preaching. In September 1914 he enlisted as a private in the Liverpool Pals Battalion and presently having received a commission in the 1st Hertfordshires went with his regiment into the inferno of Suvla Bay whence he was invalided home.

suffering with enteric. Later he served in Palestine received the Military Cross for his gallantry in the first attack on Gaza in April 1917 and was killed in action on November 6th 1917. The Rev Arnold H. Lewis who is writing a Memoir of Captain Russell describes him as "a man of great personal charm and variously gifted—an accomplished reader, speaker and preacher of originality and power—a clever writer. He was unusually handsome and of a most engaging address. Unfailing good temper and a deep understanding of and love for human nature and an indomitable spirit gave him influence and leadership alike at the university in the Church and in the Army."

Another poet, Bernard Pitt, who went to war in the same fine spirit is idealistic in some of his letters and poems as Rupert Brooke or John Street; yet at times he is almost as bitterly resentful as Siegfried Sassoon of the hideous realities of battle. He was Assistant Master at the Coopers Company's School and conducted a tutorial class in English Literature at the Working Men's College in London. The men of his class at the college says a postscript note to his "Essays, Poems and Letters" "were all in love with Pitt and hankering after the return of their lost leader. He obtained a commission in April 1915 before the end of the year was in France serving as a trench mortar officer and in February 1916 was given the command of a battery. In the following April he was killed by a shell. His high spirit of gossip alternates in his letters with wryly whimsical descriptions of his surroundings that are nakedly and startlingly realistic. Nevertheless—It rains nearly all of every day and the mud is vile. He writes to his sister "but I am so glad to be out here. He writes to a friend of how "the ground round about is poisoned with human relics—limbs and bundles of clothes filled with rotten flesh—and adds "Sometimes one has great need of strength which is not in one's own power to use but is a grace of God. If he is happy it is largely because "Never have I been with such men keen as the steel of their bayonets and as staunch Officers without side and men with ideals. There is a real feeling for beauty in his verse and a sense of the magic of words but instead of quoting the gracefully fanciful Aphrodite in the Cloister or so charming a love song as "After Lovensong I select as more appropriate to my purpose "The Wood of Souchez which he writes into one of his letters. It follows after a hauntingly terrible chronicle of a journey that took him past naked bones unburied German

bodies and the rubbish and charred rafters of a shattered village—sights to which he says "we harden our hearts. I have looked at the wreck until my imagination is obsessed with it but verse can purge the soul of much dangerous thought."

The coppices of Aylesford are beautiful in Spring
Anemone and primrose delay the careless breeze
The throstles try their grace notes while woodland
freshets sing
The dewy catkins glisten on virgin slender trees
And England my dear country has many walks like
these

No flowers bloom in the ruins of this accursed wood
Through withered splintered branches the shrapnel
bullets hiss
There are no leafy nooks where a bird may rear her
brood
The reek of rotten flesh taints the pools where water is—
But England my dear country shall know no wood
like this

Love of home strong and tender as this and the love of a man for the one woman who is at the heart of his love of home make an intermittent music in the war poetry that has come from most of the soldiers. They are the two strings of Sergeant Hennesley's lute—the music of his graceful and fanciful "Love Songs of a Soldier" are all of them and all of them also except for a warm hearted eulogy of "Tommy" are Lieutenant Cosellin's joyous or thoughtful "Bits and Pieces"—such intimate snatches of songs about everyday dreams and emotions as a man might send to one of whom he could write.

You understand (you always
do)
The little things I write to
you
And ah! it's such a sweet
relief
To tell you all my joy and
grief—
You understand!

The Verses of a V.A.D.
have grown out of what a
girl in khaki has seen of the
war and suffered from it.
They are says Mrs Leighton
in her preface "the outcome
of things very deeply felt
and it is not hard to under-
stand that their sympathy
with the broken lives that
come into the care of the
hospital worker is intensified
by the immeasurable personal
loss that finds utterance in
the touching lines. Per-
haps—addressed to
R.A.L.

There is one greatest
joy I shall not know
Again because my heart for
loss of You
Was broken long ago



Photo by D. Benham
Gloucester

F. W. Harvey D.C.M.
Lieutenant Gloucestershire
Regiment



Photo by Houlton Bros. Trowbridge

J. L. CROMMELIN BROWN
LIEUTENANT RGA
Author of *Days of the War*
Paris 1918



Photo by W. B. & R. Dowdy Worcester

REV G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY M. C. O. F.
(WOODBINE WILLIE)
Author of "Rough Rhymes of a Pad"



Photo by E O H pp4

GILBERT FRANKAU
CAPTAIN RFA
Author of 'The Judgment of V. B. H.'
and 'The City of Fear'



JOHN MCCRAE
LIEUT COL CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
Author of "In Flanders Fields"

The real but curiously unconventional religion of the soldier his attitude toward God and the bloody business of war that has been thrust upon him are interpreted with shrewdest humour and understanding in the

Rough Rhymes of a Padre that have helped to make their author's pseudonym

Woodbine Willie extraordinarily popular with all ranks of the army. He is as cunning as Kipling in his use of the vernacular but his present-day soldier is not of the Kipling type—he is a homelier human creature who can imagine amid the carnage and the thought of the mothers tears that—

The sorrows of God must be
Hard to bear

If a really is love in his
Heart

And the hardest part of the
World to play

Must surely be God's part

and he is so far from being a militarist or an Imperialist that he wishes those who grasp of war and glory could come and have a taste—he knows why he is fighting—it is to put an end to war—not to win riches and power over other nations

Not to boast of Britain's glory
Bought by bloodshed in her war
But that Peace may shine about her
As the sea shines round her shores

Nothing but burning rage and indignation against the pride of kings whose state and splendour are paid for with the blood of their people lightens on you from the thunders of F. C. Owllett's Chant Regal and though the Soldier Songs of Patrick MacGill are leavened with the grimly irresponsible humours of the march and of life in the trenches he does not edge the raw and haggard facts of war with any light from heaven. An unflinching realist he paints the thing as he saw it and whatever of charm is in his lines comes of the love of comrades of joy in their stubborn courage of some incongruous glimpse of beauty in the sky over him or in the desolated scene around him

You cannot draw distinctions between the realist and the idealist for the same poet is generally both. Captain Bewsher of the R.A.F. gets the rush and ecstasy of flight into The Dawn Patrol and into some of the verse of his new volume. The Bombing of Bruges itself is in its revelation of sensation and emotion and in sheer descriptive detail sharply and vividly realistic yet not more so than are the lighter pictures of those joy rides in the sunshine. Its narrative has atmosphere and affects you with a sense of limitless space and height and speed through cloudy darkness till presently the glimmering lights of the sleeping city grow out of the blackness below and the airman making



Patrick MacGill
Sergeant Irish Rifle

ready for his dreadful work is touched with compunctions

The men whom I must kill
In slumber lie
And Death is creeping to
them through the sky!
I know them not and I will
never know
That I have killed them
and the bitter woe
Which I must bring to many
a happy heart

The whole grim adventure is etched with a wonderful vividness the scream and roar and glare of the dropped bomb the flashing search lights that blind and entangle him is in an impalpable net the burst of shell about him the nerve-shaking excitement of it all the desperate escape and the blessed relief of soaring it last beyond reach of the lights and the guns and the joy of having passed through Hell and come down unscathed

untouched to home and safety. In emotional power and pictorial effectiveness The Bombing of Bruges is one of the most remarkable of recent war poems

Memories of civilian life (that is a charming fancy of the girl who now sits on his office stool doing his work) the darker as well as the lighter side of the fighting man's experience are soberly or laughingly pictured in Kersley Holmes's graphic many coloured Ballads of Field and Billet. Gravity and gravity meet in Lieutenant Herbert's Half Hours at Helles and a witty and mocking spirit runs not numbly in most of his Bomber Caps and Other Poems but he lays aside the cap and bells to write his grim recollections of Beaumont Revisited and that prevision of The Coming of Peace when

Little children play at battle about the hamlet's bones
And old men come with ploughshares to turn the fields
again

Sentiment and laughter and the daintiest curliest fantasy are the key notes of Robert Graves's Fairies and Fusiliers but the grim spectre of war haunts his elms garden of verse and moving across it here and there brings

The eternal note of sadness it

There are sharp contrasts of light and darkness. The soul of happiness dances in Cherry Time but pity and horror brood in the sombre realism of The Dead Boche

The dark realities of war the burden and the mystery of it all are woven into the delicate texture of Robert Nichols's Invocation and if some of his Ardours and Endurances strike a harsher note and reproduce in violent phrase and a discordant structure of verse the tumult and confusion of bombardment and

assault here too he more often falls into the reflective mood that looks through the hideous shows of things to their spiritual significance and draws such consolation from them as sighs through the mystical philosophy of his sonnet on *Our Dead*

They have not gone from us O no! they are
The inmost essence of each thing that is
Perfect for us they flame in every star
The trees are emerald with their presences
They are not gone from us they do not roam
The flaw and turmoil of the lower deep
But have now made the whole wide world their home
And in it loveliness themselves they steep

Sometimes of vision a sustaining trust in the master hand that is shaping human destiny and a forceful narrative gift that he uses triumphantly in his battle pieces have gone to the making of Crommelyn Brown's *The Heroic*. He clothes with wistfullest beauty that love of country for which men have been so ready to die

None ever knew this England well
Who have not known the wood smoke smell
On e'en the elm trees somber height
Crow solemnly against the night
With one fir tangled in their leaves
Forming above the cottage eaves
These he has known who England knows
And men have died for these and those

His lament for the dead takes solace in forecasting the better world that shall be fashioned by their sacrifice yet when he pictures the ghastly unburied horrors of *No Man's Land* he has it in him to cry out upon God to restore peace and pity to the ravaged earth

Or send Thy thunderbolt and blot it out

This is the tone prevailing note in all the later verse of the poets who are also soldiers—a note of denunciation and of protest that the iniquity of war should any longer be possible among civilised men. Ivor Curney has felt the uplift of the rapt idealism that winged the feet that leaped to meet the barbaric invasion of the aggressor his *Requiem* his *England the Mother* his sonnet in memory of Rupert Brooke exult with a passion of faith in the cleaner life that he fights for which matches Brooke's own but his winter Carol is of the strange and fearful ways in which he goes to serve his country and *To England* is of the heroes who sing under joyless skies and

In the height of battle tell the world in song
How they do hate and fear the face of War

Hatred of war there has been from the beginning but in the beginning there was not the ruthless exposure of its revolting details the angry or scornful indictment of the system and the forces that foster it—a realisation of the madness and crime that war is which grows in power and volume in the later verse of the soldier poets. Those who sang before the long drawn agony had blunted their enthusiasm took the evil and horror of the battle field for granted and were more preoccupied with the shining hope that beacons them from the farther side of it. But the men who have lived and fought on till their enthusiasm has become too much of a habit to be so much of an inspiration are apter to dip their pens into their hearts and write as Lieutenant

Harvey wrote while he lay in a German prison and had leisure to look before and after

But O you piteous corpses yellow black
Rotting unburied in the sunbeam's light
With teeth laid bare by yellow lips curled back
Most hideously whose tortured souls took flight
Leaving your limbs all mangled by the fight
In attitudes of horror fouler far
Than dreams which haunt a devil's brain at night
Because of you I loathe the name of War

Three poets who I think do represent as faithfully and potently as any the later essentially modern attitude toward war are Gilbert Frankau Alec Waugh and Siegfried Sassoon the latter perhaps the truest and most imaginatively realistic poet this war has produced. The searing irony of Waugh's *Joy Bells* would if it faced the truth of it shrivel all our peace rejoicings into a mockery of happiness his *Cannon Fodder* and *The Other Side* strip the romance of war to the bone and leave it a corpse's huddle of mud and blood and putrefaction that no sane man could glorify. The profound spiritual insight of Sassoon is not often revealed with such grace and tenderness as in *Abolition* or with such charm of fancy and feeling as in *To Victory*. More characteristic of his mood are the bitterly satirical *Lamentations* *The Father* *They* and *Flights* the merciless realism of *Died of Wounds* *The Hero* *The Working Party* and *Colours* the scorn that has been in it *A Suicide in the Trenches* finer than any heroics about the splendour of war. His *Deceit* with its brotherly compassion for his tired cheer-muddled troops tumbling into comfort's bulk

Can they guess

The secret burden that is always mine —
I ride in their courage pity for their distress
And burning bitterness
That I must take them to the accursed line

That I must lead them nearer day by day
To the foul beast of war that bludgeons life

The wind of autumn rying waite the woods is in his ears

a voice that grieves —

For battle's fruitless harvest and the feud
Of outraged men Their lives are like the leaves
Scattered in flocks of ruin tossed and blown
Along the westerning furnace flaring red
O martyred youth and manhood overthrown
The burden of your wrongs is on my head

He sees too clearly and is too terribly conscious of the heartbreak and squalid wretchedness of war to be able to mask the abhorrent truth of it in dazzling tropes and gracious imagery so that even when in *The Redeemer* he is stirred to touch with a reverently transfiguring imagination the heavy laden soldier floundering in the momentary flare of a rocket through the filth and mirk of the trenches

He stood before me there

I say that he was Christ stiff in the glare
And leaning forward from his burdening task
Both arms supporting it his eyes on mine
Stared from the woeful head that seemed a mask
Of mortal pain in Hell's unholy shrine

No thorny crown only a woollen cap
He wore—an English soldier white and strong

Who loved his time like any simple chap
 Good days of work and sport and homely song
 Now he has learned that nights are very long
 And dawn a watching of the windowed sky
 But to the end unjudging he'll endure
 Horror and pain not discontent to die
 That Lancaster or Lune may stand secure

He faced me reeling in his weariness
 Shouldering his load of planks so hard to bear
 I say that he was Christ who wrought to bless
 All groping things with freedom bright as air
 And with his mercy washed and made them fair

then in the last lines he abruptly shatters the illusion and brings you with a kick up against the gross reality as if he laughed sardonically at his own lapse into sentiment

Another might have made the maimed soldier in "The One Legged Man" a pathetic figure loaded with lofty or pensive sadness but Sassoon puts the plain truth into a dozen lines and makes him simply and wholly human shows him lying in England looking out over the fields and hedge hearing the farmyard fowl and hearing dogs barking and feeling it all more deplorable than ever

Splendid to sit and sleep and drink and eat
 Safe with his wound a citizen of life
 He hobbled blithely through the garden gate
 And thought "Thank God they had to amputate!"

The simple truth and the unobtrusive sympathy that enable him to realise it turn the very fact into poetry and a Dreamer. The soldier as the dreamers he says

When the guns begin
 They think of bright homes clean beds and wives



Photo by E. O. Hoppe

Ford Madox Hueffer
 Lieutenant, Welsh Regiment



Alec Waugh
 2nd Lieutenant, Dorset Regiment

I see them in the dug-out gnawed by rats
 And in the ruined trenches lashed with rain
 Dreaming of things they did with dolls and bits
 And maddened by hopeless longings to regain
 Real holidays and picture shows and sports
 And going to the office in the train

And if he regards contemptuously at the home-staying pressmen and politicians who were so bent on a "Fight to a Finish" it is a very different mood that subdues him in "Sick Leave" and "Burial-mound" and frets him with thought of the men his comrades still yonder in that inferno without him while he is resting in safety

When I'm asleep dreaming and lulled and warm —
 They come the homeless ones the noiseless dead
 And he wakes to think of the Battalion in the mud
 And the patient men who fight till

Love drove me to rebel
 Love drives me back to grapple with them through hell

It is no cynic who could write that — the harsh truthfulness the cynicism and satire that characterise so much of Sassoon's verse arise out of a deeper compassion for human suffering than the gentle sentimentalist is capable of feeling

We are so accustomed to have our poets pass elusively over ugly truths that it shocks some of us to come across Alec Waugh's swift statement of bald details in his sharply contrasted sketches of what is happening simultaneously at home here and on the battle fields at a distance

A thin line swinging forward to kill
 And a man driven mad by the din
 Music hall songs about Kaiser Bill
 And the march through the streets of Berlin
 Grey beards prattling round a fire
 Of the good the war has done
 Three men rotting upon the wire
 And each of them had a son

and it may shock us too that frank picture he draws of the dehumanised body that has been lying for seven days out in front of the line—but the inherent pity that prompts this uninspiring realism reveals itself in his vision of the folk at home sitting by the fire talking of the dead man and not knowing what a thing of horror he has become and the thankfulness that even when they shall learn of their loss—

This you are spared

You have not seen what death has made of him

For these realists are idealists also—they could not love truth so much if they did not love humanity more. Major Average in Gilbert Frankau's *The Other Side* writing from Flanders to acknowledge receipt of war poem which one of his subalterns has sent him from home put their whole case with the bluntest most devastating simplicity and directness. He wonders after reading the subaltern's spouted stuff about honour and glory and 'gay jingling faces of undaunted boys' whether he has forgotten what it was really like out there. Honour—that is a matter of course he says—but the humour is just the Saxon cloak for fear—and he proceeds with a dreadful and drastic plain-spokenness to remind the subaltern of the gigantic terror and loathsome uncleanliness of war. He spurs him none of the worst and ghastliest of it and clinches his denunciation with

But War—is war is now and always was
A dirty loathsome servile murder job—
Men lousy sleepless ulcerous afraid
Felling their hearts out in the juddering shame
That wrenches gum boot down from bleeding heel
And cokes in itching arm pits navel ears

Men stunned to brainlessness and gibbering
Men driving men to death and worse than death
Men mumed and blinded men against machines—
Flesh versus iron concrete flame and wire
Men choking out their souls in poison gas
Men squelched into the slime by trampling feet
Men disembowelled by guns five miles away
Curling with their last breath the living God
Because He made them in His image men
So were your talent mine I'd write of war
For those who coming after know it not

I stress this aspect of the great evil partly because it is the one—as I have said—that all our poet-soldiers have shown themselves more or less conscious of from the start and that as their knowledge of it grew with the years has become more and more the compelling influence in their songs. But chiefly I have stressed it because it is the aspect we shall now in our recovered contentment be readiest to forget and it is for our own salvation and that of our children that we should never let it pass from our remembrance. If posterity asks says Frankau Major

What high what base emotions keyed weak flesh
To face such torments I would answer Yeat
Not for themselves O daughters grandsons sons
Your tortured forbears wrought this miracle
Not for themselves accomplished utterly
This loathliest task of murderous servitude
But just because they realised that thus
And only thus by sacrifice might they
Secure a world worth living in—for you

And what is that when all is said but the pure ideal that called our first volunteers into the breach and inspired the first songs of the first soldier-poet?

JOHN BUCHAN AS WAR HISTORIAN*

By DAVID HODGE

LUCIDITY is the outstanding characteristic of *Nelson's History of the War* written by Colonel John Buchan and now in its twentieth volume. Undaunted by the immensity of his task Colonel Buchan has gone fearlessly forward and over the vast field he takes us on a perfectly made macadam road. Intricate military operations are expressed in terms of simplicity and the History as a whole is readable as say *Greenmantle* or *Mr. Peter John*. Authentic Buchan passages abound: the one relates to the amazing rally of the Empire in 1914

The effect upon the people of Britain was a sense of a new comradeship which brought tears to the eyes of the least emotional. For consider what it meant. Geographically it brought under one banner the trapper of Athabasca the stockman of Victoria the Dutch farmer from the backveldt the tribesman from the Khyber the gillie from the Scottish hills and the youth from a London back street. Racially it united Mongol and Aryan Teuton and Celt politically it drew to the side of the Canadian democrat the Indian feudatory whose land was still medieval spiritually it joined Christianity in all its forms with the creeds of Islam Buddha Brahma and a thousand little unknown gods. The British Empire had revealed itself at last as

that wonderful thing for which its makers had striven and prayed—a union based not upon statute and officialdom but upon the eternal simplicities of the human spirit.

The extract gives a fair example of the style of the History but naturally there are many chapters composed almost exclusively of unembellished narrative. At no point however is there dullness and there are many proofs that the author lost nothing of his zest as his monumental work proceeded.

In a stately Preface Lord Rosebery remarks that the writer who can disentangle the vast labyrinth of armament and assist his contemporaries to comprehend the theatre of conflict undertake an heroic task and will be entitled to the gratitude of his country though the definite history of these simultaneous and colossal wars must still be remote. When his lordship wrote (October 1914) we only knew something of the first act of the drama. But it will not be complete till we know the fifth he says. If the Prussians are victorious we need not trouble our heads. That supremacy means it would seem the end of liberty of civilisation and religion as we have understood them to be and we shall be compelled to kneel before the Dragon of brute force. That contingency however we all exclude. What he asks will follow the victory of the

* *Nelson's History of the War* By John Buchan 25/- (6d per vol. (Nelson))

Altho? Will it be a cessation of the burden of armaments and the establishment of a more balanced equilibrium of power in Europe? None can tell say Lord Rosebery but the answer to these questions to be unfolded in the fifth act makes it much the more momentous.

Colonel Buchan's latest volume may be regarded as dealing with the prelude to Lord Rosebery's fifth act. They are enthralling, but it is probable that the general reader is distinguished from the informed student of war will find the early volumes as attractive as any reading so much that he has been forgotten and explaining so much that was misunderstood. Essential parts of historic utterances are reproduced and thus we are given the Imperial Chancellor's immensely famous speech announcing that necessity knows no law and that anybody who threatened us by fighting for his high positions can have only one thought how to find his way through.

This doctrine if put into general practice writes Colonel Buchan

would obviously make a speedy end of treaties and international conventions and indeed of public faith.

He adds that the best comment upon it is to be found in an interview between Herr von Bethmann Hollweg and Sir Edward Goschen. Do you mean to say the Imperial Chancellor asked with scorn and incredulity that you are going to make war for a scrap of paper? Unfortunately sir the British Ambassador replied that scrap of paper contains our signature as well as your.

Concerning the beginning Colonel Buchan writes

Small as our striking force was by comparison with our neighbours—a mere spearhead to the shaft which was the main power of Britain—it was not to be compared with any continental army of the same size. Colonel Buchan explains why. Our troops were without question the most professional in the world. It may seem a bold claim and to the Germans before they were beaten it would have seemed a preposterous claim

but the training of our Regular both in duration and thoroughness was far beyond anything known in the short service army. Furthermore the fact that we had had usually to fight our way in desert and ill provided countries had compelled us to bring our transport and commissariat up to the highest point of perfection and the same held true of our engineering and medical service. Almost all officers over thirty had gone through the South African campaign

which a Kipling character called with customary Kipling-like precision a full dress parade for Armageddon.

In this is done the retreat from Mons and the real story is given of what happened at the Marne. But there are those who will regret to read that it is only alleged that the Kaiser in order to stay on August 10th 1914 declared. It is my royal and imperial command that you concentrate your energies for the immediate present upon one single purpose and that is that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and to walk over General French's contemptible little army. It is almost certain say Colonel Buchan shattering for the



Photo by M. J. L. N.

Colonel John Buchan

public an illusion shattered for Fleet Street long ago that this order was apocryphal.

An achievement on which the historian is to be congratulated is that although—unlike the majority of classic war histories—written while the battles were still in progress the History makes no important statement that calls for re-writing in view of subsequent developments. It is a remarkable feat having regard to the astounding surprises that have marked the progress of affairs since August 1914. Colonel Buchan of course like all critics and commentators could not foresee the Russian debacle but even what he has to say of Russia's early part in the hostilities remains sound. This is true also as to the attitude and activities of other nations which have undergone amazing and unforeseen changes during the past four years.

IRISH AND OTHERWISE

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

MISS GORE BOOTH is an essential poet. The skies and the winds and the bog and hills of Ireland are in her dreams and her poetry. In poetry one can say what it would be difficult to say in prose. The spirit goes on a free wing. Perhaps the Censor has turned the blind eye to these Sister Songs. So much the better for poetry. Broken Glory¹ might carry for its motto

St. ne walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage

It contains beautiful poetry—nothing better than To Constance in Prison

Out ist from joy and beauty—hild of broken hopes
Irlan
I st to the moor mountains and patch it in all
flowers
Robbed of the leave to moon that shines on tu on fields
I corn
Heft it and drops on green leaves bright wicks of
fallen showers

Nay not at least while through your soul a sudden
rapture thrills
And all your dreams are shaken by the salt Atlantic
wind
The gods descend at midnight from the magic hearted
hills
And there are woods and primroses in the country of
your mind

A love song of long ago

The level of poetry turns to a pool by Seumas O'Sullivan with a sense of lively anticipation which The Rosces and Other Poems will satisfy. After Yeats Mr. O'Sullivan is most perfect in technique of all the Irish poets and he has the dreamy enchanted atmosphere the grammar of The Man Who Dreamed of Franklin. Mists and magic lie over all he writes. This tiny book like Miss Gore Booth's bears the inscription

Passed by Censor— which is to say that here is another poet of lost causes. When the world lacks lost causes and the poets to sing them the world will be in a bad way. These are very brief songs many of them just an epigram or an impression. I am not sure that I do not like Seumas O'Sullivan better when he has less grip on real things when he is in the clouds and dreams. But here is a song for Thomas MacDonagh full of the old wistful and haunting beauty

Youth who had garnered all that old song could give
you
And rarer music in places where the bittern cries
What new strange symphonies what new music thrills
you
Flashing in light loud magic beneath wildering skies?

Singer of dawn songs you who drink now at the fountain
Cry out as your own poet of the bittern cried
Flood that new song deep drunken rapturous about us
So shall these parched sad hearts drink deep be
satisfied

¹ Broken Glory By Eva Gore Booth 1s net (Maunsel)
² The Rosces and Other Poems By Seumas O'Sullivan 2s 6d net (Maunsel)

The poet has the old spell to lay upon us in these new poems

First Songs² will not be last song. Mr. Allen has a real gift of poetry. That such delicate things should spring among the whirring looms of Belfast is one of the miracles which are so thick around us that we often fail to recognise them. Mr. Allen as he says himself

Has walked the streets of Babylon
Seeing the purple wares of Tyre

but indeed he has an better thing than Lydian purple. He has seen the wood fretted with primroses and love and the innocence of life and he has made gentle poetry of it which is cool as dew in these heated days. Neither purple of Tyre nor hue linen of Idelfa thus but just hicks and streams and the hill

Thyrea and Other Sonnets³ by John Ferguson reveal a poet who can give life to the sonnet form and that is somewhat rare. Nothing can be duller than the respectable sonnet which is far more exciting than the lyric form for what would pass for a pretty thing in a lyric may be absurdly inadequate and attenuated in the latter form. Mr. Ferguson brings to the sonnet what it needs a rounded thought or experience in the octet the passionate summing up of the thought in the sestet therefore he is successful in the medium which so many of the great poets used with such splendour. His hospital sonnets have life and actuality though they lack the brilliance of Heul's sonnet on the same theme with which Mr. W. I. Courtney who wrote an amiable preface to the little collection compares them. But they are good sonnets as are the musical ones which catch often the surge and thunder of the music they commemorate.

Wine and Gail⁴ by J. and L. is one of the clever and deft little books of more or less light verse of which Mr. Blackwell sends us so many. They are much defter and they have much more substance than the light verse of Victorian days for in these Georgian times the jester jests with a poignant underthought that roses die and girls must fade. Here is an example of the very pleasant deftness of the mingled lightness and seriousness of this handful of verse

I love you are like a row of limes
With murmur of many bees
From golden bells their honeyed chimes
Are borne upon the breeze

But in your still autumnal times
You are like the olive trees
On some cool peak the chamois climbs
With enviable ease

Miss Bradford's Solitude and Other Poems⁵ contain many pleasant fancies and some deeply felt thoughts

² First Songs By Anthony Allen 4s net (Maunsel)
³ Thyrea and Other Sonnets By John Ferguson 1s net (Melrose)
⁴ Wine and Gail By J. and L. 1s 6d net (Blackwell)
⁵ Solitude and Other Poems By Florence M. Bradford 2s 6d net (Erskine Macdonald)

These verses which have appeared in the serial press will have made a public for their writer which will rejoice to have them gathered into more durable forms. They are not exacting either for the writer or the reader.

Lazarus and Other Poems. By M. Winifred Hughes.

has a manner of tenderness in the title poem which befits the subject. The other verses have the merit of a clear diction, an easy flow of music and a delicate colour sense.

* *Lazarus and Other Poems*. By M. Winifred Hughes. net.

J. M. BARRIE AS DRAMATIST

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE drama is not as good as it used to be. It never was. Its decay has been the theme of recurrent lamentations from the days of Euripides down (or up) to recent outbursts in the newspapers. Take any journal and glance through the advertisement columns. I except it that gallant outpost on the minute the Old Vic there is at the moment of writing, not a single play of classic rail being acted there; not a single modern play of real value to be seen; and there is no author of importance represented save Racine rather precariously and Arnold Bennett below the level of his best. The stage is dominated by the modern, whose nature it is to be without form and void. On the other hand, for we must be as far as we can, there never was to be seen on the English stage such a large number of soundly competent and intelligent players. True, there is no outstanding figure of genius like Henry Irving, no embodiment of sheer irresistible radiant womanliness like Ellen Terry, but we must not expect such portents more than once in a lifetime. We must beware of the common critical fallacy shortening that look back into the palmy days (whatever they were) and see the tinge of the past peopled entirely by Crichtons and Siddonses and Kembles and Kean. It is only too probable that these rare and remarkable people were great in a way of superlativity that we should now find it hard to tolerate, and it is only too certain that the general rank and file were barnstormers and buffoons of the most malignant type. On the score of acting, the stage of to-day has nothing to fear from a comparison with any former period.

It would appear then that we are in the melancholy position of having delightfully competent actors and nothing for them to act in.

And yet

The stage is the home of false values, and we must not let them deceive our critical vision. We can remember a past century more easily than the last decade. Nothing seems so dead as that which died yesterday, that which we see in the long perspective of years stands out with a clearness that is a kind of second life. To denounce the stage of the moment for its lack of masterpieces is to take the stage's own short view, and to cut off the prospect with a back cloth. Go back two dozen years, and you will find in the lighter productions worse rubbish than we are getting now, and in the star pieces—the plays of the regular practitioners—nothing that would be endured by an intelligent audience of to-day. Perhaps *The Case of Rebelious Susan* may be excepted, but for my own part I am doubtful even of that.

Now consider what we have had in more recent times—the plays of Galsworthy, Masfield, Granville Barker

Bernard Shaw, St. John Hankin, Stanley Houghton, Gilbert Murray, Arnold Bennett, and J. M. Barrie. plays that bear seeing and reading again and again, and surely no one will doubt that. The Decay of the Drama is merely one of those little outbreaks of pessimism into which we are all betrayed at times. I chose the year 1894 as my horrible example, simply because it is the cubit in my own memory of which I have my record. It happened to be a lucky choice, for positively the only production that redeems it to our eyes from utter blindness is a piece by two new men.

Arnold and the Man, by G. Bernard Shaw, and *The Professor's Love Story* by J. M. Barrie. The modern stage had produced its typical man of talent, and its typical man of genius.

Neither was the author's first play. A year before

Widower Honours had been performed by the Independent Theatre. *Walker London* had been played by Ibsen in the now vanished theatre bearing his name. In a sense Shaw and Barrie were dramatically born together. But what a difference! Shaw at once exhibits the easy accomplishment of cleverness, Barrie the stumbling diffidence of genius. Shaw has written few better plays than *Arms and the Man*, Barrie few worse than *The Professor's Love Story*. In Shaw's first effort you have the man complete—brilliant, confident, voluble, witty, vain, hard, efficient. In Barrie's you have the incomplete youth—hesitating, awkward, unshapely, simple, sentimental yet enchanting, because young. Shaw has never changed—he was mechanically complete from the first. Like Pitt he did not grow, he was cut. Barrie has gone on from strength to strength, exhibiting glimpses always new and always startling of a delicate, disconcerting and almost disquietingly ingenious nature. In brief, Shaw is the man who never was young, Barrie the boy who will never be old.

Barrie's earliest plays disclose very few specific symptoms of his real dramatic genius—excepting, always his humour. All true humorists are individual, all wits are alike. *Walker London*, as I recall it—I was a mere boy when it was played—had the sunniness and gaiety of youth, the freshness of a young mind trying to talk in the hoary idiom of sentimental fiction. *The Professor's Love Story*, which has endured the ordeal of a recent revival, was a patchwork of old stage devices and genuine humour. It illustrates at once the author's main defect, his refusal to keep his fantasies always true to their own world. As I remarked in these columns recently, there is no meaning in the stock demand that art shall be true to life, for the truth of life is infinite. But we have a right to insist that a work of art shall be true to its own life. The artist may create what

world he will but he must stay in it. I quoted Shakespeare before so I will quote Dickens now. The world of *Pickwick* is not the world of *Copperfield* the world of *Great Expectations* is not the world of either and the world of *A Christmas Carol* is different yet again. But how wonderfully true each is to its own world! The most unsatisfactory parts of

Pickwick are the intercalated stories like *The Stroller's Life* and *The Convict's Return* not merely because they are bad in themselves to modern taste but because they are utterly alien to the world in which they are thrust. Barrie's absent-minded Professor is a dear fellow and his love for the pretty secretary a sentimental fairy tale told with delicate humour and quite legitimate touches of exaggeration. But into the pretty game of make-believe (and we were better dead if we cannot join in the play) there intrudes that malignant and melodramatic spinster with her supposed false lover and the undelivered letter (providentially found at the last moment behind the zinc of the old post-box) and her resolve like *Hamlet* that there shall be no more marriage. It is as if in the story of *Cinderella* we had not the Ugly Sister but Cinder and Reginald result a dilemma not belonging to the original situation a dilemma of melodrama utterly untrue to the world of Barrie's humorous fantasy.

Barrie's native woodnote wild bird heard into the footlight from the rustics of *The Professor's Love Story* welled into a symphony in his next play.

The Little Minister taken from the novel which then represented his most considerable work. It is a fixed prejudice of mine that a play taken from a novel is of less importance than a play originally conceived a drama. *The Little Minister* is a case in point. The happy love story of Gavin Dishart and Babbie could not endure the hard glare of the footlights and was almost abandoned. Our interest was concentrated on the speech, humour and manner of that strange foreigner the Scot and especially on the species of Scot called Elder. I have not the least idea what an Elder is or how he does it but I know that by all tradition from the McNab pictures in *Ally Sloper* onwards his principal function in the arts is to amuse the English. The traditions were maintained and *The Little Minister* which as a novel narrowly escaped tragedy is a play scarcely escaped farce. Needless to say it was immensely popular.

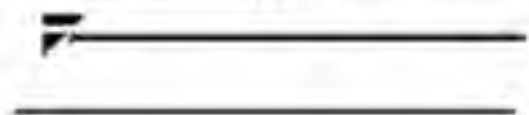
So far the least valuable element in Barrie's contributions to the stage was the stagey the most valuable his genuine inventions and his native humour. His next play *The Wedding Guest* produced at the Garrick in 1900 may be called his farewell to the stagey. All Barrie's best plays are in the only tolerable sense of the term problem plays. *The Wedding Guest* was a problem play as the nineties understood the term that is a play about a woman with a past — a past of course being a thing that no respectable person would think of having. *Hamlet* is a problem play because confronted with the man and his mission our interest centres in the question 'What will he do with it?' To the nineties a problem play was merely one that rused the question 'What will he do with her?' — really not a problem at all but an embarrassment. How a man will demean himself under

the burden of a cosmic duty alien to his nature is an eternal question. What a man shall do with his mistress when he takes a wife is a social embarrassment temporary and local depending very largely as dramatists seem to forget on the views of the wife and wives are individual not typical. The wedding guest of Barrie's play was the husband's unmarried partner the mother of his child. The situation was handled with a kind of stage strength not found in any other play of the author's but the ultimate self-effacement of the mistress rather evaded than solved the difficulty. All one can say is that the solution applied to this particular case. *The Wedding Guest* is not down for publication in the present series. I think its omission a real misfortune. It is Barrie's *Trilussa and Cressida* entitled to our sincerest interest though possibly not to our affection. He should certainly publish it for the instruction of those readers who think him in the best sense critically for it is his first and last stage play the boundary between his attempts to give the stage what it wanted and his attempts to give the stage what he wanted. Up to *The Little Minister* we wonder if stage demands will triumph over the impulses of his genius. With *The Wedding Guest* we exclaim that the stage has subdued him. Thereafter we were to see that it was he who had subdued the stage.

In the year 1902 within a few weeks of each other were produced *Quality Street* and *The Admirable Crichton*. Which was written first I have no means of knowing but I shall hope it was *Quality Street* — it is much less characteristic. Full though it is of delightful Barrie touches especially in the printed version it is not a genuine Barrie work. Its great charm is in its pretty sense of period and so it is much better illustrated by the pen of Hugh Thomson than by the persons of Edmund Ferriss and Seymour Hick.

The real Barrie begins with *The Admirable Crichton* for here we get the fabulist with figures like himself to point his moral. It is *The Admirable Crichton* not *The Wedding Guest* that is Barrie's first problem play. At this point too we may say ends the career of Barrie the novelist. Henceforth the best of him was to be given to the stage. Altogether then *The Admirable Crichton* is a crucial piece and it is as admirable as its name. The first act is a flawed piece of fantastic satirical comedy and the second a fitting sequel. With Act III exaggeration begins to set in and in Act IV we are on the verge of farce so that the final touch of emotional drama almost tragic in suppressed intensity ends the comedy in a key many removes from its satirical opening. The creatures of the fable suddenly flash into real existence and disturb our adjustment. Here as before for a disconcerting moment the author is untrue to his world and we must call this a defect because in such entirely beautiful plays as *Dear Brutus* and *The Will* and in such entirely satisfying comedies as *Rosalind* and *What Every Woman Knows* the symphonic truth (as one may call it) is maintained.

In truth of character he is more consistent. His later pieces are for the most part thesis-plays yet the characters are never mere puppets of debate. They



are so full of a whimsical and endearing personality that they almost defy impersonation. But they are not human. They wear our likeness but they do not share our nature. It has been objected for instance that John Shand gives no evidence of his parliamentary capacity and that Maggie Shand's domestic arrangements with her rival lack the true note of a devoted wife's inquiry. It must be painful to write for such a literal world. To demand the kind of verisimilitude is to ask that Asop's character should speak with ovine or lupine accent or that jealous Oberon should comport himself like Othello. Barrie is a fabulist not a realist. Nay more he is in essence a poet although he writes in prose. He belongs to the line of Andersen not of Ibsen. John Wood is near Arden and not far from Athos. Miss Hunk's policeman comes from the pantomime not from Vine Street. In Barrie's world they neither marry nor are given in marriage; they are just children playing at mother and father. The tragedy is not in them; it is in the world which looks on and remembers.

In one instance Barrie for does not merely hit the world but hits these. In the days when women went about burning churches, looting pictures, thumping policemen and padlocking themselves to railings and actually tried to find modern political reasons for a frenzy, a cold, a Agave's Barrie wrote a delightful and devastating satire on women's exquisite lawlessness and man's rather fatuous toleration. He called it *The Adored One* and Mrs. Patrick Campbell that enchantress played the divine Leonora who explains with disarming and irresistible simplicity how she had to kill a fellow passenger because he wanted the carriage window down when she wanted it up. The judge and jury were entirely convinced but the public in front which likes its caricatures to be coarse rather missed the point so the obliging author re-wrote the play with most of the joke left out and has since I believe made even a third attempt to catch the ear of the groundlings. A too delicate fable ought not to be sophisticated because the public taste is dull. What fault there was in *The Adored One* was not in its purpose, proportion or invention but in its texture which was too fragile for stage use. That is sound reason for publishing it but I do not see it in the list of inclusions.

The same defect, if defect it be, for the fault is rather in our gross expectations from the stage than in any delicacy of the fare—the same defect can be found in

those delightful inventions *Little Mary* and *Alice Sit by the Fire*. The former prescribed for the ills of the organ disguised as *Little Mary* is not without resemblance to the coelotric presented to Ocul by Zulu and the cures in each case naturally provoke the implacable hostility of the qualified faculty. It is all very delightful but hardly enough to make a play about. So too in *Alice Sit by the Fire* the satire upon the flapper who notion of life is derived from the Jewish Waller drama (now a day it would be from the Jew) is exquisite but exiguous. A keener and more delicate as my wife fortunately found enough for a run and a revival. These plays are all down for publication but I regret to find among the many to place.

I am one adventure in the direction of political satire. The comparative failure of the piece is to be sought in the circumstances of the world long run production rather than in any defect of the invention. Like the others we have named it was rather too thin and did not last. But it should be excellent reading.

A word of the author with whom he has something in common. Barrie touches nothing that he does not adorn. Think of the one act play the despised curtain raiser which in



Plot by J. M. Barrie

Sir J. M. Barrie

his hand has become a thing of wonder! He began his stage career in 1891 with curtain raiser but what a journey he has made from *Ibsen's Ghost* to *The Will* that human tragedy in half an hour and to *The Twelve Pound Look* and *Lost and Found* in comics but criticism of life almost without a blemish! He has even decided to revive (with cinema) and satirise the life and language of (stage) virtue and the roses and rapture of (stage) vice in the prisons of his *Lord and Lady Langton* and *Mrs. Rosy Rapture*. Perhaps in the hand of other comedian the piece might have been more tolerable than I found it. As it was its Barriisms (and there were not a few) failed for once to get home. Let *Rosy Rapture* be forgotten and let us remember instead that Barrie has written the perfect entertainment for children and added Peter Pan to the kinder stock of Fairyman's mythology. In a special sense this play is immortal for children as the oldest thing in the world the true conservatives who ask for nothing better than the good they know and as *Peter Pan* is a quintessence of childish delight there is no reason why

it should not go on being played as long as Christmas holidays endure in this distracted globe. And so with *Barrie* alive and perennial and with one of his plays likely to go on running much longer than the youngest of us, we should be careful how we bewail the decay of the drama.

His latest play *Dear Brutus* is simply his loveliest. It seems almost too sacred for discussion. The child that can be somewhere discerned in all *Barrie's* best plays, the child with his intense and penetrating criticism with his ingenious joy and his ingenious delights — is still to be seen in *Dear Brutus* — but it is now the child with his lighter smile into a kind of suffering wonder, the child who can now discern infinite passion and the pain of finite heart that yearn. There is no wisdom like a child's instinct.

We poor grown up obliterated fools. *Stevenson* exclaims contrasting our obtuseness with the delicate perceptions of childhood. *Barrie* has grown up but not grown old. He has never become obliterated and never can. Since *Shelley* there has not been in our literature a mind so essentially innocent, so free from the contamination of the world's slow stain — and the strangest part of this pure gift is that it has flowered in the theatre. Into that bedizened world where purity seems a commodity and vice more vicious, he has brought the bloom of a child's unconscious innocence into a world where feeling becomes rant and emotion rhetoric. He has brought the whispered confidences of loving intimacy into the world where, having eyes they see not, he has brought the visions that are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed but unto babes.

New Books

A WRITER'S RECOLLECTIONS*

□ Mrs. Humphry Ward's literary career has been one long speculation in the *not unjust* — and hence is the whole sum of memoirs is felt accurately and vividly descriptive — her recollections do not make such good reading as their material promises. She met most of the notable Victorians shrewdly at Oxford in the splendid sixties and seventies. She had a unique opportunity for insight into the soul of her time when Robert Elmer became the focus of the great post-Darwinian religious discussion. But nothing of this gets past that style which in the utter wrongness of all its ingredients reminds us of nothing so much as *groceries*. Once more Mrs. Humphry Ward presents us not with a work of art but with the artistic enigma of her own case. We wonder again how it is possible that a person of such vehement energy can pour it out unstintingly on the production of literature and yet never be able to transmute it to creative energy. It seems as if her energy would not rise above the wrist. Indefatigably her hand covers page after page but her mind takes in impressions without vigour and performs its business of inventing phrases languidly and mechanically. In these chapters in which she has risked set about to tell us what she knew of *Jowett* and *J. I. Green* and *Muriel Pattison* she mentions them rather than describes them and conveys hardly as much of their world as Mr. Kenneth Craik does when he writes in *The Wind in the Willows* that "The clever men at Oxford know all that there is to be known." Her favourite adjective for the great men she knew is *kind* — and while she proves by an exhaustive citation of the letters they wrote to her about her novels that this description is accurate it remains inadequate. Reading this volume is like watching a very forceful person hanging up faded photographs which at the best of times can never have been very good likenesses on all the wrong places of the wall.

Yet certain things emerge. There are one or two interesting anecdotes — most notably that heartrending story of the Shakespearean First Folio with margins covered with contemporary notes which the ignorant Valerian librarian consigned to his *brasero* when he was clearing his shelves of rubbish — and numerous self-revelations which give us a heightened sense of Mrs. Humphry Ward's personality. There is much that is attractive in the spectacle of the ambitious girl impressed by the intellectual romance of being an Arnold, casting about for the best way of using her brains very much as a clever young man might do.

working hard at early Spanish history, trying her hand at the Primer of English Literature that was afterwards carried out by Stopford Brooke, contributing to the Dictionary of Christian Biography, and in later life acting as Examiner for the Tylorian Scholarship. There is certainly much that is honourable in the social work she performed in connection with the Lassmore Edward Settlement and the Elv Centre Movement. And there is something magnificent about her career as a novelist. There is greatness in her assumption of greatness — in the large calm of her burglarious entrance into the hall of fame and the grand manner with which — if one may put it so — she gets away with the swag — in the immodest solemnity with which she refers to her literary processes and her solid certainty that she is an artist. There is a sublime chapter here in which Mrs. Humphry Ward — although unfortunately unable to recall accurately either the titles of his books or the names of his characters — or to provide criticism of his work which comes up to any adult standard — treats Mr. Henry James with the reverence she owes to an equal. She is quite misty with him. There is also a passage on the novelists of today which shows that Mrs. Humphry Ward has caught from Mr. Frederic Harrison the habit of "checking" her juniors and which is unlike anything that ever happened in print before except a manifesto issued to the public some time ago by Miss Marie Corelli in which that lady declared herself willing to bid her time and establish her title to undying fame when those phantoms of a day, Bennett and Wells and Conrad and Galsworthy had passed to oblivion. Mr. Galsworthy is patted on the head — that dignified head — and given the critical equivalent of a bun. But *Tono Bungay* is a piece of admirable fooling — and in the ensuing peppery pronouncement on the worthlessness of Mr. Wells's work we stand dumb while Mrs. Ward who alone among authors writes as though she were carrying an umbrella in the other hand reproaches a fellow writer for lack of charm. The *Old Wives Tale* is ugly — and while one hears the noise of a scuffle on Olympus as though they were finding it difficult to keep order among the Muses Mrs. Ward informs Mr. Bennett that he has not justified his method. There is greatness about all this. Even when it is *Impertinence* it is great.

There is moreover a certain amount of historical interest in these recollections. They illumine a period which it is highly important that we should understand since so many of our institutions and our beliefs are grown from seed scattered then — and which it is very difficult to understand because it is so recent and we are confused in our estimate both by the self-flattery of those Victorians who are still

* A Writer's Recollections. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 1s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

with us and the controversial libels of those modern who were born sufficiently close to it to have to do with it. Among the most significant things in this book is Mrs Humphry Ward's pride at being an Arnold. It is something much more than the pride of belonging to a distinguished family—it amounts to a claim of sacred blood. So might Cleopatra claim to be descended from the black kitten of the sacred white cat. She summons Charlotte Brontë from her grave in a way that suggests that there ought to be a fine for unnecessarily invoking the dead, as there is for pulling the communication cord without reason, and trounces her for having dared to express a doubt to a friend whether Mrs. Arnold had a strong character as well as being good and charming. She indulges in an exceedingly rude foot note about Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose essay on Dr. Arnold she resents with what since Dr. Arnold died long before she was born must be the pun of outraged ancestor worship rather than family affection. And it recalls to us that in these days there was a real intellectual hierarchy, the members of which spoke as those having authority to a people who believed in the validity of that authority. Nowadays those who speak to the people would claim inspiration rather than authority, and their audience preserves in its mind until the matter is heard out. But that sense of the necessity of external sanctions ran through all the Victorian world, even to its religious controversy. Not so would a Christian theologian, as I have seen in his Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord, that the authority with which Christ spoke must be explained not only by his spiritual majesty but by his divine rank; nor an Agnostic like J. W. Newman be led to question the divinity of Christ by his self-assertion. These things would seem irrelevant considerations to us now, with our belief that man must speak as the spirit moves him. We are all Christ, is nowadays.

This hieratic society which seems artificial and alien to us was doubtless necessitated by the different emotional temper of the times. They were always seeking to make institutions that would bind the whole world, that would force its errant spirit to move within certain limitations because they had hotter blood than ours. They were more subject to and more impressible by emotional explosions. That Mrs. Humphry Ward has already shown us in the behaviour of her characters and their extraordinary physical abandonment. Catherine Elmore for instance accompanied her husband's spiritual adventures with an *obligato* of tears and burning flushes and was always a competent producer of registering some emotion. So far as that goes Mrs. Ward's novels were certainly a fair enough picture of the world that was convulsed with a fury of religious controversy and was ready to be passionately stirred by the eloquence of such preachers as Stanley and Pusey and Liddon (who came down from the pulpit white and shaken dripping with perspiration). No doubt many of the things that strike us as flaws in Mrs. Humphry Ward's assumptions of space, her narrow political views and her limitless faith in the decency and respectability of reaction are survivals of a time when intellectuals felt it their duty to live cautiously in a world that seemed changing too rapidly and too radically. We would be willing to pay her a certain honour for her real achievements if it were not for the literary pretensions which she has never shown more brazenly than in this volume. But there is nothing to be said when a sound and servicable piece of mahogany furniture insists that it is really Chippendale.

RELI (CA WLS)

THE WOMEN NOVELISTS*

In spite of some delicate appreciations especially of Miss Austen and Fanny Burney Mr Brimley Johnson's book is rather a disappointment For one thing his title

* The Women Novelist By R. Brimley Johnson
6s net (Collins)

tious expectations which the book has nothing to fulfil. The reader looks either for a comical study of women novelists within a stated period, or for a miscellany in the chief names. Mr. Johnson is surely rather there is a fair amount of desultory writing in the miscellaneous for Mrs. Behn to Mr. Ogbourn, and a more careful study of the work of Miss Fanny, Mr. Austen and Charlotte Brontë. To these the Mr. Johnson adds George Eliot and dubs them. The Great Dorset is a judgment which in its exclusion of Mr. Trollope seems to a little short and ridiculous. To the great women and men, whilst who write *Wives and Daughters*, *Nath and South*, *Cousin Phillis*, and *Sylvia* I say Mr. Johnson at a time and etc. some ten pages, but they consist of an essay on *Grandeur* which whilst enthusiastic give no idea of the range of Mrs. Trollope, and the breadth of her interest in her supreme mastery in putting different kind of fiction. Indeed Mr. Johnson does not compare so much of her with other novelists, only women, with fiction which by comparison received the reader's smile for a woman. And in women may list another from the present by name Mr. Austen, and the latterly, for further work like Miss Austen's, if that in a third volume there may be another in the old country. Mr. Johnson's whole enjoyment of Mr. Trollope and Mr. Austen is on a higher level than that of the latter, and in and of itself with the wildness of Charlotte Brontë's and the very ingenuity of the great name of the latter.

Common fiction is the limit of the social world with Jane Austen, and it will limit the imagination of Mr. Turgenev. It is true that while Mr. Tolstoy and Miss Yonge's exist side by side, the power is misdirected, but this is a miserable failure, and the imitation is delusive with a difference. Mr. Turgenev and Mr. Austen are limited in themselves. They feel the school they are unwary of a great deal of life. Miss Yonge excludes. Her purpose is to be read by young women. Miss Austen is self-polluted, and amazingly she is called for by any woman whom men would not read.

The appeal of all serious women novelists of the last half century has been to the great pathos that there is no appeal, with a few minor exceptions, approved on the basis of the writer's sex.

Mr. J has no prejudices, and rather than the total tendency to general discrimination and women's inferiority in his analysis, chapter on "The Woman's Man" he writes:

I'll j i l d i v a n n h r i j u t u n l i n t
 i r i e r d i v n n h n f d l f f
 a i t i l i u i v l y j u t i r t h
 i n n i r i n d l u s i l i f i t i r b u
 u n l h a n y l e t i v l i m h t j l u j t t h r
 f i t t h r i j u t i l o n i l j r i
 t h a i l j l f l h t i r i f a v u n t h n t
 t h t l i t h e f o t h e d y

It is a little noted that these complimentary sentences should be written as a criticism of Miss Austen's drawing of Knightley and Darcy - there is more of the Reverend Mr. Collins about the last sentence which would have brought a twitch to the lips and the suspicion of a twinkle to the eye of the creator of Elizabeth Bennet. It is no doubt true that masculine ideas of chivalry have at times found scant and hasty attention from women - but the reason I think is to be found in the women's conviction that those same ideas are more convenient for men's use and comfort and frequently inconsistent with their honesty and truth.

Another unhappy generalisation of Mr. John Ruskin is to be found in his remarks on George Eliot's humour. He rightly perhaps credits George Eliot with wit rather than humour and then delivers himself of the amazing statement. The fact is that humour and even wit flourish most happily in uncultured fields—for there is only one George Meredith. And one Lucian one Rabelais one Erasmus one Congreve one Addison one Swift one Peacock one Butler—is there indeed any great master of wit or humour except Dickens who can be called

uncultured? In a sense the judgment is true of Mark Twain—but beside those two every humorist whether his scope be cynical like Heine's sympathetic like Lamb's or universal like Shakespeare's must jostle George Meredith on the lonely peak which Mr. Johnson assigns him. In an appendix Mr. Johnson gives a list of women writers in his period 1752-1858. This is not complete and might be amplified in future editions. Caroline Lamb might find her place, if only for the sake of her strange personal drama. Mrs. Norton Lady Blessington and Grace Aguilar all deserve mention at least as much as Anne Elizabeth Bray and Mrs. Bennett. The book too would have more coherence and unity if Mr. Johnson could add a chapter to include the earlier Victorians such as Miss Elwing Ouida and Miss Broughton whose work was largely contemporaneous with that of Mrs. Oliphant Mrs. Craik and Miss Yonge. They may not be of the same generation and Miss Broughton is sometimes positively Georgian in feeling—but the work of the older women can hardly be properly examined or given its due position unless the critic remembers that they had as rivals younger writers who looked to the same models and spoke to different ends the same language. With the coming of the nineties a different language is spoken—and there is no comparing Mrs. Oliphant and George Meredith.

R. LEES ROBERTS

THE GARDEN OF SURVIVAL *

Mr. Blackwood is taking the traditional doctrine of reincarnation with high seriousness. It is the motive and mainspring of *Karm*—and that excellent dramatic recital has been followed almost immediately by the present study in which the subject forms a background. For the scheme of the former work reincarnation was more than essential seeing that it was the scheme itself. For the latter it is a good deal less than necessary since given a few changes in things that could be varied with ease it might pass out of view altogether and not be missed. The point is noted because it would appear that Mr. Blackwood is moving towards the idea of rebirth as a matter of personal faith. However this may be—and it is scarcely a reviewer's business except for a note in passing, this *Garden of Survival* is a remarkable psychological study—story it cannot be called—and there are some vital moments towards the end. A little patience is demanded perhaps more especially at the inception not because we are dealing with letters from brother to twin brother but because the character which unfolds therein never moves from its own centre until the last pages and almost throughout repels rather than attracts. One is haunted also by a conviction that the woman who loves him and becomes his wife has cast herself away on a personality of too little worth to justify the act—even on the supposition that she has wronged him in some far away life on earth. It must be said that he improves towards the end for at least after his own manner he who was drawn to her only in his gross part does come to need and love her—so to speak in the spirit. In the body she left him after one month of marriage being killed in a motor accident. Her last words promise that she will try again speaking of yet another incarnation. However in the course of the years she finds a better way and this is the stage at which the consequence of the narrative emerges and of which I shall forbear to speak—in the main as a matter of fairness for the rest because it would be difficult in a brief notice. Mr. Blackwood may owe something to Isaac de Loria's *Book of the Revelations of Souls*—or he may have adapted by his own art certain intimations drawn from the mystical doctrine of substitution. It does not signify. He has made it his own marvellously and he has even changed his letter writer not utterly nor fully but he has made him almost tolerable.

A. E. WAITE

* *The Garden of Survival* By Algernon Blackwood 1s 6d net (Macmillan)

TWO WAR NOVELS *

If there is a title which above all others Mr. W. J. Locke would be proud as he is worthy to receive it is that of interpreter of France to English readers. Throughout the war may be said his role has been to act as liaison officer of literature to make the Anglo-French understanding as much a reality in English homes and by English firesides as French peasants and townsmen feel it to be in the presence of our soldiers. In the case of few of our novelists can the friendship of the two nations have chimed more happily with personal predilections for France has always been Mr. Locke's spiritual home and to French highways and French inns he has consistently taken the creatures of his imagination for holiday and happiness. From the days of *The Beloved Vagabond* onwards the lesser frequented districts of France have stood with him for a demi-paradise or fairyland the mere atmosphere of which works like wine on his style and sets his fancy aflame. Adventure drama fun occur as if spontaneously in the France his art frequents and when you come to think of it some of the outstanding characters of his fiction—Uragot and Aristide Fajol for example—are French or half-French. So it is only fitting that in his new novel *The Rough Road* he should show us how France in the person of his delightful heroine Jeanne takes the horrors of invasion and ravage and murder and even worse iniquities which we associate with the *Rache*. Very unlike the fairy world he has made of it in the past is the France which the hard facts of war oblige him to picture to day—but none the less adorable in spite of her scars and tragic sorrows.

If Mr. Locke's heroine so hospitable and friendly to the trio of British romances who restore her to joy is French of the French his hero starts by being the most ludicrously insular and least heroic type of Englishman. In him the novelist has set himself to effect one of those romantic transformations of character which have always appealed to his Hugoesque temper—one of those semi-impossible self-rebuilding which after the miracles of the war no one may now dare to call impossible. Mr. Locke takes a young man brought up in cotton world carefully protected from the discipline and bracing influences of life and pitches him salt by butter into the rough and tumble of the British Army. What could be expected from such a coddled creature robbed of public school training, spoon-fed flabby and effeminate but the direst fiasco when goaded by his sweetheart and his friends he takes an officer's commission? It is not merely the swaddling clothes of his upbringing that are against him but the very air of Durdlebury—that sleepy old world nook of ecclesiasticism in which he was born. His failure however as an officer has its uses in waking up Doggie Trevor to an appreciation of war time values and the desperate remedy he adopts which might almost seem like plunging from the frying pan into the fire—that of joining the ranks—achieves its purpose just because for his thin skin there is protection in being one of a crowd and therefore obscure. We watch Doggie therefore at the business of saving his soul while hardening his body and doing it very thoroughly helped by quaint fellow rankers. Mo Shendish the cockney fried fish seller and Michael the scholar drunkard whom Mr. Locke with his instinct for oddities of characterisation makes very amusing company. Amusing and charming too is Doggie's cousin and sweetheart Peggy the Dean's daughter who for all her loyalty to the unregenerate hero hardly helps him in his task of making himself anew and rather resents the change when accomplished. But then of course she is destined for another lover the novelist here as heretofore transferring the affections of his characters with customary wilfulness though with all his compelling persuasiveness.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has not only French sympathies but French origins—her new tale however has a purely

* *The Rough Road* By W. J. Locke 6s. 6d. net (Hodley Head)—*Out of the War* By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes 7s. net (Chapman & Hall)





English setting being placed in what appears to be a south coast village to which a young naval officer takes his American bride before joining his ship because it is out of the war. Those who know the author and her Celtic gift of irony will be fully prepared to find that just because she gives such a title to her novel both her heroine and readers far from being taken out of war are plunged into the very thick of war happenings. And so it proves—for Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's book turns out to be a spy story with this strong recommendation that only those with the keenest scent for the enemy alien will smell out at first contact the identity of its spy. It is not merely the innocent heroine, not too well up in English ways and even English naval officer ways who is deceived by Captain Drake's Shakespearean quotations and masquerade of secret service work. And to say that is as much as to say that the novelist has succeeded in her aim which is to pile excitement on excitement while keeping her listeners mystified. Mrs. Lowndes has written more ambitious things but this will do to pass the time till she feels the spur of ambition again.

F. C. BURNETT

MY LIFE AND FRIENDS *

Professor Sully is one of several notable men who were originally intended for the Nonconformist ministry. His father was a sturdy radical dissenter in Bridgwater and young Sully in 1866 finished his theological course in the Baptist College at Regent's Park. But he felt unsettled. Spiritually I felt arid and exhausted as by an air pump. I had acquired the practice of putting questions to myself and I knew it was impossible for me to fall back into the passive, acquiescent attitude of my old religious days. A course of study at Göttingen under Lwold and Lotze followed with a short tour through Germany and Italy but young Sully returned as unsettled as ever and in 1871 accepted the post of tutor to John Morley's stepsister. This brought him into literary circles, he began to write in reviews and journals but the philosophical bent was asserting itself and a winter spent in Berlin completed his interest in the physiological side of psychology. His book on *Idealism* was published in 1877.

Kegan Paul told me that a man he was interested in who had been troubled with mental habits and traces of suicidal impulses showed about this time a striking improvement in the use of mind. On Paul's asking him what had helped him to adopt a more healthy attitude towards life he replied: Reading Sully.

Pythagoras. I have wondered how many philosophical writers could say that a book of theirs had produced an altogether good effect that of prolonging a human life.

Henceforth Sully's life was in London and in London University. He was disappointed in 1880 by failing to gain Bain's Chair in Aberdeen and two other attempts to win an academic footing in Liverpool and Dublin were equally unsuccessful. But he wrote and lectured indefatigably and finally succeeded Croom Robertson in the Grote Chair of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College London.

Reminiscences are treacherous material for the most part so far as regards childhood. Professor Sully candidly admits this. But he contrives to give a vivid enough impression of the early surroundings and influences in his career. There is the memory of a fair young girl for example at Westonzoyland who refused to use the name America for which she always substituted Columbia thereby showing as I thought an unusual childish respect for historical fairplay. There is also an unfavourable recollection of Charles Dickens as a reader. 'I have never been able quite to shake off the disillusioning and almost nauseating effect of the Christmas Carol coming—with no adequate voice to support it—out of the mouth of that get up dandified *jeune-vieille* with

the rouge the limelight and the rest of it. Still more interesting is the fact that Sully heard Mill make his famous answer to the working men who heckled him in 1865 when he was standing as Liberal candidate for Westminster.

The latter part of the book contains reminiscences of the friends he made at Hampstead and elsewhere and of notable people whom he met in the course of his career. He was one of Leslie Stephen's Sunday Tramps and he knew George Eliot and Herbert Spencer. William James and Henry Sidgwick. One of the best stories in his book is Sidgwick's retort to a German professor who observed:

In England you have no *Lehrten* have you? In deed we have. So! What then do you call them?

We call them poppicks! He tells two interesting facts about Letter Morrison's Life of St. Bernard. One is that in order to enter into the spirit of monasticism Morrison obtained the privilege of passing some weeks in a Cistercian monastery submitting himself to the sternest forms of monastic discipline. The other is that Morrison rewrote his manuscript in deference to Meredith's criticism that its style was too Carlylesque. The reminiscences of Meredith himself do not add much to what is already known of the novelist. His emphasis on the impression of Meredith as a masterful teller and in his latter days as a man somewhat disposed to praise the past unduly. He said the Germans would be in England in twenty years. Apropos of military capacity he remarked that the German had lost the Frenchman's *plan* that the English soldier used to combine both but had now lost the old qualities. This sounds strange in 1918.

Altogether Professor Sully's volume is a readable and delightful record. It takes a lack into the life of Hampstead when that was near London and yet distinctively



Photo by Elliott & Fry

Professor James Sully

From 'My Life and Friends' (Fisher Unwin).

literary. It also introduces the reader by side paths to several of the leading figures in the mid-Victorian era. And the author's unabated zest for life and friendship and philosophy runs pleasantly from page to page.

JAMES MOFFATT

ART NEW AND OLD *

Mr. Nevinson's second volume of war pictures may seem perhaps a shade less interesting than the first to those who know both, but this is simply because it does not come with the same shock of surprise. You cannot startle people in the same way twice. In spirit his work is the same and his accomplishment even better. Look for instance at the quality of such things as *The Road from Arras to Fismes* and *He Came a Fortune*—the sheer craftsmanship is superb. In the actual matter of his pictures he has attempted to synthesize all the human activity and to record the prodigious organisation of our Army. Modern war being so largely an affair of machinery, the spectacular battle has gone out of existence, and with the spectacular battle has gone the spectacular picture. The world has no more use for Uccello and his kind, and still less for the Benjamin West or *tableau vivant* school. The Kaiser has tried hard to be a shining archaism in operatic armour, but after all the Kaiser doesn't really matter. In fact the most disastrous persons of the war, those whose ineptitude has done most to prolong it, are precisely those who are still under the spell of spectacle—the elderly red-tailed gilded and review-day heroes (connected of course with the very best people) who cannot think of an army or of war itself except in terms of salutes, symphonies and male nullifiers. But the really vital person in the army of to-day is the working man. Perhaps he was a working man before he got into uniform, and has merely changed his job for a worse one; perhaps he was a clerk or a tailor or a professor; in any case he has had to become a working man in the literal physical sense. Now is Mr. Crawford Fitch points out in his very interesting, but not entirely convincing, prefatory essay, it is the working man aspect of the war that has caught Mr. Nevinson's attention—the man in his working clothes, the machinery in action. This alleged prose of fact does not disconcert the artist.

Fortunately I write. I have no literary or journalistic tact, and I put in consequence without any prejudice or reservation in a time of war, a man in a working man's merely interested in plastic form. Only by the happy fortune of having a unique artistic mind, I am enabled to put it all at all.

Let those then who expect war pictures to be brilliant descriptive journalism in print refrain from Mr. Nevinson, or rather let them go to him and learn to expect something better. You may not like his vision of things. You may urge (very justly) against his apologist that a great artist need not be detached from his subject—that he may be moved by romantic or ethical impulses and be able to translate his emotions into pure art. You may even add that better reasons can be found for bad pictures than for good, if only because the bad pictures are painted by reason and not by feeling. But such points cannot be discussed here at the moment. Some of the pictures in this volume and some qualities indeed of almost every one will appeal even to the partisan of the painted anecdote. The artist's sincerity for instance is obvious as well as his very remarkable skill. The best pictures are those that need fewest abstract nouns of defence. The plate in the volume that needs most is not the painting of a person but of an action. It is an attempt to paint not a bomber but his throw. Now if you believe as you well may that you cannot paint an abstraction, you will find *The Bomber*

mere nonsense. If you are not sure whether a painted abstraction is possible or not, the picture which is quite good of its kind will help you to make up your mind—one way or the other! Of one thing you will be very sure that the soulless desolation of war has rarely been fixed so palpably as in Mr. Nevinson's pictures.

Salvage by Sergeant Penleigh Boyd, an Australian artist, will not in any way challenge your opposition or resentment. He does not experiment with Angulism, Cubism, Pyramidism or Sphericism; he seems quite untroubled by Dynamism, Vorticism or Expressionism, and he has no symptoms of Emotional Rhythmicism or Rhythmic Emotionalism. His pictures are vigorous straightforward pen drawings of the old school and will doubtless be the more welcome to most people for their comfortable Traditionalism. The Concussionists and Centrifugists will give him up in despair. He is quite quite static, but he has his merits. His *Dispatch Rider* has not a single point, angle or cube in common with Mr. Nevinson's *Bomber*, and yet he moves! The old style is not yet entirely played out.

Many of the pictures will have a special appeal to folks down under. They will like the spirited drawing called *The Anzac*, and will appreciate the modesty of the artist's apology. The *Anzac*, he tells us, is credited with exceptional bravery and dash in battle, but he varies very little from his English brothers, and there should be no distinction drawn between his fighting spirit and the magnificent dogged determination manifested by all the British troops. That is nicely put! Let us say in return that the *Anzac* of Sergeant Boyd's drawing looks a fit member of the force that has created by its landing in Gallipoli a new standard of human effort and made the name of *Anzac* immortal in the history of war.

The two volumes afford the means of some very instructive comparisons. Thus against Sergeant Boyd's Australian trooper you can set Mr. Nevinson's group of British soldiers. Each artist has depicted the canal at Ypres, the Flanders roads, reliefs going in, and the abomination of desolation left after a push. We do not propose to make any comparisons here beyond saying that in general the Australian gives the views you might expect to find, and the Englishman a startling unexpectedness that repels you. It is from this moment of your emotions that the value of the comparisons would begin. But different as the artists are, they have one thing in common: their tribute, conscious or unconscious, to human courage, endurance and cheerfulness. The old art and the new unite in a wonderfully moving revelation of dreadful circumstances faced and overcome, of martyrdoms endured with patience or with exultation, and the continuing faith of man's unconquerable mind.

GEORGE SAMPTON

MISS MURIEL STUART'S POEMS *

A true poet is manifested in Miss Muriel Stuart, a poet of deep sensitiveness, human insight and highly imaginative inspiration. Of this there can be no question. She is not a poet of a passing fashion. She bases her appeal upon conscientious, subtle and often exquisite workmanship. Her fancy is irresistible, her imagery abundant and surprisingly rich. She has almost all the qualities of technical achievement, and she adds to these the poet's final qualification of heart and the interpretative vision. Whatever she may do in the future, she has already done enough to make her place secure among the memorable poets of the younger generation.

The first thing that strikes the reader in Miss Stuart's poetry is the richness and originality of its symbolism, and it may be added that one has to get accustomed to her clustering imagery before the mind can establish complete sympathy with the deep and earnest thought which

* *The Cockpit of Idols and Other Poems* By Muriel Stuart 4s net (Methuen)

* *The Great War: 1914-1918* By C. K. W. Nevinson With an Essay by J. F. Crawford Fitch R.F.A. 12s net (Grant Richards)—*Salvage* By Sergeant Penleigh Boyd 2s 6d net (The British Australasian)

beats beneath the opulent robes of the poet's expression. Sometimes in the very finest passages fancy is heaped upon fancy so prodigally that it is only at a second or third reading that the true beauty of the picture is discerned.

The day is led past me haggardling, the night
Then stay'd her lire th
Waiting for an immediate doom to fall
On one whom none may succor or requite—
Doom nather prayer nor pity hinder th
The loos'nel ivy cring'd again t th wall
The dusk abut me dr v
A closer noos of gloom th len w jt
The light upon th altar lay self and le jt
In gust of gold and blu
From the night's cavern a beggar wind
Crept up and list'ed at th l i
Like some poor outcast er sure th it hath sinn'd
And l'r th hom no m e
But list'ng t old n's round th l i l i l
Wondering if h' f' b' l' n m n s' a l l
If on b' l' rememb'ing

In the judgment of the present reviewer that melody of the beggar wind listening like an outcast at the door is one of the most striking pieces of imagery in modern poetry—it springs out so vividly and strikes so sharply on the imagination that it is only when we begin to know the passage by heart that we recognise that so far from standing alone it is set in the midst of an elaborate tapestry of sound and colour presenting a picture packed with suggestion and with swift elusive beauty. The fact is that Miss Stuart is one of those intensely sensitive natures that see all material things in terms of the immaterial. The very furniture of life is invested with a soul. She sits in her study and all the comfortable objects which surround her seem to breathe of the toil and suffering with which they were brought forth—the designer's dream, the craftsman's labour, the sacrifice of the creative soul.

How can I tell what kind of room
 features that we put in the window
 I make the room a half an hour
 I look at the window with the outside?

How can I rest while in the gloom
From mine affliction and my pain
Thy presence built all round the room
And with their tears so furnished it.

And in the same spirit when she watches the soiled volumes on a bookstall losing shape and colour under the decaying touch of sun and rain the very hearts of the poets who wrote the books appear to her fancy as torn and outraged by the wrong

Du t is deep n M row lip
Hell holl's Dant in these str it
Milt n takes the gutter's drip
Mud is on tl breast of k ats

All the lovely thought men think
All the rapture, love and pain—
Get come down in blood and ink—
Sold for sixpence in the rain!

There is something of course of the pagan spirit in this animism of the inanimate and Miss Stuart declares her kinship to classical models in more than one of her most characteristic pieces. The yearning storm-tossed elegy

Who will remember Heliodore? is directly Greek in spirit and so is the eager questing Centaur's first Love which renders the animal side of passion in the form of allegory with a true poet's avoidance of the common modern fault of gross realism or nude photography

All these moods are representative of the author but to find her at her confident best we must wait until the pagan love of beauty has merged itself into a purely human sympathy with all that is sincere suffering and struggling towards the light and in the title poem *The Cockpit of Idols* we are given this clear and penetrating insight into the poet's reasoned attitude to life. The poem tells of a young priest devoted to the Catholic life sworn to asceticism and chastity and yet tortured by the inevitable call of Nature tossed hither and thither by the pangs of

repressed desire. In a night of agony he prays to the Virgin Mother to help him.

[illegible]

And suddenly he saw that the living figure has vanished from its pedestal and kneeling by his side is a druggled-out lot of the streets who turn to speak to him with the voice of the Mother of God rebuking his inincerity and self-deceit.

S n f i d l e l l y S n T l e d d l
I m t t r d n s t o d l e s
H l l d e g r a n y t h r o w a
I n a t l l l l l l l l l l l l l l l l l l
W l d e s s l l n o l i m f l t h r o n o l
W l
W l
I x l e s l u l s l l n a l l l l l l l l l l l l
A l l f r w h e a s h l l l l l l l l l l l l

And then, as in a vision he shows all the pagantry of the gathered tribes, Zoroaster, the Persian, a Persian, is shut red in the light of ascending clouds till Heaven gives grey aunt a black lips mouth and biting has cast the full of human life and sacrifice he learns to reveal a country and truth in the world with the old man's fully.

I a c c e p t e d t h e
 l a s t o f f e r a n d s a w m y c o u n t r y
 A n d s o m e h a v e b e e n a b l e t o f i n d
 t h e n e w s t a t e a n d a v o i d t h e
 f i g h t i n f a n t a s i e s a n d a l l d a y l o n g
 I n c a s e o f d i s a s t e r t h e
 f a m i l y m e m b e r s f a s t a n d s l o w
 I n M a t t e r s o f M a t t e r s t r y
 W i t h a w n e e t h e
 f a m i l y w i t h c o u n t r y a n d t h e
 A n d w e n e e a t a t h a t t h e
 c o u n t r y a t a n d t h e w i t h

There is in this noble poem an almost perfect blending of just indignation against the pretensions of the world with high dignity of expression and vivifying beauty of imagination. No one with the slightest appreciation for poetry will fail to recognise that it must inevitably assure its author her proper place among the poets of her time.

ARTHUR WAUGH

LOVE TO THE NTH *

When, after having read several novels in succession, I pass them in mental review, my first instinct is to seek for some connecting link that shall unite them in some way other than that of their common basis—the love of a man for a maid. It is not without significance that our very word novel consists of the letters of love transposed and prefixed by that added letter which raises it to the highest degree. Love is so certainly the theme of the novelists that it may be accepted as the lowest common denominator to which their work can be reduced. Apart from that theme I find no link connecting the five novels which I have just been reading, no *certain* link that is, though it may be possible that all of them are written by women novelists. Four of them are modern stories, but the fifth harks back to the eighteenth century. Three of them are stories of English life, while two are of American. Two of them are distinguished from the rest by having on their wrappers large notes of interrogation intended to pique the curiosity.

* Patricia Brent Spinster By the Author of 2 6s net
(Herbert Jenkins)— The Butterfly Man By Marie Conway
Oemler 6s net (Hinemann)— Ladies Must Love By
Alice Duer Miller 6s net (Hodder & Stoughton)— A Pier
and a Ban^d By Mary MacCarthy 6s net (Chatto &
Windus)— His Grace of Grub Street By G V McEadden
6s net (Lane)

The note of interrogation on Patricia Brent Spinster will doubtless set many readers wondering as to the identity of the author of a bright and entertaining book and may perhaps lead some to think that the creator of *Bundle* has sought in fresh circles for characters whom he can render in the form of farcical comedy fiction. Terribly bored by the futile fellow guests of the Bayswater boarding house in which she lives Patricia creates a sensation by the impulsive announcement that she is about to dine at a fashionable hotel with an officer to whom she has become engaged. She knows no officer and is not engaged either matrimonially or prandially and when she goes off to keep her non-existing engagement is followed by some of the suspicious boarding house folks. Thanks to her desperation and the quick wittedness of the officer to whom she appeals the situation is temporarily saved—and there follows a series of delightful chapters telling of the highly diverting consequences that ensued upon the most unconventional of introductions. With its many slightly exaggerated characters its amusing give and take of talk the book may be heartily commended to the attention of readers in search of light entertainment.

The note of interrogation on the cover of *The Butterfly Man* is placed across a Janus faced head above implements suggesting the cracking of crabs as well as the capture of lepidoptera. The story is a South American one supposed to be told by the Roman Catholic parish priest of Appledore in Carolina and is largely concerned with the remarkable regeneration of a criminal fleeing from the hands of justice. After the man whose leg had been smashed at Deadman's Crossing was brought to the Parish House it was something of a fiasco for the priest when he established the identity of that man—and something of an inspiration that made him put certain incriminating evidence of that identity in the safe keeping of one of the saints in his church. The man whose occupation had gone with his amputated leg came to play a striking part in the romance of a young couple and incidentally in the fortunes of Appledore and the upsetting of certain undesirable plans. There even comes a time when the burglar's tools put in the keeping of the saint have to be brought out and the one time burglar turns to his nefarious trade once more but with so holy a purpose that the priest is able to hold a light while the safe is burgled and the reader is able to look on at the scene without feeling any shock of impropriety. It is a full and well told story and for a time almost persuades the reader that the best cure for criminal tendencies is the loss of a limb and such wonderful human environment as that in which Slippery McCee found himself to his horror and disgust at first but later to his great content.

It is in a very different America and among very different Americans that we find ourselves in the company of the author of *Ladies Must Live*. Despite flat burglary and other sensations the romance of the man of butterflies is idyllic compared with the movement and snap of the New York story concerning the social comedy that may attend upon a match making hustle. It is a group of well to do folks to whom the author introduces us and we are not long in realising that the hand heart (and dollars) of a certain brilliant young man are the objective of two unscrupulous rivals—a young woman whose duty it is to marry money and a married woman who is quite ready to qualify for divorce by claiming the wealthy young eligible for herself. The most marked note of the story is that of brisk dialogue—for many shrewd thrusts are exchanged in the contest of the ladies—and this is so entertaining that the book seems to offer all the materials for the making of a stage comedy wherein the heroine finally finds that love is greater than lucre.

The author of *A Pier and a Band* describes her story as a novel of the nineties and in it she presents the romance of a girl who is heir to a pleasant estate on the coast and to a father who has let his financial affairs drift into a hopeless muddle. This girl Perdita Villiers, has a boy chum in Antony Forest grandson and heir to the owner of a neighbouring property also somewhat financially

embarrassed. A third property in the neighbourhood is bought by the newly rich Tippits who sets things going with his projects of improvements and the establishing of a new seaside resort and the booming of the place to the due enrichment of the property owners. There is pleasant play in the conflict between the new spirit and the old though the poor heroine suffers somewhat in it for her sympathies are with the Forests and her weak father falls in with the schemes of the innovator. Perdita is sent abroad and there are some vivid descriptions of the people about a small German Court before she is led to the inevitable matrimonial close.

By way of contrast with the setting of those four novels *His Grace of Grub Street* takes us back to the London of the second half of the eighteenth century and to the fortunes of a young man of talent who is dweller in a Grub Street attic. He gains the hatred of a certain unscrupulous and powerful man whose dirty work he has refused to do. Then by way of sudden contrast he is sought out by the very man whom he had been asked to malign and made editor of a magazine. Then another dramatic change very ingeniously contrived sends him back to Grub Street and misery heightened by the fact that in his time of prosperity he had learned to love—and the lady not only believed the worst of him but was also plighted to another. Though victim of a deep laid scheme *His Grace* wins through in the end as so sturdy a friend and so faithful a lover should.

WALTER JERROLD

TWO WAR PLAYS CONTRASTED *

A terrace and below it a garden in front of a stately mansion with pillared portico—somewhere in Russia on a clear sunny day in spring 1914. Across this attractive scene flits a varied highly individualised company. Peter Ivanovitch master of the house and an old soldier eternally reminiscent of the campaign of '77 eternally snubbed and fussed by his wife Olga. Nina then daughter sentimental yearning believing herself very much in love with her husband but by no means displeased by the attentions of Prince Voronetzky. Vladimir the husband rather a commonplace young officer the ogling prince Volodia Nina's brother the ardent fiancé of pretty Assia. Semenov the bitter consumptive student. Dowe the musical subaltern. Cultivated people in easy circumstances some of them charming some of them talented but hardly fit to play heroic parts in the calamity which is drawing near. That calamity of course is the war. It comes and one by one the men are taken from the pleasant trivial scene. First of course go the soldiers Vladimir and Dowe bidding a regretful farewell to his beloved fiddle. Then Volodia volunteers in spite of the passionate protests of Assia and his mother conscious only of the personal issue bitterly in revolt. Peter of course is too old to go and Semenov too ill. And the prince does not go because as Volodia says he's just a well fed animal who thinks more about his love-affairs than anything else. He stays in a word to court Nina. As for Nina her parting from Vladimir was desperate but as the days go by she grows restless uncertain now encouraging now angrily resenting Voronetzky's advances. News comes of Dowe's death and she drops an evanescent tear over his frustrate ambitions. News of Volodia's death driving Olga distracted and the widowed Assia to silence but when Nina hears that her husband is coming home wounded—slightly, she understands—she doffs her mourning and, for all her mother's taunts, cannot restrain her jubilation. Then Vladimir arrives, but he is carried in and when the rug that covers him slips off the reason for that is clear. He stretches out feeble hands

* "War" By Michael Artzbaschev. Translated by Percy Flabert and Ivan Olin. 3s 6d net. (Grant Richards). — "The Burgomaster of Stillewoud." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 5s net. (Methuen).



JOHN E STEWART M C
MAJOR STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT
A11b f c p f f



HAROLD PARRY
2ND LIEUTENANT KING'S ROYAL RIFLES
A 1 1 1 1 1





to his wife and she falls back into the arms of the prince.

The comfortable study of the burgomaster of the little Belgian town of Stilemonde who in his private capacity is a very successful horticulturist. The Germans are approaching and they are under the command of the burgomaster's own son-in-law Otto. But when they arrive there are besides Otto not only another lieutenant Karl von Schaunberg but also a superior officer Major Baron von Rochow. According to custom the burgomaster's life is made surety for those of the invaders. The burgomaster is not much disturbed—it is a mere formality no doubt especially as all the arms in the town are safely locked up in the Town Hall. But before the Germans have been three hours in Stilemonde von Schaunberg has been shot dead. An old man the burgomaster's head gardener is arrested. There is no shadow of evidence against him—he does not even know how to use a gun. Moreover von Schaunberg was hated by his own men. But justice German justice must be done. Either old Claus's life or the burgomaster must pay for the lieutenant's and in spite of the arguments of the German officers who really cannot see his objections and in spite of the passionate pleading of faithful Claus when he realises what is at stake the burgomaster is determined that it shall be his own that pays. He is to be shot at seven o'clock in the evening, and Otto Hilmer must superintend the execution of his father-in-law and friend. The major is as immovable as the condemned man. For Otto to refuse would be death for him too. But Isabelle his wife would have him refuse even at that cost. She her husband and her father will die together with their backs to the same wall. Otto at first hesitant torn between his sense of duty to the service to which he is devoted and sincere love for his wife and affection for his father-in-law is at last won by Isabelle's pleading. But once more the burgomaster is inexorable and in the end before going to his death he locks Isabelle in the room. And when the Major enters to inform her that he has done her father the honour of himself commanding the firing party she turns not only from him but also from her husband in relentless indignation.

It would be difficult to imagine two plays having in essential element in common more different than these here summarised Artzibashef's *War* and Maeterlinck's *Burgomaster of Stilemonde*. Nor is the difference merely incidental to the wide difference in the nature of their respective subjects. It is inherent in the temperaments of the two writers. Had Maeterlinck written *War* he would have reduced the characters to the size of puppets endowed them with a puppet's irresponsibility and set them against a background of so vast a destiny as would make it absurd to criticise even Nina's frailty. Had Artzibashef written *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde* he could hardly have refrained from making the burgomaster quit the scene with something of a swagger—as Samine quitted the little provincial world where he had wrought such havoc—instead of with the dignity assigned to him by his actual creator.

Maeterlinck writes as a patriot and a moralist. He portrays a struggle between good and evil between the noble and the base. Not that his characters are types—they are all very human—the burgomaster loves good living Otto though the slave of a system was born with amiable qualities and even the major one feels would be capable in his own domestic circle of a perhaps rather terrifying bonhomie. But the moving spirit of the play is the unconquerable spirit of man and especially of the Belgian in August 1914.

Artzibashef on the other hand is pre-eminently an observer of his fellows—cynical some will say—at any rate not predisposed to discover a superabundance of heroism. He draws what he sees in sharply realised figures interesting us in them as he is himself interested.

Maeterlinck's play is to be played in England. It is to be hoped that Artzibashef's will be also.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

PERSONALIA.*

The title exactly describes the latest book of Mr. E. S. P. Haynes. It is concerned with men and manners and the spirit of man and only in a small degree with the author's ideas. Whether he writes of contemporaries or predecessors he writes as an equal with no superiority or adulation with affection but without affectation. He is at his best in his too brief memoir of Edward Thomas in Oxford companion and a life-long friend who died in 1917 aged thirty-eight and of George Frederick Dodd Master of the King's Bench who died in 1915 aged ninety-three. Affection and admiration combine in the making of two very different tributes. In the case of Edward Thomas Mr. Haynes is aware of a diffident melancholy which has but served to strengthen an intimate attraction and in the case of Master George Dodd he portrays a character of robust simplicity to which his admiration is no less completely given. It is little to think that I still remember Lord Seely with admiration a genial gentleman at Whitehall King William the Fourth suddenly look from his carriage window and put out his tongue at certain friends passing by. Of another Dodd the famous Chief Baron he is able to relate incidents for which every reader will be grateful witness that the burglar who had been persuaded by the prison chaplain to plead guilty. After an interval in the court the burglar returned to the chaplain acquitted and explained. When I saw that good kind man sitting in court I knew I should be acquitted and I really could not bring myself to plead guilty. Mr. Haynes tells of the precious state of anecdote of Judge Maule.

His better judgmentally very vivid Maule for fear of his liberty in England took to the sea and after delivering judgment on the ship he took the judgment. I only remark that Maule was a very good judge of men and of his own brother. I have come to the conclusion that my judgment was wrong and the fact that my brother agreed with me at that time is the fact that my brother agreed with it.

Of equal interest are Mr. Haynes's recollections of Three Men of Peace who died fighting—Rupert Brooke Alfred his younger brother and J. H. Keble the Fabian journalist and these recollections give a peculiar significance to his reflections—in All Saints Day—on the question of loyalty to the dead and their survival after death. He finds the enervation of a morbid loyalty.

The worst thing we can commit is to allow ourselves to be obsessed by the idea of death to lose the idea of life—the—and it is a very real thing thus may well be some of the things that I have seen in the world fighting than to those who are.

Probably Mr. Haynes would admit nevertheless that the obsession of the idea of death does not necessarily destroy the idea of life witness Donne most passionate of men who out of the very exuberance of his spiritual vitality grew to love the contemplation of death seeking to make that shade more vivid to animate it with his own breath and to enrich it with his own poetry—in a word at once to intensify and absorb the idea of death in the idea of life. Nor was Donne alone in this. It is the attitude the passion of that instinctive imaginative wisdom which we call poetry and which the truest poets present in their images and rhythms and echoes of things only half understood. Materialistic notions of personality and survival—such as Mr. Haynes seems to accept—must needs seem inadequate making death a worse rather than a lesser evil and personality itself a little rather than a great riddle.

Individuality is itself no more than a capacity to assimilate through human intercourse and observations and affections all that enables it to survive and all that we have assimilated from the dead will for ever remain a part of us.

Every man wants to state his sense of these dark matters in his own terms—more than this the greatest can hardly do. No wise man pretends to solve riddles and the only

* *Personalities*. By E. S. P. Haynes. 4s. 6d. net (Solwyn & Blount).

point to be urged against Mr Haynes's contentions in his thoughtful and all too short essay is that he prefers to state the problem in terms not much above their lowest terms.

Other essays in the book include History and Morals, Teutons and Latins, and Continental England. It is says Mr Haynes necessary to remind ourselves that the English are *English* and not Teutons, and he fears the loss of the pleasant eccentricity of the old England that was overwhelmed in 1914. Maybe 1919 will see the miracle of resuscitation beginning.

JOHN FREEMAN

A STEVENSON BIBLIOGRAPHY*

This is a new and revised edition of the Bibliography which was first published some fifteen years ago by the late Colonel Prideaux. In preparing it the aim of the editor has been to bring it up to date, but to change Colonel Prideaux's work as little as possible. Several interesting discoveries have been made among them being two editions of John Nicholson earlier than the accepted American Series No. 10, the copyright editions of *The Beach of Falesa* and *The Beach of Falesa* with *The Battle of the Tropic of Cancer*, the text of which the first American edition of *Island Nights' Entertainments* follows, the copyright edition in three parts of *Weir of Hermiston*, an earlier issue of *Tianderaga*, and the first American edition so long sought of *Macure*—a discovery of special interest to the American collector. The latter which was published in Chicago in 1815 is described as 16mo in size, but in a recent Goodspeed's Catalogue we notice the announcement of an issue which is stated to be of 16mo size. This also was published in Chicago and is evidently the play noted as 're-set later in the year with the table page rubricated.

A work of this kind serves the interests of the collector, the special student, and the general reader. To the latter the Appendix will specially appeal, consisting as it does of a very full list of complete volumes of biography and criticism and critical and biographical articles in magazines, newspapers, etc. The only additions which we are able to make are a very interesting article, *Robert Louis Stevenson at Barbizon*, written by A. J. Daplyn which was printed in *Chambers's Journal* on July 14, 1917, and an equally interesting account of Stevenson in Samoa, to be found in Mr. Safroni Muddleton's *A Vagabond's Odyssey*, which was reviewed in these columns in June of last year. It is to be presumed that these articles appeared too late for mention as the editorial note is dated 1917.

That explanation, however, will not account for the omission of any reference to an important publication of that very enterprising and useful body, the Bibliophile Society of Boston, U.S., which published in 1916 in two royal 8vo volumes the following work: *Poems Hitherto unpublished with Introduction and Notes* by George S. Hellman.

Further, no mention is made of *R. L. Stevenson the Man and his Work*, which appeared as a BOOKMAN extra number in 1913. And in the description of two booklets.

On the Choice of a Profession and The Waif Woman first issued as separate works in 1916, a fleuron in red on the title-page of each book has been overlooked. Of course such an oversight may be considered too trivial a detail to be noted, but not we imagine will it be so regarded by the collector. In spite, however, of these and one or two other shortcomings, Stevensonians will be eager to add this most useful and handsome volume to their bookshelves, especially those who are so fortunate as to possess the Pentland edition with which this is uniform in appearance.

* A Bibliography of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Colonel W. F. Prideaux, C.S.I. Edited and Supplemented by Mrs. Luther S. Livingston. 12s. 6d. net. (Frank Hollings.)

FOR REMEMBRANCE*

A man is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he busies himself, said Marcus Aurelius. Here surely is a sentence which passes sentence—here is a pocket edition of the Book of Judgment—a forecast as it were of the Day of Judgment—in a phrase!

An answer I received only yesterday recalled the saying. Do you know So and So? I inquired of a friend. What sort of a man is he? The sort of man I should think was the reply, who collects postage stamps, and for the friend who so spoke is not unkindly I felt that he had, as the cinema advertisements say, featured the other fellow for me to purpose.

This is what Mr. Arthur St. John Adcock has done for us in his beautifully produced, beautifully illustrated Christmas presentation volume, *For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War*. Some of his soldier poets were known to me, and so vividly does he recall them that, as I read, I seem to hear

Far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Mr. Adcock does not attempt personal impressions of his forty-four poets.

He does not even invite our admiration of their patriotism, courage, and endurance. These qualities are implied by the fact that the poets appear in his book. It is their intellectual and spiritual worth which he seeks to convey, and to estimate. A man being worth just as much as the things are worth about which he busies himself. Mr. Adcock's aim is to show us the man as he was before the war, and to show us too the things about which the man then and thereafter busied himself.

First in the list is Captain Brian Brooke, a big game hunter. An ardent, downright man of action, writes Mr. Adcock, full-blooded, intensely alive, simple, honourable, likable, not troubled overmuch with brooding, inspection, and the pale cast of thought, but rich in a rugged common sense, philosophy, and a breezy humanity that finds outlet in his stirring ballads of hunting, fighting, and adventure. Danger and hardship exhilarated him; he would risk his life in a gamble as keenly as others risk their money. When we were struggling desperately against the first gigantic onrush of the enemy and voluntary recruiting here was in full swing, he was scathingly contemptuous of

The courage of the dauntless few who dared to stay behind.

Next comes Julian Grenfell, in whom the characteristic qualities of the old and new soldier met and were reconciled. Delighting in the profession of arms, he was also something of a visionary, a mystic, and when he came to write of battle and death transfigured them to shapes of spiritual loveliness.

Third on Mr. Adcock's list is the gentle souled student, W. N. Hodgson. The difference of attitude and feeling in the new soldier who became a soldier not from predilection, writes Mr. Adcock, but against it and from a sheer sense of duty is manifest at once. I think in his *Before Battle*.

By all the glories of the day
And the cool evening's benison
By the last sunset touch that lay
Upon the hills when day was done
By beauty lavishly outpoured
And blessings carelessly received
By all the days that I have lived
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all men's hopes and fears
And all the wonders poets sing
The laughter of unclouded years
And every sad and lovely thing
By the romantic ages stored
With high endeavour that was his
By all his sad catastrophes
Make me a man, O Lord.

* For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War. By Arthur St. John Adcock. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

I that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of thy sunsets fill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice
For the sun swims his noonday sail
Must say goodbye to all things
By all lights that I shall miss
Help me to be O Lord

THE LEDGE ON BALD FACE By Major Charles (D) Robert (Ward 1 k)

These fascinating tales of birds and animals breathe of the open air, rough outlands and lonely mountainous places and are told with the power and subtle knowledge of wild creatures which have earned Major Roberts such popularity as a writer of animal stories. The first from which the book takes its title describes how Joe Fiddler crosses the mountain known as Old Bald Face by means of a perilous ledge path where the only traffic had its more or less regular times and seasons. In seasons of drought or hard frost it vanished altogether. In seasons of flood it increased the longer the floods lasted. And whenever there was any passing at all the movement was from east to west in the morning, from west to east in the afternoon. This fact may have been due to some sort of dimly recognised convention among the wild kindreds arrived at in some subtle way to avoid unnecessary and necessarily deadly misunderstanding and struggle. For the creatures of the wild seldom fight for fighting's sake. They fight for food or in the mating season they fight in order that the best and strongest may carry off the prizes. But mere purposeless risk and slaughter they instinctively strive to avoid. The airy ledge across Bald Face was not a place where the boldest of the wild kindred

the bear or the bull moose, to say nothing of lesser champions—would wilfully invite the doubtful combat. If therefore it had been somehow arrived at that there should be no disastrous meetings, no face to face struggles for the right of way at a spot where dreadful death was inevitable for one or both of the combatants, that would have been in no way inconsistent with the accepted laws and customs of the wilderness. Joe Fiddler, being unaware of this mountain law, meets various animals coming towards him and only by pluck and ingenuity contrives to reach the end of his adventurous journey. Another story echoes the thunder of war and tells of the escape of an eagle from the small zoo of a bombarded town. Yet another, "Clock Crow," deals with the experiences of a cock that escapes from the wreckage of a railway smash. There are five tales altogether, the last being a series of ingenious and cleverly told stories of a dog detective, and they are original and arresting, both in theme and handling. The book is one of quite exceptional interest and is illustrated with many striking drawings.

TONY HERON By Kenneth Barrington (Collins)

There are some carefully drawn characters in "Tony Heron," this skilfully written and phrased tale of a man's life and difficulties before the war. The study of Beatrice and her infatuation for Tony is well done. His attitude and hesitation are very true to life. The story of their dear hapless little son is presented with real and unforced pathos. All the way through the book we find remarks worth remembering, for instance, "There is a pretty picture of the world as it should be," he said, "the woman waiting, and the man always coming home. There are other things in the world, but perhaps that's the foundation of the best of all of them. There's anchorage there, without that a man's only a poor drifter." We like "Tony Heron," but are convinced that the writer will yet give us a better novel. Let him prune his conversations unmercifully.

MARTIN SCHULER By Homer Wilson, 2s net (Methuen)

Here is a novel dealing exclusively and let it be said at once, brilliantly with the growth and culture of that peculiarly sensitive plant, the artistic temperament. It is the story of a German musical genius painfully and deliberately finding himself and absorbing for that end alone all that life and love can offer. We meet Martin Schuler as a moony, untidy young man of twenty dreaming in his Heidelberg attic of writing an opera round an old fairy tale, and the story traces his career from phase to phase, from minor success to major success, patron to patron, love affair to love-affair, until the night of the production of his big work at the Berlin Opera House

where he sits in a box hung with laurel and roses. A remark of Martin's, "I wish I could love deeply and truly," The fact is all my feelings change into tunes after a little," gives the clue to his character. His music portfolio indeed is a record of his *affaires de coeur*. "Martin Schuler" is written with penetrating insight and not a little wit, and holds the mirror up to genius—odd melody of gold and an melody of a novel and alluring angle.

CANDLELIGHT By Mrs Henry Dudeney, 1 sh net (Hurst & Blackett)

In "Candlelight," a work originally written under the title of "Round the Corner"—Mrs Henry Dudeney maintains her reputation as one of the most accomplished women writers of fiction in Britain to-day. As is invariable with her, the technique is excellent and as is also invariable with her, this is applied to the construction and telling of a tale with a plot sufficiently complex and exciting to satisfy even blasé consumers of present day novels. "Candlelight" is advertised as "a powerful story of Sin and Retribution" that is bound to arouse much discussion, and is presenting a moral problem in an unusual form. The Sin is clearly set forth, but the Retribution is left somewhat indefinite, for in the end we have the sinner against and the sinners established with at least an outward show of possible and probable peace and propriety. The opening chapters introduce us to the five leading characters—Edith and Wilfrid who have been married for two years, Billy, their son, and George and Ann who are engaged. Wilfrid and Ann are brother and sister, and the families are well to do middle class. From the beginning it is obvious that their relationships between Edith, Wilfrid, Ann and George are not to say the least of them, normal, and it is with subtle skill that Mr. Dudeney presents, emphasises, and develops the suggestion that there has been—and may still be—agony and doubt between Edith and the man who is to marry her husband's sister. The reader will suspect correctly that George is Billy. Later, but not one in ten score of readers will come with any surprise on the bedroom scene in which the truth is conveyed to Wilfrid. "Tragedy" is an immediate sequel, and it is after the existing calm of the quartet has been dispelled that Mrs. Dudeney proceeds fluently and so smoothly with the psychological studies that are a feature of the work. How twenty years after the blow fell the boy learns the truth as to his parentage is as dramatic, unconventional and fresh as the method in which the same facts were disclosed to the man who believed himself to be his father. All the leading figures are drawn with sure lines, none of which is superfluous, and incidentally there is an able sketch of a Mrs. Brewberry, a charwoman far removed from the tiresome old women of her calling who provide the comic relief of so many books and plays.

THE CHESTERMARKE INSTINCT By J. S. Fletcher, 6s net (Allen & Unwin)

An intriguing story written skilfully and with cumulative effect around the sensational disappearance of the manager of a private bank in a country town. At the outset Mr. Horbury's absence from duty does not redound to his credit, for it coincides with the disappearance of a hundred thousand pound necklace and other valuable securities lodged at the bank. Fortunately among those who believe in his honesty is a brisk business like meek who enlists on her side the sympathy (and something more) of one of the bank clerks, and their adventures in elucidating the mystery make a varied and thrilling theme. In the persons of the Chestermarke brothers, the bankers whose double—or rather quadruple—lives give an unusual turn to the story, Mr. Fletcher has created two characters of absorbing interest. The cleverest man living couldn't tell what either Gabriel or Joseph Chestermarke think about any thing. You know what Gabriel's face is like—a stone image! And Joseph always looks as if he was sneering at you a sort of soft smiling sneer. The story has the advantage of a highly dramatic climax which brings with it a solution to the mystery at once satisfying and unexpected.



QUEEN JENNIE. By May Wynne. (Chapman & Hall)

Some story settings never grow old and this is true of those tales which have for stage the long ago plottings in the Highlands to set a Stuart on the throne. All through Miss May Wynne's spirited story we smell the peat and the heather as we listen to the jingle of spurs, the clash of broadswords and the hoarse battle cry of the Stuart. In the midst of all—and what better setting could there be for romance?—meets Mistress Jennie Cameron, the wife in name only of the so-called King Robert Bruce but in reality the Queen of his adherents, a woman combining all the gifts in a most fascinating and contradictory personality. Leading the band of Highland rovers on midnight forays, she braves Jennie Brattle to battle with her King, encountering, as she goes, adventures of love and war wherein self-sacrifice and the claim to know play their appointed part until the great climax her fate is own.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE. By H. C. Bailey. (Methuen)

For his new story Mr. Bailey has adopted the title of a scriptural term—popular in the seventies—but which is to cheer so is that book. This is indeed a brilliant tale written with the ease and cunning of a practised writer. From the vivid description of Lady Palmerston's party to the final chapter where in the inevitable I've seen which terminates Lippie's adventures, all things need not as they should be done, there is little room for criticism. The story is concerned with the making of Italy into a nation, so that the hero, the heroine, and their lesser characters are mainly in Cambridge's Sicilian campaign enjoying a rather a lot of adventures—many thrills and many surprises. The historical personage, Napoleon the Little, Cavour, Palmerston, Carducci and the rest are skilfully drawn and judiciously brought into the story. There is just enough of them and not too much. Lucius, the hero, is a capital philosopher in an adventurer—a kind of mental mermar and Lippie, with whom he begins badly, and well is a delightful creation. Not less so is Lady Elra with her large mind, and the wonder is that so tolerant a lady should have existed in the somewhat stodgy Albert era. Winton, Lady Holmbury, Costa, Inspector Poppy—all are excellent. There is not a dull page in the book and the episodes are sufficiently thrilling to be keenly enjoyed even in these startling days when fact has out-bidden fiction in producing the unexpected.

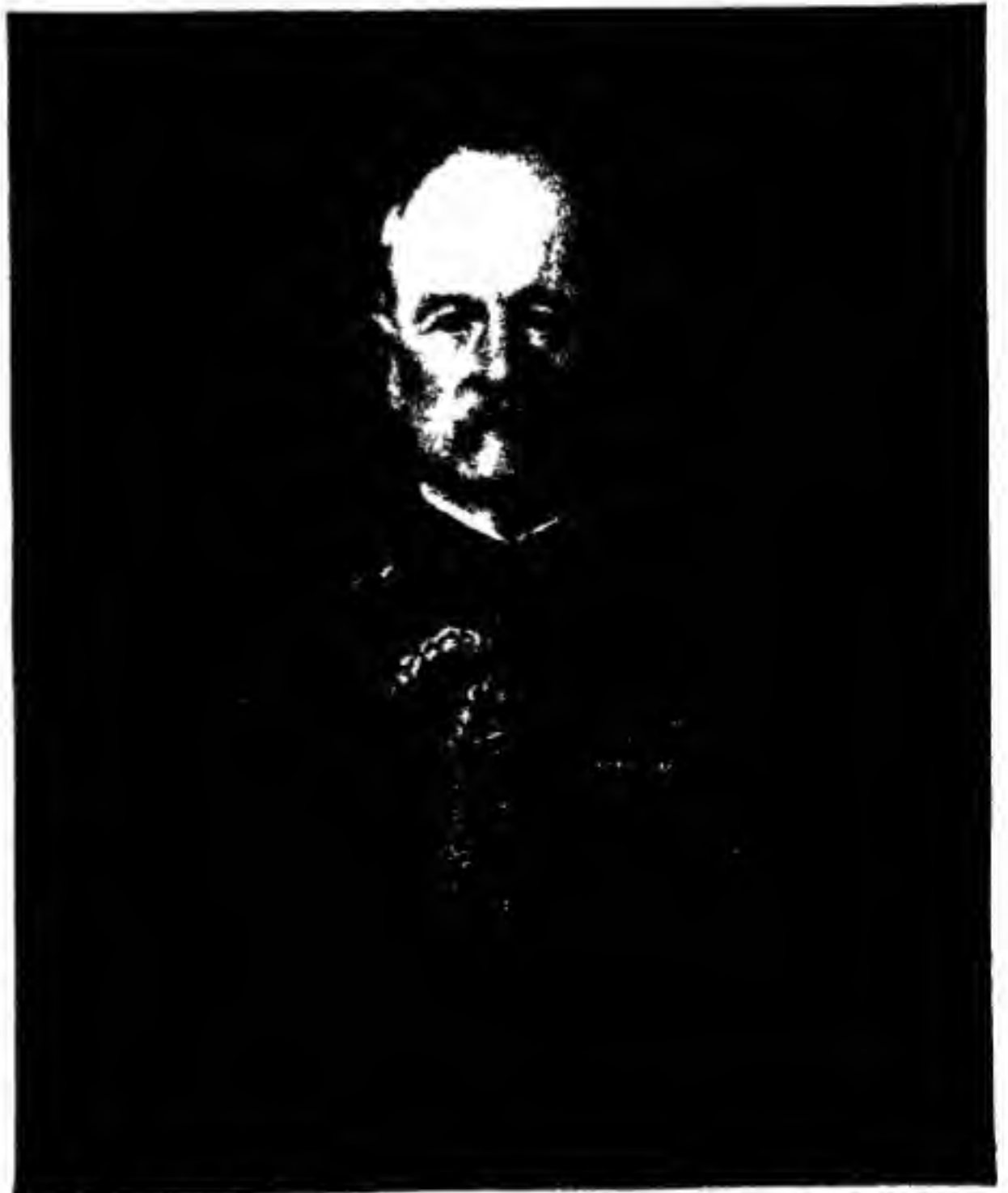
THE HAUNTED SHORE. By M. H. G. (Hodder & Stoughton)

Henry Vaux, whose life has been marred by the faithlessness of a fickle woman, has given himself up to a hermit existence, resolved to seal his heart against all future loves. Yet in spite of his precaution, love finds him out and brings him the happiness he thought he had relinquished for ever. His love affair is by no means of the common order—it meets with dramatic situations and puts his pluck and manliness to hard tests. It is a stirring romance which appeals

to the imagination—an ingenious combination of adventure and sentiment.

THE ANCHOR. By M. L. H. S. H. (Constable)

THIS new novel Mr. St. John presents a very intimate, complex and absorbing study of a hypersensitive young journalist. Notwithstanding his cold, receptive mentality and his ultra-critical attitude toward his own motives and actions, Fildu Macallister is open-hearted and indeed does not seek to evade the charge of intellectual nobility. His activities belong to the sphere of the mind rather than of the body. Nothing ever happens to him—he remarks to the wealthy young Socialist with whom he shares a house. It is dreadfully hard to be a hypnotist when you hit cup and saucer. Captain. His enthusiasms are a roomy vacuum. He even utters over Maudie House. We sit there, I imagine, windows the heavy curtains with their light flights of step, the blotched decoration of the plastered walls. It's immense! I dream of this, he exclaims ecstatically. From the maze of his intellect, difficult to escape by way of a London regulation and a thunderstorm. I must go now and find a wife. He announces from the roof and I shall be turning there with stars and stripes. The story begins. Her vivid imagination and intrigue, in Ireland, Yorkshire and Cullin Square, and Germany, achieve their influence in the development. Essentially a thoughtful story, *The Anchor* cuts deeper than most novels and by the sure and strength of its handling, it justifies the high praise of its predecessor, *Hyacinth*.



From a painting by W. H.

Lord Roberts

From *A Child's Book of National Portraits*. A Christmas book published by the Medical Society.

The Bookman's Table.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN By John Drinkwater net
(Seligman & Jackson)

In the third scene of this play Mrs. Lincoln says to her old servant: "You still say Mr. Lincoln. You should say the President. I everybody calls him the President now." and Susan replies: "No ma'am. There's a good many people call him Father Abraham now. And there's some that like him even better than that. Only to day Mr. Coldpenny at the stores said: 'Well Susan and how's old Abe this morning?' It is Father Abraham whom Mr. Drinkwater has made so vivid in this chronicle drama. He keeps carefully to the records of Lincoln's life, and introduces very little fanciful material. In some chronicle plays the necessary dramatic interest has to be found in the lives of other than the protagonists, but with *Lincoln* drama is implicit throughout his career. There is drama enough in the strong contrast between the man's simplicity and his high place in the world's destiny. There is tragedy and to spare in the fatal ending, so like and so unlike to the death of other world heroes. There is human comedy in the conflict in Lincoln's own character, his apparent rusticity and his amazing depth and wisdom. And there is social comedy of a high order in the comparison of Lincoln's stronger ideals and single heart and the mixed motives of the crowd of political rivals who embarrassed and deceived him. Mr. Drinkwater is content in the main with the drama of Lincoln's career, and of his character as it appeared to the negroes and their supporters. He leaves untouched that big question, so troubling some to Lord Acton, as to the right of the North to coerce the South, and he has little light to throw on the inner psychology of his hero. It is Lincoln the Saviour of America, Lincoln the friend of the oppressed, Lincoln the shrewd statesman who appears in this play. The other characters are assistants at what is almost a dramatic apotheosis, for Lee, the only man comparable for essential dignity, is only introduced to make his gallant gesture of surrender to Sherman after the battle that ends the war. The play is written in prose, and no doubt it would be difficult to find verse of sufficient grandeur and simplicity for the life of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Drinkwater's prose is supple and easy, and he avoids the trap of mere eloquence with great skill. The best scenes for force and swiftness are that in which Lincoln decides against his Cabinet that Fort Sumter must be held, and that in which he confronts and confounds Hook, his chief opponent. The play should advance Mr. Drinkwater's reputation very considerably, and we hope it will find a producer who has the sense to see its great possibilities for the stage.

MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS Being a Study of Imaginative Literature 1890-1914 By Harold Williams 15s. 6d. net (Seligman & Jackson)

It was no light task that Mr. Harold Williams undertook when he sat down to write this critical account of all the important English writers of the period which began with the virtual end of the Victorian era and closed with the beginning of the war. One is less inclined to wonder at the fact that he has omitted a few authors of note than that he has cast his net so wide and contrived to deal with so many in his careful and judicious survey. Perhaps the only novelists and another dramatist who should have been included, judging them against the size of some who are given place, are Stanley Weyman, Flora Annie Steel and W. S. Gilbert, and when this is the worst one can say it is evident that Mr. Williams has done his work ably and almost as thoroughly as could be expected of mortal man. His introductory chapter on the new influences and tendencies that were manifesting themselves in the latter Victorian days is shrewd and suggestive in its criticism and in its comment on the change that was coming over the literary world which Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and Thackeray had dominated for so long. Some of us may think he is more than just to Alfred Austin, but here as throughout Mr. Williams stands by his own judgment and has the courage of his opinions.

Separate sections are devoted to Poetry to the Irish Poets and Playwrights to the Literary and Intellectual Drama in England and to the Novel. The book is as nearly exhaustive as a book on such a large theme could be. It makes interesting reading and for purposes of reference will prove invaluable.

RHYME AND REVOLUTION IN GERMANY By J. Legge 15s. net (Constable)

This book, which covers the period between 1813 and 1850, gives not only a vivid picture of the forces then at work in the various German States, but shows us that before Bismarck and his blood and iron, and before the Danish War, the German people were hearing voices that incited them to become that with which the last few years have made us familiar. Fichte with his bombastic eloquence, Hegel the ice-cold bureaucrat, and such professors as von Haller of Berne have much to answer for. It is interesting to see the latter being rebuked by Treitschke. Mr. Legge has built up this book chiefly by means of long extracts from the writings, lectures or correspondence of Germans—reactionaries and liberals, while his own interspersed remarks illuminate the most ponderous and turgid periods. But he mercifully gives us very little of that quality, and there is hardly a page in all these 37 which does not arrest our attention. We receive both instruction and entertainment, such as when we read the orders issued by Prince Henry the seventy-second of Reuss, Lord of Scharfenthal, and the verses thereon by Tallersleben. It is remarkable with what skill the numerous names in this book have been translated. One rather objects to the title of the book, in which Mr. Legge scarcely does himself justice; its alliteration is unfortunate, and so is the very word "rhyme." As one would expect, the poets are mostly in opposition, whether they were Heine or Austrian, aristocrats like Platen and Grün, or sturdy fellows like the famous Uhland. It is extremely interesting to compare the speeches of William II. with those of his great uncle Frederick William IV., who had to be put under restraint, and the very full account of what happened in Berlin in March 1848, with the object humiliation of the King, is very possibly now passing through the agitated mind of his relative. With regard to Countess Oriola's fascinating story of the Prince of Russia's flight to England, the present writer was once told by a lady who happened to be lunching *en famille* with the Grand Duke at Schwerin, that a hay cart drove into the courtyard of the castle, and that from the middle of the hay there appeared a person who was travelling as Herr Ullman, this being the Prince of Russia afterwards Kaiser William I. By the way it is a pity that Mr. Legge's vivacity sometimes betrays him, as when he denounces as "odious" the name of a gentleman called Schmalz, which being translated means lard or suet.

THE FATHER OF THE RED TRIANGLE By J. E. Hodder Williams Illustrated 6s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)

Since the first edition of this book made its appearance twelve years ago, the Y.M.C.A. has grown a hundredfold in usefulness and importance. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the beneficent work it has done for the spiritual and material welfare of our Armies all over the world throughout the war, and almost as impossible adequately to describe the extent of it. Here in this story of the life of Sir George Williams, founder of the Y.M.C.A., you are shown this gigantic organisation in its humble beginnings—how the idea came to one business man, was communicated to a few friends, and from a committee of them that met in a small top room developed by degrees the Y.M.C.A. as we know it to-day. Sir George was that combination which is not so rare as some imagine—a great idealist and an able man of affairs, kindly, generous, but thoroughly businesslike. He dreamed of a league of common brotherhood that should unite the young men of the shops and warehouses of the London of seventy years ago, and help them to some better way of life than was open to most of them in those days, and he went to work in the finest practical spirit to make his dream come true.

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THE
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CHRISTMAS
SUPPLEMENT



ART
POETRY
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LETTRES



*From English Fairy Tales
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BOWLS.

Art, Poetry and Belles Lettres



From Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn
With Some Other Phases of His Art
By Walter Shaw Sparrow With an Introduction by Sir William Peteron
(Lane)

EXAMPLE OF PRELIMINARY WORK
FOR THE PANELS IN CLEVELAND
COURT HOUSE U.S.

in appearance with curious page plates and its simple bold printing but it is a real contribution to our great and ever extending treasury of wonder lore and legend. Sir William Peteron whose Preface brief as it looks - is a mere formality tells us that it is the book of a older student and that Captain Macmillan has taken down the stories from the lips of living people. The author on his own part says that they are things chosen out of a much larger collection gathered from nameless Indians fishermen and sailors spinners and loomers in the sun. Doubtless in the time to come he will slip again into his well worn delight and know how. Here in awhile we find friends in new vestments and world old myths in a new guise and a time intermingled with which are not a few which have come out of the wilderness of Canadian cottage hearth forests and camp fires - it may be for the first time. The Star Boy and the Sun Dance is new at least to us and one of the best in the book. The Northern Lights is old as any hills of dream but it has acquired a fearful pathos and beauty of its loss when the fair wife in the forest and her boy husband are carried from the wicket place where men forget to the land of Eternal Memory and are changed into lights of Heaven. From the folklore stand out the most important of all are the tales about Olooskip that great lord and creator of the Children of Light meaning those Indians of Eastern Canada who dwelt nearest to the sunrise in primeval days - long before the white men came from Europe. He is the Canadian Hiawatha maker of elves and fairies bringer forth of men from trees giver of birds to air fish to the great waters and beasts to the green earth. That which he made he taught also and ruled an incarnation himself of the Good Spirit whose hand and heart were kind. In the end he passed away precisely as Hiawatha passed

but he will come again like Arthur overcome the evil creatures and bring back the Golden Age. It will be found that the collector's modern hand has touched up here and there in the telling but the old roots and the old motives remain. The result is an admirable book of tales for the young and a myth cycle of no little value for students.

CANADIAN WONDER TALES

By CYRUS MACMILLAN Illustrations in Colour by (FORGE) SHERINGHAM and Foreword by SIR WILLIAM PETERON
H.C.M.G. 158 net (Lane)

Here is a book which deserves to be one of the season - meaning the Christmas season. It is not only very beautiful

THE SPRINGTIDE OF LIFE

Poems of Childhood

By ALFRED CHARTERIS, SWITZERLAND, THE LITTLE
ARTHUR RICHARD, WITH A LITTLE BY THE
LITTLE
(H. M. M. M.)

Never was
more exquisite
homage paid to
the wonder
the sweetness
the innocence
of babyhood
and childhood
than in the
songs that
Swinburne sang
of them. His
verse is filled
with their morn-
ing grace and
freshness. It
flowers sponta-
neously into the
funniest, pret-
tiest lines and
passes lightly
from adoration
to playful ten-
derness or the
gentlest laugh-
ter. If there
were no children
in the world he
sings in "The
Salt of the
Earth."

The w
h
th
Y
upon
sun

and in "Three
Weeks Old"

The
old and
very
rose
I right and
sweet
is sweet and
bright
Heaven and
earth till
man
wants and
dies
Show not his
not love
love
sight

There is no
thing sweeter
he says than a
child's ways and
wiles and



from Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn
With Some Other Phases of His Art
By Walter Shaw Sparrow, With
(Lans)

A STUDY OF MONKS IN BRANGWYN'S CARTOON
FOR A PANEL IN ST. AIDAN'S CHURCH, LEEDS

Heaven is every place
Where you flower sweet face
Till our eyes with grace

The poems appeal less to children than to child-lovers,
though many of them are addressed to children, and
the poet protests in one of the glowing cycle of songs
"A Dark Month"

Mr. Arthur Rackham has caught the very spirit and
changing moods of the poems very happily in his
delicately finished series of colour pictures, and his
many little sketches of children scattered through its
pages as head and tail pieces add much to the charm
of one of the most beautiful gift books that the year has
brought us.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

IVAN MESTROVIC

With Contributions by PROFESSOR LOPOVIC, JAMES BONE,
DR R. W. SETON WATSON and Others. Preface by SIR
JOHN LAVERY. Edited by DR CURCIN. Illustrated
25s net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Ivan Mestrovic, who is regarded by many critics as the
greatest of living sculptors, was born less than half a cen-
tury ago in the little village of Ottavica in the Dalmatian

when he was fifteen an unsuccessful attempt was made
to obtain a better education for him. Then he was bound
apprentice to a master mason who soon recognised his
gifts and raised him to a position of trust. Presently the
friend who had tried to better his chances before tried
again and took him to Vienna where after considerable
struggles he entered the Art School and so at the age of
sixteen entered upon his artistic career. This book tells



From Ivan Mestrovic
(Williams & Norgate)

THE ANNUNCIATION

mountains. His parents were of the peasant class but his
father from whom he derives his talent cared less for
agriculture than for the building of houses and monuments.
The son was inspired by the hero tales of his country and
religion and at an early age was finding his bent and
carving in such wood and stone as was available whenever
he had leisure from his work in the fields or as a shepherd
on the mountains. So much promise had he shown that

the story of his life studies the soul of his nation and
shows how this finds expression in Mestrovic's work.
There are some ninety reproductions of his work in the
sixty-four collotype plates that illustrate this handsome
volume and help to make it a worthy memorial of a great
Serbian artist, certainly one of the most original and
powerfully imaginative who has ever worked in clay and
stone.

WOMAN'S VOICE AN ANTHOLOGY

By JOSEPHINE CONGER KANEKO (Editor The Stratford Company)

This anthology arrives at a very opportune moment—just when the women of this country have obtained not

revised and enlarged until it becomes the perfect volume to take its place in every home as a standard household classic. The Woman's Movement the Child the Mother the Home Love and Marriage Woman and Labour Education War and Peace Clashes up among the vital topics concerning which she has gleaned quotations from



From Ivan Mestrovic
(Williams & Norgate)

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA

only the right to vote but the right to sit in Parliament thus very effectually securing means of making woman's voice heard after centuries of silence and suppression. In this little volume Miss Josephine Conger Kaneko has collected quotations from women writers artists teachers actors organisers and many engaged in other branches of work expressing opinions on various important matters. As she says in her Preface the book could have been two or three times its present size but future editions will be

advanced feminine thinkers of the present time and of previous ages. It is difficult to estimate the value of such a book or the immense amount of labour it must have involved to compile. The warm thanks of women of all nations are due to her for getting together under one cover and within easy reach so many fine and noble thoughts that will help women forward in the march of progress. For to use her own words Upon woman's activity may rest the salvation of the race.

THE BOOKMAN

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

1918



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J. S. FLETCHER BY J. P. COLLINS

NEWS NOTES NOVEL NOTES THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

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LEWIS BAUMER And other well known Artists

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Sergeant LEON GELLERT	Lieutenant LEONARD VAN NOPPEN, U.S.N.R.
Lieutenant JOSEPH LEE	ALAN SEEGER (Foreign Legion of France)

Special Plate Portraits of

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX	Captain GILBERT FRANKAU
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Lieutenant HAROLD PARRY	Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN McCRAE
Major JOHN E. STEWART	Lieutenant ARTHUR LEWIS JENKINS
Lieutenant ROBERT W. STERLING	

And Portraits of many other Soldier Poets, including

Captain **ROBERT GRAVES**, Private **IVOR GURNEY**, Lieutenant **F. W. HARVEY, D.C.M.**,
Lieutenant **FORD MADDOX HUFFNER**, Sergeant **PATRICK MacGILL**, Lieutenant **ROBERT**
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Lieutenant **GEOFFREY WALL**, Captain **AIFRID CLARK**, Private **DONALD LEA**,
Captain **MURRAY JOHNSTONE**, Lieutenant **LEONARD B. LIPPMANN**

The illustrations also include portraits of Professor **JAMES SULISTY, S.A.**, **ROHMFR**, **'ARTEMAS,'**
Lance-Corporal **J. H. DOWD**, **J. S. FLETCHER**, **SPENCER RICH HUGHES, M.P.**, etc

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ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES	HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL
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The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

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No 327 Vol LV

DECEMBER, 1918

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN ST PAULS HOUSE WARWICK SQUARE LONDON E.C.4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

News Notes

The portrait of Colonel John Buchan on our cover is from a photograph by Bassano

A collected edition of the poems of Captain Charles J B Maschfield M.C. will be published this month by Mr Blackwell of Oxford. Captain Maschfield was killed in action in France in July 1917.

The Nelson Touch edited by Walter Jerrold which has just been published by Mr John Murray presents in biographical order brief pointed and character revealing things said and done by Nelson from his early boyhood to his death and shows that the Nelson Touch may be interpreted in relation to the whole battle of life. Mr H W Wilson has written an Introduction for the book.

Mdlle Odette St Lys has made a very admirable translation into French of FitzGerald's 1859 edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and it is published in an artistically produced little volume by Messrs Skeffington.

A collection of stories by the late C H Bovill will be published immediately by Messrs Pearson under the title of The Caddy Life. They are stories of theatrical Bohemia and Mr George Crossmith has written a Foreword for the book.

Mr Sydney Lee's vigorous and stirring ballad of the great raid on Zeebrugge 'Well Done Indivict' has been published at sixpence by Messrs Paine & Co in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors.

All his many friends whether they are Freemasons or not will congratulate Mr Louis William Oxley on his recent installation as Worshipful Master of the St Bride's Lodge. The Lodge was constituted in 1903 and all its members are engaged in the printing and allied businesses. Mr Oxley has been connected with the publishing and reproduction trades for over thirty years commencing in Paternoster Row in September 1880. For the last sixteen years he has represented the well known Strand Engraving Company.

Sir Oliver Lodge has written an Introductory Letter to 'Claude's Book' edited by Mrs Kelway Bamber which Messrs Methuen are publishing. It is the revelation to his mother by a young airman who was killed in the war of his new life in the next world.



Mr Spencer Leigh Hughes M.P.
whose book of personal recollection 'Press Platform and Parliament' has just been published by Messrs Nisbet

A new romance by Rex Beach 'The Winds of

Chance will be published shortly by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton

The homely and poignant war verses in Mrs. Max Kidson's *Memory's Voices* (West Australia Gordon & Gotch's net) were written and published in memory of her youngest son, Sergeant Idris Doyle Kidson, of the 12th Battalion Brigade of the 1st Australian Division. He fell at the head of his men leading a screening party on the heights of Gallipoli after the memorable landing.

Mr. Sax Rohmer, whose latest novel, *The Orchard of Tears*, was published last month by Messrs. Methuen, is an Irishman. In private life he is Arthur Sarsfield Ward, and traces his descent from Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He started his career at an early age in the office of *Commercial Intelligence*, and it is not strange that with his romantic temperament he soon wearied of the ways of commerce and wandered into more picturesque paths. For a while he wrote comic songs for the music halls, some of Mr. George Kobey's



PHOTOGRAPH

Mr Sax Rohmer

most famous character songs among them. With the writing of *The Mystery of Dr. Fu Manchu*

he found his true vocation, and his record since then has been one of rapidly increasing popularity. He is a firm believer in the doctrine of reincarnation which plays so large a part in his new story. He has studied exhaustively the lore of the Eastern magicians, and experimented in the practice of some of their arts. Moreover, he is so convinced of the inspiring influence of objects and places associated with strange deeds of the past that he has gone in quest of atmosphere into some of the most perilous haunts of eerie characters. East and West and habitually works amid a collection of Oriental vessels and implements formerly used for purposes of sorcery. Sax Rohmer was invalided out of the Army shortly before the end of the war and is not yet sufficiently himself to be able to resume his normal activities.



The Hon. Julian Grenfell
(Captain Royal Dragoons D.S.O.)

From a photo taken at Taplow Court. The dog is the original of his poem
The Black Greyhound

From The New Elizabethans (John Lane)

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who from February last until a few weeks ago was engaged on war work in France, is at present staying in London. Her new book, *The Worlds and I*, which has just been published in America, will shortly be issued in this country. It is a prose work relating the story of the spiritual influences that have shaped her life. The portrait of America's most distinguished woman poet which appears as one of the special



**Lance Corporal
J. H. Dowd**

supplements to this Number was taken last August at Lou.

Mr. Isaac Robertson, whose volume of poems

From Alleys and Valleys was published last month by Mr. F. S. Macdonald tells a story against himself or against the reading public in his preface.

When the closing

words of "The Lost Ideal" chanced to be quoted by Kipling in a poem contributed to *The Times* he writes "a monetary prize was offered by the Westminster Gazette to the reader earliest to discover who wrote the phrase." Amusedly the phrase's author noted that the problem slipped unsolved. The word in question came at the close of a sonnet of Mr. Robertson's that was included in William Sharp's well-known anthology of "Sonnets of the Century."

Blind and in all the
loneliness of wings

Mr. G. B. Burgin's new novel "The Throw Back" which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing is the story of an Englishman who disappointed in love exiles himself in a Turkish village and throws back to Mohammedanism.

We learned with much regret during the last week of the war of the death in the fighting on the Western Front of Sergeant Eric Purvis of the Queen's Royal West Surrey's (formerly of the Oxford and Bucks Regiment). Sergeant Purvis who was the son of the well-known journalist Mr. William Purvis was the author of a number of amusing

littles of Army life which appeared in the *Manchester Sunday Chronicle* early in the year and were written whilst he was in Ireland recovering from wounds. He was keenly



**Sergeant
Eric Purvis**

interested in farming wrote a good deal on that and other such subjects and succeeded in becoming a member of the *Smallholder*. Sergeant Purvis who was only twenty-two at the time of his death was regarded as one of the coming men in agricultural science and had made the beginnings of a reputation in plant and animal breeding. He was known as an all-round athlete in Buckinghamshire before he joined the Army in September 1914.

Mr. John Murray is publishing a new collection of tales by Sir A. Conan Doyle entitled "Danger and Other Stories."



Artemas

whose two books of Artemas (W. L. Hall) have made him one of the most popular of modern novelists



Miss Sybil Bristowe

Mrs Walter Tibbits who has recently returned from Italy has been working with the Italian Red Cross under the command of H R H the Duchess



Photo by Reginald Harding
Salisbury

Mrs Walter Tibbits

of Aosta (Princess Helène of France) the Inspectress General Mrs Tibbits who is known as the author of *The Voice of the Orient* and *Cities Seen* belongs to an old Irish family the Peppers of Lisanskea Some of the soldier sons of the house were leaders of the Irish Brigade under Marlborough and Wellington and one fell in action in France during the great war

Mr G K Chesterton has written a Preface for a new book of verse *Provocations* by Miss Sybil Bristowe which Mr Friskine Macdonald is publishing

The Twilight Drummer by Ashley Gibson which was published a year or two ago in Ceylon where Mr Gibson was living at the time is to be reissued shortly in an English edition by Messrs Allen & Unwin

Messrs Waring have published a new edition of their delightful series of *Camcos of Literature from Standard Authors* The volumes are well and clearly printed and artistically bound and in a handy size for carrying in the pocket



Lieut C D Prangley

(11 St. Hill (old) 1111 St. Hill)

A new book of verse *Hymenaea and Other Poems* by Robin Flower will be published shortly by Messrs Selwyn & Blount Mr Flower whose first poems published a few years ago showed more than ordinary promise is engaged on a study of the evolution of Irish Gaelic poetry

Mr James Milne has resigned the literary editorship of the *Daily Chronicle* and will devote himself entirely to the editing of *The Book Monthly* which will reappear again every month instead of quarterly, with the beginning of the new year



THE DOOM
CHRISTMAS 1918

OVER THE HILLS
OF HOME
AND
OTHER
POEMS

BY FRANK
LEVERIDGE
(1891-1918)
M. C. L. H. H. H.
C. L. H. H. H.
S. L. H. H. H.

The title poem of this collection strikes the popular note with the personal touch. It is a sad tribute to a brother lost in battle and has clearly got home. It is sure to do many of those similarly bereaved by the wantonness of war. The title of the verses (Corporal Frank Leveridge) was a Canadian soldier who had in a French hospital and the pathos of his fate lends a note of individual sorrow to all the war pieces. These are at once tributes to the British cause and the British boys of whose valour and endurance and of no praise can be too high or else they describe the woman's part in the struggle or embody the writer's own sound and cheery philosophy. War poems strictly speaking they are not but they show the war's reflection in human hearts and lives through a mist of tears often but lit by a smile of hope. There are pleasant pictures of Canadian life and scenery of sleigh rides and hickory hunts blue-birds and whip-poor-wills touches giving Stevenson's poignant phrase expanded in the title a new setting. The book is admirably printed and produced. The price however is not stated an omission always irritating to a reviewer.

LETTERS AND DRAWINGS OF
ENZO VALENTINI,

Conte di Laviano
Italian Volunteer
and Soldier

55 (Constable)

Under the age of conscription without hesitation and with his parents' full consent Enzo Valentini a brilliant and thoughtful youth went into the Italian army there to work and fight for but a few months before death came to him in battle. These amazing letters are full of love of country and tender love of family love to his men. He confesses naively that everybody likes me. The lad Enzo had a poetic soul was a great reader of Maeterlinck and his letters show his deep love of beauty.

The nights are solemn and divine he writes. Then again The spirit lamp is a treasure I tried it immediately and the blaze made me think of tea steaming in the cups between us in the purple shadows of our beautiful drawing room. His comments are occasionally shrewd. Speaking of the men who play cards all day he remarks These are without doubt the least intelligent. Again of existence on active service—he observes It is a very bearable

life which is hard not on account of its intensity but on account of its duration. His farewell letter overflows with courage and faith.

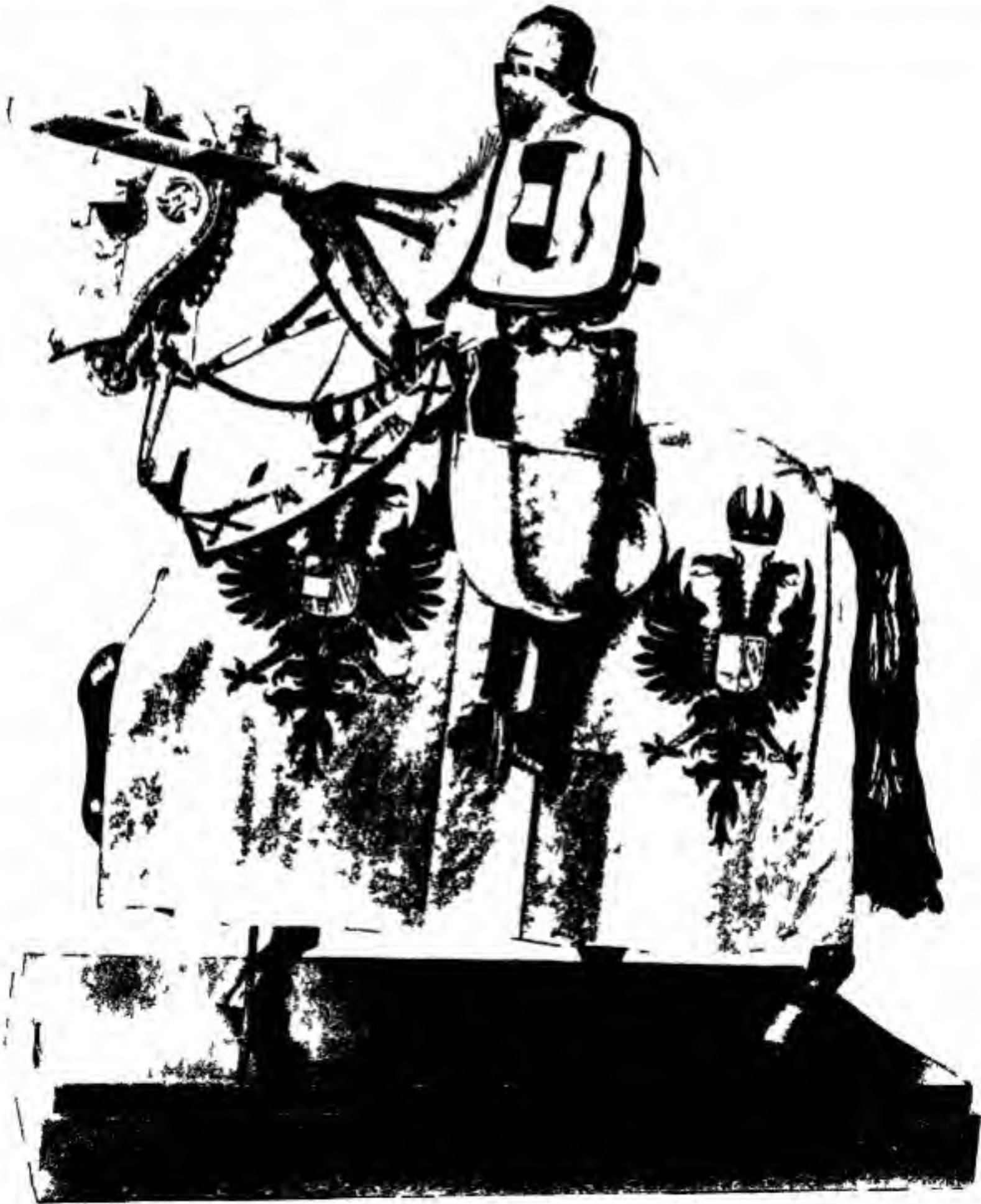
From The Tournament Its Periods and Phases
By R. C. L. C. L. H. H. H.
(Methuen)

WILD LIFE OF THE WORLD

By RICHARD LYDEKKER B.A. F.R.S. With 1,000
Engravings from Original Drawings and 100 Studies in
Colour Cloth £3 5 net Half morocco £4 45 net
(Warne)

Having completed its periodical appearance in twelve
sections Mr Lydekker's monumental study of Wild
Life of the World is now published in three handsome

volumes in natural histories on the conventional line
which divided the animals in accordance with their rela-
tionships or affinities to each other. It is a most compre-
hensive and authoritative compendium of information
concerning the habits and haunts of every class of wild
animal in every quarter of the globe. The first volume
covers Europe, the East and Asia, the Northern Seas and
America in the third Africa, Australia and the Southern
and Eastern Oceans. The numerous illustrations, those



From The Tournament Its
Periods and Phases
By R. C. B. Clapham F.S.A.
(Methuen)

volumes and will be as warmly welcomed by the general
reader as by the student who is interested in the infinite
variety of furred and feathered creatures who people the
animal kingdom. The plan of the book is admirable and
Mr Lydekker combines with a profound knowledge of his
subject the ability to write of it in a style that is simple,
lucid and entirely interesting. The various animals are
grouped according to the localities in which they live
which avoids monotony and the often tiresome repetitions

in colour being beautifully reproduced from paintings by
the most distinguished of living animal artists add greatly
to the value and to the interest of the volumes. These
and the black and white illustrations in the text were
specially painted or drawn for this work. There is a full
and serviceable index. Print and paper and the strong,
tasteful binding leave nothing to be desired—we con-
gratulate the publishers on producing so notable a work
in a style so worthy of it.



From Fighting Types
Pict res by W. Otway C. H. d
Verse by H. M. d. n. G. rd
(Lane)

A BLACK AND-WHITE REPRODUCTION OF
ONE OF THE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

THE DARKEST HOUR

By IRENE RUTHERFORD McLEOD 5s net (Chatto & Windus)

Much of the contents of this book of poems voices a woman's thoughts and feelings during the war and these should find an echo in the hearts of all its women readers. The poems picture a woman's good bye to her loved one and then the eternal waiting, her hopes and fears, her memories, her rebellious thoughts, and then Missing.

I knew by their eyes when they came
Lips locked on a word unsaid
Hands gentle as pity or death
It was I who cried out on your name
Life paused on a breath *
Missing Hope sprang like a flame!
Not dead! O my love not dead?

And so on till presently we come to the poem which is the strongest and grimmest in the whole book a poem called Discharged—Totally Disabled. It is too long to quote in full and to quote less would be unfair it is

a vivid and terrible picture that the author shows us here. But the book is not entirely concerned with war there are other ballads and many love poems—each worthy of its place in this excellent collection.

EVE HER LAMENT AND VISION

By GLADYS GRAVES With
Illustrations by EDITH MENDHAM 3s (d net (D. La More Press)

The story of Paradise Lost is of perennial interest to poets and versifiers. Man's first disobedience and woman's the glories of Eden and the agonies of exile from its delights have furnished a theme to all sorts and conditions of scribes and are evidently unexhausted still so far as their appeal to the writer is concerned the reader may be less responsive. To women writers headed by Mrs Browning in the Drama of Exile the figure of Eve is naturally of prime importance and Mrs Gladys Graves is no exception to the rule. She has evidently read up on the subject very extensively and gets a good deal of carefully chosen local colour into her picture of paradisaical scenery. Her notes indeed rather encumber the text we should be willing to take on trust many of the details for which she cites her authorities so scrupulously. Her ear

for rhyme is not very acute (muse on and illusion is one example) but her admiration of Pindaric ode metre is evident. The symbolic illustrations of Miss Edith Mendham are interesting and the book is beautifully produced with an artistic cover design.



From Twist Eagle and Dove
(Methuen)

THAT'S A WOUNDED BOBOM,
I SUPPOSE."
NO, SIR, IT IS THE CAPTAIN'S
HORSE!

THE MEANING OF NATIONAL GUILDS

By MAURICE B. LECHITT 111
C. F. BECHHOFFER 75 (d n t)
(Palm & Hay Ltd)

To all seeking for information on the subject of National Guilds this book written clearly and forcibly may well be recommended. The authors know what they are discussing and with vigour and enthusiasm acclaim the National Guild as the instrument of salvation for all labouring people. They will have none of Fabianism Socialism Labour Representation and other nineteenth century proposals. Trade Unionism alone will not suffice according to this new teaching it must be transformed into the National Guild if the wage system is to be abolished utterly. Nothing less it is maintained than this abolition can secure freedom for us all. The authors are quite aware of obstacles and counter measures that hinder the progress of the National Guildsman and distract the attention of trade unionists and are quite ready with replies to their many critics. They examine the failures of the past discard the notion of Labour and Capital in harmony invite the middle class to join hands against the capitalist explain the meaning and significance of shop stewards and industrial unionism warn us against the mirage of reconstruction and describe hopefully the coming day of transition from servility to the liberty of the Guild. It does not seem at present that the trade unionists are attracted by the Guild programme and the Guild propaganda (both programme and propaganda are the work of a small band of intellectuals outside the trade union movement) but Messrs Lechitt and



Four Fighting Types
(Lane)

THE NAVY

Bechhofer at least have done their best to make plain the ideals and plans of the Guildsman.

BEASTS AND MEN

By JEAN DE BOSSCHER 1 s (d net) (Heinemann)

These folk tales collected in Flanders and illustrated by the author have a quaintness about them which is extremely fascinating. Animal legends are always popular with children and the odd beasts that figure in these stories are like the three little pigs the wily fox Aesop's immortal creatures and those many others that are a ceaseless delight to childhood. Here goats and wolves and monkeys and all manner of birds and animals hold converse and play tricks on each other in the approved style some come to unhappy ends but some survive to triumph over their foes. The pictures reflect the weirdness of the stories but the full page plates are very beautifully coloured and there is a suggestion of the Japanese in much of the work. It is a book that will be valuable not only because of its artistic merit but because of its associations and national and historical interest.



From Twist Eagle and
Dove
(Melhuus)

"YOUR PLACE IS THERE—
ON GUARD BEFORE THE
KAISER'S PALACE"

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

THEY ARE NOT DEAD

Thoughts (chosen by ERIC ARTHUR and Mr. WILBRAHAM WAID With Illustrations by (d net (Harr p)

This little book of comfort is a collection of thoughts

this collection—Cicero Spenser Shakespeare Addison Penn Milton Shelley Keats Browning Tennyson Tolstoy — men and women of differing character and opinion but each and all calmly sure of the greater life beyond death. It is a beautiful little anthology this booklet of poetry and prose some well known words some less well known. We find not many a thought quite new to us and we are glad to find old thought friends as well. Perhaps one of the most comforting to the recently bereaved is that tender thought by Thackeray. Those who are gone you have. Those who departed living you love still and you love them always. They are not really gone those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room and you will presently get up and follow them.

THE PROPERTY OF NATHAN
16 Ed 141
A 22 11 G N T P 13 0

DECORATIVE TEXTILES

BY (FOR L. J. L. ASH)
HUNTER

With 8 Illustrations
in 7 Plates in
Colour
(L. ppine 11.)

This large and handsomely produced volume is the first comprehensive study in the subject of decorative textile that has yet been published. It deals with coverings for furniture walls and floors including damasks brocades and velvets tapestries laces embroideries chintzes cretonnes drapery and furniture trimmings wall papers carpets and rugs and tooled and illuminated leathers. Decorative textiles constitute the most important and beautiful part of the furnishing of our homes and Mr Hunter tells of the origin and historic development of these

From Decorative Textiles
(L. ppine 11.)

concerning the Immortality of the Soul. And the strong belief and teaching of a life beyond the grave goes on continuously from the Bible and the words of ancient Eastern writers down through the centuries to the last eventful years of the great war. Famous names are included in

indispensable accessories to the æsthetic atmosphere of the home very fully and authoritatively. It is an ably written book sumptuous in appearance and lavishly illustrated with engravings in colour and black and white.

FLOWER NAME FANCIES

Written in the original language of the author
(Language)

The first thing that strikes us about this elegant and inexpensive hotel is that nobody but a French person could

of the Tiger Lily—a finely sketched tiger approaching
among waving grass a delicately posed blossom—we have
the lines

I l a t i t u d e y a v i t i k n w
M i d d l e T e x a s
S h i l l i t i t u d e y a v i t i k n w



From Decorative Textiles
(Lapporte II)

[illegible]

ever have composed it. The graceful daring black and white pictures illustrating the popular nicknames of many flowers are eminently French. It is good to meet such a gay fantastic piece of work in these heavy days of war and Mr Hampden Cordon has struggled nobly with his English rhymes. Thus opposite a delightful presentation

All that he ever really
 thought why he must be
 I call it life!

Some of the drawings are full of wit - others merely imaginative. We can be sure that wherever this pretty and curious collection goes it will be found interesting.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE

By MAX BEERBOHM Illustrated by GEORGE SHERRINGHAM
is n t (John Lane)

I like the best fairy tales for children. Mr. Max Beerbohm's dainty fairy tale for adults has a finer significance underlying its airy wit and sentiment than the making of most sermons—but there is no need to be praising.

The Happy Hypocrite for everybody who has not read it already is ashamed to say so. The big new presentment of a little old story says Mr. Beerbohm in a prefatory note—is of course for the sake of Mr. Sherringham's illustrations—and Mr. Sherringham has interpreted the story in twenty-four paintings that sensitively recapture the characteristics of those days of the legend to which it belongs. The same spirit is manifest in the decorative initials and tail pieces. It makes a new pleasure of reading again the quaint and most charming modern fairy story for children of all ages from eight. Let us say to rights when you can read it in an edition so beautiful as this and so exactly in keeping with its own style and fantasy.

WOOL

By FRANK ORMEROD
and net
(Constable)

To have met the teeming future with a new series of books devoted to the study of our chief trade materials and to have started publication before the war is at an end shows enterprise of a high order and a practical foresight that augurs well for the nation and its interests. Mr. Gordon D. Knox, the editor of this series of *Staple Trades and Industries* strikes the right note when he says in a general introduction

that knowledge of this order has been all too rare in the past, "largely because it is not available in a form that can easily be appreciated by those without expert training in the individual trades—and the aim in planning the

series has been to bring expert information into a form that appeals not only to professing students but to all inquiring minds. It is a worthy ideal as well as a useful one—and worthily Mr. Ormerod has followed it up. His name seems to proclaim him a native of the district which specialises in the best British wool production and to our eminence in this line from a very early age all parts of the known world have testified. Mr. Ormerod in his earlier chapters gives a deeply absorbing account of the way in which his success came about and Dr. Smiles himself never made a more interesting or romantic story of the cooperation of inventive genius and generations of craftsmanship and diligence. Every phrase of a great creative interest is put with picturesqueness every victory over difficulty is presented with reason and restraint. The origins and marvellous development of

sheepcraft in Australia the vicissitudes of wool as a material of apparel the conditioning and marketing of the warm texture—all these are realised for the reader in a persuasive style which has the knowledge of the expert without any pontification. Mr. Ormerod quotes a remarkable forecast and warning addressed to the proper authorities by an Australian manufacturer at the outset of the war which not only proves the insight of the writer but shows what calibre of mind and what breadth of view has gone to secure Australia's supremacy in this matter of sheep growing and its sequels. One cannot help hoping that Mr. Ormerod's book will enter into the circle of



From *The Happy Hypocrite*
By Max Beerbohm
(Lane)

DEEP DOWN AMONG THE WEEDS AND
WATER-LILIES LAY THE MARBLE FAUN.

school training throughout the Empire for it combines geography patriotism and common sense into a concise and simple form and makes it all as interesting as a novel.

SCULPTURE AND THE SCULPTOR'S ART

By H. H. STANFILL (5s. 2d.) (J. L. F.)

The author hopes that his readers may find a slight solace and relief from the tedium of the time in contemplating now and then some of these masterpieces of art that we are so fortunate to possess and in trying to understand some of the reasons why these works are the delight and treasure that they are. And to this end he has written a simple illuminative guide to the mysteries and beauties of an art still too little appreciated in this country. To the bookman more often than not there is something cold almost repellent in the world of sculpture. Call it emotion in being or crystallised poetry and he warms to the subject and as this very attractive volume clearly demonstrates it is a subject which while making demands on one's culture and learning can be followed with a great and growing enthusiasm. The book which is profusely illustrated with photographs portraying beautiful examples of the sculptor's art has chapters on Materials Classic Renaissance and Modern Work and a Note on Belgian and Serbian sculpture.

FRENCH LITERARY STUDIES

By Professor T. B. RUDMOSE BROWN D. Litt. 3s. 6d. net (The Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin)

One imagines that it must be a pleasant experience to hear Professor Rudmose-Brown delivering a lecture at

Trinity College. He probably diverges at the slightest provocation into personal reminiscences and if anyone should yawn after hearing a great deal of praise being devoted to some old or modern French poet of moderate calibre he will be mollified by the vignettes of travel by being told for example that Professor Rudmose Brown sent a telegram of greeting to such and such a poet from the Swedish University Town of Lund or from Grenobles or from some where else which picturesquely described. It is a method perhaps less bold than that of Lord Acton

whose lectures on the French Revolution at Cambridge were more than enough to do anything of this professor and his varied by personal experience. But Lord Acton's experience were confined to the elucidation of documents and the covering of extreme value. They were spoken in a monotonous voice whereas one might say that Professor Rudmose Brown is a more vivacious gentleman to whom as to Monsignor Bolo at the recent trial of his notorious brother it is of importance to produce an effect among his audience. If these chapters on the French poets are indeed lectures then they would gain in more than one way and it

is a pity that in being printed a little more care was not exercised to avoid mistakes in the quotations. It is unpleasant at the beginning of the paper on Paul Verlaine to come across the word *soffrir* and what are you to make of *Dont l'ombre ne s'effleure* and would James Darmesteter be glad to hear that he had put into the mouths of the ancient gods the words *La splendeur s'est éteinte*? Professor Rudmose Brown appears to consider the English

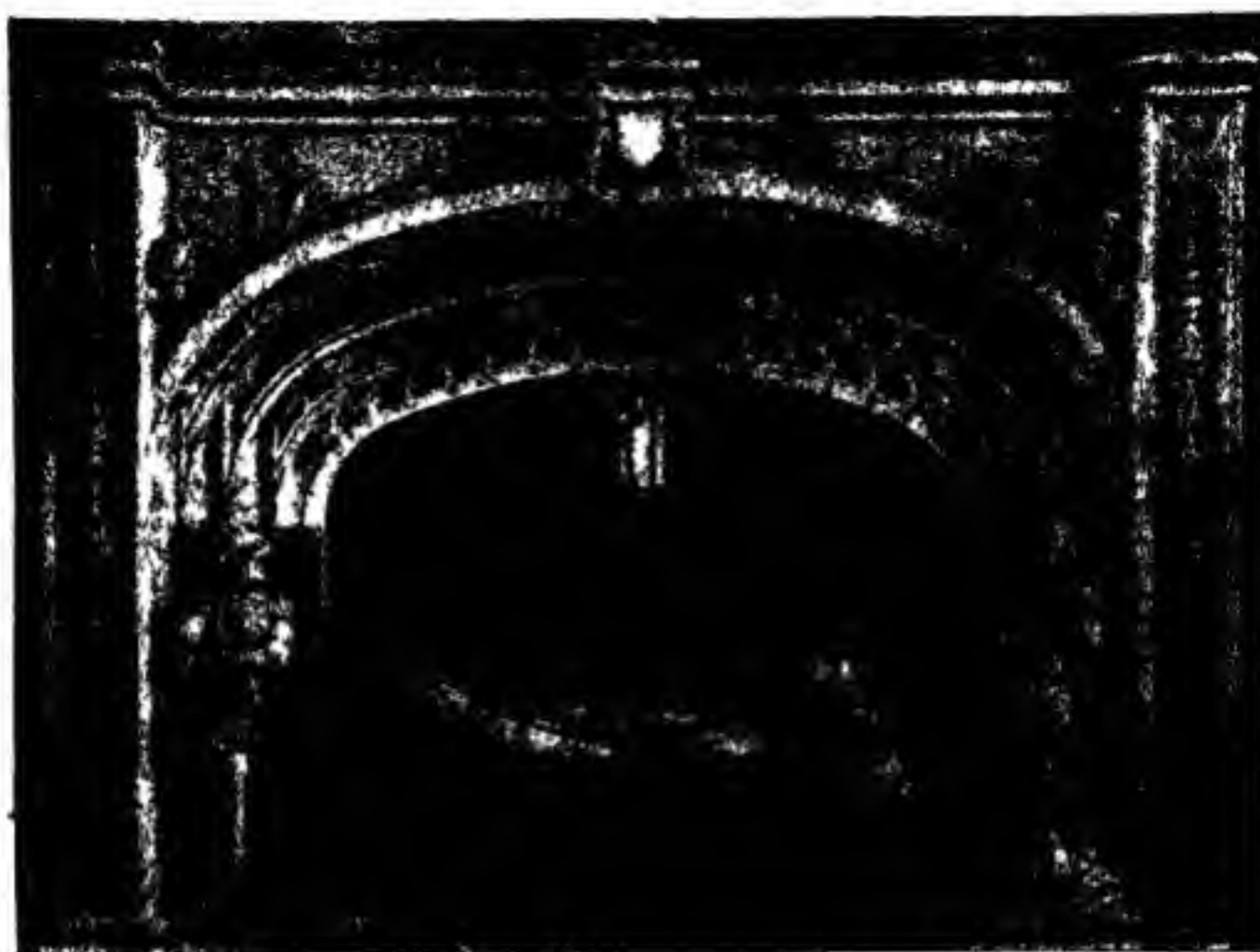


From Sculpture and the Sculptor's Art
(Nelson)

LOVE THE VESTAL
By Stanley B. Bb
(Phot. B. rech. II)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

renderings of some of his poets to be very well done and in his preface he goes out of his way to thank Mr. Cyril Crevel for this gentleman among other things is responsible for all the translations from Verlaine and with regard to them it is impossible for us to agree with the professor. Verlaine is not in any person to translate but anything more fundamental than the version printed on page 88 (An aged faun maliciously) it would be hard to find. In default of a heaven-sent translator the only method of rendering Verlaine is in such poetical prose as is used by I. J. G. This essay on Verlaine occupies thirteen pages and adds nothing to what we already know in fact most of us know a good deal more and its value therefore seems doubtful. The last two essays are concerned with Stuart Merrill and Victor Crillon who are chosen not for their poetic eminence but for the fact that the professor knows them personally. There is nothing to be said against an essay on a minor poet if one a



From The Dawn of the French Renaissance
(Cambridge University Press)

SOLESMES ENTOMBMENT

acquaintance seeing that the greater poets can look after themselves. Indeed there is a way of writing such essays which makes us in love with these backwaters of literature and he who takes us there receives all our gratitude. But we are not particularly grateful for these chapters and the breathless manner in which they are written is universally preferred.

number of other French poets and among these almost unknown in this country I would select for example the master who writes under the name of Jean Luce. For one of his poems of struggling humanity I would give all these quotations. On the other hand we are sorry that in the essay on Maurice Scève the most famous part of his day there should be so few quotations although his life as the professor recounts it is not only interesting but even absorbing. In fact it would have been well if the author had omitted the poets. This acquaintance and those who have already been introduced by competent critics we should have welcomed a book

From The Dawn of the French Renaissance
(Cambridge University Press)



From The Dawn of the French Renaissance
(Cambridge University Press)

ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (LOUVRE)



From a photo taken at Tours
in France August 1918

MRS ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



From *The English Home*
(Hatsfield)

WILTON HOUSE, WILTSHIRE THE DOUBLE CUBE ROOM

devoted to the ancient glories of French literature. But not so briefly described as in this book where a chapter entitled "The Fests of the Eighteenth Century" is concentrated into sixteen pages of large print. And in the

early part of the book in translating the poems that are less vigorously beautiful and more than Verhaere's the translator has been considerably more happy.

HENRY BAILEY



From *The English Home*
(Batsford)

THE DRAWING-ROOM KEDLESTON HALL, DERBYSHIRE

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

THE ENGLISH HOME FROM CHARLES I TO GEORGE IV

By J ALFRED GOTCH
F S A F R I B A
With over 300 Illustrations from photographs drawings and engravings (Batsford)

In his earlier volume *Early Renaissance Architecture in England* Mr Gotch related the story of the English House from the earliest times down to the seventeenth century. Here he continues the story from that date down to the days of the fourth George. In England more than in any other country the affections of people in all ranks of life have clung round their homes he writes

and to learn something of how those homes have changed in disposition and appearance with the changing times is an occupation not only fascinating in itself but one which leads into regions of that personal interest which lends life and colour to the pictures of the historian. It certainly becomes a fascinating occupation in Mr Gotch's hands he writes so interestingly that his book will delight the reader who reads for pleasure only and will be invaluable to the student of domestic architecture. The numerous illustrations are excellently reproduced.

CHATS ON ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

By ARTHUR HAYDEN
With Frontispiece and 55 full page Illustrations (Fisher Unwin)

This very beautiful and very valuable book will be eagerly welcomed by lovers of porcelain among whom the Copenhagen factory is now regarded as the leading factory in Europe. The factory has a curious history dating from the middle of the eighteenth century, closely mixed up with the inner history of the Danish Court finding life and inspiration for greatness in Franz Heinrich Muller, whose genius practically created the factory anew in 1770 and animated it until he retired in 1801. One of

his triumphs was the *Flora Danica Service* made for Catherine of Russia consisting of 750 pieces and costing about £13,000. It may be remembered that after the battle

of Copenhagen Nelson sent some of the Copenhagen china to Lady Hamilton. The factory was damaged in the bombardment of 1807 and fell on evil days until 1885 when Arnold Krog became art director and a new era began with great ideals enthusiasm and technical skill at the service of the administration. It was not long before the Copenhagen china won the highest honour among connoisseurs and from that time it has gone from strength to strength. Mr Hayden describes with great skill and preciseness all the quality and beauty of technique in which this porcelain excels. He loves it and understands it and the examples he has chosen as illustrations are a valuable supplement to his descriptions. If an out-

sider may venture a comment on this exquisite ware it would be that in his decided humble opinion it reaches its highest pitch in the wonderful models of animals rather than in the vases. The bears and seals and gulls and fishes are exquisite and beyond praise. The water lily leaf with the frog on it is superb. Altogether the porcelain is delicious and Mr Hayden's book is a most desirable guide.

THE ANZAC PILGRIMS PROGRESS BALLADS OF AUSTRALIA'S ARMY

By IANCE CORPORAL
COBBER 3s 6d net
(Simpkin Marshall)

Part of the fascination of war—surely the ugliest disguise that idealism ever assumed—lies in its violent union of extremes. To symbolise it properly you would need the queer fancy of a Quarles and the under of the

is in the clouds, its feet are in the clay and none lighter by the way for being shod with heavy soles. You can hardly wonder therefore that the war is



From Blue Dash Chargers
(Werner Laurie)

ADAM AND EVE—
CATER COLLECTION
By p m fth w
nd 14 Len



From Blue Dash Chargers
(Werner Laurie)

ADAM AND EVE—
R COLLECTION
(Reverse)
Painted by the artist
and the painter



From Copenhagen Porcelain
(Fisher Unwin)

COPENHAGEN FIGURE:
MARKET WOMAN



From Copenhagen Porcelain
(Fisher Unwin)

COPENHAGEN FIGURE:
FISHERMAN SELLING
LOBSTERS

contradictions
in any form of
self-expression
war may take
The textbooks
of St Cyr and
Camberley and
Woolwich are a
vain attempt
to quieten
thought by
means of a
jargon of rigid
technologisms
many of which
are doomed
we hope
Tommy's
favourite
literature is the
war verse of
Kipling which



From Copenhagen Porcelain
(Fisher Unwin)

COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN BOWL
Did April for January fifth
brav Dances who fell at the title of
Copenhag

clears all
limitations on
the wings of
colloquial
slang. Alas we
have had to
wade through
reams of soldier
rhymes since
he began and
few of them
inherit any of
the ease or
sense the
power or the
humour —
simply an echo
that is all. It
has remained
for an Aussie
to succeed
where in the



From Copenhagen Porcelain
(Fisher Unwin)

COPENHAGEN UPP:
KRONBORG CASTLE
WITH SHIPPING IN
SOUND.



From Copenhagen Porcelain
(Fisher Unwin)

COPENHAGEN BOWL
WITH PANEL REPRESENTING
HARVEST

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918



From Old Christmas
and Brace
bridge Hall
(C. 1. 11)

SEATED IN HIS
HEREDITARY
ELBOW CHAIR

main they have failed with a little book (and Bunyan was content to call his the same) which has hardly a faulty line. No chance collection of things knocked off in casual moods but a sequent and realistic story of the soldier life as it befell a manly fellow from down under its eighteen lyrics take you along almost imperceptibly from the day the news of war rumbles in

great general the Egypt and Gallipoli pieces with their terrible picturing and Under Orders with its bluff reservation

We rule our kings we're freemen who call their souls their own
Not serfs that must go stouchn just because a bugle's blown

Possibly we get nearest the bone of the recruity feeling in a verse like this from the drill sergeant at the end of a course of the usual excruciating tyranny

At last he spoke as a Christian shud
When you come to camp you was lumps o' nud
But now you are men you are flesh an' blood
You are real live soldiers a welp me!
An if you're as square as you orter be
When the padre asks Who made yer? says he
You'll tell him the truth an say it was Me—
An Gawd didn't even help me!

We hear much of the settlement to come when Thomas comes back and flashes his searchlight on the conscience brigade but he will hardly get the matter into pithier form than this

The dunty conscience may stand aside the pacifist preach or rave
Yet they'll take their share in the world o' the free that they wouldn't fight to save
There ar' alwy dead heads at every show an will be for evermore
But I fancy he proves his conscience bet who pays his dibs at th' hour

aboard the Darling mail to the hospital stage in England where our Pilgrim

thinks the Lord though my body's broke an I'm hobbled hard and fast
I've still got a hefty two-legged soul and it's out with the boys to the last!

The puzzle with many an epic poet for generations to come will be how to section this kind of Odyssey up whether by campaign geography balance of success or order of time. But he will be best advised in any case to vary his metres and he will be lucky if he handles them half as well as our author has done here. There are hardly two in the same lift or the same vein. Irony invective fancy guile precept triumph and memory—they flow from his pen with equal charm so as to appeal to every man of war in his humour. Sam with its trace of Bret Harte is pure drama just as The Time o' Day which in parts reminds one of Eugene Field's Tabled Hote is pure laughter in a patriotic form. But the reminiscent passages are few for the book is original to the core as for instance Sniper with its playful kick at Abdul Bird a fine tribute to a



From Old Christmas and
Bracebridge Hall
(Constable)

AT THE CORNER ARE ASSEMBLED
JUNTAS OF VILLAGE IDLERS AND
WISE MEN



From Old Christmas and
Bracebridge Hall
(Constable)

SOME ODD-SHAPED BILLET DOUX

Can we do better than close upon the note of gratitude and immortality uttered in front of graves at Gallipoli where every name speaks volumes to those who know

Save those dead of yours and mine
Make this barren shore a shrine
All these graves—they'll draw us back
And for ever in our track
Down the years to come will pace
Pilgrims of our Anzac race
God while this old earth shall stand
Where but here's our Holy Land?

Australia has reason to be proud of her long dynasty of poets from Gordon and Kendall downwards but whenever she makes anthologies in future we may be sure that Cobber will be there. We can almost hear him leading the call off by sections this lance-corporal who bids fair to be remembered when most of his commanding officers are so much categoric detail

J. P. COLLINS

**THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1918**

moving passage he tells how after the death of a dog the pain increased until it was no longer to be borne and he sought his mother.

Ioking I was she ill a noble maid in little sight
of my face intelligent question me then laughing at
my tear I told her of the words which I had been spoken the
old does hurt and asked her if it was true if I if she if all
of us shall be killed in the month of June She said that it
was not she thought it was only a dream in the night
but to die and be buried in the earth I am in mortal
part which could not be It was the old I told her

put with a full and faithful knowledge and full and untrusting things don't like a human being and in the persons believe that when I killed him I was fully and fully after him. We could not know that man was just a humanly with light instantly they killed it with animals like a would live again. That was all her belief—her strength but we could not know for certain because it had been hidden from us. For ourselves we knew that we could not really die because

Him if we made us and all things had to be us and His promise of eternal life had been false. I can't live in to us in His Book - in the Bible.

The value of this book as a record of the impulses and visions which led in the end to the distinguished name of the great naturalist is great—but a record such as that given in the short incident just quoted is of even more value to the student of humanity. And there are many others in this volume—notably the pleasant self-revelations

toward the close entirely innocent egotism where Mr Hudson puts his own case with delightful ease telling us his friends who will understand how the visible world means life to him and—we might go on to presume—faith and hope. Not all the book is devoted to the subjects here specifically mentioned there are ac-

counts of visits to the city—Buenos Ayres and of visitors from that city—which by the way was then a fever stricken spot and not the centre of fashion and commerce that it is to day and there are interludes when the neighbours and their ways are described with insight and humour. But the special attraction of this fragment of autobiography is illustrated by the two quotations I

have chosen the one for its keen observation of nature the other for its picture of the lonely thoughtful child. There is sadness in these memories but there is also great beauty great content and the serenity of one who has lived the life he loves.

WILLIAM J. BARNETT

WILFRID L. RANDELL

THE ART AND CRAFT OF HOME MAKING

Ha	L	P	W	A	I	N	E	R	S	E		45	Cd	n	t	(Mmily)
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This is an invaluable book without which no household bookshelf can be considered to be complete. It should take its place as a matter of course beside every Mrs. Beeton in the land. A sensible useful guide, its practical suggestions and artistic ideas would help to extricate many a perplexed householder out of diffi-

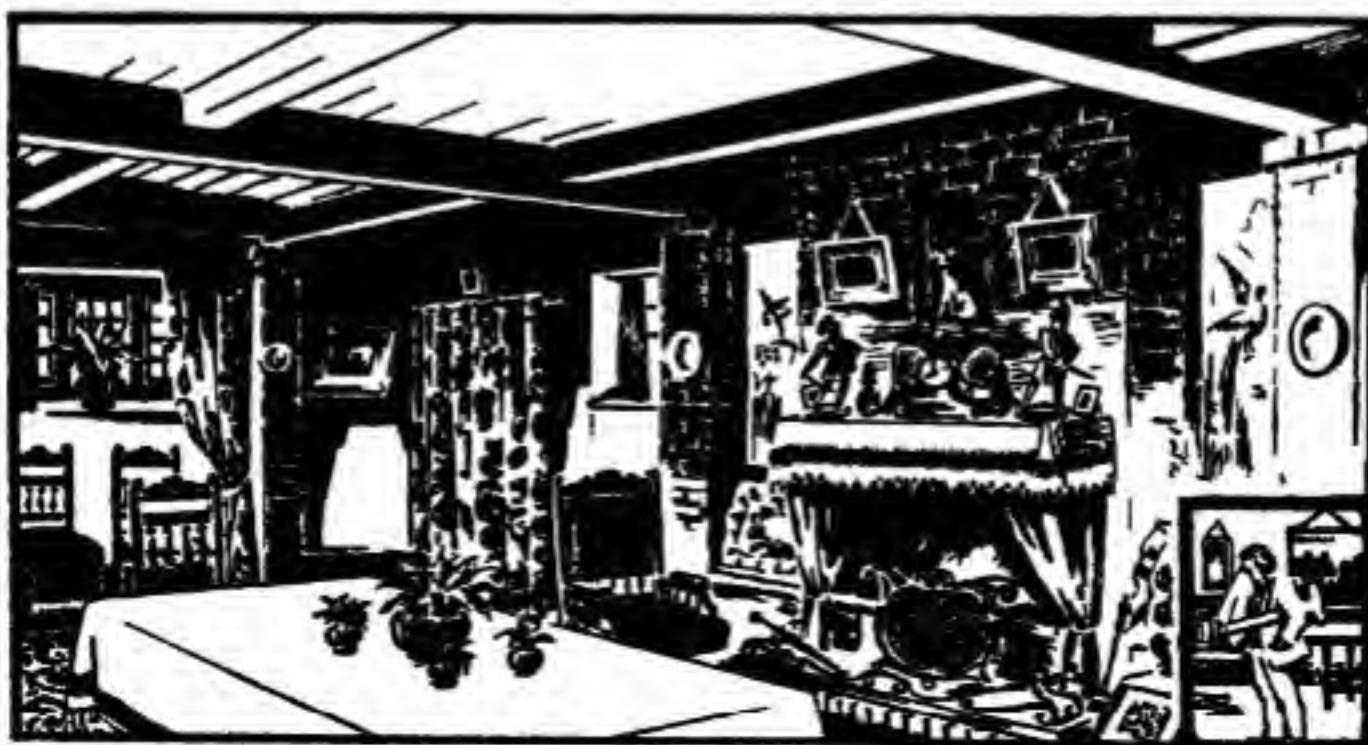
culties. The book deals with the furnishing, and decorating, of the whole house—upstairs and downstairs and into the kitchen. One of the great faults of the British home in the past, says the author in his preface, has been the uniformity of idea prevailing in the houses of all classes of people, no matter what their income, no matter what the size of the buildings they inhabit. Those who take heed of the sound advice offered in *The Art and Craft of Home-Making*, will learn much to their advantage.

It is easier on the whole the author continues to avoid vulgarity in furnishing a house for £100 than in furnishing one for £1,000 for in the former case there must of necessity be constant curtailment of unnecessary articles while in the latter the temptations to elaborate are so many Mr Gregory has a cheerful humorous style



*From The Art and Craft of Home Making
(Murphy)*

IF YOU HAVE A DINING ROOM LIKE THIS—



*From The Art and Craft of Home Making
(Murby)*

AND FURNISHED IT LIKE THIS—THE ARCHITECT
WILL SHED TEARS IN HIS OFFICE.

which adds considerably to the attractiveness of the book. There is a specially useful chapter on Things That Get Out of Order which contains many a useful hint. There are also two hundred household recipes included in this admirable book. Excellent illustrations a hundred pen and ink drawings by the author and numerous photographs amplify the text.

FURNITURE

By HERBERT F. BINSTADT (Literary)

Mr. Binstadt has made in a limited sketch in outline presenting briefly a description of the various recognized furniture styles emphasising the important details of construction and an intelligent appreciation of the beautiful interior decoration. This is a small volume with rather a thin cover but the paper on which it is printed is of a fine beauty and the many illustrations are very good. For lovers of furniture the book will be precious to the ignorant yet admiring it will give to the cultured man at

Sincerity and serious candid certainty of feeling are then the foundation and a quick fancy interpretative of the thing itself is a just and rich eye. She has an exquisite feeling for water its running level in its spiritual symbolism and such verses as "The Dream of the Fabled Fictive" "The Cold Green Mountains" "The River that Melteth Cold" among



From Furniture
(Pitt)

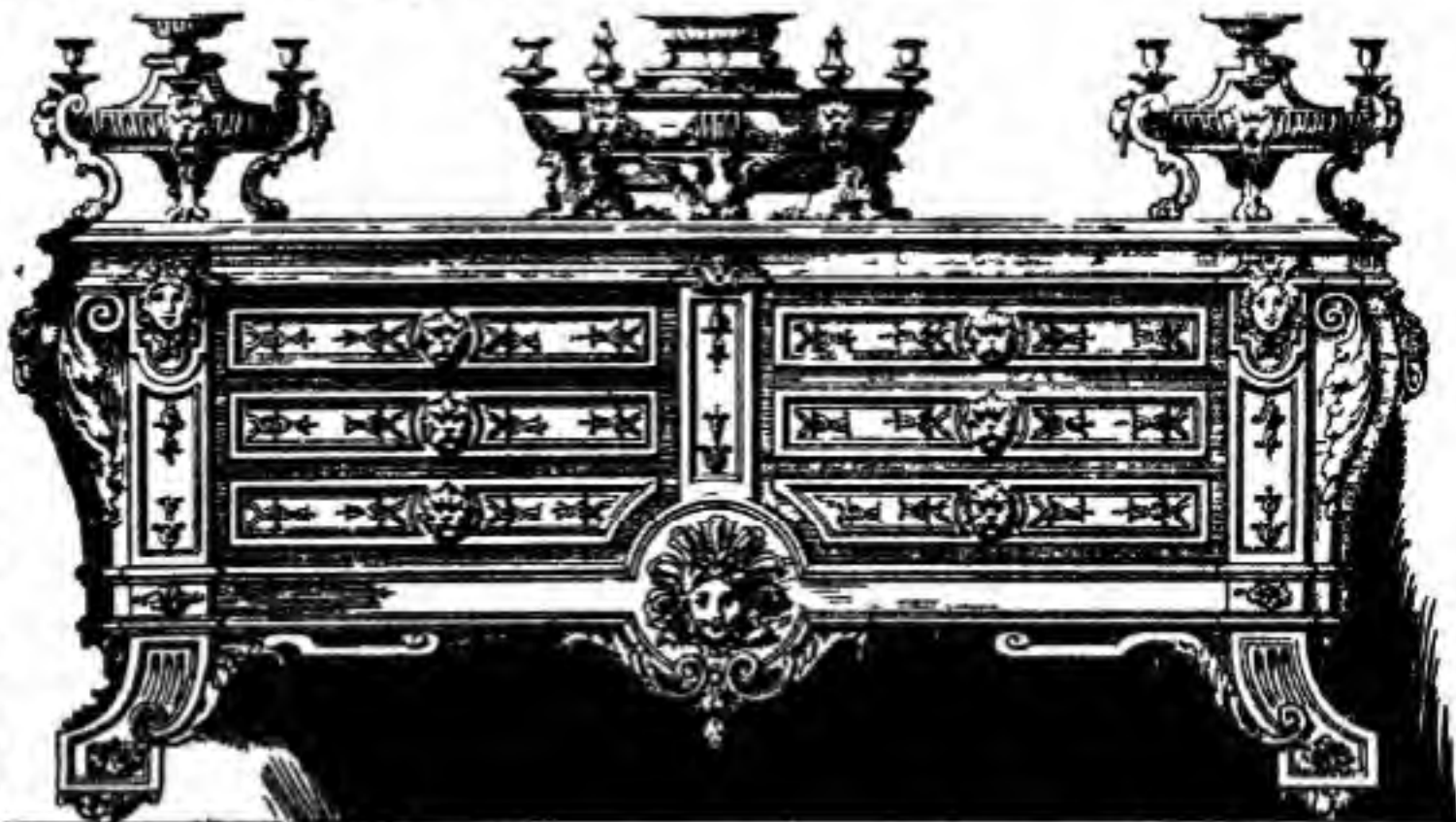
MARIE ANTOINETTE'S
CHAIR OF VERSAILLES

will become the standard in its guide to the subject of furniture through the ages.

MADE IN THE PANS

By AMY WILKINSON (Literary)

Miss Carmichael is a missionary in the South of India. And India and a deep religious heart are shiningly seen in the verses that have been brought together in this very modest little volume. It cannot be claimed for it that it shows any very high magic of word music or a soaring flame of inspiration. But sweetness and delicacy and truthness both in thought and in expression are very high qualities when sustained at such a level as is found in most of Miss Carmichael's poem.



From Furniture
(Pitt)

A BEAUTIFUL COMMODOE (AFTER BERAIN)
PERIOD LOUIS XV



QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE TOMB OF
NAPOLEON I 1856



STRAFFORD ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION



THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN 1674
Cameos of Literature from
Standard Authors
(Warne)

SOLILOQUIES OF A HERMIT

By THEODOR
FRANCIS LOWYS
4 (d net (Mel
1.50)

The author of this volume Mr F Lowys has apparently aimed at the kind of personal book which is well represented by

The Roadmen dei Fiwitch and recount the misadventures of one's own soul its journeyings among charmed and uncharted seas its felicities and folies its brightness and blindness—this has a fascination for most of us and results in the book which is the unwritten book every man is said to carry in his brain. The chief danger is that the spiritual incidents which to one's self may be vivid and memorable to others may seem commonplace and dull.

Mr Lowys has not fallen a victim to that special danger but he has weakened the natural interest of his subject by the absence of form in his treatment of it. These impersonal personalities these unattached meditations need a solid structure for their support wanting that there is inevitably such repetition as the heathen use the thought revolves in stead of advancing and a sense of vagueness and generality remains. The many real thoughts which have gone to the revolutions of this volume are not shown in their development one does not rise out of another as leaf from

stalk flower from bud. Hence it is a little difficult to do justice to the sincerity of the book or the individuality of the reflections. Mr Lowys seems to have noticed the drawback of formlessness but he has only emphasised its presence by his device of speaking of himself in the third person. That device indeed emphasises also an appearance—we feel that it is no more than an appearance—of undue egotism. There is no offensive egotism in a man's examination of his own inward history but the manner in which that examination is narrated can unfortunately give a false suggestion of egotism. Of all that Mr Lowys has written in his book nothing is so interesting and important as his fresh and personal apprehension of the character and ideas of Jesus Christ. In this his attitude is typical of many returnings and revivifications to day.

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I take no thought for the morrow. I cannot help seeing almost a vision as I write of the wonder that He did. And when I think of the fears the heavy longings for good things our eternal looking forward our cringing to time our continual longing for future gain when I think how oppressed we all are how filled to the brim with the feelings that want to go on for ever I do not know how I can thank Him enough that opened a way for our freedom.



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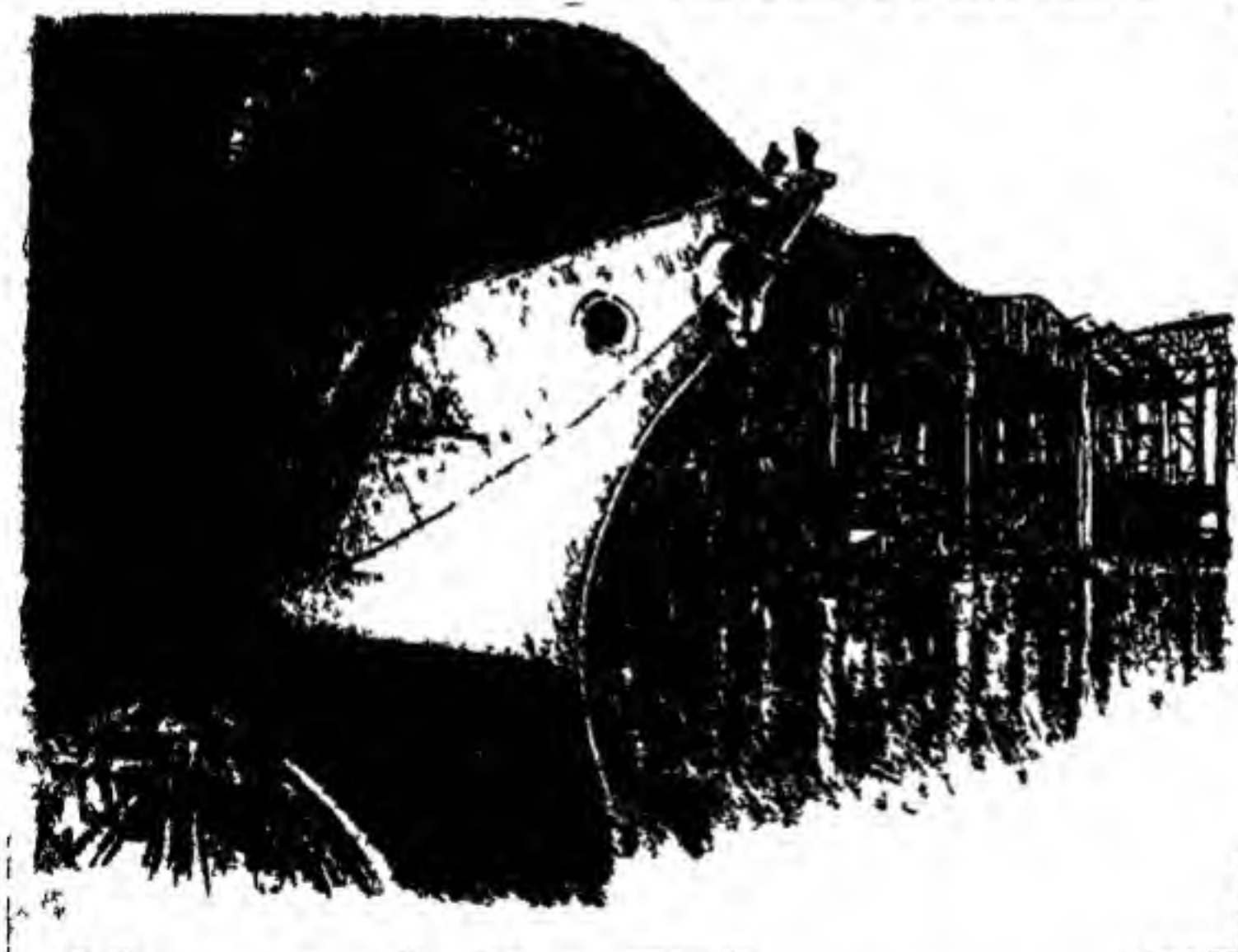
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This is a little volume written and compiled in commemoration of Charles Dean Fraughy, one of the thousands of gallant young officers who have fallen in the war. He had been in the O.I.C. at Marlborough and left Cambridge to take a commission in the Lincolnshire Regiment. On July 13th 1916 he went to the front and in the following September was killed by a shell splinter in the advance on Cuinchart. His life was ended in its twentieth year. There is a poignantly sympathetic memoir, a foreword by the headmaster of Marlborough and an anthology of quotations in prose and verse that speak love and honour for the dead and comfort for those who hold him in dear remembrance.



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(Dent)

ON A FAMOUS SERMON.



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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

THE FEARLESS PRIME MINISTER DANIEL

By WILLIAM HENRY HARDING Illustrated (Oliphants)

Daniel is the fearless prime minister and this is a narrative of his life from boyhood in Jerusalem through captivity honours at Babylon perils in the strange city the fiery furnace the lion's den the feast of Belshazzar the council

chamber of kings It is a wonderful story and told in the Bible version so well that it hardly seems necessary to dress it up in a not really modern modernisation which neither depicts Babylon as it was nor preserves the intensely Hebrew patriotic triumphant flavour of the old telling The coloured illustrations by Wal Paget are unquestionably the best part of the book which seems to have injudiciously attempted something that is much more difficult than the writer imagines



OUTSIDE THE M L BOX

From Australia at War,
No. 1, 1918, p. 36

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

ALSACE LORRAINE, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

By COLFMAN PHILLIPSON 25s net (Unwin)

This book is an attempt to lay before the world the whole case of Alsace Lorraine. Mr Phillipson is a barrister who has written on law and he tells us that with regard to his present subject he has done his best to preserve throughout an attitude of judicial impartiality. He certainly takes great pains to examine all the points though many of them rather baldly. The part of his book to which one naturally turns is that which deals with the country's future and it must be confessed that here Mr Phillipson is irritating. He appears to bring forward all manner of difficulties that hamper their return to France. Difficulties no doubt there are: the population is mixed, the language question and that of religion and other questions will have to be considered. (By the way did Germany consider them in 1871?) But to say that because before the war most of the country's exports went to Germany—a not very surprising fact—therefore from the point of view of economic conditions Alsace Lorraine is very closely if not inseparably bound up with Germany—surely that is an untenable proposition. The author does not seem to realise that if prominent Alsations said before the war that they would be satisfied with autonomy this was only because their dream of reunion with France appeared an impossible achievement. And if during the war this ideal of autonomy has been held aloft in the Alsatian Chambers let us remember that men like the Abbe Wetterle had gone to France and that the German



From The New Elizabethans
(Lane)

GUY DRUMMOND (CAPT
ROYAL HIGHLANDERS
OF CANADA)
at 1 by R T H M ck nio.

authorities have not hitherto permitted in their parliament such outspoken speeches as may be heard in Vienna. One wishes that Mr Phillipson had paid more attention to the liberal policy of France before 1870 when German language inscriptions could be put up on a roadside crucifix or other monument. As far back as the second decade of the nineteenth century the French were so tolerant that during their occupation of Berlin they permitted Fichte to hold his rousing if bombastic Addresses to the German People nor did he refrain from anti-French observations. Those who like the reviewer walked through Alsace in 1914 and studied the conditions will not need to be told that this stage of tolerance had not exactly been reached by the German authorities. In a short notice it is impossible to state all one's reasons but against the total independence of the countries or their union with other small neighbours such as Luxemburg and Belgium there is a great deal more to be urged than against their simple recovery by France. If this arouses the German spirit of revenge we can only hope that this will be mollified as years go by. One does not suggest that the provinces should be handed over merely on account of the manner in which the German officials, with a few exceptions have treated them. But these tries must be restored to France. France unlike the German Empire is an old homogeneous country. She will not oppress the German-Alsatians who are wise enough to remain in Alsace.



The New Elizabethans
(Lane)

THE HON GERALD WILLIAM
GRENFELL (LIEUT RIFLE
BRIGADE) AS A ROMAN
CENTURION

THE
BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS
SUPPLEMENT



HISTORY
BIOGRAPHY
& TRAVEL



*From Memoirs of William Hickey
(Hurst & Blackett)*

JOSEPH HICKEY

History, Biography and Travel

A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND

Written and Illustrated
by MARJORIE INGLE
B. (DUFFNELL) (10
ford)

This is a history of the work of English people from 1066 to 1400. The authors promise us a second part presently. It has been written for boys and girls of public school age for it has always seemed extraordinary to the writers (and to many others) that young folk grew up without ever being taught anything about the surroundings of history. In these pleasant enthusiastically written pages they will learn to put a real live background to their early history: they will hear about architecture about ships about arts and crafts and armour. The book will be used with great happiness by the older student. It is full of charming glimpses of the past. The coloured plates showing the costumes of different centuries are delightful—the authors betray their love of colour and exclaim—

We should like to try the effect of splashing the twentieth century city street with a good bright yellow. We have perhaps enjoyed most the descriptions



The Dawn of the French Renaissance
(Cambridge University Press)

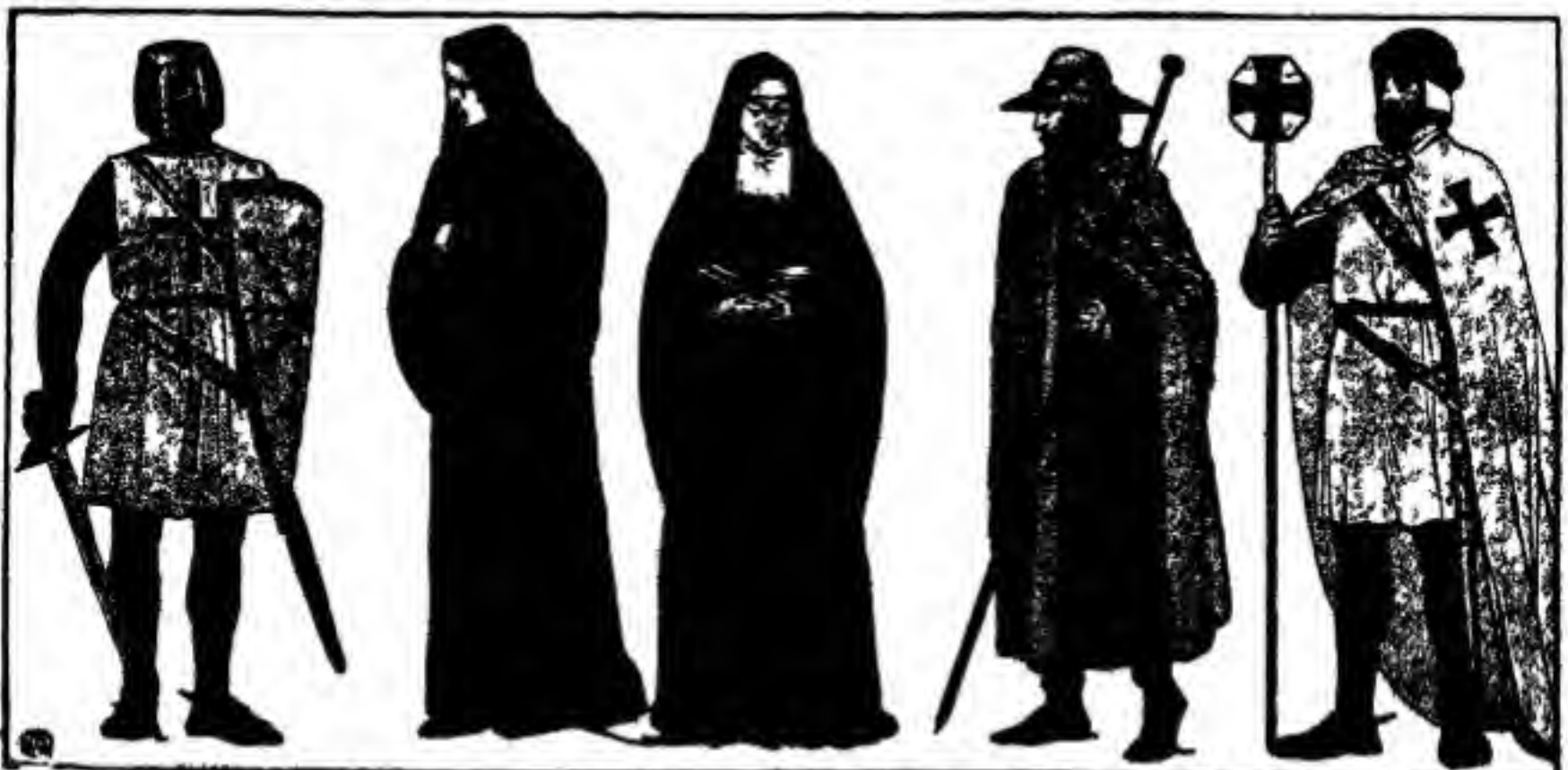
VIRGIN AND SAINTS
WITH LOUIS XVI

of the games played in the old days by grown ups as well as children and we like especially the accounts of the houses of olden times and the great salt cellars and wassail bowls on the dining table. We trust this volume will be used in many schools and many homes.

NAPOLEON THE FALL

By M. BEARDSLEY
(101) (Heath
Cranton)

The author divides the story of Napoleon's fall into three distinct phases: the first from the outbreak of the Russian war in the summer of 1812 to his arrival at Warsaw in December of the same year after the fatal retreat from Moscow; the second from his return to Paris after the disastrous campaign of Russia to his first abdication at Fontainebleau; and the third from his detention at Elba to his death at Saint Helena. And he presents each phase with graphic lucidity and in a manner worthy of his absorbing subject. He dwells especially on the human side of Napoleon and is concerned to defend the Man of Destiny against detractors who regard him merely as a dangerous grasping tyrant. The book which



From A History of Everyday Things in England
(Batsford)

COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD (RELIGIOUS)
12TH 13TH 14TH AND 15TH CENTURIES

is illustrated with some excellent photographs affords many striking analogies and contrasts with our own times. The terms in which Napoleon dictated his abdication for example have a particular interest at the present moment. The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe the Emperor Napoleon true to his oath declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy as there is no personal duty which depends upon life itself which he is not prepared to except in the interests of France.

WITH BEATTY OFF JUTLAND

By LEROY I. WESTERMAN
Illustrated by J. G. GILBERT
RE (B. I. C.)

Mr. Westerman has constructed a stirring tale of the Battle of the Bight. A gallant feat of life saving was the means of transferring Sub Lieutenant Sefton from his torpedo boat destroyer to the deck of H.M.S. Warrior. Here he found himself a dead head in a strange ship but it was not long before his gloom was dispelled by the call of the bugle. Prepare for Action and a thrill went through the ship when it was realised that the Day had dawned. The author stations his hero on the fire control platform from which he had a fine view of the sea—and the reader enjoys a thrilling view of the great



*The Dawn of the French Renaissance
(Canal of the University of Paris)*

**THE LEGEND OF
ST. GILES**

battle since Trafalgar. The author writes with a sound knowledge of technicalities which however he wisely does not overdo and he has successfully clothed the dry bones of the naval dispatches with lively drama and detail. He finds room too in his volume for a very exciting incident concerning the frustration of a Hun plot on the Fenian Hill. A word of special praise must be given for the illustrations which are a fitting pictorial accompaniment to a book of brave adventure.

SUVLA BAY AND AFTER

By J. J. J. J. J.
RE (B. I. C.)

The tale may not be sensational but then it contains no lies. It may even be dull but then it is consecutive. It is not humorous for the author does not care to joke with serious things. Thus the author with a modest little foreword

to this plain unvarnished story of his personal glimpses of the war in Gallipoli and on his way to and from that tragic land. And lest the reader should be misled by the extract just quoted it should be said at once that dullness finds no place in these pages they are crowded with the results of a lively and penetrating and always interesting observation. In the Battle of Suva Bay the author was wounded in the arm and lay helpless under shell fire and the heat of



*From A History of Everyday Things in England
(Batsford)*

NORMAN COSTUMES 12TH CENTURY



From South Slav Monuments Serbian
Orthodox Church
(Merrill)

WINDOW OF ALTAR APSE
AT STUDENICA



From France I Know
By Winifred Stephens
(Chapman & Hall)

the sun for something like seven hours

With my free hand I took off my puttees at my leisure and bound them round my head. This would serve as bandage turban and pillow. Next came the ampule of iodine which I broke and poured into my shoulder through the torn shirt. It seemed to attract the flies who came green and blue bottles in dozens to the feast. I began to stink horribly in the sun. I lay listening. It is a terrible picture he draws of that valley resounding with the ghastly cry. Stretcher bearer! Stretcher bearer! and awful curses. And he records how strangely enough though the suffering from thirst was frightful not once did he hear a shout for water. Safety was all we wanted and that is the plain truth for wounded men are apt to forget their unimportance on the battlefield. Equally frank and graphic is the account of his hospital experiences both in the hut on Lemnos and in the palatial homeward bound *Aquilaria*. All in search of the real thing should read *Suvla Bay and After*.

THE FRANCE I KNOW

By WINIFRED STEPHENS (Chapman & Hall)

It is quite true that in this country we did not know everything about France any more than the French knew everything about the British. And in a sense neither of us was burningly anxious to know everything, we each had reasonably satisfactory conceptions and preconceptions at any rate each was satisfied. But now in Great Britain we are honestly eager to learn willing to suspend our earlier opinions in order to get at a better and so we welcome the writings and admonitions of people who are qualified by their knowledge to tell us truly of France and the French. For this reason we find a hearty welcome for Miss Stephens's book.

The *France I Know* with its disarming title for if it is not the whole of France or the France as one knows her oneself or the real soul and spirit of France as she is it is the France of Miss Stephens who knows a great deal of France and many French people of some note and has read a great many French books. Accordingly while it can not be claimed that the book is on the whole superficial it is none the less agreeable and informing if hardly illuminating. It repeats what we have often been told as to our blunder about France, viz. that the French are a light minded, decadent people etc. etc. describes once more the patriotism of France, gives impressions of the French Red Cross, of the

country scourged by war notes of what the French think of the English of the fine organisation and solid work of the provinces a sketch of the political parties in France a note on religious opinions a good deal about what women have done are doing and are likely to be and do in the country etc etc The book has a considerable range and is most sympathetic in tone Miss Stephens admires and writes and will win admiration from her readers

THE QUEENS KNIGHT ERRANT

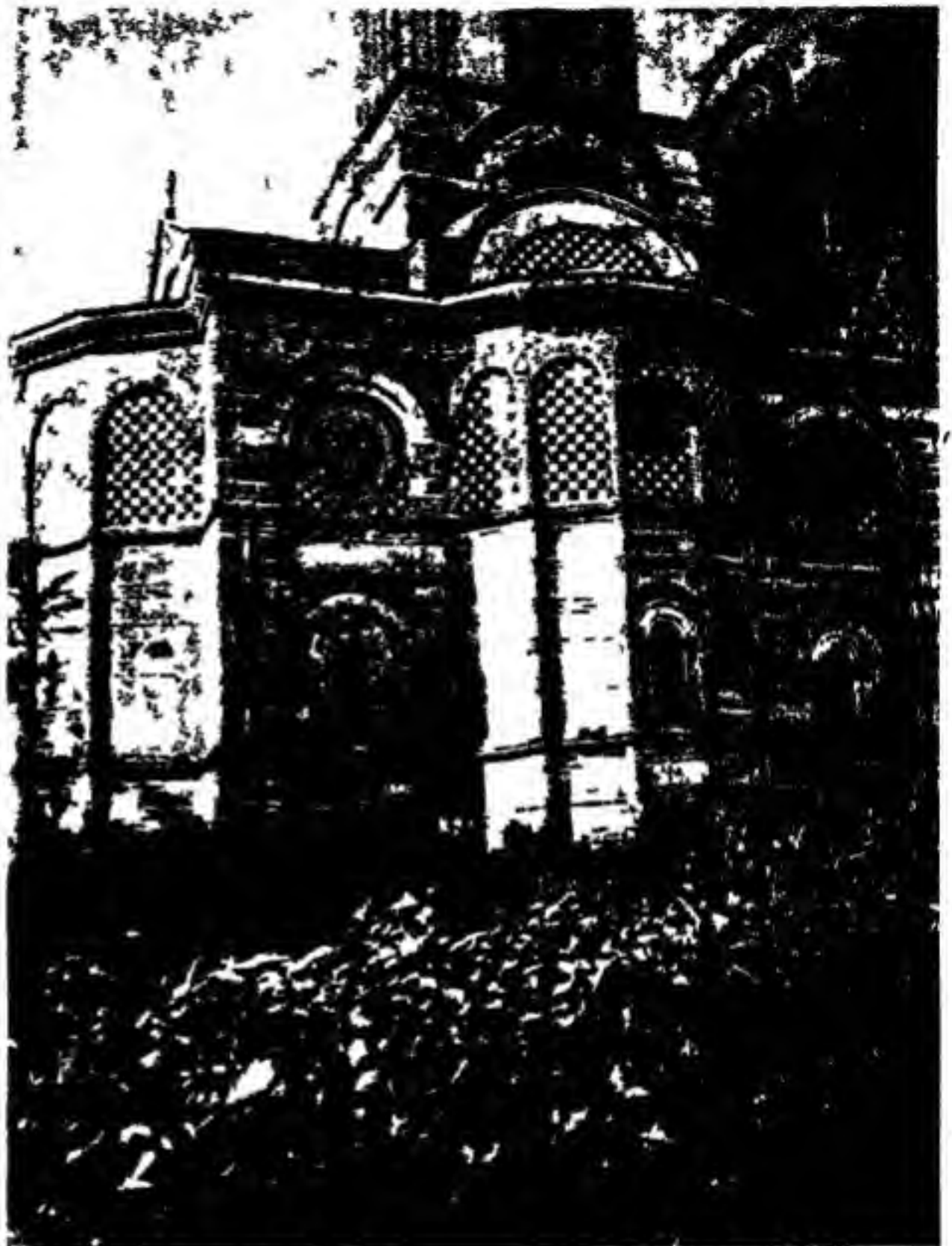
By BEATRICE MARSHALL With
Illustrations by T. HAMILTON CRAWFORD (Seeley & Co.)

It is always a pleasure to welcome a new historical tale from the pen of Miss Marshall. We know that between the book's covers we shall find not only a good story well told but skilful and sympathetic representing of the period which she has chosen to portray. Into the stirring and somewhat dangerous court of Good Queen Bess step gallant men and lovely maids and among the chief of these are Sir Walter Raleigh and Elizabeth Throgmorton Robin Fane and the beautiful little foundling washed up by the Devon sea Tris Fane. The adventures of travel the brilliance and the intrigues of court life the secret love of Sir Walter and his bride the mystery of the parentage of Tris Fane the caprices and bitternesses of the Queen are skilfully handled and as was inevitable in a story of these times the causes of Protestant and Papist work much influence on the lives of the main characters. The setting of the story is mainly Devon and London and the charm of the volume is increased very decidedly by the beauty and interest of its illustrations. Mr Crawford's views of old London and old Devon are delicate works of art treasures in themselves and helpful to the story.

THE ADMIRALTY'S SECRET

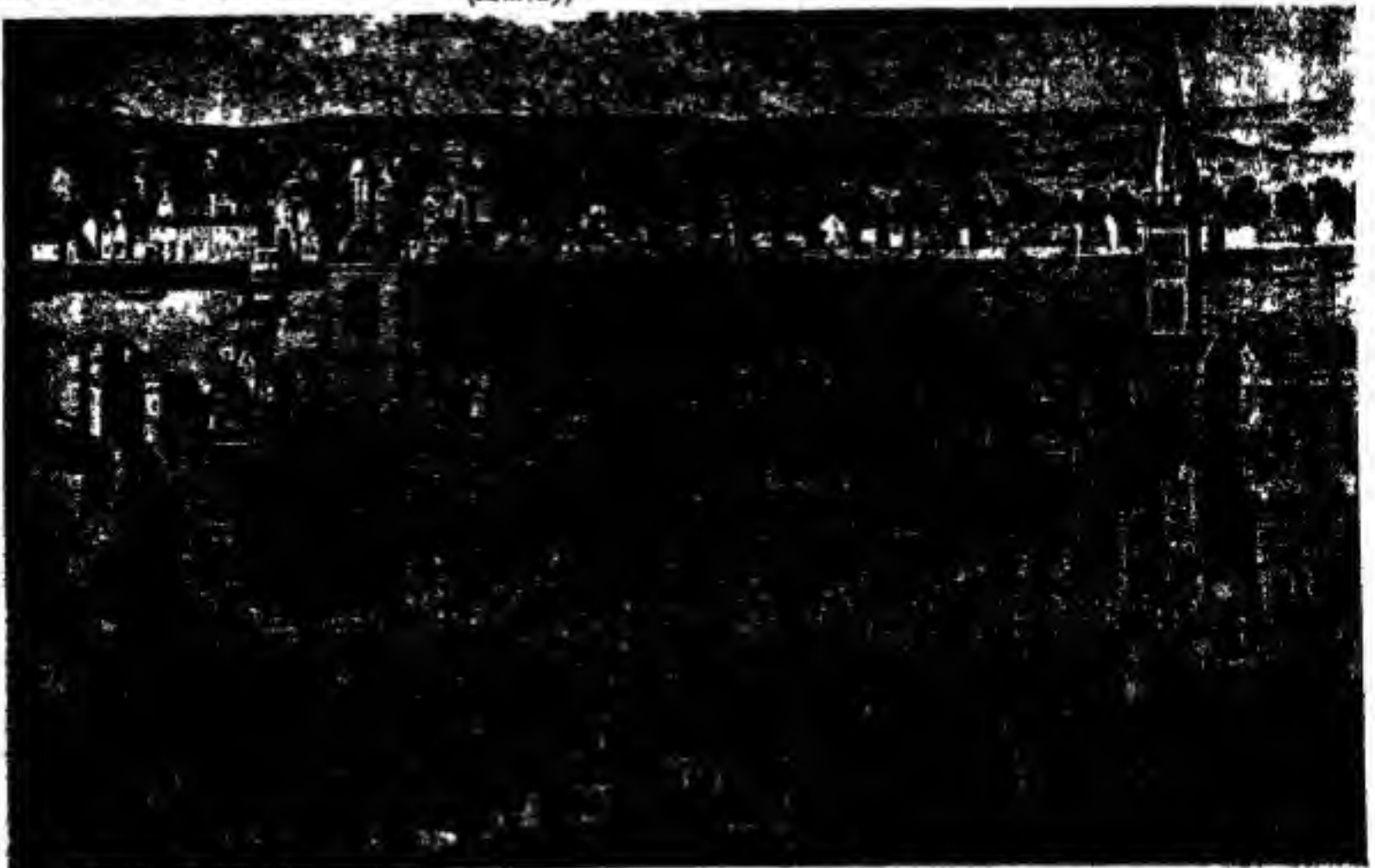
By CARLTON
DAWE 7s
net. (Long.)

The Admiralty's secret was primarily Lieutenant Alan Radley's secret, and whatever Admiralty be, as hero



From South Slav Monuments Serbian
Orthodox Church
(Murray)

N.E. ALTAR PART OF LAZARICA



From The Story of the People of Britain
(Cambridge University Press)

CORONATION PROCESSION OF EDWARD VI

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

of an exciting tale that corporation of Lords Commissioners can never vie with a man of about thirty years of age close cropped clean shaven with a face somewhat tanned by exposure to all sorts of wind and weather square chin and hard lipped and resolute with steady blue eyes behind which worked a brain of acute intelligence. That brain had devised certain instruments for improving naval gunnery. Mr. Drake is not indiscreet enough to describe them too clearly for with a war going on and those cunning Germans about a copy of "The Admiralty Secret" might have got into bad hands and where would Betty have been then? Here was the struggle for the plans and counter the tale the plans stolen by the heroine who then loved the valor and repented for life for they were stolen from her again by the First Lord's Secretary in less and in turn he was robbed



From *Voyages and Discoveries*
(S.P.C.K.)

EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON THE
VICTORY CAME UP WITH HER

of them and Eunice Merion stole them back from the other robber and lost them again to the German arch plotter but the Navy got on the track and by a piece of arrant and heroic piracy Lieutenant Radley recovered his own secured promotion and the girl. Most satisfactory!

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES

By ALICE D.
GREENWOOD 4s
(S.P.C.K.)

It was a happy idea of Miss Greenwood to retell some tales of Queen Elizabeth's adventures from the pages of Hakluyt. This is just the time when the thoughts of youth are preoccupied with heroism and here they will find the glorious tale of Drake's voyage round the world of the adventures of four Londoners at Baghdad and beyond of Cumberland in the Azores. Reading the last named over again we found we had forgotten how the *Victory* on its way home was blown adrift far out into the Atlantic and had great trouble in reaching the Irish coast. And how when the enfeebled crew got ashore at a little place called Dangan the Irish played so sweetly to the sick and wounded on their harps that their lives were restored to them again. The book includes an account of Raleigh's settlers in Virginia and ends with the tale of Martin Frobisher and the North West Passage. It is written with a clear and direct simplicity and is worthy of better illustrations.



Fighting for Sea Power in the Days of Sail
(Macmillan)

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "INDEFATIGABLE"
AND THE "DROITS DE L'HOMME," JANUARY 12
1797

After W. J. Haggins. By kind permission from a print in the
Collection of Sir C. L. Cresswell, Bart.

SEA FIGHTS IN THE GREAT WAR

Naval Incidents in the First Twelve Months

By W. F. WILLY
RA. 301
M. F. WILSON
1. 61
(Cassell)

A wonderful book. The work of many hands—several naval men have helped to compile it and without the permission of Mr. Balfour and the Lords of the Admiralty who allowed one of the authors to make cruises in His Majesty's ships the pictures could not have been made on the details collected. It is a careful record of naval happenings during the first year of war. It includes of course accounts of the *Cerberus* and *Breslau* of the battle of Coronel (with

a very sympathetic account of Captain Brandt of H.M.S. *Moumouth* by a brother officer) we also have a full and stirring description of the Battle of the Falklands with a fine painting of the *Leipzig* sinking in flames. The book ends with a chapter entitled Naval Operations against Turkey. Thus is a splendid bit of work happy the man or woman or boy or girl who can get hold of it and pore over its beautiful colour plates clever black-and-white pictures and glowing letterpress.



1901 Sea Fights of the Great War
(Cassell)

THE EYES OF THE FLEET

ROVING AND FIGHT ING

By MAJOR I.
S. O'RIELLY
11. 61 (Wey
n 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.)

In one way it is a pity that Major O'Reilly wrote the book himself for he is a medieval warrior and modest withal. Another person would have made more of that episode in the Philippines when an friend won the Medal of Honor which now is the Victoria Cross. But after all we prefer to have incidents lightly touched upon rather than spoiled. And nobody could have given us better vignettes of Jackson the English Cornet in the Philippines and whom O'Reilly inadvertently met at a social gathering. Little Sergeant Winitz of the Scouts who rode into



From The British Navy—The Navy Vigilant
(Macmillan)

TRAPALGAR OCTOBER 21 1805.
After W. L. Wyllie R.A.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

the town of Bayombong twenty minutes ahead of his comrades and having been gravely saluted by General Canton who was standing with fifty three men in front of the church received the General's sword. In Cuba



LA CROIXE

The hill which Mr. Aldrich has written about in his book 'The Hill' (C. N. Title)

O'Reilly then a mere boy was a private in the Philippines a sergeant in Shanghai a policeman (which involved encounters with an intoxicated German Captain and with the irate Field Marshal Count von Waldersee) in Japan O'Reilly taught the English language with a certain amount of success in Venezuela he was appointed a major of artillery by the insurgents and in Mexico where in recent years he played a very interesting part he was also given a commission by Villa as a major on his staff. Anyone who has seen something of the American armies in France will be astonished to hear of the lack of organisation in the Cuban war when the troops had to go campaigning in their thick clothes and were not provided with lighter garments until their return to the north while the amount of red tape which both in Cuba and the Philippines was wrapped round the soldiers' rations so that men could almost starve in sight of plenty is amazing. What a vast difference this much greater war has produced perhaps it has produced greater men for the administrative posts. We are told by the Major that when the mixed force advanced upon Peking all the nations were guilty of looting in the Chinese capital but that the Germans were the most flagrant offenders as their officers permitted looting and participated in it. This book is adorned with some remarkable photographs particularly in the exciting section which deals with Mexico where we have a photograph of Villa with Zapata and others taking their ease in the National Palace of Mexico City (Villa in jovial mood is loling in the presidential chair next to his old comrade the unshaven General Tomas Urbina whom he subsequently killed) and on another photograph we are shown the redoubtable Villa in a very different mood a few minutes before he sentenced to death a railway official who was responsible for an accident. Major O'Reilly has now settled down and thinks that his wanderings may be over but nothing seems more unlikely. Somewhere or other he will turn up again on the old road of adventure this enterprising and observant man of six feet four inches who seems to have earned beyond all other praise the title of good comrade.

THE WHITE ISLAND

By MICHAEL WOOD 4s 6d net (Dent)

The mystical fresco is a difficult piece of work at any time but especially in the hot and glaring colours of to-day. Even the glow must be cool and white if the purity of the inspiration is to be convincing and the ordered monotony of the cloister has been so much invaded by the melodramatist that it requires fumigation and a term of quarantine. The author of *The Willow Weaver* may not be remembered as vividly as he deserves because he follows this rule we have just laid down and uses a palette of the utmost delicacy. In this new book there is the same quiet ardour the same high attempt to make this world an expression of the other but the endeavour enters more into the region of ambition and certainly succeeds. Some of the characters upon the margin fade away too far perhaps and Sir James Clinton as the man of the world remains a trifle too passive. But there is no mistaking the vitality of Father Standish and René the half unconscious visionary of a boy who draws all living things towards him that have no guile in them and no distrust. Nor is there any question in the reader's mind about the wisdom of Father Standish's withdrawal of the lad from the course of material prosperity marked out for him the danger is that the reader may be unable to conceive him as anywhere else but where he is—this little garth or garden which seems to lie at the cross roads between peace and happiness and the dread alternative. The one act of self assertion on the part of René's mother is excellent and makes us wish the character had been rather more developed but those who read this author will always have to take the indicative truth for the finished reality.



From *Small Talk at Weyland*
(Cambridge University Press)

THE HALL HOUSE

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

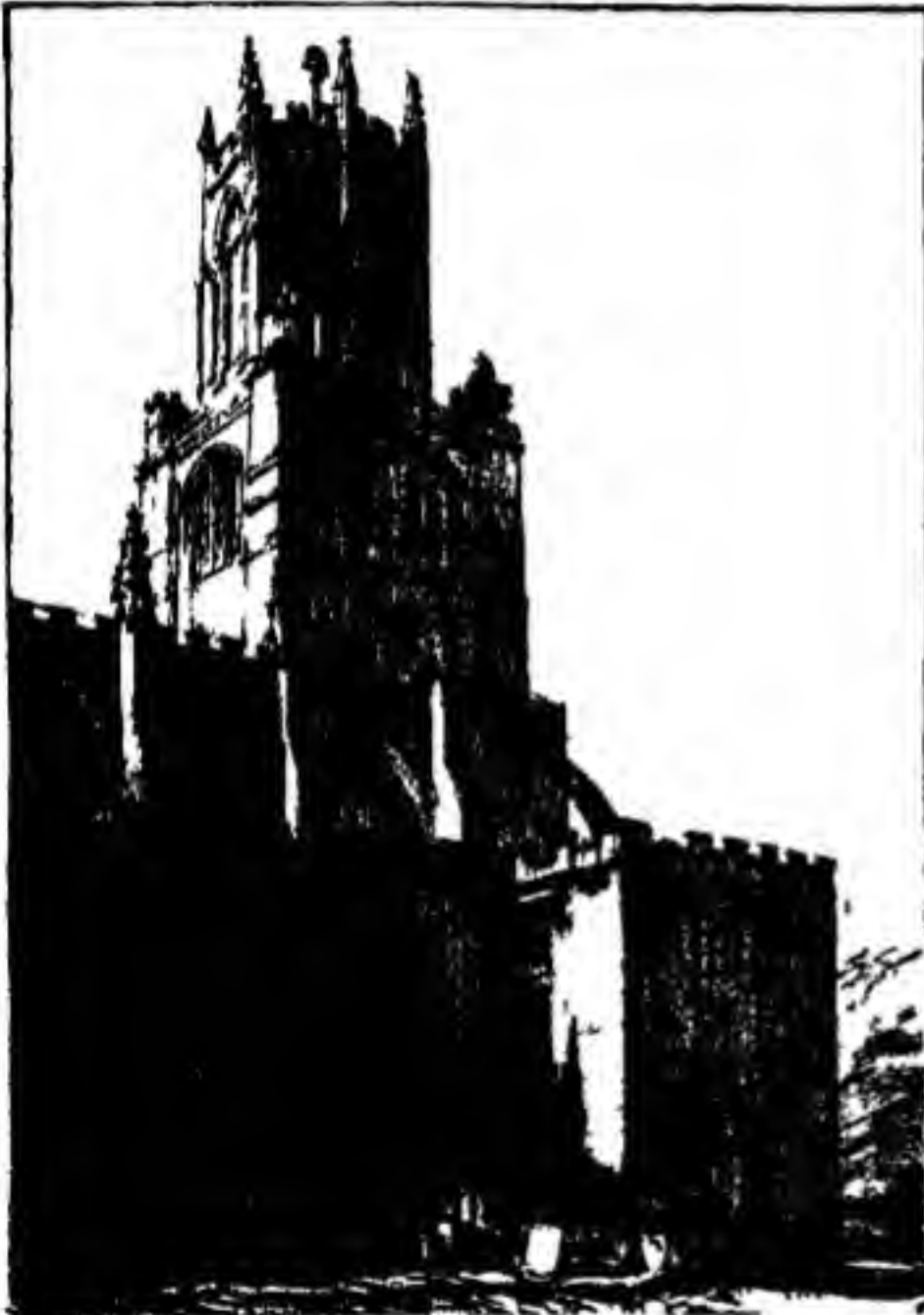
AMERICAS DAY

Studies in Light and Shade

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE 1 s 6d net (Constable)

Those who wish to obtain a comprehensive grasp of the difficulties which confront President Wilson in his colossal task of gradually preparing and educating the United States

shows how the old opposition of State Rights to Federal Control how the division of races throughout the States how the ever increasing Militarism of Money and how the national weakness for thinking pink all proved the most formidable obstacles to the President's unprecedented and epoch making policy of taking part in an European War. He examines the character and the importance of



From Highways and Byways
(Macmillan)

FOTHERINGHAY
CHURCH



From Highways and Byways
(Macmillan)

ISTHLINGBOROUGH
CHURCH

for war with Germany will find the whole question discussed with rare perspicuity and perspicacity in *America's Day*. The author who writes under the obvious pseu-

donym of Ignatius Phayre and who seems to be an Englishman possessed of a perfectly amazing acquaintance with American customs institutions and trains of thought



From Highways and Byways
(Macmillan)

NABBY



From Highways and Byways
(Macmillan)

THE NENE VALLEY
NEAR NORTHAMPTON

German menace in Brazil and with the Japanese menace in California and in China he traverses ground which he knows equally well. His indeed is a very noteworthy book.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

LADY VICTORIA BUXTON A MEMOIR

By the RIGHT HON
C. W. F. RUSSELL
Illustrated by (The Bookman)

Lady Victoria Buxton was born Victoria Noel in 1839 a daughter of the Charles Noel Lord Barmham who was created Earl of Camborough in 1841. She married Sir Lowell Buxton in 1861 and lived till August 1910 surviving her husband by less than a full year. This memoir is well planned and written with no little art always revealing always restrained and reticent. The life of Lady Victoria tells in a most interesting way the full Victorian epoch the time of Napoleon III and Eugene the time of Disraeli and Gladstone, Tennyson, Bulwer Lytton moving through the transition period of what we call the Victorian era and the present war. Lady Victoria became an invalid when she was thirty yet she never lost her eager contact with friends and affairs and when her husband in 1875 went out to South Australia as Governor she accompanied him shared fully in his work there for the three years during which he held office. A lot of this kind of indeed entraining it is a liberal education to come in contact with such a personality so human wise kind humorous lively religious and intelligent. To understand the Victorian era at its best and strongest is immensely worth while and there are few better ways of getting to know it than by the help of books of this kind.

MY GERMAN PRISONS

By CAPTAIN H. C.
GILLILAND 6s net
(Hodder & Stoughton)

It is hard to see what form of literature is yet to be attained by a contemplation of the woes



From Lady Victoria Buxton
A Memoir
(L. & Mansel)

LADY VICTORIA BUXTON



From Eminent Victorians
(Chaplin & Windus)

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

and sufferings of our hapless compatriots in enemy prisons but even if they defy the dramatist and poet the sense of adequacy is more than met by unpretentious chronicles like this. From the moment of capture near La Basque in the early stages of the war down to his escape after two and a half years of misery the author keeps well within the bounds of modesty and decency though he was entitled to traverse the one by his endurance and the other by the nature of his experiences. Of the many prison logs we have been called upon to read of late we can recall none more arresting and convincing than this and we remember many where the writers spoiled the effect as he never does by overwriting and slung and vehemence. Nor had they his eye for letting the pen go as he has in describing that hell of horrors the fortress of Ingolstadt an underground keep where the worst fates were not blond beasts or overwhelming stench but an atmosphere of the most revolting and noisome kind and conditions which no deliberate intention could very well have worsened. Happily the temperament which defied his gaolers and led them to hurry him away whenever there was an inspection due from any neutral commissioner proved his salvation for it not only carried him through serious physical damage at the outset and the merciless medical treatment it provoked but it procured his transfer from place to place as a kind of incorrigible. Out of this shifting from place to place came the slender opportunity of flight and the pages which relate his adventures until he got over the frontier are a suitable continuation to the literature of pluck perseverance and presence of mind. If only it could have been circulated in the right quarters how many broken heroes it might have nerved to take their chances and win their way to freedom.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE SAINT SIMON

Vols V and VI
Translated by FRANCIS
ARKWRIGHT 10/6d net
each vol (Stanley Paul)

Mr Arkwright puts the corner stone upon his monumental translation of the St Simon memoirs with the issue of these two solid and well printed volumes. In the original they have long served as a happy hunting ground not only for the army of bookmakers who specialise in the *chronique scandaleuse* but for the serious historian working in such a field as the life of Louis le Grand of the Regency. But if a thousand rats have harrowed the dung hills there is good soil and to spare left in the honest spade. St Simon had a Calliope faculty for portraiture and an intense human interest in the contemporaries whom he acknowledged or ignored in public with a particular observance of each fractional revolution of exclusiveness. In an age when most values were artificial he filled a great social position not without

credit throughout an epoch that was great in its phantasmagoric way knowing a cynic who was worth knowing and aware of a multitude who were nothing of the kind. He was extremely conscious of what was due to himself and yet never taking to himself a grain of truth that he foundness in the fact but with a superior attitude in his own life. A nothing anything but the life of a great and boldy life of M. de La Rochefoucauld, the great thing and just thing then better but with no bold eye in its life. If its life play with a position is all by his side to tell him of his letters in the life. It is not difficult to see in the man with St Simon's own pen that he was a man to be object as it is to see that he was a human being to be to in the life. He had in a large measure the gift of being all round both friends and enemies. If he did speak of a duty to do and to do every thing to do it with



From The Brood of False Lorraine
(Hutchinson)

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS
QUEEN OF NAVARRE



From Memoirs of the Duke de
St. Simon (vol VI)
(Stanley Paul)

LOUIS XV., KING OF FRANCE



From Memoirs of the Duke de
St Simon (vol VI)
(Stanley Paul)

ARMAND GASTON
CARDINAL DE ROHAN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

and ridicule upon one who had played a blackleg part among his fellow Dukes he is still keen enough to resent any attempted derogation from the privileges due to his adversary's impeccable lineage. If he deplores the extravagance and folly that brought Louis XIV and his realm along with him to the verge of irretrievable disaster he is still at pains to point out how in evitably the manner of the young monarch's upbringing was responsible for many defects of character to say nothing of an

ignorance not only of affairs but of the everyday knowledge of all save the meanest of his lieges. Louis in fact was deliberately left throughout childhood without means or opportunities of acquiring knowledge or the example of reputable associates. The King's natural gifts of mind person and temperament are acknowledged without reserve. If he had been born a ploughboy the women would still have run after him and since his fate was to be King of France what would you have? No wonder *king* was hotter in the mouth than gunpowder. When destiny poured all the wealth of the Indies and all the treasures of Aladdin's cove into his hand at twenty three no wonder a Louvois at his elbow could wheedle from him declarations of war that the greatest captains of the age were hustling each other to carry beyond his borders still leaving armies behind them numerous enough for the stage carpentry of turning marsh and moor into palaces, pleasaunces and lakes at the whim of a spoiled boy. Year after year Marly and Versailles were the scene of Drury Lane transformations. Hills disappeared in a week to become lakes whereupon courtiers and their ladies phulandered in gondolas another week and the lakes were forests of full grown trees teeming with game that was turned down afresh every day. But despite the follies of his youth and middle years this peculiarly earthly embodiment of the Divine Right knew how to keep a stiff



From The Naval Side
(Palmer & Hayward)

PAINTING SHIP

upper lip in adversity and if his end was not particularly edifying he had at least the grace to make his departure with some show of decorum. His last words were of a nobility to induce Marshal de Villeroye with sycophantic promptitude to frame them at the head of his bed though one is reminded by St Simon that this aged warrior's susceptibilities were notoriously so delicate as to move him to visible tears whenever his sovereign's virtues were publicly praised from the pulpit and by no means rare occurrence.



From Guyonmer Knight
of the Air
(Chatto & Windus)

GUYONMER

THE NAVAL SIDE

By EDWARD NOBLE Illustrated
by Ednet (Palmer & Hayward.)

It is a truism that never before has our Silent Navy so brilliantly justified its title. What do we know of the life of the men who have kept the silver streak unfurled? What of the conditions they have faced day and night for nearly four years? It was to answer these questions so far as answers may be given in these days that Edward Noble was invited to visit the Fleet and the Naval Bases along the coast. No one is more fully qualified to describe the achievements of the Navy and Mercantile Marine than Mr

Noble who has long since won for himself an honoured place as a writer on those who go down to the sea in ships and in *The Naval Side* he has found ample scope for his gifts of vivid description and narration. The Naval Side with decorations by Frank Brangwyn R.A. and half tone photographs, is dedicated to Admiral Viscount Jellicoe and will be read with intense interest by all who are interested in—and who is not?—in what our Naval forces have been doing in the great war.



From The Naval Side
(Palmer & Hayward)

THE BRIDGE OF AN OLD-TIME BATTLESHIP

GUYNEMER, KNIGHT OF THE AIR

By HENRI BORDEAUX 6s net (Chatto & Windus)

This is a most fitting and adequate tribute to the memory of the young flying soldier of France who most of all typifies

and months afterwards told his father he meant to be an aviator because of that marvellous moment he was not allowed to follow his will. But when war came and his ardent spirit was refused its desire to serve in the Army because the body was incapable of enduring the fatigue of soldiering then he thought of the air service and at



From Boulogne a Base in France
(Black)

THE BASSIN LOUBET—SUNSET

for Frenchmen their ideals and heroic faculties. M. Henri Bordeaux has written what is no less than a lyrical epic, a real *chanson de geste*. Truly Guynemer was an ideal hero. His life from his birth in 1894 to his wonderful

fall after much pleading he was accepted as student mechanic, an apprentice. Hard and scientific work ensured progress and at last he became a flier and on July 19th 1915 had his first victory in the air. From that



From Scotland of the Scots
(Putnam)

THE CLYDE AT BOTHWELL CASTLE

death in September 1917 is described in this narrative with an exquisite feeling for its singleness and its noble tending always to its heroic fulfilment. A frail, ardent boy who once saw an aeroplane pass from the blue deep to the blue deep above the courtyard of his school

time to September 1917 was a succession of triumphs and when the end came he had fifty-three victories to his credit. Twenty-six times had he been cited in the orders of the day and the last citation is to be the inscription on the marble tablet dedicated to him in the Pantheon. Every

LOAD LISTER

By Si Ri km J h G d l B r c d l y l w d l T x B x a n d w i n

fallen on the field of honor on September 12, 1901, legendary hero, fallen in the very zenith of victory after three years hard and intense fighting. He will be considered the most heroic and noble of the national heroes for his indomitable nerve and pure courage and his exalted gallantry. The fall of Maximilian in victory has a great significance to the Irish. Their own heroic memory which must add to his life with us spirit and will help give rise to the new Irish nationalism.

**BOULOGNE A BASE
IN FRANCE**

We all know people who have done war work in Boulogne this is the book to give them for a Christmas gift. It is made up of charming pictures in black and white and there are some coloured ones too. A street with flags out entitled 'The Fourth of July' a clever sketch of the Consecration of the new Bishop of Arras with crowds of dignitaries entering the Church of St. Nicholas—also a picture 'On the Ramparts' where the soft blurring of the green trees is very successfully done. There is too a gay painting of 'A Summer Day in the Market' with the brightly coloured stalls and the crowds. The black and white or rather brown and white work is equally good especially a dainty sketch of the harbour and a masterly impression of the Plage. Yes this is the book for many a one who knows Boulogne in war time and who has learned to love it for the wounded who were pulled back to health and strength there for the nurse for the Y M C A workers. We thank Captain Hardie for his exquisite sheaf of memories. They will hang framed on many a wall.

Edited by I. T. With an Introduction by H. C. WELLS. 1. Edition (Allen & Unwin)

[illegible]

Mr. KENNEDY.

TAILS UP

By FREDERICK MIDDLETON (4 net) (Simpkin)

In his new volume of aircraft sketches Mr. F. G. M. Middleton jolts his readers through the multifarious activities of the Air Service with an anecdotal nudge here an informative pause there and an apt quotation everywhere. He has something of interest to say about Aces and Archers Zeppelins and kite balloons aerial duels and airman logs and a score of other subjects. And scattered throughout the book are little tales of heroism and endurance that make the reader warmly the words of Major General Ruck in his introduction: "The war is but a prelude to still greater developments in our social history. Is it not to be hoped that the qualities shown by our gallant aviators their courage chivalry self-denial enterprise and buoyancy will find adequate expression in the new order of things to which we have to adjust ourselves?"

will glory in them. We quote the titles appended to the first three illustrations. With a crash they fell through the ceiling and alighted heavily almost at the feet of



Author of *The Navy in Battle* (Chas. & Windus)

PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR POLLEN

THE SECRET CHANNEL

And Other Stories of the Great War

By PEACOCK WESTERMAN 5s net (Black)

Brisk tales all of them and full of adventure Boys

Germany's secret agents There's a Hun patrol bearing down yelled the pilot of the seaplane to the sub
Lieutenant alone on the derelict torpedo boat Swiftly
he drew forth a bomb Unerringly the sinister

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

missile hurtled on its mission. We imagine the schoolboy reading thus far and settling down with the contented exclamation:

This is all right! It is we promise him and among the very best stories are: The Christmas Prize in which two middies capture a schooner and The Sub's Hymn of Hate a tale of submarine adventure in the North Sea. The Ghosts of Finnerwood Hall a Christmas Eve story tells of a daring midshipman who dons a suit of mail and terrifies a German who is compelled to surrender. We suppose tales of Germans versus British will continue to be written for years to come: this is an exciting collection.

THE HISTORY OF ARYAN RULE IN INDIA

By L. B. HAVELL.
With Illustrations
155 net (Harrap)

Mr. Havell's new volume on the Aryan rule and rulers is a monument of knowledge and labour. He is of course well qualified to write on this intricate subject and he does so with clarity and exhaustive care. The scheme of his book is to portray Aryan rule from the earliest time to the death of Akbar and one of the most pertinent and interesting periods is the reign of Asoka. The twentieth century of Christian Britain may pause and criticise itself when it looks back upon the aims and laws of this Aryan monarch living and influencing the wide East in 268 B.C. The State officials were enjoined by him to regard all men as the Emperor's children whose happiness in this world and the next was his chief desire. They were to prevent false imprisonment, the unjustifiable torture of citizens and any acts of violence. In their behaviour they must avoid envy, harshness, impatience, idleness and lack of perseverance.

Also to the people he called for obedience to the Law of good living.

Parents should be obeyed, the teacher must be revered by the pupil, truth must be spoken, no



From The History of Aryan Rule
in India
(Harrap)

TRIMURTI SCULPTURE
ELEPHANTA

living thing should be sacrificed or injured, disputes should be avoided, personal indulgence restricted, and so forth, showing that it was not left to the great Akbar's reign so many years later for ideals to be formulated and genuine social truths apart from selfish socialism to be realised. But the great twin interest of this volume is the description and interpretation of the Aryan art as it goes hand in hand so to speak with Aryan history and the numerous illustrations throughout the book bear witness to the culture and the technical perfection achieved by the craftsmen. They were great at symbolism (not we suppose we must admit the very highest form of art) but they could conceive splendour in stone and express nobility in form. The book is a fascinating and illuminating record of a long period which has been only too much the interest chiefly of the specialist. Mr. Havell's careful study of a fine people enables an interested public to realise that great things were done and made and thought in India even before the dawn of British Rule.

AN ALPHABET OF STORIES

By REV. W. J. MAY 45 6d net (Oliphants)

There are twenty-six letters in the English alphabet and so that makes twenty-six stories in this book. They are stories for boys and girls and will be invaluable to parents and aunts and uncles who are often hard

put to it to satisfy the practically insatiable demand of their tyrants for stories. These are excellently suited for reading aloud and they are all winged and barbed with direct lessons for conduct and good living. Not that they hurl an obtrusive and jagged moral at the head of the hearer—they don't. They gently insinuate without malice. The lesson conveyed in the story—Delays are Dangerous—is somewhat harsh. Nevertheless this is a pleasant book in the best and positive sense.



From The Fifty First in France
(Hodder & Stoughton)

ARRAS

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM

By the REV J. E. WRIGHT B.A. 7s 6d. (Jarvis)

This account of the Holy Land of to-day is written by a young clergyman who is now chaplain to the Right Rev the Bishop of Jerusalem and it has a foreword by the Bishop of London. He it understood that these are not letters about the war but about impressions formed by Mr Wright before war broke out. The book is bright and natural, admirably illustrated and full of detail that will probably be new to the untravelled reader. Thus on bathing in the Dead Sea he says: 'Can you imagine it? Beautifully warm, almost dead calm, you can stay in for hours without a chance of feeling cold, you feel just like a human swan. But were beside any one who gets a drop in his eye or in his mouth, it is bitter as copper soaked in vinegar!' Mr Wright has a happy way of describing ceremonies and we have a striking account of Easter in Jerusalem. 'I didn't mind,' he writes, 'the enormous crowd. It was inspiring, so far from feeling any objection to the masses of peasants living, eating, and sleeping in the church from Thursday maddly to Sunday. I felt it quite a privilege to be in such a throng of simple childlike people.'

FROM CZAR TO BOLSHEVIK

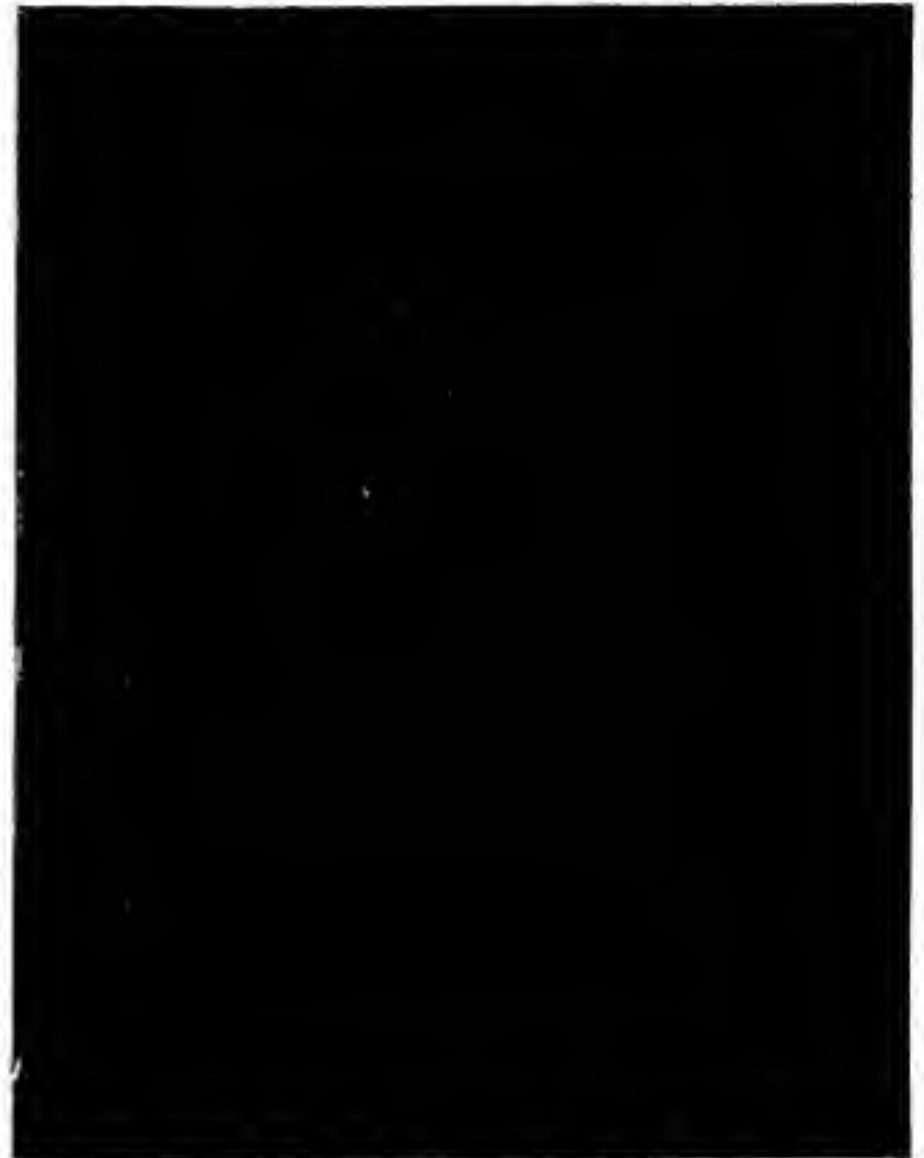
By F. I. STEBBING C.B. 10s 6d. (Farrar)

This gives a wonderful picture of Russia after the Revolution. Mr Stebbing was in Russia last year and made a close study of the extraordinary kaleidoscopic events which passed before his very eyes. He sends forth his diary conscious that it is of the highest importance that the true causes for the present appalling conditions of Russia should be understood. He bitterly blames the



From Luxembourg and its
Neighbours
(Putnam)

THE ARMS OF THE DUCHY
OF LUXEMBOURG AND THE
FIFTEEN CITIES.



From The Roman Civilization
By A. F. C. MA
(Nelson)

HEAD OF CHRIST FROM
A WALL IN THE ROMAN
CATACOMBS

Alles in words made more bitter by their extreme restraint. Their failure as regards propaganda. Germany conquered the Eastern Front by propaganda not by force of arms, he tells us. We never opposed or checked their efforts. He calls for men, and many as we can lay hands on to go forth to Russia. We must trust them, simply give them the order, Propaganda, and leave them to do the job in their own way. The chapters, Petrograd in 1917, The Moscow Conference, Petrograd in September, are among the most interesting in a volume which will be consulted even though the war is over. Photographs taken by the author brighten the pages, there is a snapshot in the beginning of Kerensky with a sorely perplexed brow in the trenches on the Eastern Front in June 1917.

THE TOWER OF LONDON FROM WITHIN

By MAJOR GENERAL SIR GEORGE YOUNGHUSBAND K.C.M.G.
10s 6d. (Herbert Jenkins)

How wonderful are the romances connected with the Tower! We have refreshed our memories right gladly in these vivid pages. Sir George Younghusband knows his subject, he lives within its ancient walls, and he has put together his book with great judgment, selecting from the immense mass of material with care and wisdom. This volume will make an ideal Christmas gift, open it anywhere and one is fascinated. We had quite forgotten for instance that breathless story of the love of William Seymour and Lady Arabella Stuart—how she eloped dressed as a man with russet boots with red tops, a black cloak and a rapier, he meeting her disguised in a carter's hat and smock. They were pursued and captured—but you will find it all in the stirring chapter, Life and Death in the Tower. The account of the jewels is particularly well done. Pictures add to the attractions of a most readable and valuable book written round a noble inheritance built with the stone of ages and watered with the blood of England's noblest sons and daughters.

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LEO TOLSTOY

By AVIMER MAUDE With Illustrations 9s 6d net (M. Thuen)

This is a life of Tolstoy based up in Mr Maude's two volume life that was revised by Countess Tolstoy and contributed to by Tolstoy himself. Here we have in well planned well proportioned narrative an account of the life and ideas

of one of the outstanding figures of the world in the nineteenth century and in our own time. He was convinced that the existing order of things was corrupt and impure and addressed himself to it ever to throw Church and State and social organisation he attacked them all one by one and all together and succeeded in his attack to an amazing degree. The present condition of Russia is eloquent witness to the passion with which the idea he promulgated was seized upon and to the danger of the unbalanced and fanatic application of those and similar ideas. Mr Maude seeks to examine Tolstoy's views critically and dispassionately to sift them and find what is sound and wholesome among them and to guard against any tendency to accept them merely because of their interest and vitality in the domain of literary art with which they are presented. As an account of Tolstoy's life and a clear exposition of ideas and principles which cannot be ignored but must either be followed or challenged this is a very valuable book and absorbingly interesting.



From Leo Tolstoy
(M. Thuen)

TOLSTOY IN HIS ROOM AT YASNAYA POLYANA

for it is one of the raciest and most genial chronicle of adventure that has come to us from America for some time. Born in 1845 young Morgan then a student at Annapolis joined the Confederate Navy in 1860 at the outbreak of the Civil War and until its close saw a good deal of fighting both on sea and on land being more particularly engaged in sinking merchant ships as an officer

on board the commerce destroyer *Georgia*. At Bahia Brazil he met the famous *Hatama* discovering among its midshipmen a youth who was uncle to Theodore Roosevelt. When the war was over he joined a mining expedition to Mexico on fighting Bob Evans's recommendation. But he landed at Marseilles to take part in the Franco-Prussian War though he was in time to see

what Paris looked like just after the Commune. Among the most amusing chapters of his book are those devoted to the years he spent in Egypt as an officer in Ismail Pasha's Army to which he went with recommendations from President Jefferson Davis and General Sherman ignorant as he says of that chapter in Isaiah which denounces

Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help and stay on horses.

Col Morgan's account of his own feats of horsemanship on that extraordinary steed

Napoleon and of the caprices and vagaries of the operative and comic operative stars who fleeced the old Khedive at Cairo make very piquant reading. Indeed the whole

Recollections whether of America of Egypt or of

Australia where the author was for many years American Consul General are thoroughly readable and entertaining. Not a page need be skipped. Indeed the whole thing is so varied in interest and so alive that one is too absorbed in reading to think of such a folly as skipping



From Letters from a Lowland Keeper
(MacLachlan)

THOMAS WALKER

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER.

By JAMES MORRIS MORGAN 10s 6d net (Constable)

Colonel Morris Morgan's Recollections of a Rebel Reeper ought to find many admirers this Christmas time

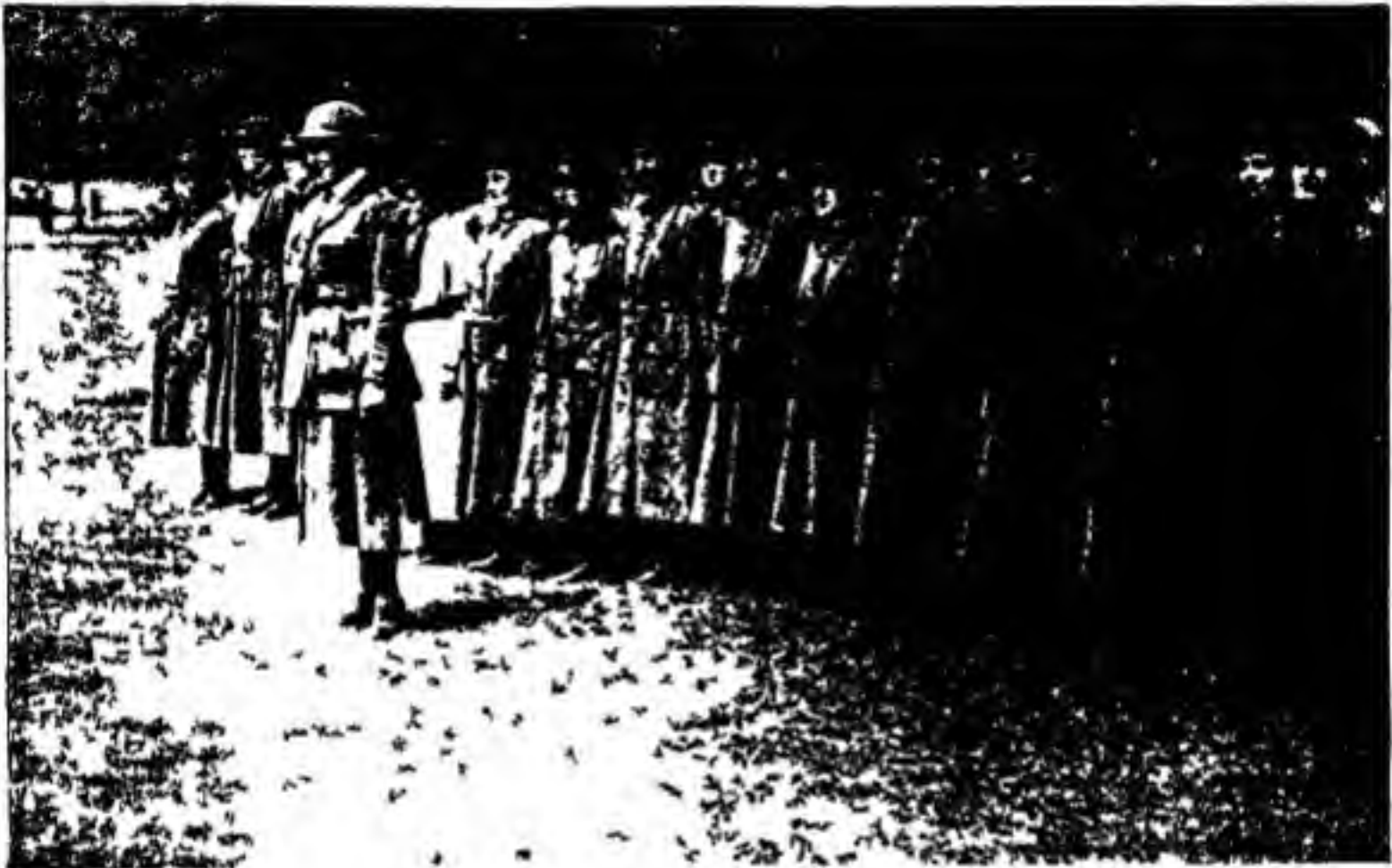
OVER THERE

By CAPTAIN HUGH KNYVITI (9 net (Hodder)

This war chronicle by an Intelligence Officer of Australian Infantry is what his fellow colonials would call a bosker

and filling language. One could make a calendar easily with extracts from his pages and here are a few odd sentiments and jests to prove it.

Remember that Australians are under no other compulsion than that which is of responsibility of citizenship.



1st in Eve in Khaki
(Net 1)

A SUNNY MORNING IN HYDE PARK
DRILLING RECRUITS

book. From the moment that the call reaches him and his comrades out in the pearl fisheries of New Guinea or in the back blocks right through his training and service in Egypt, Gallipoli and the western front down to his

It is but a few days before the news of the Japanese where they beat the British and the Japanese take the fastest steamer back home with them and away with front ends for the big day of the year.

We were so busy to the point of the big day of the year.



From A Broken Journey,
By May G. (Werner Laurie)

WEDDING PARTY
FEN CHOU FOU

wound and term in hospital and later periods of reflection on the chance of return to the trenches he rejoices in a fund of imperturbable spirits a zest for all kinds of adventure and a racy way of running his experiences off in rich

when he said The company will move to right in four that when a grazing donkey happened to see how the whole company formed four.

For those three weeks it seemed to me it was an easy thing to die for one's country but to train to be a soldier was about

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

the worst kind of penal servitude a man could undergo

That narrow lane that stretches from Switzerland to the sea is the great international cemetery and for many generations to come it will be the Mecca of pilgrimages from all our countries

There are ranches and farms that will go back to the primeval wilderness because the men who were developing them are gone and there are none to take their places. The only monument that we dare set to our fallen dead is the only monument that would not be a dishonour to them and a hindrance and eternal disgrace to the monument itself.

The author has a rare fondness for anecdote and humour and as for his patriotism and passion for the home of his fathers it does one more than good it explains why the Anzacs fought as they did. And if any more of them can write as Captain Knysvett writes they are sure of a literature upon the war which we can only admire and envy.

THE LIFE AND FRIENDSHIPS OF CATHERINE MARSH

By L. E. O'RORKE With
Portraits and Other Illustrations
(Longman)

From The Romance of the
Red Triangle
By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
(Hodder & Stoughton)

ALBERT THE Y.M. IN
THE ORCHARD

Personality is the word that springs to the mind while reading this biography. The personality of Catherine Marsh must have been remarkable. She had certainly the

phrase goes—were impressed by her words. The biography of such a woman is a genuine pleasure and the writer of this one has made of it also a literary treat.



gift of making friends and of keeping them but there was more than the charm of wit and intelligence to account for this. Catherine Marsh was a deeply religious woman and her power for good and for the saving of souls might be the envy of any clergyman. A fine pageant of great names moves through these pages and we bless the men and women who in the past have kept good letters. Such a volume as this impresses us again with the value of them. Catherine Marsh was the youngest daughter of a clergyman born at Colchester and brought up in an atmosphere of love and real godliness and for ninety-two years the atmosphere of love and true godliness surrounded her. Love and true godliness were in her heart and soul and her influence was strikingly powerful. The young cadets at Addiscombe loved her and came Sunday after Sunday for a talk and prayer. Rough sailors hung upon her words. A waiter in a hotel where she stayed a chauffeur who drove her a workman [at her window—high and low rich and poor as the



From The Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh
By Mrs. L. E. O'RORKE
(Longman)

FELTWELL RECTORY, NORFOLK

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS HODGKIN

By LOUISE CREIGHTON 1 s 6d net
(Longmans)

A second edition of the interesting biography of the late Thomas Hodgkin by Louise Creighton has just been published. The author of the biography has tried as far as possible to let Dr Hodgkin tell the story of his own life and express his ideas and opinions in his own words as Dr Hodgkin was fond of expressing himself in writing and has left a wealth of letters and notes and diaries his biographer has been able to construct a book on the lines she has thought best that gives us a real and vivid portrait of a rare type of Englishman. For surely it is rare to combine in one man the qualities of a Quaker a successful business man an historian a scholar of the first rank and an ardent and passionate upholder of all great social and philanthropic causes. The sunny good nature of Dr Hodgkin is reflected in the pages of this book and the story of his life makes refreshing reading. He was a keen traveller. Money spent in travelling is never regretted. He was wont to say and whether abroad or at home there is always something interesting happening to him. His biographer has chosen her material skilfully and used it wisely in constructing this admirable memoir of the life of a great and good man.

GUILDHALL MEMORIES

By A. C.
TEMPLE
F. S. A.
Director of
the Guild
hall Gal-
lery Lon-
don 17s
net (John
Murray)

Those who remember with gratitude the magnificent exhibitions of Spanish and of Dutch pictures shown at the Guild hall will turn with interest and expectation to "Guild hall Memories, a volume in which Mr A. C. Temple F. S. A. the Director of the famous gallery gives his impressions of



From The Gate of Remembrance
(Blackwell)

CONJECTURAL RECONSTRUCTION
OF THE NORTH TRANSEPT WITH
THE CLAUSTRUM ATTACHED.



From The Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin,
By Mrs. Creighton
(Longmans)

BARNOR CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1918

that mingled strain of hospitality and connoisseurship for which our London *Hôtel de Ville* is world famous. Belonging to a family which has now served the City Corporation for one hundred and forty years Mr Temple is one who can speak of civic buildings and of civic art displays with authority and in the pages before us he tells entertaining stories of such Guildhall guests as Lord Brougham, Lord Salisbury, the Shah, the Sultan, Gladstone and Disraeli and he has seen very interesting light on the circumstances in which the famous Guildhall picture shows originated. The Disraeli stories and the Gladstone stories light is they often are have the merit of being significant and will therefore be valuable to future biographers of the two statesmen. The anecdotes relating to painters, picture dealers and picture buyers are equally diverting and but for our lack of space would be liberally quoted in this notice. The story of Matthew Mires's picture, *The Outskirts of a Town* which Mr Temple to its owner's intense surprise discovered in Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's house in Grosvenor Square a few weeks before C. B. became prime minister is an admirable narrative and will take its place henceforth in all future Anecdotes of Painting. But Mr Temple has filled the pages of his book with plenty of stories equally good the account of Tennison's reluctant meeting with Gladstone in Sir James Knowles's house at the time of the first Home Rule Bill being particularly piquant and amusing.

RUSSIAS
DECLINE
AND
FALL

By FRANCES CATHERINE
RADZIWIŁŁ 7s 6d net.
(Cassell)

It required no little courage to enter upon this chronicle of a great



From *Pioneers of the Russian Revolution*
(Stanley Paul)

CZAR PETER
THE GREAT



From *The Blood of France Lorraine*
(Hutchinson)

MONSIEUR DE GUISE

national debacle at a crisis when it may develop in any direction or descend to still worse disorder. What the author has set herself to do is to trace the course of events in Russia from the months before the war to the end of 1915 and to allow her intuition to develop in a natural way as to what may result from the new situation in politics which the war has brought about. As a matter of fact several of her shrewdest attempts at prognosis have come surprisingly true and we have the publishers' assurance that the book was concluded to all intents and purposes nearly three years ago. She has much of interest to say concerning the reaction of press and public and people upon each other, the episodes of mobilisation and the advance and retreat. The happenings in Petrograd and Moscow, the rise of Kerensky, the collapse of the Duma and the fatal and abortive attempts made in various quarters in the direction of reorganisation. The time is not yet ripe perhaps for judging the culpability or otherwise of the chief personages in this vast tragedy and the period set for the book prevents the author from availing herself of all that has happened since. We close the book upon the stage where the ex-Emperor visited his troops at the front and obtained an ovation so enthusiastic as to show how dear was the monarchical principle to the Army as a whole. It also proves how near he was to a rescue of Russia if only he had possessed the force of character the task required.

THE ROMANCE
OF THE
ROMANOFFS

By JOSEPH McCABE
Illustrated 10s 6d
net (Allen & Unwin)

An ably written deeply interesting history of the autocratic family whose rule in Russia was brought to an end by the Revolution. The character study of the last of the Czars is as searching as it is just.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

THE BURNING GLASS

By MARJORIE
BOWEN 6s net
(Collins)

What is the Be-
loved to the Lover?
A Burning Glass
through which the rays
of the Sun of Love do
concentrate. Some-
times this heat break-
eth into flame and
consumeth that on
which it falleth.

This quotation is
the key to the title
of Miss Marjorie
Bowen's new book
and the story itself
shows how the heat
of the Burning Glass
breaketh into
flame. It is a
vivid romance of
Paris before the
Revolution and its
author deals with
men and matters of
that day with the
masterly skill which
has made her
famous. The love
story of Mademoiselle Julie de
Lospinasse is full of
dramatic moments
full of delicious joy
of deep despair.
Its end is tragic.
The end is early
foreshadowed and
the doomed atmos-
phere that gathers
round the heroine is
effectively sustained
throughout. The
shadow of opium
taking ever lurking
in the background
strengthens this
atmosphere con-
siderably. There are
many types of love
and living in the
book from the gentle
faithful adoring love to
the intensely passionate
kind from pure un-
selfish love to entirely
selfish love. All are well
portrayed by characters
who move realistically
amidst their picturesque
setting of olden France.

THE PIRATE YACHT

By CAPTAIN CHARLES
GILSON With Coloured
Illustrations and Photo-
graphs. 7s 6d net
(Collins)

The story of The
Pirate Yacht begins in



From Dr John Radcliffe
A Sketch of his Life
By J B NICHOLLS M.B. M.R.C.P.
(Oxford University Press)

DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE.
F.R.S.E.



From The Fifty-First in France
(Hodder & Stoughton)

THE SPECTRAL SKELETON OF
FRIGOURT CHATEAU. NOW A
HEAP OF POWDERED BRICKS.

1912 and even then
a German was the
chief of the villains
in the plot. Braith-
waite Steele a
middle aged million-
aire and two youths
who had been
schoolmates were
in the first chapter
sitting comfortably
on the deck of the
Snowden steaming
down the Red Sea.
Braithwaite Steele
was telling the
younger fellows the
story of his gold
finding at Klondike
and of the robbery
of his first fortune
by a man named
Marx. In the next
chapter an S.O.S.
message put an end
to the calm life
aboard. The *Lord
Howard* was in dis-
tress. The sea was
calm no reason for
accident was appar-
ent but—when the
Snowden reached the
indicated spot the
Lord Howard had
almost disappeared.
Piracy! exclaimed
the first officer.
In this twentieth
century! There
could be no doubt
as to the truth.
The *Wolverene* a
white yacht with
guns and other
deadly engines of
destruction and fly-
ing the Jolly Roger
was loose upon the
seas to rob and sink
and murder and
the pirate captain
was the Klondike
thief Marx. From
that time adventure

follows adventure, and
death in many guises
stares our friends in the
face. We knew that Cap-
tain Gilson could tell a
good story. He has told
a rattling good one this
time as every boy reader
will agree. And the pic-
tures and photographs are
admirable. Romance
remains romance no
matter how customs and
costumes alter and for
all its present-day atmo-
sphere the story is as
glamorously fascinating as
any of those irresistible
yarns of the old pirates
who sailed under canvas
in their wooden hulls.

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might be persons in
adity and nothing
that struck him as
remarkable yet that

Thus man De Fen comparatively unlet-tered as he was who had felt no material advantage in his but on the contrary many disadvantage should not merely have come to know so many of his peers—that was inevitable but should have so won their affec- tion Forster's slight phy disappointing him in his desire to know what manner of man

Dickens was he went further still and read widely in Victorian biography and autobiography and so learned much more of the character and life of Dickens and incidentally became intimate with the great and lesser men who had been numbered among his friends. He has talked also with the dwindling group of living people who knew Dickens in the flesh and the recollections of some of these have added a little more to his general store of information. All this knowledge is gathered into

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that vast and wonder
y Service Corps. Hope
f Diary lessens with the
ully forgotten when the
li. But supplies must be
the troops hope or no
hope. Death overtakes
the friends and com
rades of the author
disease discomfort
and all the attend
ant miseries of war are
at hand but still the
good work must go on
and does go on to the
everlasting credit of the
A. S. C. The friend who
advised the publication
of this Diary did well. It
is just these first hand
impressions that enable
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Photo by Sir...

CAPTAIN J. A. L. CAUNTER
1ST GLOUCESTER REGIMENT
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HEAD HE TOOK TO THE WATER.

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dent. There was a look of consternation on the pale face. He winced and stood motionless arrested in the act of bringing a vegetable dish to the table. This is a rattling good story told with some humour and it

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Why did Darky take out the three children of the neighbour for a walk? Why did Bobbin blushing beg his father to let him take a little of their dinner to the old reprobate cripple across the way?

Because of the Scout ideal of course. It is not only an excellent movement but it has furnished material here for an excellent story.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

THE STORY OF AN ENGLISH SISTER

(Ethel G
Romanes)

By Ethel G. Romanes
With Illustrations by
J. C. G. (Longmans)

Agreeing with Mr Benson that it is both strange and sad when those who have been in contact with a fine nature involve all their recollections alike in a veil of secretiveness which cannot be lifted Mrs Romanes has bravely essayed this touching *Portrait d'une mere* continuing the letters and brief biography of her daughter who died ten years ago a member of an Anglican community. It is the record of a very happy life the short years of which were crowded with many of the best things this world can offer a happy childhood happy and brilliant school and college days and years of happy work and recognised influence in her beloved vocation. The letters reveal a very charming and unself-conscious personality. Sister Ethelred had the merry heart that goes all the way. The most treasured memory of all intercourse with her is her tremendous sense of fun. Even her profoundest religious life seemed to be permeated with this for she constantly asserted that one mark of genuine religion was the presence within it of mirth and laughter.

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From The Story of an English Sister,
By M. Romanes
(Longmans)

SISTER ETHELRED 1910
Photograph by Thomas Hall

the word but participation in kindred institutions. It is a moral and spiritual union, subtle intangible persuasion the common possession of similar ideals. And it is to the Empire Builders who in their various ways enlarged and developed this conception that the studies making up the volume are devoted. What a roll of great and goodly names there are for Canada Lord Dorchester Lord Durham Sir John Macdonald Lord Strathcona Sir Wilfrid Laurier Sir Robert Borden for South Africa Sir George Grey Sir Bartle Frere Cecil Rhodes Milner Chamberlain Botha Smuts for Australia Captain Cook Parkes the Commonwealth Premiers Seddon and his successors for Egypt Gordon Cromer Kitchener for India and the Far East. Give the men of



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4.5 HOWITZER IN ACTION
SUVLA BAY

the Mutiny Curzon Rajah Brooke and Stamford Raffles. There is much of modern British history well and clearly set forth in this book much maybe that is controversial, but the work is solid sincere and more than capable besides being eminently enthralling to read.

and it is of passionate interest to discover what are the principles that hold sway and are common throughout its distant component lands how those principles were first perceived and applied and who were the men whose life work tended towards the development and fostering of the true principles of administration and interrelation between the mother country and her offshoots. The great constructive idea as the authors point out was the implicit and wholesale belief in the value of self government an idea beyond the range of the party politician only to be conceived and adopted in the minds of constructive statesmen such as Sir George Grey Lord Durham and to some extent Lord John Russell. In the end we find that the most effective tie between Great Britain and her Dominions and Commonwealths is not government in the ordinary sense of kindred institutions subtle intangible persuasion the common possession of similar ideals. And it is to the Empire Builders who in their various ways enlarged and developed this conception that the studies making up the volume are devoted. What a roll of great and goodly names there are for Canada Lord Dorchester Lord Durham Sir John Macdonald Lord Strathcona Sir Wilfrid Laurier Sir Robert Borden for South Africa Sir George Grey Sir Bartle Frere Cecil Rhodes Milner Chamberlain Botha Smuts for Australia Captain Cook Parkes the Commonwealth Premiers Seddon and his successors for Egypt Gordon Cromer Kitchener for India and the Far East. Give the men of

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By M LANCHES
TER (Murby)

There is a certain fascination in the idea of tracing a river from source to mouth in idea which appeals to many but which is actually carried out by few. It is to encourage the notion of going to the top of the nearest river and following it right down to the sea (when next the reader gets a holiday) that this little book on the River Severn has been produced. The Severn has been chosen as an example of rivers in general because it does everything that a well conducted river ought to do and has more variety in its course than any other river in England. It is a delightful book packed with interest and illustrated with numerous black and white sketches and a map by the author.

THE SOLDIER
COLONISTS

By W H WARMAN (Temp Captain) 5s net (Chatto & Windus)

Now the war is over there will unquestionably be a very large number both of officers and men who will want to take to farming life either at home in the United Kingdom

or abroad. It is most important that this settlement should be so arranged and carried out that it will be individually successful and avoid the tragedy of haphazard failure. Captain Warman has this hope deeply at heart and offers the present modest volume as a study of the problems that are involved. He has made a careful study of historical material and of the recorded experience of practical men and the result is a really valuable contribution to a very important subject. Captain Warman briefly states his chief and cardinal idea: wants to utilise the soldier's war experience in discipline in sense of co-operation with his unit in development of esprit de corps for the purpose

of arranging carefully organised group colonisation by men who in the first place will have learned to work together and who will receive careful preliminary training in agriculture etc. before they are actually given their farms. He believes the regimental system may be used to produce the best results and insists on the need for the establishment not of isolated settlers but of homes, families, groups of folk mutually associated for working and living together. He propounds his ideas in a most workmanlike fashion and they are well worth the most careful consideration.



From The Soldier Colonists
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COVER DESIGN



37 Ploughing near Berkeley

Lydney harbour across the river

From The River Severn from Source to Mouth
(Murby)

PLOUGHING NEAR BERKELEY
LYDNEY HARBOUR ACROSS
THE RIVER

AN OLD LONDON NOSEGAY

By BEATRICE MARSHALL
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A pretty picturesque tale of the days of Charles I written with Miss Marshall's customary ease and fluency. The tale ripples along in a leisurely way—there is much attention to detail and I found one of the principal characters in the story is lovingly drawn. She hath fragrant and rich brown beauty. Not only her eyes and hair are brown but her smooth skin which deepens to a clear red in her cheeks and lips.

That very point of virtuous chivalry and manly beauty Richard Love face the Cavalier poet also plays a part in the tale—rather a sad one for we leave him on the last page in sorry plight. I was about to offer alms to one I took to be a beggar and on looking nearer to my pitiful dismay I recognised in the gaunt features and wasted form the Cavalier of once surpassing grace. It is strange to read of old wars fascinating too and into her simple plot Miss Marshall contrives to weave many curious details typical of the time and she gives us a living picture of the anxious hearts that beat in hours of danger long ago. We shall perhaps appreciate it the more now that our hearts are no longer anxious over our own war.



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Very welcome is the gallant chapter in the history of a noble mission the Moravian telling of men's willing exile from homeland and the comforts of modern civilisation that he might take the Gospel story to the snow-laden plains of the Arctic. The pictures of life in this white lit of world with its sleds and dogs and runners and snow shifts and seal fishing are very vivid. Mr. Hutton brings the everyday life of this far off country very clearly before our eyes and he bravely makes light of his own devotion. To the people of these outposts of the world the advent of the medical missionary is the event of the year.

There was no doubt that the Eskimos were pleased to see the ship they had been hanging away with their guns since daybreak and now we could see flags on the houses in honour of the day and the people themselves were around us on the deck and in their boats beaming with happiness. The book is well illustrated with a number of fine and very interesting photographs taken by members of the Moravian Mission. We congratulate Mr. Hutton on an admirable piece of work.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

MARSHAL FOCH

HIS LIFE HIS
WORK HIS FAITH
By RENE PUAUX
5s net (Hodder &
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A very timely book is his short sketch of the career and personality of the soldier to whose direction the last phase of the great European War has been entrusted. Born in 1851, Foch fought in the war of 1870 and after the war he entered the Polytechnique and passed on to the Artillery School at Fontainebleau in 1873. Twenty-two years after he was instructor in military history, strategy and applied tactics at the Staff College in Paris and in 1907 became head of the College. Unquestionably he has had no little share in training and moulding the officers who carried out his plans in the field and this must have been a very great asset to the French Commander, his ideas being readily understood in essence and in practical application. There are many interesting things in Mr Puaux's book. He is indeed a hero worshipper and gives us heroic stuff. We learn how since the beginning of the war Foch has borne the brunt of all the fighting in every part of the Western front, now here now there, wherever the danger was most and it is disclosed in these pages how it was Foch who at the battle of Ypres when Sir John French despaired and was about to retire, came up in time and wrote on in old scrap of paper all his ideas and handed it over to French who turned it over and wrote simply "Carry out General Foch's orders" signed it and handed the paper to one of his officers. This little book dealing with the not easily understood personality that is at this moment the most outstanding in Europe is certain of a wide and appreciative public.



From *Secrets of the Bosphorus*
Edited by Archibald Henry Morgenthau (H. K. Lewis)

HENRY MORGENTHAU



From *The Oxford Student's
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When Maurice Hale was fifteen his father lost practically all his money so that the boy was obliged to leave Eton and go into an office in the City. Diligence and intelligence stood him in good stead though not enough to save him from dismissal after a year in the office by a new junior partner. This disaster was nullified by the happy chance that had suddenly restored the Hales to fortune as another chance had overthrown them. They are now rich, even vastly rich. And Maurice can go back to Eton and pick up the old life as far as is possible after the gap of a year. After Eton comes war and Maurice takes his share in the fighting, doing his honest average wholesome bit with no V.C.s or other splendourousnesses to his credit. What he does win is of course the hand and heart of Beryl Surtees, the sister of his best friend at Eton and after. The personality of Beryl is one of the best things in a novel that has many excellences in a quiet way. The character drawing is really firm and sustained and satisfactory without even challenging attention to sparkle or cleverness and while it is in a modest key and with no moral to preach and no excitement to offer the book gives evidence of very genuine qualities of observation and discrimination. It gives very real grounds for expecting a book of high merit from Mr Buckley, one of these days when he has found a theme and built a genuine plot upon it. Meanwhile, we are grateful for an interesting story cleverly told—a book so written that it is a pleasure to read it.

HUMAN GEOGRAPHY IN WESTERN EUROPE

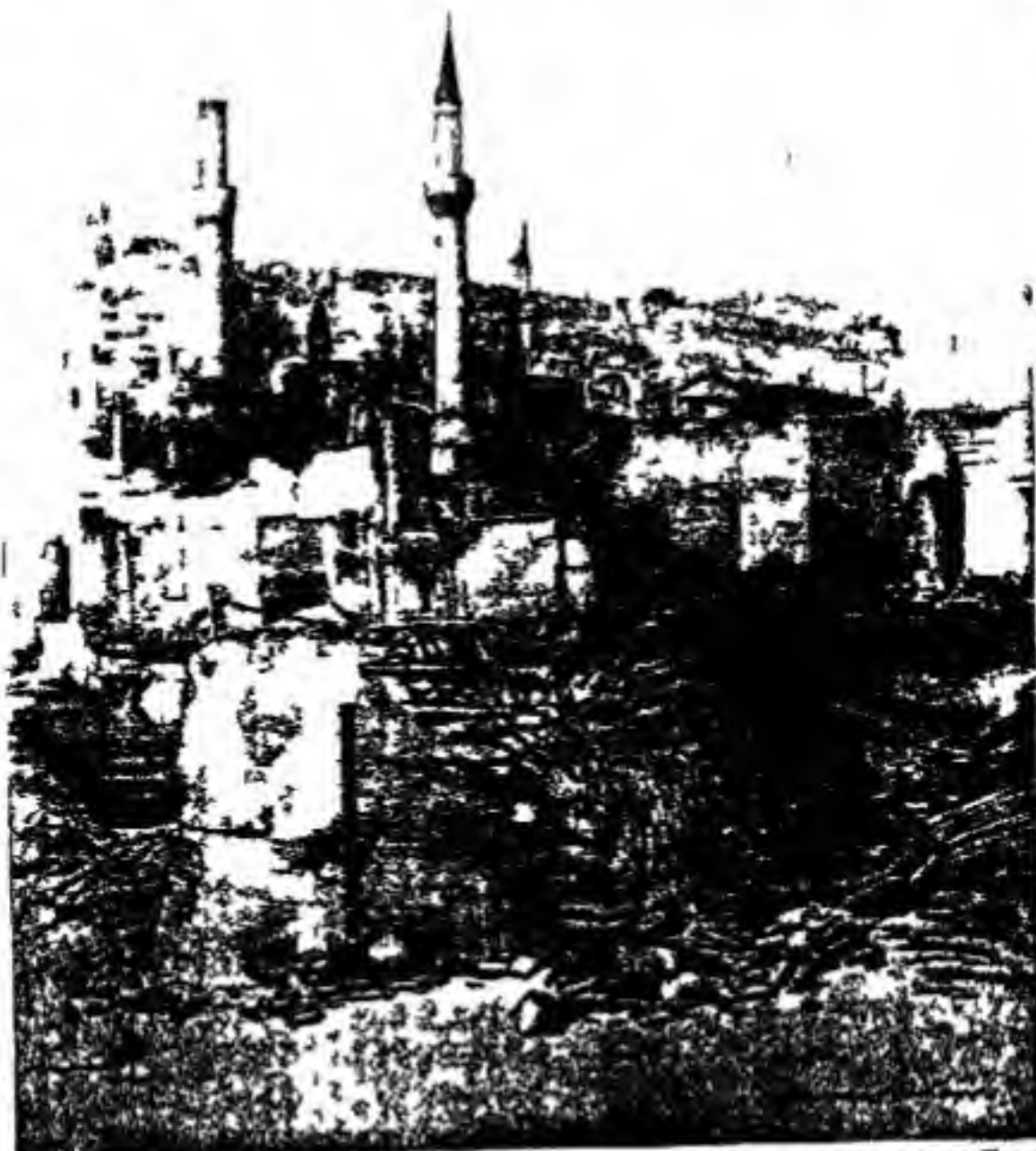
By H. J. FLEURE
net (Williams & Nor
gate)

As a scientific appreciation of a vast subject and an addition of merit to a useful series. The Making of the Future this little treatise strikes us as in every way scholarly and serviceable. Mr. Fleure has delivered the substance of these eight chapters in the form of lectures in his capacity of professor in this province of research at the University College, Wales, Aberystwyth and it would be hard to find material more calculated to awaken young minds to the value of racial interrelation as a link between past and future. There are times in the course of its perusal when one hesitates with a kind of wonder as to which is the rule and which the exception in the bewildering distribution of human evolution and energy over so busy and adventurous a field as the western half of the continent like Europe. But the author is fully alive to the uncertainties involved and bridges the gulf very honestly and fully between knowledge and conjecture. Sometimes there intrudes the feeling that Mr. Fleure has skimmed too lightly and been all too chary with his instances and proofs but there can be no doubt of the diligence and conscientiousness with which he has covered the available evidence afforded by archaeology and biology and all the dim traces of primitive man. Possibly he may be tempted in course of time to expand these anthropological of his into a larger and fuller



From The Dardanelles Campaign
(Nisbet)

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON
GCB DSO
F. 101 115 Jh S E RA



From Salonika
(Black)

SALONIKA AFTER THE FIRE.

treatise but in the mean time we are heartily with him in his tribute to France as the richest area for cultural discovery and Kent as the pivot of our own island—points which he sets forth with a fine persuasiveness.

IN HAPPY VALLEY

By JAMES L. S. S.
net (H. H. & Stough
ton)

Here are ten virile short stories concerning the doings of the folk in and around Happy Valley away in the Kentucky Hills. Whatever the author sets out to tell us about whether it is the courtship of Allaphair (who always walks alone from church and looks round furtively for a stone to throw at her would-be lover) or the fighting qualities of Larson Small or the ways of Fleasint trouble or the Coddess of Happy Valley—it is always something interesting. No matter which it is you begin to read you are bound to find yourself held engrossed to the end. Mr. Fox's style is brisk and terse, he gets on with the story all the time and never for a moment lets his plots drag. The ways and customs of the Happy Valley folk may be rough and ready but they are without doubt uncommonly interesting.

THE SECRET OF THE MARNE.

By MARCEL and
MAURICE BERGES
7s 6d 11
(Lutnam)

The author of Ordeal by Fire which has had almost as great a hearing outside France as in it and still remains one

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

of the few foreign parallels with Britling has here collaborated with his wife upon a lighter novel with a feminine element and whoever has done the translation may be congratulated on preserving to an admirable degree the French spirit and vivacity. It certainly demanded Gallie audacity to bring a French sergeant of infantry into personal hand grips with General von Kluck and the Kaiser and foil the best of their plans at the critical moment of the first swoop on France. But M. Berges has built up a fine structure of verisimilitude and makes good use of his knowledge and opportunities for he has made himself master of the Marne area in point of detail. What is more he has plenty of margin to work upon in the aspect of his probabilities for the French Army as we all know has combined a marvellous mixture of ingredients social and otherwise and there must have been plenty of feats of daring achieved by French dash and initiative hardly less than this solo campaign by Sergeant Britsch upon the very heart of the German system of communications. Britsch after all is an Alsatian the nephew of a general and has had the knock about career that makes for novel heroes and where coincidences are needed the authors bring them in with a deltness all their own. The result is as good as any play and from the moment the sergeant jumps at the golden opportunity and achieves glory and a bride the reader is kept breathlessly intent upon the story. And in a war yarn what could you wish for more?

MY HOLIDAYS ON INLAND WATERWAYS

By F. B. VERNON 4s 6d net (Murby)

The more one moves about this tight little island of ours the more one is surprised by the infinite wealth and variety of its holiday resources. This further edition of a novel



From *Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous*

By J. C. MILLAR
(Illustrator)

**FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS
D.S.O. CAPTAIN 25TH ROYAL
FUSILIERS KILLED IN ACTION
JAN 6 1917**

Photo by R. All & Son

to lead the wild life of an elephant hunter on which he had set his heart. The freedom of this life got hold of him and he spent twenty years more exploring hunting and searching for new fields which had not yet been

travel book comes as a welcome reminder of still another field of delightful exploration open to any one with a taste for sculling or motor boating and the leisure to indulge it. In the thirty cruises here detailed and embellished with such a generous array of photographs the author retells from his diaries and log books the story of his travels by motor boat and pleasure skiff over 2000 miles of Great Britain's canals and

LIFE OF FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS D.S.O.

By J. C. MILLAR
F. Z. S. With 11 full
page illustrations

A very youth of spirit forms his plan of life quite early so it is not surprising that we find Frederick Selous at the age of twelve sleeping on the bare boards of his dormitory to harden himself for a hunter's life. At nineteen his good natured parents saw that it was hopeless to chide such a boy to the imprisonment of a desk so they let him go to South Africa

to lead the wild life of an elephant hunter on which he had set his heart. The freedom of this life got hold of him and he spent twenty years more exploring hunting and searching for new fields which had not yet been exploited by the white man. He pioneered the Expeditionary Force in Mashonaland fought with gallantry in both the little Matabele wars then after another twenty years of wandering in Asia Minor the United States Canada New foundland Alaska Iceland and other parts of the world found himself still fit at sixty four and ready to obey the call of duty and fight for his country in the greatest of all wars.

The author's task has been lightened by the help received from Mrs Selous and the Selous family and from numerous friends and particularly ex President Roosevelt who has allowed him to use some thirty most interesting letters that he wrote to Selous at various times.



From *My Holidays on Inland Waterways*
• (Murby)

**BAPPERTON TUNNEL—ON THE
THAMES AND SEVERN CANAL.**

THE
BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS
SUPPLEMENT



FICTION
AND
MISCELLANEOUS
LITERATURE



From Dorothy V A D and
the Doctor
By H W C pb 11
(Chambers)

WRAPPER DESIGN

Fiction and Miscellaneous Literature



From *The Curious Friends*
(Allen & Unwin)

WRAPPER DESIGN

THE CRIME

By the Author of *J Accuse* Vols. 2 and 3 12s. 6d.
net each (Hollis)

We hear much nowadays of snatch courses for the improvement of our mental faculties by all sorts of recondite means but it seems as if no man could do better than train his mind on broad and patriotic lines by going steadily through these three volumes. There is not one of all its twenty lengthy chapters which is not a deep and valuable contribution to the all important cause of liberty. Close in their reasoning solid in their facts documented down to the chapter and verse they are scathing unanswerable and permanent. When Schiemann the fact manufacturer of the *Aren Zeitung* and one of the vilest and most diligent of Hun apologists entered on the task of replying to the author's first volume *J Accuse* he had to confess his inability to discuss the shower of dispatches which intervened between the crime of Sarajevo and the outbreak of war. There could be no truer testimony to the value of the book for it was the Allied dossiers with Viscount Grey's dispatches at the head which constituted the best of our author's material, as he admits. But Schiemann is only one of a host of Germanic perjurers whom he takes up and riddles to death. He has this advantage over colleagues of other nations that he is profoundly versed in German history and psychology he knows the men he is dealing with and the races they have poisoned with the toxin of Prussianism and false promises and he reads the evolution of the Hohenzollerns like an open book. Few English men can read unmoved his tribute to the late Emperor Frederick with its noble passage from the latter's own lips

on the real duties of sovereignty. The book shows that King Edward sought to reduce armaments so he could not have been the aggressive ogre the Pan Germans have always pretended but these personal aspects are only incidental to the main texture of the work. What the author sets himself to do and does effectively is to show that this was not a war of Germanic defence preventive or otherwise against a horde of hostile and conspiring neighbours and even the exigencies of defence however interpreted could never condone the violation of a third party like Belgium. It is categorically proved here how all Germany's antecedents go to show her bad faith and how her writers have systematically ignored our peace endeavours but as falsity cannot be consistent even von Jagow and Bethmann Hollweg have had at various times to exonerate Lord Grey while von Bulow has noted Britain's comparative abstention from wars and war making. As for the cry that Germany took the initiative because of French warlike legislation it is disposed of completely by the fact that the French measure for three years' service followed the German military law of April 1913 by four clear months. The second and third volumes after reviewing the war aims of the respective belligerents closely analyse our attitude during the Balkan wars and prove our consistency in the direction of what the translator calls *laicismism* a term which has lost its beauty of life through ignoble use. There is also an interesting argument



From *The King of a Day*
By May Wynne, of which Messrs. Jarrold
have just published a new edition

Drawn by Chas. Marshall

of Germany or rather Prussianism by a kind of criminal code before a jury of the Powers to study which is specially apt at the present time but this is poor compared with the burning eloquence of the concluding chapter one that warms the reader's heart. There is a word for moderation in retribution with the effective plea that this was what helped France to regain her feet after 1870 but one cannot avoid the retort that a still greater help was the French monarch's abdication. When this book was finished the American army had not restored the balance of victory to the right side and the author has to urge intervention from the standpoint of the moral claim. Let us devoutly thank Providence that we stand on more obvious ground to-day. The author's socialistic anxiety for the future of a liberated Germany does not blind him to the need for economic coercion or the absolute need for securities—a demand



From *By the World Forgot*
By Cyrus Townsend Brady
(Jarrold)

COVER DESIGN.
Drawn by Frank Wright

for which Germany will be more than prepared considering how careful Hollweg was to require guarantees for the existence honour and liberty of evolution for Germany and her allies when the question of peace terms was on the carpet at the end of 1916. It remains to be said that the work has benefited enormously by careful marshalling of material and sound construction is supplied with full indices for reference and has been admirably translated. It furnishes an extraordinary and piercing statement of the ethics of the war and the force of the exposition stands out clear from every page. It is just as if the brain of Goethe and the tongue of Heine had found their avatar in an outspoken and enlightened German patriot of to-day and though the time has not yet come for Germany to appreciate the service he has done her come assuredly it must and will.

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE



From *The Human Touch*

WRAPPER DESIGN

By H. J. H. H.
(H. J. H. H.)

THE GIRLS OF CHEQUERTREES

By MARGARET JOHN WELLS With illustrations in colour by ILLUS. LARSEN (H. J. H.)

A scheme which brings four girls together under one roof (and a very comfortable roof too) which leaves them to make one another's acquaintance and order their days as they will unhindered by any grown-up eyes except the eyes of two (a little and tolerant maid servant) is a scheme which will strongly appeal to the imagination of any girl reader. The four girls of this brightly told story, Emily, Isabel, Caroline and Beryl, were invited by an eccentric old lady, Miss Crabingway, to spend six months in her home in the village of Barrowfield. The girls came from different parts and were entirely unknown to one another. They all accepted the invitation and arrived at the same time in the village at Miss Crabingway's.



From *The Coastlanders*
(Hodder & Stoughton)

SWAYING TO AND FRO
ACROSS THE NARROW
LEDGE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

request was housekeeper. The reason for this invitation and the result of it constitute the story and wild horses shall not make us divulge what the last chapters reveal so well. But without spoiling the story for any reader we may dwell upon the author's noticeable skill in differentiating her four main characters. Lamela—is Lamela—and we feel that she is a favourite with her creator. Lamela is happy natured, fair minded, bright and lovable. Isobel is the fashionable, slightly snobbish, well dressed one of the party. But she is a good sort too if allowance is made for the outlook on life to which she has been accustomed. Caroline is prim, precise and unconsciously amusing. And Beryl. Poor Beryl is the girl who has troubles which one always

grieves to know of, as coming into a young life, troubles which make her self-conscious, awkward, unhappy and unwillingly deceitful though all the time they are as a matter of fact moulding and strengthening her character. These bare bones of the story give no adequate idea of the charm of the everyday life of the four heroines and the beautiful spot in which the important six months were spent, nor do they reveal the mystery which quickens interest as the pages are turned. It is a story I right with



Intimate friend of General

From *Humour in Tragedy*
By C. I. B. I.
(Sheffield)

Sister in Charge Son of General's friend, with comrade

incident [sympathetic and natural and the girls become our real friends before this short testing time in their lives is closed.

THE DOINGS OF DONOVAN

By J. H. Dowd, J.S. (d. (Country Life)

The ultimate happiness of Monica's Blue Boy depended if we remember rightly on his possessing a title which he kept up his sleeve until the critical moment. Donovan, Mr. J. H. Dowd's blue boy whose doings in and out of hospital are depicted so amusingly in this light-hearted sketch book, has no title and keeps nothing up his sleeve—not even his infectious jolly laugh, yet he achieves happiness all the same. We are not told precisely what quality of Donovan's it is that captures for him his pretty land girl bride, but one may hazard a shrewd guess after glancing through this animated picture history of his conduct as a patient in a military hospital. Donovan is the human boy in blue, invincibly good tempered, long suffering, full of beans and chaff, ready to flirt or joke with anyone or anything. 'Tis a great pity, says Donovan, sitting up with an effort to sign for his three and sixpence on pay day, 'tis a great pity providing me with the means to go to the devil—an me lyin in bed! Again the jacket and trousers of his new set of blues fail to meet when he tries them on.

There's a bit of a draught, he complains, between my dado and skirting board! Mr. Dowd gives his hero a wide awake mischievous eye, a droll tongue and a susceptible heart, and in a series of deft, vigorous, sharp-lined sketches supplemented with appropriate letterpress, he succeeds in reproducing again and again that note of unalloyed cheerfulness which, as Mr. Noel Irving points out in a happy little introductory note, never fails to strike the casual hospital visitor with astonishment. Mr. Pett Ridge contributes some characteristic remarks on hospital life, paying special attention to books and visitors. The Doings of Donovan, with its irresponsible gaiety, its boyishness and high spirits, deserves and is sure of a wide welcome.



ALL TAKE MY SEAT

From *The Doings of Donovan*
(Country Life)

THE POPULARITY OF THE
BOY IN BLUE.

POLLY AND THE PRIN CESS

By J M M A
(Dowd
75 (d
(Jarr ld)

Those readers who already know the Polly books of Miss Dowd will know too that in Polly and the Princess they have yet another pleasure provided. Polly Dudley is a wonderful girl wherever she goes and when Miss Dowd sets her to work at making sunshine in the June Holiday Home we feel that a cheerful story will come of it. The June Holiday Home was anything but the gay place its new old suggest and the indigent gentlewomen who inhabited it felt more as if they were undergoing an indefinite term of imprisonment than enjoying a charitably provided holiday. But Polly took things in hand her young enthusiasm her outspoken way her cheery matter of factness broke down even the stoniness of the Holiday Home's methods. Gradually romance creeps into the dull lives beautiful things happen. Polly's massage makes even faded cheeks beautiful and Polly's interference brings lovers together. The cheerful volume begins with a dull breakfast of waffles and grumbles and ends with wedding bells and Christmas gladness.



From Rhymes of the Red Triangle
Pic by J. S. D. y. d. i
V by H. i. G. d. i
(J. n. l. n.)

THE ADVEN TURES OF JIMMY DALE

By FRANK
L. LACED
(C. sell)

If you wish for a triumph and mystery you must read these exploits of Jimmy Dale — a man and a quack, a crackman, yet master of every wild known to rogues — and the woman who for years has washes without meeting him, but finds at the last. You may find perhaps as I did that the number of times the hero changes his clothes feels in miraculous pockets of the leather belt become just a little tiresome. The author spurs us no smallest detail — but at least you will own that every chapter teems with interest — while crimes so intricate as to baffle the police and the entire detec-

tive force chase one another through the pages. Most important of all the end is eminently satisfactory and I warrant on reaching the last page you will declare you have been well amused.

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By W. H. J. ABRO
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other illustrations
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From Aircraft and Submarines
(Putnam)

DROPPING A DEPTH BOMB



From *Submarine and Anti Submarine*
By Sir Henry Newbolt
(Longmans)

SHE HAD GONE FULL
SPEED FOR THE ENEMY
AND RAMMED HIM

Illustrated by Norman Wilkinson

recent titanic conflict Mr Abbot writes with intimate knowledge of his subject and supplements his story with a very complete series of illustrations in colour by John D Whiting and the French artist aviator Lieutenant Henri Farre and with a number of excellent photographs

SUBMARINE AND ANTI SUBMARINE

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT Illustrated 7s 6d net
(Longmans)

Locked up in the secret files in the Admiralty are the most marvellous narratives of the war and its happenings at sea and now the fighting is over we devoutly hope they will be made known—the plain unvarnished dry reports officially submitted by officers in charge of submarine hunting craft. They surpass in their quiet statements all that can be said by the most sensitive and imaginative of writers. In the meantime we eagerly devour such books as this in which Sir Henry Newbolt sets out the history and mystery of submarine warring. He has had the advantage of deriving his material from the proper official sources and he has devoted his fine talent and noble perception of the gallant and heroic to describing vividly and fully just what submarines have done and can do both our own and our foe and how the Navy has set about the task of quelling and restraining and subduing the insidious and perilous attack made upon our merchant ships and our communications culminating in the wonderful feat by which Zeebrugge and Ostend were spoiled for German use against us. Here is a first rate book for young and old.

COAL AND ITS SCIENTIFIC USES

By WILLIAM A BONE D.S. Ph.D. F.R.S. F.R.I.C.
(Longmans)

This is one of the first of the important series of monographs on industrial chemistry now appearing under the general editorship of Sir Edward Thorpe. The author's chief objective has been to give the scientific public and especially the chemical section of it as clear and succinct an account as I could of

the statistical chemical and technical aspects of the subject as a whole without unnecessary detail or too much illustration. And whilst I have made no attempt to write what would be called a scientific treatise I have consistently endeavoured throughout to give due prominence to the underlying principles. Valuable chapters are contributed on the chemistry of coal and the principal economic and industrial uses of coal as a fuel and the volume concludes with a detailed account of the subject of Surface Combustion. Intelligently used this elaborate monograph with its exhaustive compendium of coal



From *Coal and its Scientific Uses*,
By Professor A. Bone in the Monograph on Industrial

OF COAL WASHER PLANT

LORDS OF THE AIR

By HERBERT HAYENS
With Coloured Illustrations and Photographs 7s 6d net
(Collins)

This is an ideal story for boys of to-day. Air raids and air raiders make thrilling chapters when real dangers are to be faced and the real enemy is thundering near you. Mr Hayens makes us feel that we know now what it feels like to be hundreds and thousands of feet up in the air—streamed on by the white blaze of a searchlight hammered by gunfire and chased by Boches. This is a story to quicken the breath to interest the mind and to make one realise something of the service rendered by our R.A.F. The pictures apart from the tale are vividly interesting and we heartily commend this as one of the books to be put on the list for Christmas. Parents need not fear for



From Drowning Water
(Allen & Unwin)

WRAPPER DESIGN

although it will make most boys determined to join the Air Force—that now will be a peace profession. Otherwise had hostilities not ceased before the publication of his book Mr Hayens would have proved a good recruiting sergeant.

THE ROMANCE OF THE POST OFFICE

By EDWARD BONNETT
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This is indeed a romance and a very realistic vivid human story of a public service that is in the closest relation with the life and needs of every single individual in the nation. Being a romance it is not overlaid with mere figures or statistics although these are provided sufficiently to give a very close idea of the development of the department from its



From Lords of the Air
(Collins)

DISMANTLING AN AEROPLANE FORCED TO LAND.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

early beginnings to its present vastness and comprehensive scope. Every one has more or less clear notions of the principal activities of the Post Office: we have all mental impressions of the great post trains and the ingenious way in which wayside mail bags are picked up and delivered; we know a little of telegraph and telephone service of the Parcels Post, the Savings Bank, the Dead Letter Office, etc. etc. But in this book everything is brought together and described with admirable proportion, understanding, intelligence and easy intimate knowledge that the result is most fascinating. Excellent stories and anecdotes of men and things abound, and as a permanent supplement to the very much neglected periodical the *Post Office Guide* the volume deserves a



From *The Romance of the Post Office*
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THE TRAVELLING POST OFFICE

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EMMA WADDINGTON

R. E. H. L. W. D. I. T. H.

brain must be instructed, and here is the very book that will help him to knowledge. Send for a man will surely no longer be uttered in the house of the future: the son of the house will know how to set the dumb electric bells ringing again, and how to put a new washer on that dripping tap, and how to loosen that stuck window sash. The secrets are all revealed in these pages. What a book for a wet day! The chapter on building model aeroplanes will be read and re-read, then, and the enchanting work begun. We are delighted with this new contribution to Cassell's excellent *All About* series.



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THE ALL HIGHEST GOES TO JERUSALEM

Translated from the French by FRANK AIVAN DEARBOY
(Stanley Paul)

Soon after the German Emperor's great voyage to Constantinople and the Holy Land the French paper *Le Rire* issued a number which purported to reveal the private notes made from day to day by the Kaiser on what he called his divine mission. These notes were rather impertinent, moderately amusing, not unduly severe, in fact the number was a fairly mild joke, justified by the occasion and chiefly amusing by reason of the witty, mocking, suggestive, iridescent style and diction in which it was dressed. It is not very much in keeping with our present attitude and judgment where the Kaiser is concerned, to poke not very pointed fun at Wilhelm's liking for the highlight, his innumerable uniforms, his itch to excel in every art and every branch of knowledge, is inadequate to express the feeling of the civilised world where that tragic figure of sombre failure and grotesque histrionic is concerned. However, the little book may prove an interesting resurrection to the curious who are not over critical.

THE THREE HEARTS

By GRACE HARRIMAN 3s net. (Erskine Macdonald)

The verses collected together in this book have been arranged and classified under the three headings. The



From *The Three Hearts*
(Erskine Macdonald)

WIND IN THE WINTER TREE.



From *The All Highest Goes to Jerusalem*
(Stanley Paul)

Human Heart, The World's Heart, and The Divine Heart, and there are to be found several charming poems in each section. Some of them suggest the influence of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and make agreeable reading while the bold black and white illustrations lend an effective touch to an altogether attractive volume.

LADY BORRADALE'S ORDEAL

By ALICE AND CIALDE AKEFW
3s (Ward Lock)

The reviewer of a posthumous work often has a difficult job to reconcile what he thinks with what he wants to think of the book in question, but in reading *Lady Borradale's Ordeal* this is not the case. It is a wonderful mystery story—dexterously handled—and grim beyond nightmare imaginings. The heroine Esther Vassell is persuaded to go through a form of marriage with an unknown bridegroom in a lonely house at midnight. Later she falls in love with Lord Borradale and believing the first husband, whom she never saw after the ceremony, is dead, marries again, only to find that her second husband is unworthy any woman's affection while her love is irrevocably bound up in the man whom she believed to be dead, but who is, in reality, very much alive. How such a tangled web is unravelled by these clever authors I must leave the reader to discover as well as the frightfulness of the Borradale curse.

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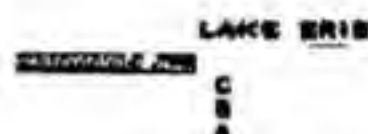
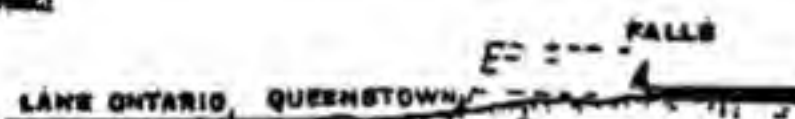
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From Tales from Shakespeare
(Ward Lock)

BOTTOM AND TITANIA

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

By CHARLES and MARY JAMB Illustrated by A. F. JACKSON (Ward Lock)

Quite an ideal edition not too large or cumbersome printed on wonderfully nice paper and illustrated with many coloured pictures—forty eight to be exact. Miss Jackson is very successful in some of her paintings. Imogen had fallen asleep quite charming with its dainty pale colouring and there is a clever study of Julia in pale green. Viola fearing to look on her own sword is also full of spirit. Yes this is the best illustrated inexpensive edition we have yet seen and another point must be noted—the print is good.

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may be sure that many children of all and sundry epochs will subscribe themselves as well within its age-limit for the purpose of possessing the treasure. It has been compiled for those who are between four and fourteen years and the stories are graded therefore on a kind of ascending scale from things very simple to those more fully developed. It is possible however to take Tom Tit Tot—which appears very soon in the sequence—and remember something at least of all that it spells for folk lore. Again it is possible to take The Whispering Sea Shell—



From The Tale of Johnny Town Mouse
(Warr)

which is not a selection but one of Miss Steedman's own—and realise whatever one's age the appeal of things simple and the spell of things direct. It comes about also that being four and fourteen not to speak of many days thereafter like a cup flowing over all Asgard and its gods pass for us in procession through Mary Macgregor's version of Balder the Beautiful and a thousand folk memories of the Green Isle of Erin stand about the Sorrows of Finola. So is it good to have and goodly as well to look at with its thirty one plates in colour forty one drawings in black and over five hundred pages. We can assure the builders of this Golden Staircase that they have not laboured in vain.



From Tommy Smith Again at the Zoo
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See also

THE TALE OF JOHNNY TOWN MOUSE

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1. The Tale of Johnny Town Mouse
(Warne)



1. Verses for Children
(Ward Lock)

WYNKEN BLYNKEN AND NOD.

plenty of pictures for her impatient audience and that the pictures can be readily understood and that the story is just modulated at the right tone to please a child's ear. Miss Potter need not worry about rivals. She has none

Johnny Town Mouse does even so accomplished an artist and writer as herself much credit.

VERSES FOR CHILDREN

Edited by HARRY COLDING With
48 Coloured Plates by MARGARET
W. TARRANT (Ward Lock)

WILLIE WINKIE

By HARRY COLDING Illustrated
by M. W. TARRANT (Ward Lock)

Here is at last a collection of verses for children which is not composed of just the old favourites which one meets with everywhere. Older critics may complain that pieces they expect to find are not here. boldly writes Mr. Colding. The answer is that they are not here because they are so much elsewhere. Good. The contents are of course not all unfamiliar. Here is E. Nesbit's Baby Seed Song and her song about the Pine Tree and Alma Tadema's If No One Ever Marries Me and Norman Gale's Mustard and Cress Elizabeth and so on.



From Tommy Smith Again at the Zoo
(Methuen)

POLAR BEAR.



From Mrs Strang's Annual for Children
(Oxford University Press)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

But here also we have a cheery poem new to us called *I Like Boys the Best* by Aelfrida Tillyard and *Wishes* by L Elise which ends

I wish I was the Firth of Tay
An arm chair or a china cup—
That when the night turned into day
I need not bother to get up!

and we are glad to welcome Ethel Turner's *Walking to School* and F O'Neill Gallagher's *The All Alone Tree* and H H Bashford's *Parliament Hill*. We should have liked something out of *The Littlest One* more of E V Lucas one or two Belloc's and some of Josephine Peabody. We would respectfully ask the gifted compiler if he is sure that children care so much about lullabies and slumber songs? There are too many here we think. For the rest Mr Golding has our congratulations. This book is easily the most up to date anthology we have and the illustrations are delightful though without the mastering charm of the pictures in *The Golden Staircase* by Miss Spooner. Mr Golding, with Miss Fairant for illustrator also gives us a tale in the *Peter Rabbit* style and size called *Willie Winkie* all about the adventures of a wooden horse. It is a very taking little volume and Miss Fairant's little boys are dears.

COLLINS CHILDREN'S ANNUAL

35 net (Collins London and Glasgow)

Pictures by John Hassall A A Dixon and Ruth Cobb stories by many people including Katharine Tynan (yes really) and Theodora Wilson. Wilson are here. This is one of the most up to date

children's annuals in the market there are nearly thirty full page coloured illustrations scattered through it and these gay pictures with their bright colouring make the book pretty and charming. The print is big and clear and there are heaps of tales which children will appreciate—one of the best is about the little boy who went to a party and hated his velvet suit. Yet the sash which he wore and was so ashamed of did its part in trapping a burglar! Read, and you will know all about it. The story is called *The Kid in Fancy Dress*.



From Collins Children's Annual
(Collins)

THE OGRE INSTANTLY CHANGED
INTO A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

TOT
AND
TIM

Pictured by H. C. C. MARSH
(Collins)

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MR MOUSE

With Sixteen Drawings in
Colour by W. I. CREEPWOOD
(Collins)

Two large picture books the best is Tot and Tim in a lovely blue cover with a drawing of Tim and the plum pudding of which he ate too much. The simple verses and stories here will make little children happy. The illustrations are much above the average. We do not know why the clever artist calls himself Marsh on the title page and Marsh Lambert in the corner of his paintings. The Adventures of Mr Mouse is a picture book for tiny tots showing animals dressed up and acting like human beings. Mrs Bruin at her washing tub, an elephant in a motor car. It is handsomely produced and will be beloved especially we think by small boys who will chuckle over the absurd situations.

GOLDFISH RED & BLUE & GOLD
SHINING IN THE SUN
DO YOU EVER FEEL THE COLD
WHEN THE DARK DAYS COME?
WHAT A HAPPY LIFE YOU LEAD
SWIMMING IN THE POOL
BLOWING BUBBLES ALL DAY LONG
IN THE WATER COOL.

NEVER ANY LESSONS
NOR EVER ANY CANE
AND YOU NEVER ARE OBLIGED
TO STOP IN FOR THE RAIN
STILL ON DARK SOME NIGHTS I THINK
WE WOULD RATHER BE
JUST A LITTLE BOY AND GIRL
BY DEAR MOTHER'S KNEE.



THE GOLDFISH

From The Child's Own Magazine
(Sunday School Union)

THE GOLDFISH



From Tot and Tim
(Collins)

THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER



From The Legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel
(Chatto & Windus)

CLAES AND SOETKIN

THE CHILDS OWN MAGAZINE

8 (Sunday School Union)

Actually the eighty fifth volume of this popular little magazine. From its correspondence columns we gather that it has readers all over the world—from New Zealand to Nova Scotia. We are not surprised for the contents are carefully edited and exhibit a real knowledge of what a child likes to read. The serial running through is bright and cheerful there are plenty of puzzles to solve and some simply written talks on Bible subjects. Verses too and heaps of pictures. Our best wishes to the editor. We advise parents to spend two shillings on this attractive gift book.

THE LEGEND OF TYL ULENSPIEGEL

By CHARLES DE COSTER. Translated
by GEOFFREY WHITWORTH 7s 6d.
net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Book of Glorious Adventures
and the Great Epic of Flanders—as
it is called otherwise—is said by its

excellent translator to be the first and perhaps the most notable example of modern Belgian literature. It seems to have appeared about 1867 and the author gave ten years [of his life] to earn by its composition a true title to immortality. There is no doubt that this is indefectible. Reading it for the first time in Mr Whitworth's admirable English version one is amazed at first that it has not been rendered previously but we know that the star presiding over books and their destiny is a star governed by strange occult laws while the Foreword tells us that little recognition came to the author in his life. Indeed he had been dead for thirty years when his monument was unveiled at Brussels. De Coster—we learn—was born in 1827 and died in 1879. Obscure in birth and parentage held also through most of his years in the comparative obscurity of journalism not even by the Legend of Tyl can he be said to have emerged into full or public light though he became a Professor of History and French Literature at the Military School in Brussels. Whether he wrote other books could be ascertained easily from ready sources of reference but the question does not signify. In like manner it would serve little purpose to inquire whether Mr Whitworth has made



From English Fairy Tales
(Macmillan)

FOX AND FOWLS

translations previously from French or other languages De Coster will never require another English version and this one book of glorious adventures is aureole enough to insure his place on the great hierarchy of literature Ulenspiegel is a figure in French chap-books of the sixteenth century but here a spirit of new and national life has been breathed into him and he has been clothed at once in vestures of history and romance De Coster poured into his work not merely the knowledge and accuracy of an historian but the love as well and the ardour of a poet and a patriot So says Mr Whitworth in his truth and zeal He calls it also a Rabelaisian book but there are many elements in the medley and something of the spirit escapes in any specific description It is above all things a great imaginative allegory of Flemish life and character in the days of the Emperor Charles the Fifth and Philip of Spain or the days of William the Silent which one and all were days of the Holy Inquisition of persecutions tortures and burnings of heresies also and heroisms of magic and witchcraft Hereof are the pictures in the great mirror of the epic so that it is in equal proportions a thing of terror and joy That is such it is quite indescribable and to be read only by those who would know concerning it will be confessed by all who read There are graphic French woodcuts

ENGLISH FAIRY TALES

Retold by F. A. STEEL Illustrated by ARTHUR
RACKHAM 10s 6d net (Macmillan)

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6s 6d net (Cassell)

The bound volume of this delightful magazine is always sure of a welcome from any boy or girl School stories have a prominent place in the hearts of all young readers and school stories of every description will be found between the covers of this popular annual There is a first rate serial by Miss Christine Chaundler entitled Pat's Third Term which will specially appeal to girls while boys will revel in Mr. Eric Wood's magnificent war serial, Shield of Empire Many pages are given over for the amusement



From *A Little Ship*
(Chambers)

THE LOOK OUT

of very little folks and the whole volume is profusely and admirably illustrated If in doubt what to give as a Christmas gift to boy or girl *Little Folks* ought to settle the question easily enough for almost every sort of taste is catered for with the utmost care and keenest judgment

THE KING OF THE SMUGGLERS

By W. A. STANLEY HELLAR (Arrowsmith)

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From *English Fairy Tales*
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DUCKS AND TURKEY

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1918

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By R. H. LINDO 5s net (Stanley Paul)

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From *With Love from Daddy*
(Stanley Paul)

and a frontispiece of Barbara to whom the letters were addressed. Mr. Hannen Swaffer of the *Weekly Dispatch* has written a Foreword and the proceeds of the book are devoted to that deserving charity the Actors Orphanage. *With Love from Daddy* is something quite unique and its charm lies in its originality and delightful humour. Mr. Lindo's buoyant style of writing recalls the fascinating letters Lewis Carroll used to send to youngsters of his acquaintance; he has the same happy knack of winning a child's interest and sympathy.

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I love and the lark at dawn
And the starling that comes to waken me
And the thrushes that run on the lawn

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I love him the best of all

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ALL ROUND
THE SUMMER
HOUSE AND
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THE FRAME



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In balmy woodlands lying
Here let me rest
As sunset hues are dying
Soothed and serene
A mesh of Furies netting
I rest in the green
The busy world forgetting

The author does not quote his authorities we are not to find what country for instance possessed the first version of the jolly tale that is the first in the book The Dragon Slayer all about the valley lit with stars of topaz and the gallant Prince Rosycheeks and those wicked fellows his brothers Prince Whitelocks and Prince Lullface We like particularly story number



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OVER THE WALL

two about a Fairy Princess whose furniture was enchanted and obeyed all her commands If she said I want some water the pitcher would run to the well Teeny tiny the story of the clever dwarf will



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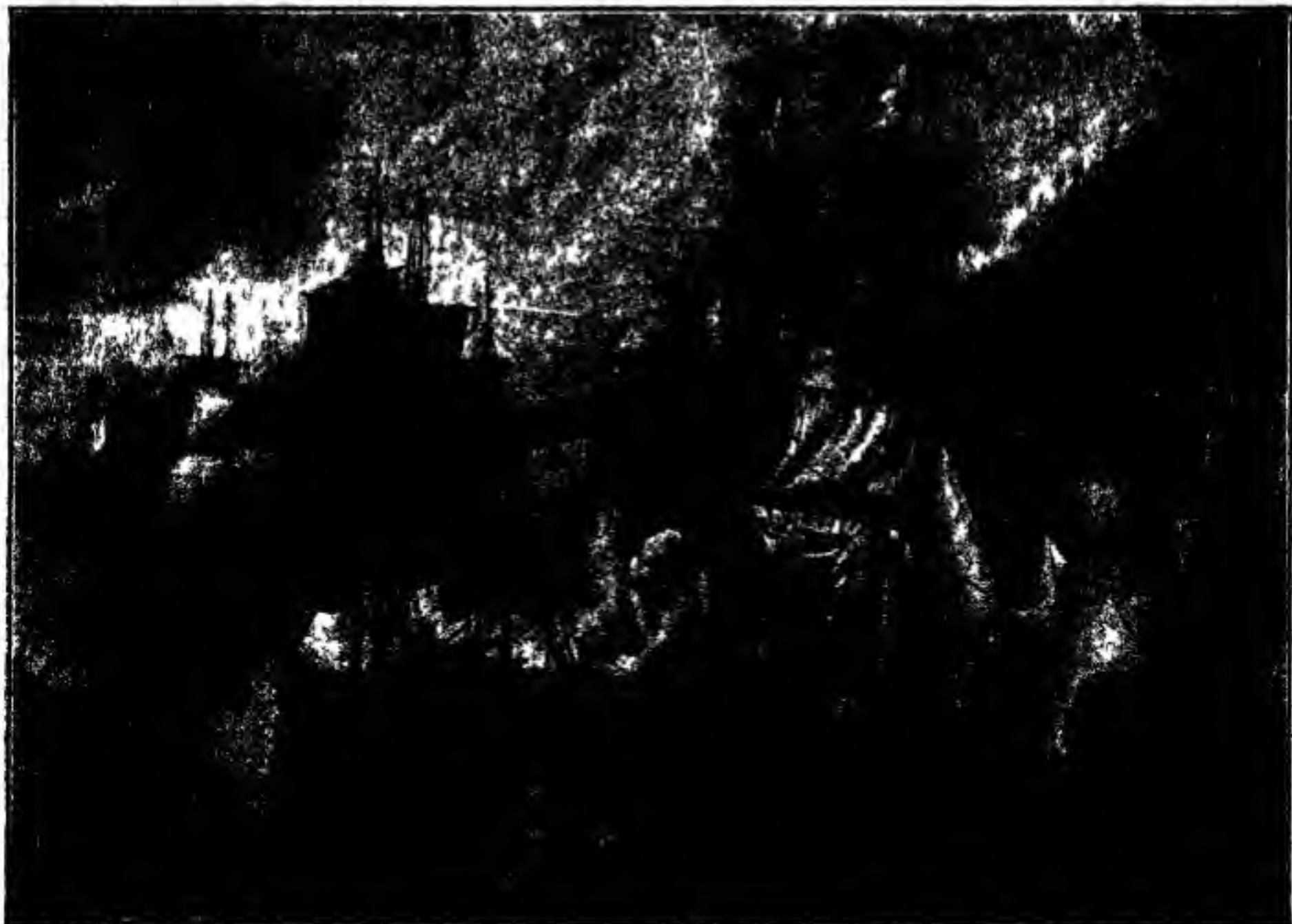
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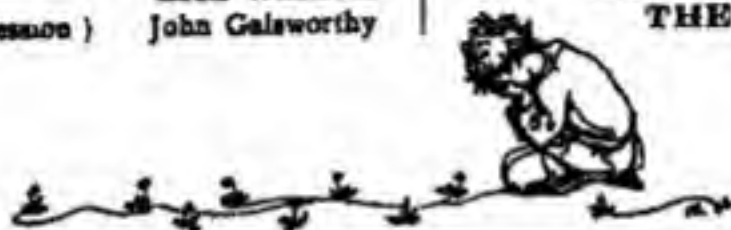
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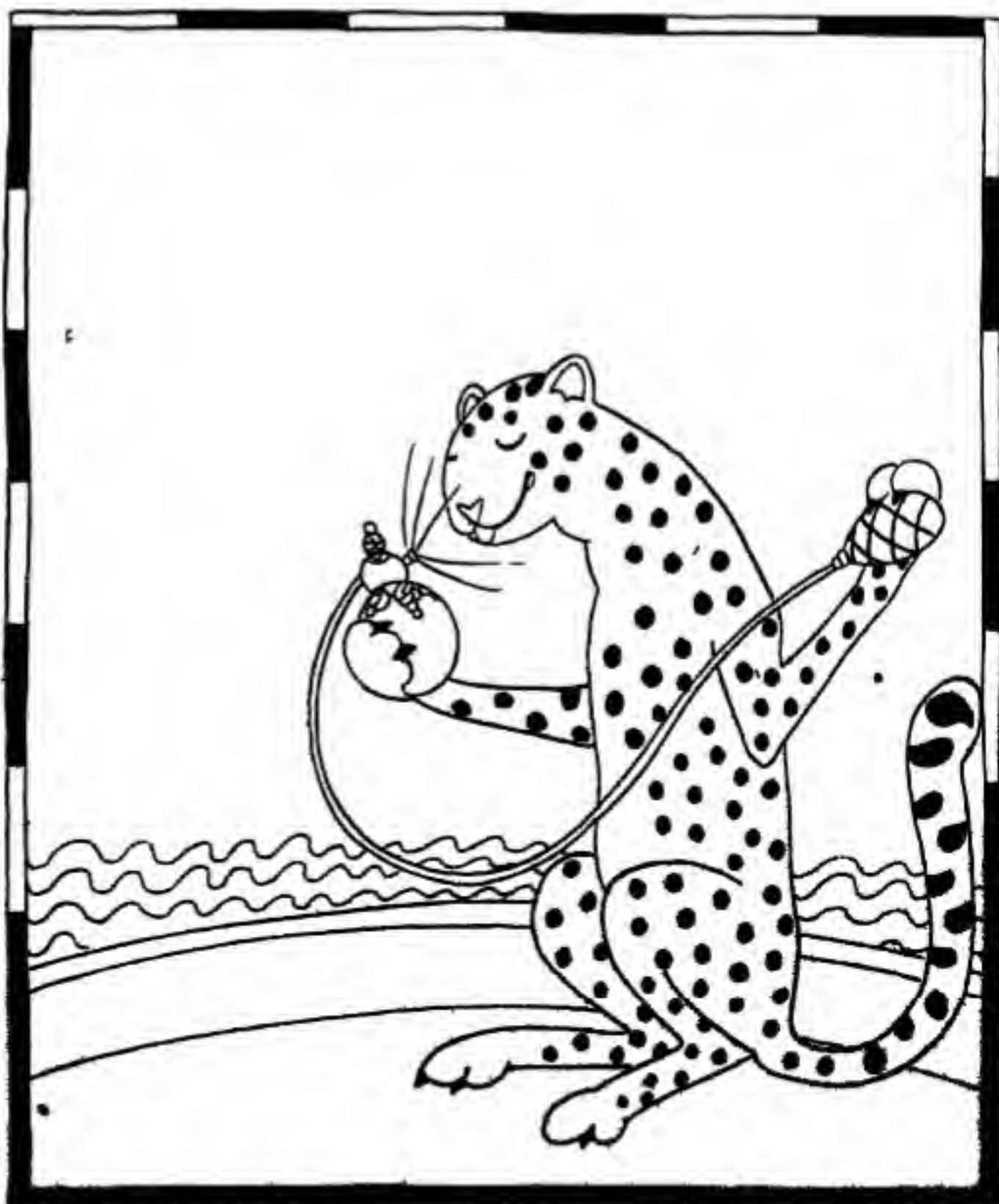
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the editor offers a guinea prize for the best reply to 'What story do you like best?' We don't think there is a single dull one in the collection.



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PELMANISM VERSUS MILITARISM.

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IN common with the gift of life humanity has been endowed with Mind and within the circle of these two gifts liberty and happiness are not merely idealistic possibilities but the natural heritage and birthright of every individual irrespective of social status or economic class distinctions. Each individual possesses the right to live and think to preserve a reasonable freedom within the social system and to secure a maximum of happiness which does not depend for its existence upon the enforced misery and slavery of others.

There is nothing new either in tyranny or in its resultant moral degradation. The people of the world have always suffered more or less from the unnatural repression of individual initiative and personal freedom but although the exploiters of human credulity and ignorance are always finding a new pretext for taking advantage of the unthinking majority there is legitimate ground for an indictment of the masses from the standpoint of their instinctive antipathy to thought. If the latter were less credulous and more intellectually active if they could distinguish human motives and moral values in the chaos of intelligence then the exploiters of mankind would be quite unable to track the herds and herds of millions of simple and unexpecting people as they are being led to dry with such impunity as we see.

The machine and its attendant horrors of war to say nothing of the inevitable slavery of mind and body which must accompany the military organisation of brute force for slaughter all these evil things spring from one condition—condition of mental inertia they are born of an inability to appreciate the power of thought. If positive evils of Militarism as they are almost universally to day would make us as to us the ultimate outcome of centuries until a people and unawakened imaginations. These universal things which are to day magnified to the point of insanity by universal war to prove in a most terrible fashion the price that a non thinking and unreasoning humanity must pay for its mental defects and inefficiencies.

For neglecting the faculty of thought humanity to day is suffering indescribable tortures of body and mind which might quite easily have been prevented by the exercise of reason and intelligence. It is not as many suppose a racial problem it is a problem of the universal mind of man. It is not merely a question of the mental life of any particular class or nationality it is a problem involving humanity as a mass. War and Militarism are not new things neither are they the sole product of any particular race. Repression of individuality and universal tyranny are as ancient as man himself and have always arisen from the same cause—namely mental laziness and non intelligence on the part of the people who allow themselves to be used up in the interests of degenerate rulers. If we permit arrogant and unscrupulous autocrats to decide the condition and object of our lives if we allow despots to formulate laws which are expressly designed for our own personal sacrifice and destruction what legitimate reason have we for complaint?

War is unquestionably the most hideous fraud ever imposed upon a long suffering humanity it denies the sacredness of human life and elevates into virtues those mechanical and non mental responses to autocratic authority which involve the annihilation of human personality and the death of individuality. Militarism substitutes an impersonal and external discipline for an internal and personal discipline—the man becomes a machine—the spirit becomes a soulless mechanism—life becomes death. It is the price that humanity pays for refusing to recognise its individual mental power it is the tragedy of stagnant brains the golgotha of human intellect.

In a world populated with mentally awakened people the curse of Militarism would be unable to exist. There is no question about this at all. War which is the idealisation of brute force could not possibly be accepted as a

universe populated with individuals who realised that brute force was the negation of mind and intelligence. A military dictator in such a world would immediately be placed in prison for safe custody. The people would perceive that he was not only insane but also a source of serious danger to the community. They would relate the destructive ideas which dominated his mind to the effect of such ideas if put into action. They would not wait until the world was plunged into the mind of fear they would realise the result before it actually occurred and make sure that no such appalling calamity could come of it. This it is certain would be the reaction taken by a mentally awakened people who understood the relation between thought and action.

It is the hope of the world that the people shall be mentally awakened so that they shall be as it were initiated into the mystery of mind that social sciences and in the highest sense all the progress of man and woman not only for the particular task but for the purpose of which they exist. It is not for the improvement of life itself. This is the need and it is as work as it is as a need of life. A system of mental development is required that will link up all the tangled and unreasoned thought and make the individual the conscious of the highest value of human life not only from a personal but from a universal standpoint. This system of mental education exists and has already proved itself to be the true value of the standards of individuals who have been previously handicapped by undeveloped brains and stunted imaginations. The Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training exists not only for the purpose of sharpening the mental faculties in relation to commercial affairs but also to make the eyes of the mind to perceive more important and much keener realities than the surface values of civilisation.

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